

Grain

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TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 29, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 182

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

The tax payers of Canada have evidently to pay well for their luxuries, like other people. A few years ago an Agent-General for Canada in England was proposed and agreed upon, and Sir Alexander Galt was selected for the post, at what many people thought the liberal allowance of \$10,000 a year and full expenses. Last year it was proposed to allow the Hon. Minister of Railways to fill the office of Agent-General in London and Minister of Railways in Ottawa at the same time, drawing salary for the latter only, and living a part of the year in one country, and a part in the other. It now turns out that even with the arrangement of no salary, the present London arrangement will take a pretty prominent position in our public accounts. Even without salary the Agent must be supplied with a dwelling and surroundings in keeping with the honor of the position. According to a recent parliamentary return, a house has been rented at a round two thousand dollars a year, while nearly two thousand more has been paid out of the treasury for its painting and decoration, and another eight thousand for furniture, with another four thousand added for "sundries," and some other items of expense. TRUTH does not know what "sundries" may mean just here, for Sir Charles is a teetotaler. In some of our public accounts "sundries" has meant a good deal—both of liquids and solids. The rent, repairs and furnishing of a house for our London Agent last year altogether, makes the handsome sum of over sixteen thousand dollars. When a salary, travelling expenses, and all the other necessaries are added, a pretty large amount will be represented, but possibly the work cannot be expected more cheaply. In England every official is expected to put on a good deal of "style," and is counted of but little importance if he does not.

The success of the Scott Act vote in Oxford County last week is another significant indication of the progress of temperance sentiment throughout the country. There is no mistaking the signs of the times in this respect. The licensed liquor traffic in Canada has evidently outlived its popularity in the public estimation, and those in any way interested in the business may as well take note of the fact at once, and make their future arrangements accordingly. That public opinion is growing every year more strongly towards prohibition is undoubtedly true not only as regards Canada, but in England and the United States as well. That the Scott Act is as efficient a prohibitory law as can be reasonably expected, so far as its jurisdiction extends, the result of its operations prove. The Act was evidently framed with care and wisdom, and not nearly as many technical flaws have been discovered in it as are usually found in Acts of Parliament

when they come to be put to the practical test. The proverbial "coach and four" has not been driven through the Act, though any clever lawyer would have had a little fortune awaiting him if he could only have succeeded in doing so. The experiment has been fairly tried, too, but without success.

The Pavilion temperance demonstration on Monday evening was one of the most successful and most encouraging meetings of the kind ever held in this city. Not only was this so in regard to the numbers attending, but also in regard to the class of persons attending. Until this year a temperance meeting, of any size at least, under the auspices of the Church of England, was something quite unknown. It is evident, however, that this large and influential church now intends to fairly do its duty, as a church, in this great moral reform, and its influence will be greatly felt for good in the work. The other branches will be stimulated to greater efforts, and public opinion will be much strengthened. There was evidently a good indication of the growing spirit of Christian union in appearance on the platform of leading ministers and laymen of nearly every branch of the Church in the city. It will be a good day for us when all Christians will forget all denominational prejudices and jealousies and cordially unite in the one great work in which all should feel a common interest.

Before the closing of the Legislature an Act was passed authorizing the appointment of a special commission of three judges, with power to thoroughly investigate the noted "conspiracy" charges, and it is quite probable that something decisive will soon be undertaken in regard to this business. What judges will be selected for the purpose has not yet transpired, but no doubt need be entertained that they will be efficient men. Nearly all the judges appear to be very hard worked just now, and considerably behindhand in their work, and the case may not be possibly reached at once on that account. The sincere hope of all classes, unless of a few of the real party hacks, is that an investigation may prove clearly just who are implicated in the disgraceful business, and to just what extent. There is now a very strong suspicion in regard to some, at least, who may turn out quite innocent, and the sooner the whole business is unearthed the better it will be for those who may be wrongly suspected, and the better too for the people whose interest are wronged in any such attempt.

The Police Court investigation of the last few days in connection with the conspiracy case has evidently convinced the Magistrate and several others that Kirkland has not as much to do with the so-called conspiracy as was at first supposed. This may not yet turn out correct, but

the facts as far as they have been elicited in the evidence all go to indicate that while Kirkland was quite willing to pay out money pretty freely to any members who could be bought over to support his particular timber scheme, yet no money had been actually paid by him, or if there had it was in very inconsiderable sums. It does not appear that he cared much about the overthrow of the Party; as such, and would have cheerfully worked with either party to gain his own personal ends. Probably some other source will have to be looked to in order to trace out where the \$1,800 of hard cash came from that was paid into the Speaker's hands by the members approached.

Kirkland's mistake appears to have been in supposing that Legislators can be bought up as easily and as safely in Canada as in his own country. He stated to some of his new made friends that he had bought up some of the States Legislators before and had paid out successfully tens of thousands in that way. Very likely he told the truth. His experience in regard to that kind of business in Canada has not been very assuring. It is much to our credit that such has been the case. Probably his other great mistake was in falling into company with other hand greasers, of Canadian growth, who had quite different ends to serve, and who made him a victim of misplaced confidence.

The brewers have been again at Ottawa trying to get some assurance, or some relaxation of the present laws from the Government. It is evident they consider their case a pretty serious one, or so much anxiety would not be displayed. TRUTH does not desire to see any injustice done to the brewers or to any other class of men. There is little doubt but that the Government will require a good deal of courage to face public opinion even if it desired to relax the laws so as to meet the wishes of the brewers. The public feeling undoubtedly is that the success of the brewers, or of any other class of liquor makers, is not in the best interests of the people, and consequently any relaxation of the stringent laws now in force would be an unpopular move, to say the very least of it.

The first session of the present Legislature was brought to a close on Tuesday afternoon, with the usual military and millinery display. TRUTH hopes to see the day when the Lieut. Governor may not feel that his dignity is risked in omitting the present display in connection with opening and closing the Legislature. If it ever had any effect in impressing people with the importance and the dignity of official position surely the day is past. There was nothing very remarkable about the session just closed, except the connection it had with the noted "conspiracy case." The total number of Bills were

passed through, and of about the usual importance, but there was nothing of extraordinary interest. Before the session opened the much debated question of the probable support of the Mowat Government had been about settled, and the various test votes proved that the public opinion of its strength was about correct. It is now more probable than ever that the Government will live out easily the present Legislature unless some very unforeseen circumstances occur. The fidelity of the different men elected to their party has evidently been put to the practical test, and it is not at all probable that many more extra-hazardous experiments will be tried in the way of drawing any off. It is now evident enough that the entire business of the session could have been done, and better done, in one half the time spent but for the determination of the Legislature to play at Parliament, and to waste so much time in following up Parliamentary routine.

The German people are still alarmed in regard to the danger they incur of trichinosis in eating raw pork. A police edict has lately been published in the country to warn people about it. The eating of raw pork appears to be quite a common custom there, notwithstanding all the dangers and deaths there have been. It may here be remarked that the prohibition against the importation of American pork continues because of the danger of importing diseased meat in that way. A good deal of hard feeling is springing up between the two countries about the matter, the American pork dealers asserting that it is only an excuse to protect the home pork producer. Quite an agitation has sprung up in favor of prohibiting the importation of beer, or some other German product, as a measure of retaliation.

There appears to be a determination on the part of some leading men in England to sit down on the patent medicine dealers. A good many of this class have been successful in accumulating large fortunes, by dint of good advertising and fair business energy. A bill is now before the British House of Commons the object of which is to prohibit the sale of any patent medicines until they have been first officially examined and pronounced not poisonous. It is not probable that any such measure will affect the trade to any considerable extent. Patent medicines are made to sell as well as to cure—especially to sell. The manufacturers of them know well enough how unsafe as well as unpopular it would be to mix anything in that might be poisonous, or even dangerous in any way. People of all diseases, and without any kind of disease buy ten medicines, and they are swallowed by the barrel in every town or city in England, as well as in Canada. One thing can be generally calculated upon respecting them and that is that they are, generally, neither poisonous or dangerous.

The State of Iowa has just fallen into the error of granting the full right of suffrage to women. A Bill to that effect has just passed and will soon become law. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, a Bill before the State Legislature granting municipal suffrage to women, was defeated one day last week. Women are more scarce in the West than in the East, and, judging by the status of the suffrage question, they are more appreciated.

The electric light is being introduced in churches. In Montreal three of the Presbyterian churches have now the necessary apparatus, and others will probably soon follow suit. Several Canadian steamers will also be lighted in the same way to-morrow. The railway cars ought to have their turn next. As it is, our cars are all badly lighted, and the principal excuse is that coal oil is such a dangerous explosive, it must be sparingly used. Let us have some liberal things in the way of electric light, and night passengers will be a good deal more content than they now are.

The probabilities are that the Grand Trunk will get through its Bill at Ottawa which it claims is necessary in order to raise the necessary funds to build the double track from this city to Montreal. A good many business men who have no very kindly feeling, generally, towards the Grand Trunk, do not care to see any opposition to a Bill for its benefit as long as the second track is likely to come out of it. It is a relief to know that no demand for a Government loan is to be made as a condition of its speedy completion. The business interests of the country have suffered greatly for years for want of the double track and even the passenger traffic has been seriously incommoded. So long as the road had a practical monopoly of all the railway traffic between our two great commercial centres, nothing was done. Now, however, things are different. The opening of the new road between this and Ottawa in a few weeks will give a second route to Montreal and the Grand Trunk cannot therefore afford to ignore the public demand any longer. The double track has been so many times promised that few will now really expect it until the work is well under way. The chances are that a good deal of work will be done this year. It will be cheerful news both to the laboring classes and the commercial men.

Another of the dynamite scares at Ottawa has just been exploded. Last year there was a scare, and special detectives were sent down from Toronto to assist the local authorities in ferreting out the case. The rumour was that Fenians were plotting against the life or liberty of Lord Lorne, and that shots had been fired at police in the vicinity of the Governor-General's residence. On enquiry it turned out that some hunters had been shooting muskrats along the river bank near the grounds, and all the rest of the excitement was built up on that slender foundation. A few days ago there were wild rumours of a dynamite plot to blow up the Parliament buildings, or something about as wicked and desperate as that, and it was asserted that the speaker

of the House and his family left their quarters, in the building, so as to be out of danger's way. Extra guards were reported to have been put on in order to avert any such calamity. It is now stated that some sneak thieves were suspected of having dishonest intentions in regard to the caps and canes of the members in the corridors, and some detectives were on the watch for them. If "scares" can be got up so easily as all this, there is no wonder that sensational mongers—men who turn many a penny out of the business—do not fail to keep the rumours in free circulation. The wonder is if many of the other dynamite plots we read about have no greater foundation in fact. Possibly the "enterprises" and the imagination of the newspaper reporters have a good deal to do with these silly attempts at exciting news. Hereafter, Ottawa news of that kind had better be taken with a grain of salt.

The respective party leaders and their organs are now using all their energies and ingenuity in connection with the "Conspiracy case." The Grits are evidently making all the political capital possible out of the business, and little wonder, for had the conspiracy succeeded the Grit party would have been driven at once from place and power in Ontario. The leading Tories, on the other hand, are doing their best to show that the basest and meanest of all men in this base transaction are the men who got the present victims in the trap. The *Mail* actually goes so far as to try and convince the public that they are the only blameworthy men in the whole business. TRUTH has been looking pretty carefully through the editorial columns of the great organ and it cannot discover any blame imputed to any one else. The *Telegram* very wisely remarks: "It does not seem to trouble either party very much what amount of disgrace is brought upon the country by this cross firing and mud throwing. No such blow has been struck at the public life of our country since the days of the Pacific Scandal. The truth is that party politics have fallen to a very low ebb, both in provincial affairs and in Dominion. What between the governments bribing constituencies, candidates bribing electors, and electors bribing representatives, there is not much inducement for clean handed people to adopt politics as a pursuit."

The Orange Incorporation Bill is dead again. The majority against the Bill at Ottawa on the second reading was a very decisive one—so much so as to dispel any hope there may have been of obtaining any such measure from the present Parliament. The Reformers of Ontario and the Roman Catholics of Quebec, and the few from the other provinces were united in voting against the Bill. The Orangemen need not have expected much else. They cannot expect much, if any, support from the men they never, or "hardly ever," support themselves. The Orange association is now well understood to have a political and religious character. Politically, in Ontario, at least, the influence of the Organization, as a whole, is in opposition to the Reform party, and they are repaid by opposition. Religiously the

Orangemen are opposed to the Roman Catholics, and they got back opposition from that quarter. "Vote for vote" is the prevailing motto in political life, and the Orangemen are in a position to see how this works as few others are. However, these Incorporation Bill defeats are not a death blow to the Order any way. It has lived and thrived many years in Canada without any special Act of its own, and it can, no doubt, survive a good many similar defeats. Some of the members may wisely consider the whole situation, however, and just how the present state of things has been brought about.

Ontario still appears to be considered very favorably by emigrants. According to the Provincial returns, just published, there were between four and five thousand more emigrants settled in this Province last year than during the year previous. The exact number reported by the various local immigration agencies last year was 27,119, and besides this 13,378 more men reported by the customs authorities, swelling the total number up to forty thousand. It is not at all probable that all of these continued to remain in Ontario, but the actual increase to our population from that source was considerable. In regard to the nationality of the new comers 11,954 were English, 8,993 Irish, and only 2,658 were Scotch, while the Germans counted at 1,384. It is evident that Canada is not getting anything like its share of Germans; they appear to flow towards the Western States. Either Scotland is sending out but few emigrants or the most of them are not wise in overlooking the advantages of Ontario. The Scotch immigrants of other days are now among the most successful and contented of our population. One great reason why the Scotch are not coming so freely as formerly undoubtedly is that the rate of wages for agricultural laborers is about as good in Scotland as here, and the available ones are largely of that class.

The Free Trade party are beginning to make their influence strongly felt in the United States, but whether they will yet succeed or not, is very problematical. The Democrats are supposed to be free traders, though many of its leading spirits take pains to deny their adhesion, and the success of that party would bring about many sweeping changes in the present tariff system. The Democrat party is now strong, and it need not excite much surprise if it carries the Presidential election this year. It is well known that the election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington this year was a defeat for the Protection party. That gentleman is a shrewd and able politician, however, and in view of the many trade interests at stake in connection with the protective tariff, he deems it best to "make haste slowly" in the defection of free trade. He attended the annual dinner of the New York Free Trade Club a few days, and in his speech he spoke strongly of the advantages of the ultimate removal from trade of all restrictions. He remarked, however, quite significantly, that "it might not be wise to change suddenly from a bad policy to a good one." His argument is that import-

ant trade interests have grown up under the present protective system and it would be disastrous to some of them at least, to change suddenly. He would therefore go for "reformation, not revolution." Of course this was a carefully considered utterance in view of the pending elections, and it may mean very much or very little.

A reciprocity treaty is being now completed between the United States and Mexico, which it is supposed will be of advantage to both countries. It includes a large number of manufactured articles as well as the national products of the soil. In view of the willingness to go into such a treaty as that, the *New York Herald* again urges a Canadian reciprocity treaty. On all hands it appears freely admitted that some such treaty would be very desirable, but just how far it should go, is the great difficulty. Very few are agreed, as things now stand, to go in for unlimited free trade between the two countries. That would seem almost impossible unless duties were thrown off on imports from England, too, and indeed from all countries. Reciprocity in regard to agricultural products only would meet with general approval here, but might not meet the views of our neighbors as well. It now looks as though coal, salt, and lumber will soon be placed on the free list, and that will be much to our advantage.

It may soon come that people who have special regard for their health and the purity of the food they eat will have to leave the large cities and go to the country. Adulterations in food are becoming so general, and men are becoming so expert at the business, that no one knows what he is consuming unless it happens to have been produced before his own eyes. A Committee of the New York State Senate have been making some pretty extensive enquiries in regard to food adulterations, and the facts brought to light will tend to seriously disturb the peace of mind—or peace of stomach—of many people. Bogus butter, in the form of butterine, or oleomargarine, is being so skillfully made, that even experts are puzzled. Some of it appears to have been manufactured from rancid grease, at one time offensive to the smell, but Dr. Love, a skilled chemist, testified that it was possible to so deodorize such material and so manipulate it, that he could not swear to the difference between it and honest butter. Cheese is also being manufactured, it seems, almost entirely of lard, and the article is none of the best at that. Evidence was given that some of the lard was prepared for "cheese" purposes at such a low heat as not to destroy any unhealthy germs or other substances it might at the time contain.

The newest and worst revelation, however, is in regard to beef. It appears that much of the good healthy beef forwarded from Chicago was temporarily preserved, not by honest salt, but by the rubbing on of some prepared chemicals not at all wholesome in themselves, and these are said to be very injurious to the health. What uncomfortable revelations are to come next? It would be better for the peace of mind of a good many if such com-

mittees would stop investigating. They seem to be finding out too much. But would the peace of body be as well served by such blissful ignorance? Possibly not. It was bad enough to adulterate tea, coffee, spices, and many other kinds of groceries, but surely the products of the honest farmer might have been spared.

All these things may not be without some compensating advantage. The tendency, for years past, has been for people to flock to the cities, and quit the farms if possible. If it begins to turn out that healthy, wholesome, food can only be procured by going to a farm and producing it one's self, the tide may begin to set in that direction. Should such prove the case, much good may come from the harm now being done.

Probably the most successful business man in Canada to-day is Mr. Senecal. He is full of dash and business enterprise, and he appears to have the ability to carry his schemes to a successful issue. The pity is that a man of his business energy and ability has not a better reputation for high integrity. His last great scheme is the proposal to establish a line of steamships between Quebec and France, to build up a great trade where little now exists, and for this purpose he wants a government subsidy of \$100,000. Of course the Government agree to give the proposal a "careful consideration." In regard to the possibilities of the scheme the *Witness* thus writes, but in its anxiety to ridicule the whole thing it, of course, overdraws the picture a good deal. The *Witness* says:—

"The steamships are a small part of his scheme. He will create trade. Anticosti lies idle; let that breed hogs for him—millions of hogs. Then Labrador bears poplar trees which all men want." Let Labrador furnish France with lumber by the million. Worst of all the Gaspé fishermen feed with fish off an unnumbered crows and sea birds which can do nothing for us but caw and screech. Let these contrails go in the holds of the steamers to enrich the plains of sunny France. If further vast ideas are wanted to seize the slower going Saxon imagination Mr. Senecal's fish fertilized brain will supply them at need. They cost nothing; and he will give them with prodigality, in return for what he wants more than vast ideas, namely, a grant of a trifle of a hundred thousand dollars a year for ten years, that is just another little million."

The British army have thrashed their opponents in the Soudan, over and over again, but the semi-savages show a bravery creditable to a much better cause, and it may require a good deal of hard fighting yet before they are willing to give up beaten. The war may turn out longer and bloodier than was at first expected. A leading American journal, writing of the late great victory, says that Osman Digma's army is estimated to have numbered about 15,000 men, and in this one battle it is reported that 4,000 of them were killed and 6,000 more wounded. The British soldiers must therefore have defeated an army four times larger than their own, and have killed a greater number of men than in their own army. It then remarks: "Even the terrible slaughter, however, seems insufficient to break the spirit of the Arabs. They suppose if they fall fighting for the "Holy cause" they are immediately received into the highest heaven; and thus are bold to the last extreme in battle, and even welcome death. Nevertheless many of them are dismayed, and ready to negoti-

ate with the British. It has been shown that Mahdi is not invincible, that Allah is not always with his generals, and hence the religious enthusiasm inspired by the pretender's previous success may subside."

Some sense of shame has at last taken hold of the United States authorities about the Fenian plottings so long openly boasted of and openly tolerated on United States soil and under the protection of their Government. The Attorney-General at Washington, it is reported, has sent to the proper officials throughout the various States officially directing them to use their utmost diligence to prevent the illegal shipment of dynamite and other explosives, suspected of being sent for the purpose of doing destruction on British soil. Had some such action been taken twenty years ago a great deal of trouble and expense would have been saved to Canada and to England, and matters would have been a good deal quieter at home. American politicians, pandering to the Irish vote, have kept winking at all these things. No doubt many of them supposed that the Irish dupes would soon get tired of sending in money to these fattening on the agitation, and it would die out of starvation. This has not been the case yet, however. In France where the Fenian plotters began to work up a boom, the authorities took the matter in hand at once, and every suspected man was looked after attentively by a detective. Of course this had its effect, and France is about rid of the Irish professional agitator, and England is rid of any danger from that quarter.

There is certainly a good deal to be said on both sides. Some men are always railing out at those who are connected with political parties, and are quite ready to brand every politician as a schemer who ought always to be watched and suspected. The *Globe* has just had its say as follows about the class of men who "don't dirty their hands in politics." Its remarks are probably not more severe, nor more unjust either, than such men make in regard to the politicians. The *Globe* says:—"If the politics of the country are base, it is because the average character of the people of the country is equally or more base. For our part, during a pretty lengthened and varied experience, we can testify that the men who have been the readiest to shrink from politics as corrupting, and to affect a holy horror of the dirty work implied in any political meddling, have been generally intellectually the meanest and morally the basest individuals in the neighborhood in which they lived."

The fact that the leading political organs are devoting so much of their time and best energies in traducing each other and trying to build up their respective parties on the ruin of the reputation of others, has had more to do with the low esteem in which politics is held by many good men, than any other cause.

Wheat is becoming every year more extensively cultivated, and therefore it is becoming cheaper and more plentiful. The vast wheat fields of the West and

North-West are now yielding their millions of bushels where ten years ago none was grown at all. The transportation facilities are improving so much each year, that these great wheat fields are practically nearer the world's market than those a few hundred miles from the ocean were a few years ago. India, too, is opening up wonderfully as a wheat producing land, with a climate well suited to the purpose. There are millions of population to till the ground, and they are content with wages such as puts even the much talked of "pauper labor of Europe" in the shade. The necessary railways for opening up the wheat fields of India are being rapidly built, and the short cut of the Suez canal, has made the shipment an easy and safe matter. The farmers in England are feeling very much the effect of all this competition. With their high rents, and their wet and otherwise unfavorable climate, they cannot compete in their own markets with profitable success. So cheap and so abundant is wheat becoming in England, that a leading agricultural journal in that country predicts that soon "wheat will soon have to be used as a feeding stuff as well as a bread stuff." This will be fine news for the horses and cattle, anyway, for wheat is probably the finest "feed-stuff" of any grain ever produced.

The great German reformer, the late Dr. Lasker, during his last visit to the United States, wrote that he saw many things to admire, but two things which he seriously deprecated. One of these was the prodigal waste and rapid destruction of the forests, and the other the very bad roads in the country compared to those in Europe. An intelligent traveler would find abundant reason to deprecate the same things in Canada. Our country has had a right royal heritage of timber forests, but they are going as fast nearly as it is possible for them to be destroyed. Indeed, the best of them are all gone now. In many sections of this Province, heavily timbered a few years ago, some of the same kinds of timber have now to be imported from the United States, and at a very large price too. Pine lumber is also becoming scarce and dear throughout the Province, where it was in great abundance a few years ago. The worst of it is, too, that much of the soil so cleared off is not fit for good cultivation, and no thrifty farmer should ever spend his time and strength in its tillage while so much really fertile land is yet so cheap and plentiful. The best thing that can be done with much of this broken, cleared land, is to plant it in trees again, but another generation must come before the timber would be of any much value.

Our roads, in many parts of the country, are certainly very bad. Intelligent travellers often wonder that our people are content with such rough and inferior roads. The dread of high, direct taxation has much to do with it. In many sections of this Province the farms are not nearly as valuable, and the homes not as desirable as they would be if the roads were in a much better condition. They are improving, but the progress is not near as much, in this respect, as it should be.

The Egyptian Difficulty.

The British government have a most perplexing difficulty on their hands in connection with the Egyptian business, and where it will end no one can tell. Mr. Gladstone appears determined not to take Egypt in hand and rule it as an English dependency. His determination is to quell the troubles now troubling the country—drive out those who threaten the present Government and then retire again. In the abstract that would look like the just and right thing, as the people of any country ought to enjoy the right of self-government, even though it should not be well governed. But Egypt does not appear capable of self-government, and it would be a mercy to the inhabitants if Britain, or some other enlightened nation would take possession of Egypt and govern it with a firm hand, and with an iron heel, too, if anything so decisive would be necessary to keep down insurrection. As it is, one of the finest countries under the sun is almost a waste and a desolation, simply for want of good government. Its fertile fields are scarcely tilled because the farmer is ground down under oppressive taxation and has little security that he can long enjoy in peace his own soil. All branches of trade and industry languish for similar reasons.

There is little reason to hope that the country will long enjoy a better state of things even though all the enemies of the present government are put under subjection, in case England withdraws its protection again. It looks as though vast treasures of money and blood would be spent in vain if all that the present war amounts to is merely to place the present Egyptian government in undisputed power again. To hold the country as a conquered one, and treat the people as unworthy of self-government at all, is certainly not what a man of Gladstone's high ideas of justice and firmness would desire.

England is certainly in a dilemma in this case. She has a great interest in the good government of Egypt. Through its territory lies the Suez Canal, the great highway between India and England, and nearly between all Asia and all Europe. The interests of trade demands that such an important highway shall not be placed in jeopardy by an ignorant people under incompetent government control. England has a great stake in the whole country. During the past few years millions and millions of England's money has been invested there, and it looks as though England must now stay there to take care of it or else see it sacrificed some day. Not England alone has a deep interest there but the whole commercial world is interested as well. It is now to the interest of millions and millions of people who never saw Egypt, and who never care to see it, that the country should enjoy a strong and a stable government. It cannot long enjoy such a blessing if left to itself alone.

Special attention is directed to page 22, and the large rewards there offered for answers to Bible questions. The leading reward this time is an elegant Piano. The next a Cabinet organ, and then other very valuable rewards follow. Try your skill. Only \$1 required for a six months subscription.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man Tells the Truth—"One of the Finest"—Bribery and Corruption What Jacob Thinks—Some Interesting and Deserving Charities—Sunday other Interesting Items.

TRUTH must be extending its circulation immensely when it calls for JACOB'S letter on Tuesday morning. And I don't wonder at it. In many respects it is the best weekly paper going. Of its kind, it is in fact the only one in Canada that is worth the money. This is not merely what I say. Everybody says so, and in this case everybody is not mistaken. I am astonished and delighted to hear so many people talking about your publications. Some abuse TRUTH of course. This is only what is to be expected. Some of your competitors do. You are shooting so far ahead of them that I don't wonder at their mortification and annoyances. Never mind, so long as the people patronize you, you can afford to treat all their opposition and malicious talk with the contempt deserved. Your enigmas I tell you are causing a talk. Every where it is the same thing. People are reading the Bible that never read it before, and every body fancies that he or she should get a prize. Well, I for my part can see nothing wrong in the whole thing. TRUTH is worth its subscription price. Every body acknowledges this. No one in that case can possibly lose, and if you choose in addition to give certain prizes to be competed for on certain terms, who has any right to find fault? Never mind. Go on and prosper. My own impression is that you will be offering some of these days as a prize, a carriage and pair, or a fine house and lot. If you do, I don't mind though I extend my subscription to TRUTH for a year and to wrestle with your questions.

Hasn't the past week been a stirring one? This great bribery case has thrown every thing else into the shade. Of course I have been running hither and thither to all imaginable places and persons in order to know all about it. Perhaps I have not been very successful. One thing is clear. There has been

A GREAT DEAL OF VERY TALL SWEARING and general falsehood going somewhere. All the stories cannot be true. My wonder is where the \$1,800 came from. They are in existence beyond all doubt. I saw them in the hands of the Speaker and my heart warmed to them considerably. A good many, if they were speaking the truth, would just say the same as the man who observed that had he got hold of them they would never have tumbled into the Speaker's hands. Any way one can take it, it is a great shame and a great scandal. If these members of Parliament have made the thing out of the whole cloth they are double-dyed blackguards who have disgraced our Province. And if they have been speaking the truth, those who approached them ought to pick oakum for the next dozen of years. My own impression, from watching them and hearing their testimony, both before the Parliamentary Committee and before the Police Magistrate, is, that they are speaking the truth. But we shall see by and by. By the way, when

I am about this, I must add my mite of testimony to that of the brethren of the Press, in reference to the insolence of the Toronto Police. You know I am not a bad looking fellow. No doubt, I am neither dude nor dandy in my dress, nor have I anything of a military air in my walk and conversation. Still, as things go, I am eminently respectable. Well, when I went along with a clergyman of the city last Saturday to the Police Court to see what was going on, I was stopped at the lower door of the building by

A GIANTIC YOUNG GAWK

in official clothes, who asked if I came from the Government. I meekly answered, No. He then interrogated me about my belonging to the Press. I with equal meekness pleaded the guilty to self impeachment. Well, what do you think the stupid, insolent lout answered? "I know who you are, but I don't know that man!" pointing to my friend. The reluctant young brute looked as if he fain would stop us, but we persevered, and after getting into the august presence, what did we see? The company which "my gentleman" had allowed to pass without question, and a more grotesque-looking set of bummers it would be difficult for any man to set his eyes on in a summer's day. The fact is, my friend and I were the two most respectable individuals in the crowd! Now, what is the law? Has any unnurtured chaw-bacon of a Policeman a right to stop any man he pleases and prevent him having access to a public court? or has he a right to insult him as he pleases, ask impudent questions and generally make himself a nuisance. Of the lawyers, prisoners, policemen and public in that court last Saturday, I felt I should have been sorry to be thought inferior to anyone, and with the majority I should not like to be classed for a single hour, and yet that Cerberus at the door almost forbade me ingress. Wasn't it awful? I wanted to tell you about the court, but I have been so busy letting off the steam of my indignation, that I have not time. The Magistrate is a fairly respectable man; but, oh, dear, pity on us, what a crowd of hard looking cases the practising lawyers are! And then the *habitués*! Heaven help the man who goes often there either for amusement or information!

I won't say anything about the prisoners in this celebrated bribery case. Isn't it funny? What they feel most is not that they are charged with crime. Not that they are in the felon's dock, or that hard things have been said about them in the public papers. Not at all. What has gone to their hearts is that the *Globe* has taken such liberties with their faces and has given them such hang-dog murderous aspects in the pictures issued. Some say that Bill Donnelly's old portrait has been made to do duty for Kirkland and that Shields and Meek are simply reproductions of the Biddulph murderers. Whether or not such is the fact I cannot say. Only I know that the portraits have

CUT THESE MEN TO THE VERY HEART.

Rather than that they should have flourished in such a manner before the public, these men would have been well laid on. I was down at the House last night or rather this morning, and heard the last

sput between Meredith and Frazor. These two men have certainly no love for each other. But their insolent interchange of strong language is not pleasant. Why not turn to and have it out in fists and be done with it? It may be very fine in their estimation to say "You're no gentleman" and "you're another," but the fact is the people get tired of such things. A great mercy the adjournment was at hand, as that such scenes may be over for a while.

But while I have been around looking at the Members of Parliament and hearing all that they have been saying for and against each other, I have been in other places as well. I was out at the Hospital for the Incurables. Were you there? Well, Mr. Editor, if you never were you ought to go. It is a most deserving charity and ought to have the liberal support of the citizens. It might be fancied that a number of people all gathered together because they are incurable; because they are never to be released from their infirmities, but by the grave, should be very lugubrious and sorrowful. It is not so. They are cheerful and comfortable, and it is a pleasure to see everything about them kept so nice. JACOB advises all his readers to go and see. They will get a friendly, civil reception. Not such as I got from the myrmidons of the Police Court. Then I took a look into the Hospital for Sick Children. Somehow I have an especial liking for that establishment. The poor little mites with their watch faces and their queer, kindly ways. You old gruff sinners, hardened in the world's ways and works, pay that place on Elizabeth street an early visit. It would positively do you good. It would soften your hearts and open your purses, and positively

MAKE NEW MEN OF YOU.

Go directly and give your five or ten, or twenty dollars. Get the report, read it, and thank Heaven that there are some folks not so hard fisted and so selfish as you have been. Jacob himself is pretty grim, but the ice about his heart always begins to thaw out when he gets to the Sick Children's Hospital.

Now then the streets! Aren't they in a pretty state? Well, at any rate, it is a great mercy that the winter is breaking up—and the wood pavement is not so badly demoralized as we thought.

There's a long letter for you. I'll tell you all about the threatened strike, the speech of the Bishop of Huron, and the business changes next time. Teetotalism goes the pace, and no mistake. It numbers among its adherents and advocates the most diverse sets of people. Would you be surprised to learn that, among those who have permanently forsworn their nips, is no other than your humble servant

JACOB FAITHFUL?

P. S.—By-the-way, I forgot to mention that of all the bribers who have flourished in the bribery business, the Guelph man of the name of Goldie, comes most absurdly worst off. His dull, stupid conceit in the first place, was simply marvelous. Then his awfully convenient memory. Then the stupid manifest contradictions into which he always fell, were painful enough. Then it was evident that he was concealing a good deal that he knew,

and saying things that looked so awfully like a whale. Poor fellow! Poor fool! He need not say with Dogberry "Don't forget that I am an ass." Nobody that saw and heard him in the witness box, would ever overlook a fact so patent. He was all that and something more, or Jacob is dreadfully mistaken.

Picturesque Canada.

Last week's issue of "The Week" contained a communication from a correspondent calling himself "A Disappointed Subscriber," which contains a number of charges against the publishers of the above work, which amounted to saying that he is not satisfied with the manner in which the work is being carried out. His principal objection is, apparently, that the press and mechanical work is now being done on the other side of the line. But for months and months the work was done here, and it was only when the American demand for the work grew so great that it was found more convenient and expeditious to have it done on the other side, that the change was made. As to the standard of the work itself, TRUTH has only to say that, in its opinion, the work is fully up to the standard promised. It matters little who the artists are who are engaged on the work; it is the most important, and certainly the finest, work of the kind undertaken in the interests of the Dominion, and will stand comparison with "Picturesque America," or any similar publication. TRUTH is in possession of all the numbers issued, and can safely affirm that the last number is fully up to the standard of the first; and, although it certainly has as large an exchange list as the *The Week*, TRUTH has yet to see an unfavorable opinion expressed by any of its country exchanges. As to the number of parts required to complete the work, that is a matter of small importance. It has been distinctly notified on the back of all contracts from the beginning that the work might require thirty-six parts for its completion, and if seven or six are required there is nothing in the fact to find fault with. As matters stand at the present neither *The Week* nor its correspondent has much to find fault with.

—Written for Truth.

The Seen and the Unforeseen.

A Story in Two Chapters

I.—THE SEEN.

The moon was bright, the lawn was light,
And from her window leaning,
A lady fair with golden hair,
Heard words of tenderest meaning.

A slim young dude, in ardent mood,
Stood just beneath the window,
On tilted toes, in artist's pose,
Sung to his sweet Lucinda.

II.—THE UNFORESEEN.

Behind him stoic, with angry soul
And stealthy foot uplifted,
The parrot fled, of the maiden's ill,
So charmed with her lover's lull.

One awful kick, and then the sick
Young dude, with an aching heart,
Wailed "Lucinda mine, my love was thine,
But fate do's us that we must part."

Now never more, doth music soar,
Up to that chamber window,
But weary and worn, with soul forlorn,
Sitteth the maiden Lucinda.

CARRIE BELL

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

Mary Anderson has, at the Lyceum, London, played to an average of £365 a night—that is close on \$11,000 per week.

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

Temperance Department.

Another Prohibition Victory.

The vote for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act in Oxford County took place on Thursday 17th inst., and resulted in a very significant and substantial victory in favor of prohibition. We have not the exact figures before us, but reports show that, in round numbers, there were some 7,000 votes polled, and the majority in favor of the Act about 800. Great interest has been manifested for some time in regard to this vote, not only in Oxford, but also all over the Province, and by both the temperance men and by those opposed to them.

Months had been spent in the canvass, and public meetings were held in every part of the County, at which both sides had a fair hearing, so that the full merits of the question became well understood by the people. No doubt those opposed to the adoption of the Act, used their strongest endeavours to secure its defeat, and the fact that its success or defeat would have a very important effect in regard to similar work elsewhere in the Province, induced many interested in the liquor traffic elsewhere to extend their practical sympathy.

The effect of this vote has been to stimulate other counties to active work at once, and before this year is out we may expect that in a large number of the other counties the Scott Act campaign will be undertaken in real earnest.

Church of England Temperance Meeting.

The mass meeting in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society, held in the Horticultural Pavilion on Monday evening was, probably, the largest in-door temperance meeting ever held in Toronto. The Pavilion is estimated to hold from four to five thousand and every available seat was crowded. Seldom has there been a more intelligent audience in connection with any meeting held in the city. The Rev. Dr. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto, presided, and on the platform there was a large number of prominent ministers and laymen of different churches. The speakers were the Bishop of Toronto, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Rev. Bishop Baldwin, of London, and Rev. Mr. Cameron, (Presbyterian), of this city. The speakers are all well known as able platform speakers and earnest temperance workers. We much regret that we have not the space for the speeches. The meeting will result in great good in the promotion of the temperance work.

Alliance Meeting.

The Annual Session of the Ontario Prohibitory Alliance was held in Temperance Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, Hon. S. H. Blake, President, presiding. Considering the very short publicity given to the meeting, there was a much more general attendance from the country than we expected. At the time of going to press the session is still being held. Next week we purpose to give a full summary of the business of the meeting.

Which is the Fool?

The beer or spirit drinker is wont to look with ill-concealed contempt upon the simple water drinker, and as he tosses off the glass he has just paid his money for, he imagines he has swallowed something far better, and performed an action far more sensible. Yet if he could stop a moment to ask what he had just taken, he might think quite differently. Let us see. A barrel of beer contains about five hundred glasses. The seller gives about eight dollars for it, and sells it for five cents per glass, or twenty-five dollars. His profit is two hundred and fifteen per cent. The drinker drops in ten times per day and takes his glass of beer, in fifty days

he has consumed the five hundred glasses, and paid twenty-five dollars therefor. What has he swallowed? Scientific men say that in the five hundred glasses of beer there were four hundred and sixty glasses of mere water, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, fifteen glasses of extracts and gums. So the beer drinker has paid twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of water, and impure at that, which he might have had at the nearest spring for nothing, and pure as nature made it. He had in addition twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, which is a poison,—at enmity with every function of the system,—no food nor heat producer. And besides all this, he has taken fifteen glasses of extract of malt, sugary matter, indigestible gums, etc.

Surely there is no absurdity so absurd. To pay twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of impure water, when he could have it pure for nothing, and two dollars for forty glasses of poison and mostly indigestible drugs! But it pays the brewer and saloon keeper to sell water at two hundred and fifteen per cent. advance on all their trouble for barreling and bottling it.—Prof. Geo. E. Foster M. P.

Alcohol and Animal Spirits.

Alcohol is an Arabic word, meaning "the fine powder used to stain the eyelids," which was adopted into mediæval Latin. Then it was used in early chemistry to denote any fine impalpable powder, especially that produced by sublimation, as "alcohol or sulphur," the first quotation in this sense in English being in 1543. About 150 years later, by the extension of the idea of sublimation to fluids, we meet with "alcohol of wine." We find the word figuratively used by Coleridge, "intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism." Subsequently alcohol alone came to mean "pure spirit," and quite recently the word has been applied to any liquor containing alcohol. In modern chemistry, an extensive class of compounds of the same type as spirits of wine has been included under this name. For the origin of animal spirits we are referred to what is now an obsolete doctrine in physiology. Animal is from *animus*, "the soul." The animal spirits had their seat in the brain, and gave "feeling and moving to the body." Milton uses the term in this sense, when he says that Satan "might taint the animal spirits." After animal was thought to mean the substantive "animal"—a word of later introduction, which is not found in the Bible—*animal spirits* came to mean, first, "animal courage," and lastly, acquired its present meaning of "natural gayety of disposition."—*London Spectator*.

The Fatal Glass

There's danger in the glass Beware lest it enslaves. They who have drained it find, alas! Too often early graves. It sparkles to allure. With its rich, ruby light, There is no antidote or cure. Only its course to fight. It changes men to brutes; Makes women bow their heads; Fills homes with anguish, want, disputes, And takes from children bread. Then dash the glass away And from the serpent flee; Drink pure cold water day by day, And walk God's footstool free!

Lilla N. Cushman in Chicago *Sm*.

NEW JERSEY.—The Prohibition Amendment to the State constitution of New Jersey was before the Legislature last week and defeated by a vote of 30 to 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

CHICAGO BEER.—The *Globe* says:—The city of Chicago spends nearly \$15,000,000 a year in intoxicating liquors. The mayor of the city appears to be the sort of special providence under whose fostering hand the beer and whiskey interests have attained such gigantic proportions.

RHODE ISLAND.—A Providence despatch says: The General Assembly, last June, amended the law forbidding licensed d. am-shops within 400 feet of school-houses and reduced the distance to 200 feet. The house has now passed a bill by a large majority restoring the 400 feet clause. The bill will doubtless pass the Senate.

A VAST MAJORITY.—Writing of the recent Scott Act vote in Oxford County the *Canada Citizen* says:—"We have now had fifty-one contests on the Scott Act in Canada. We have won in thirty-four of these, and the aggregate of all the voter cast shows that the people of the Dominion are about three to one in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic. We thank God and take courage."

THE SCOTT ACT.—Writing of the Oxford vote the *Telegram* says:—The temperance advocates contemplate opening an active campaign in twenty counties. In Ontario there are only two counties in which the Scott Act has been adopted—Halton and Oxford—but in Prince Edward Island it is almost universal; in New Brunswick about half the counties have adopted it; and in Nova Scotia nearly two-thirds of them.

THE REAL REMEDY.—The N. Y. *Witness* says:—Drunkards in Germany will for the future be sternly looked after by the state. Each town must keep a record of the hard drinkers, and the city medical men are bound to report those who habitually imbibe to excess, so that the authorities may subject them to a strict course of treatment. Would it not be better to banish the devil than to whip him round a post? To prevent drunkard-making rather than to lay schemes for punishing drunkards?

A NEW MOVE.—The Windsor hotel in Montreal, is the largest and most popular in Canada. The *Witness* says:—A coffee house, on the principles which have proved so acceptable and successful in the Hope Coffee House, is about to be opened in the Windsor Hotel. The premises will adjoin the bar, and some interest will attach to the results of the rivalry between the two establishments. Bano and antidote will be impartially presented for the choice of the patrons of the hotel, and the dwellers in its vicinity.

A PRACTICAL STEP.—The Montreal *Witness* says:—Mr. Yeo, of Prince County, Prince Edward Island, has taken a step of the most wholesome character with regard to the success of prohibitory legislation, in moving for a copy of all medical certificates granted in that county for obtaining liquor. The scandalous behaviour of some physicians in this respect is probably more the result of weakness than of wickedness, and if doctors have to act under dread of exposure, even this failing of theirs will lean more to virtue's side.

THE TWO LAWS.—The *Monetary Times* of last week says:—"The Dominion liquor license law will be in full force on the 1st May. When the provincial law on the subject will, according to the Dominion authority, cease to have the force of authority. But some clearing of authority may be expected; the Provincial authorities may defend their claim to jurisdiction, and the Privy Council may be called upon to decide. If we are, meanwhile, to have two licensing authorities at work we shall have a double supply of taverns. The question of jurisdiction ought to be settled at the earliest possible moment."

TEMPERANCE SCHOOL BOOKS.—The N. Y. *Witness* says:—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of this State, has for some time been endeavoring to secure

the passage at Albany of a bill requiring instruction in the physiological effects of alcohol in the public schools. The Board of Education of this city recently adopted Dr. Richardson's excellent manual on the subject as a text-book; and other cities have done likewise. It has, however, been found that without a compulsory law, instruction in this branch is likely to die out, and strenuous efforts have been made to attain such a law. Last week the movement was crowned with success. The Gilbert bill, which had previously passed the Senate, passed also the Assembly. It now awaits only the Governor's signature, which it will doubtless receive. In Michigan, New Hampshire, and Vermont, a law of this kind has gone into effect. It is gratifying to know that New York State is to be similarly favored.

THE BEGINNING.—The first temperance society in Connecticut, and probably the first in the world, was organized in Litchfield, in 1789. The pledge was as follows:—"So many are the avenues leading to human misery that it is impossible to guard them... Such evils as are produced by our own folly and weakness are within our power to avoid. The immoderate use which the people of this State make of distilled spirits is undoubtedly an evil of this kind. The morals are corrupted, property is exhausted and health destroyed. Whereupon we do hereby associate, and mutually agree that hereafter we will carry on our business without the use of distilled spirits as an article of refreshment, either for ourselves or those whom we employ, and that instead thereof we will serve our workmen with wholesome food and common, simple drink of our own production." This was signed by thirty-six men. These facts are recorded in an old county history, and are believed to be well substantiated.

WELL PUT.—In his admirable address in Toronto Temperance Hall last Sunday Col. Bain said:—"In referring to moderate drinkers, he did not mean to say that a moderate drinker would turn out a drunkard, but as moderate drinking led to drunkenness and total abstinence in an opposite direction he favored the latter, which, he said, was a blessing to millions and a curse to nobody. He then quoted Biblical authority bearing upon the subject, showing that intemperance was against the laws of humility, expediency, self-denial, and love. There should be, he urged, moderation in things useful and right, but total abstinence in things hurtful and wrong. Drunkenness is a sin. He asked them if it took six glasses of liquor to make a man drunk which glass was the guilty one, and he illustrated his answer by the case of a boy who is about to slide on the ice where at the sixth point there is fatal danger. The boy has started, and as each point is passed is going faster and faster until up on the approach of the sixth point he has lost control over himself and cannot stop. He believed the evil commenced at the first glass, and consequently young men should abstain from every appearance of evil."

Fruits of the Traffic

A SUICIDE.—A man was found dead with his throat cut and a knife grasped in his hand in a yard off Yongo street, Toronto, a few days ago. He was afterwards identified as Dr. Graham, of Chatsworth, and his suicide is attributed to his intemperance.

A DRINKING AFFRAY.—One night last week a raffo and "an evening's fun" was indulged in at the house of Thomas Hallam, on King street, in this city. Whiskey flowed freely until past midnight when a fight occurred during which Hallam was knocked senseless and his death in consequence was at one time feared, but he is better now. James Campbell was arrested for striking the blow, but is now out on bail. There will be a trial out of the spree and a bill of costs for the tax payers to meet.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"So soon? Why it is a century off! I shall be gray-headed if we wait another week. I am not sure where we shall stay; but tomorrow night I will bring you an address that you can always write to. It is that of a friend of mine—I forget the number of the street, but you shall have it; and I shall be sure to get your letters. Now, if anything happens to alarm you, or you are ill, or anything, you are to write at once, and I will return to Goldham without delay. And, my darling—"

We were interrupted by the sound of a carriage coming up the drive; it was Dr. Lowe's brougham returning from the house. I went to the carriage-window, and he told me that Haidee was suffering at present only from a bad feverish cold, but that we must be careful with her, for it might turn to something worse, and he should call again to see her in the morning. He said that the child's chest was weak, that the damp place was the worst thing for her, and that he should like to see her parents to advise them to take her away to some drier climate, as soon as she was well enough to be moved.

"Mind, she mustn't be moved yet," said he. "She is very well where she is—nice warm room, high out of the damp. But the lower part of the house strikes like a vault."

"What would he say if he could go into the left wing?" I thought to myself.

"There was only a silly little servant up there with the child. She says that is your room."

"Yes, Dr. Lowe."

"And is it true that Mrs. Rayner sleeps on the ground floor?"

"Yes, quite true."

"Well, then, you may think yourself lucky, young lady. For, if I lived in that house, I should let the people I wanted to get rid of sleep at the bottom, and keep the top for myself."

"Mrs. Rayner will have the ground-floor of the left wing to herself."

"Ah, well, there is no accounting for tastes; and, if Mrs. Rayner has a fancy for building her sepulchre, why, there is nobody very eager to prevent her, I dare say!" said he drily.

The doctor was an old bachelor, famed for his rascality as much as for his skill. Mr. Rayner did not like him, I know; and on that account I had had at first some doubts about sending for him; but, as he was well known to be by far the best doctor in Beaconsburg, I had resolved to risk it. Now I began to repent having done so.

"Is that young Reade? Is that you Laurence?" said the doctor peering out of the carriage-window into the deep shadows of the trees behind me.

Laurence came forward.

"Yes, Dr. Lowe."

"Oh, ah! Come to inquire about the sick child, I suppose?"

"No, Dr. Lowe. I drove back from Beaconsburg with my father and this lady, after calling upon you, and I am saying good-bye to her, as I am going abroad and shall not see her again until a few days before she becomes my wife," said he, in a low voice, but very proudly, with his hand on my shoulder.

"Wife, eh?"—incredulously.

"But it is a secret."

"Oh, ah, of course!"—knowingly. "So this is the Miss Christie I've heard so much about!" And he deliberately put on his spectacles and stared at me in the faint moonlight. "Well, she wouldn't have turned the heads of the men when I was young."

We both laughed at the old man's rudeness.

"I have no doubt heads were harder to turn than, Dr. Lowe," said Laurence drily.

"Well, take care some one else doesn't turn her's while you are away!" said the doctor glaring at him ferociously; and he told the coachman to drive on, and drew up the window sharply.

This last hit struck poor Laurence as an evil omen; and when I told him that I must go in now, and that I should see him again on the morrow, he flung his arms around me in such distress that I did not know what to say to comfort him.

"See what clever Dr. Lowe thinks of your Mr. Rayner, Violet," said he, looking anxiously into my eyes. "Now listen, my

on ling. Don't trust him, don't trust anybody while I am away, and don't believe what anybody may tell you about me. What would you do if they showed you the certificate of my marriage to another woman, Violet?"

"Oh, Laurence, you are not going away to be married, are you?"

"No, child, no; and, if any one tells you so, you will know it is a lie. And, if you get no letters, and they tell you I am dead—"

"Oh, Laurence, don't!"

"Why, that will be a lie too! I shall be alive and single all the next six weeks, and at the end of that time I shall come back and marry you; and, if you want me, I shall come back before my own darling! Good-bye, good-bye!"

He kissed me again and again, then tore himself from my arms, and dashed away without daring even to look up at me again, and, tearful and trembling, I turned to go back to the house. But Laurence's terrible excitement had communicated itself to me, and I staggered down the drive, hardly able to see where I was going; and, when I had got to the bottom, with only the lawn at the side and the gravel-space in front between me and the house, I stopped for a moment, and clung to a birch tree for support while I dried my eyes before presenting myself at the front door. I had told Jane to come down and open it for me when she heard me ring; and I hoped with all my heart it would be she, and that that horrid Sarah would not have taken it into her head to sit up, for I did not want her to see my tear-stained face.

But, just as I was going to leave the shelter of the trees and cross the gravel-space to the portico, I stopped, for I saw in the gloom a figure making its way across the lawn towards the back of the house. It was coming from the path among the trees which led to the stable. I strained my eyes, but there was a cloud passing before the moon, and I could only see that it was a man, and that he was carrying what looked like a small trunk; and it seemed heavy.

Who could it be at this time of night? For it was now between eleven and twelve o'clock. Was it Tom Parkes paying a late visit to Sarah, knowing the master was away? Or was it the mysterious servant Gordon, thinking Mr. Rayner was at home? Or was it a burglar? But then a burglar, I argued to myself, would hardly be likely to carry things to the house he was going to rob, but rather to take things away; and the trunk he was carrying seemed to be heavy already. He had disappeared behind the back of the house by this time, and, as I was curious to know what would happen next, I waited, trembling, creeping in among the trees, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing him reappear, followed by Sarah. And, the cloud having passed over the face of the moon, I saw that it was indeed Tom Parkes; and then I would have given the world to know what he had brought her.

The impression which Sarah's talk with the stranger in the plantation had given me of Tom's desperate wickedness had faded a good deal from my mind by this time; but this strange sight revived it. What if Tom—placid, stolid-looking, honest-faced Tom, as I had once thought him—were in reality a thief? And what if Sarah, in her master's absence, had been persuaded by him to keep stolen property? There had been something stealthy in his manner of sneaking across the lawn in the shadow with his burden which had suggested this thought; but, on the other hand, was it not much more probable that he had been turned off at Denham Court, and had brought some of his own personal property, intending to take up his abode at the Alders for a few days, in the master's absence? The all-powerful Sarah might even dare that, relying upon her power to make herself unpleasant for the rest of the household to keep her secret.

They disappeared up the stable path, and I took the opportunity to dart across the gravel-space to the front door and ring as gently as I could. Jane came down in a few minutes, very sleepy, and let me in.

"Sarah's been asking where you were, miss, and, as I let the doctor in, I told her you came back with him. I guessed as you'd come back safe, miss, when the doctor said as how a young gentleman was with you," said Jane, with elaborate archness.

I told her to go to bed as fast as she could; and, when I had followed her up-stairs and seen her into the nursery, I went softly to the head of the kitchen stairs, and, as I

heard no sound and saw no light, I slipped down with my candle. The side-door by which Sarah and Mr. Rayner used to go to and from the stables was ajar, and just inside was a small old brown portmanteau. I did not dare to go all the way down to inspect it closely, as I own I should have liked to do; but in the view I got of it, as I held my candle over my head and peered at it curiously, it struck me that I had seen it before somewhere. Then I turned and fled guiltily up-stairs to my room. Haidee was sleeping and looked less feverish than when I went away. Jane had built up the fire carefully, so that it might keep in all night, and placed the drink the doctor had ordered on a little table beside the child. Her bed had been placed at the right-hand side of the fireplace, facing the door, and my screen had been put round the back to shut out all draught from the windows. I was very tired, and the moment I laid my head on the pillow I fell soundly asleep, and did not wake until the morning.

Haidee was already awake, and undoubtedly better.

"How did you sleep, darling?" said I, sitting on the bed and kissing her.

"Oh, beautifully, Miss Christie! I hardly ever woke up once, and when I did I watched the beautiful fire; I could just see it when I lay with my head so. It was so nice and warm up here. I wish mamma was up here; I should like to be up here always. I think I should have nice dreams up here, not like the ones I have down-stairs."

And she closed her eyes, as if to shut out the thought of something.

"You shall stay up here till you are quite well again, darling," said I, inwardly resolving to beg that she might sleep in my room permanently.

"Miss Christie you know you dream sometimes with your eyes wide open, just as if you were awake? I dreamt a dream like that last night."

"That was because you were ill, darling. When they are ill they dream like that."

"Do they—quite plain, like as if it was all quite real?"

"Yes; sometimes they think they see people and talk to people."

"That was like my dream. I dreamt it was while I was looking at the fire the door there opened quite gently and softly, just as if it moved quite of itself, and then I saw papa's face, and he had in his hand something red and sparkling; and, just when the door came quite wide open, I thought I sat up in bed, and he looked at me. And then the door seemed to shut quite softly again, and I didn't hear anything—and that was all."

"That wasn't really a dream, darling. It was just a fancy because you were ill."

"Not a dream! Papa didn't really come, did he?"

"Oh, no, darling! Papa is away in London. See, the door is locked."

And I got up off the bed and went to the door, and showed her that it was so. Haidee leant back thoughtfully.

"Dreams are very strange things, I think. And to dream of nice things is just as good as if they really happened. And to dream of horrid things—cries and moans and things—is dreadful!"—and she shuddered.

"You shan't dream of anything dreadful while you are up here with me, darling," said I, soothing the little delicate fanciful creature, and wondering whether some of the cries she spoke of had not been real, and not only dreams.

For I was beginning since last night, when I had witnessed her real feeling about her child, to be very sorry for Mrs. Rayner, and to wonder whether I could not draw nearer to her in some way through Haidee, and, through understanding her better, learn to sympathize with her still more. Her misery had seemed so real, and, on the other hand, I had never seen her so utterly broken down and helpless. When once the mask of cold self-control which she usually wore had disappeared, she seemed such a weak thing that it appeared scarcely possible that she could have such a force of obstinacy in her as Mr. Rayner had described her to possess. Mad or sane, I should never be afraid of her again. I only felt utterly sorry for her; and anxious to let her know how much I longed in some way to cheer her dull life. Why was she so reticent to her husband? What if I, being a woman, and having now established, through my care of her child, some claim on her gratitude, could win my way to her heart altogether, persuade her to leave Goldham for a time, and meet Mr. Rayner on his return with the tri-

umphant news that at last his wife was ready to break through her apathy and come back into the world of men again? The thought made my heart beat faster, and I longed to begin my delicate work at once.

But I was disappointed. I had all my meals by myself that day, except tea, which I had up-stairs with Haidee, for Sarah said Mrs. Rayner was too unwell to leave her room. When we had finished tea, I still sat up-stairs by my pupil's bedside, and my high spirits at the thought of Laurence's expected visit infected her, and she laughed and chattered to me in a fashion very unusual with her. At last I heard the front-door bell ring, and my heart seemed to stand still with joyful anticipation. But no one came up-stairs to fetch me, and, after a few minutes breathless waiting, I ran down-stairs, unable to bear the suspense any longer. I met Sarah in the hall.

"Who was that, Sarah?" asked I, too much excited to think of a decent subterfuge.

"Only one of Gregson's boys asking for Mr. Rayner, miss."

Strange that Gregson's boy should come to the front door, thought I. I could not go up-stairs again. It was half past six; and at half-past seven I was to be at my "nest," if Laurence had not come before. I thought that hour would never end. It seemed to me to be getting very dark too. When the hands of the schoolroom clock pointed to twenty minutes past, I put on my shawl, and had opened the window to go out, when Sarah came in.

"If you please, miss, would you mind helping me with the store-list? Mrs. Rayner is too ill to do it, and it has to be posted to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Sarah, won't it do in—half an hour?" said I breathlessly.

"Mrs. Rayner will want me then, miss. It won't take you more than five minutes."

I followed her out of the room, suppressing my impatience as well as I could. But the task did not really seem to take long. In what appeared to be about a quarter of an hour I was free, and I dashed into the garden, through the plantation, towards my "nest."

I had not looked at the clock again, but surely it was very dark for half-past seven! Yet Laurence was not there! And, as I stood wondering whether something was wrong, I heard the church-clock strike eight. What awful mistake had I made? Was he gone? Should I really not see him again? A bit of paper half hidden in the grass, not on my seat, but under it, caught my eye. It was a leaf torn from a pocket-book. It was scrawled in pencil, in Laurence's handwriting—

"Good-bye, my darling! Remember what I prophesied last night, and if no other warning will serve you, take this one. I called at the Alders at seven, and was told by Sarah that you were tired out with watching by Haidee, and were asleep. I come here to-night, and you are not here. I know it is a trick, and I know who is at the bottom of it. When I left you last night, there were two men in a cart outside the stable-gate of the Alders. If anything happens, write to me at the following address." Then followed the address, and the scrawl ended with—"I have spoken to Mrs. Manners. Good-bye, my darling! Take care of yourself for the next six weeks, and you shall never need to take care of yourself again."

"Your devotedly loving

"LAURENCE."

I kissed the note, thrust it into the front of my frock, and fled into the house and into the schoolroom. Sarah was just turning away from the mantelpiece; and by the clock it was just four minutes past eight. How the time had flown between my leaving the schoolroom with Sarah and my going into the garden!

CHAPTER XXI.

I sat down by the table as soon as Sarah had left the schoolroom, and rested my head in my hands. I did not want to cry, though a few tears trickled down between my fingers at the thought that I should not see Laurence again before he went away; but I wanted to put the events of the evening together and find out what they meant. There was only one conclusion to come to; Sarah had deliberately prevented my meeting him. The ring I had heard had been Laurence's; and, after sending him away by means of a falsehood, she had had another

ready for me when I asked who it was. "Grogon's boy!" I had thought it strange at the time that the carpenter's son should come to the front door, and now I felt sure that he had not been there at all.

I looked again at Laurence's note. He had called at the house at seven, he said. Now I distinctly remember that, after I had heard the bell ring and met Sarah, I came into the schoolroom and found by the clock that it was half-past six. I had sat there until twenty minutes past seven, and during that time there had been no other ring at the hall door. And I had noticed how dark it was getting; then, just as I was opening the window to go out, Sarah had come in and asked me to help her with the store-list, and I had been free in a very short time; yet on my arrival at my "nest," the church clock had struck eight.

Sarah must have put the schoolroom clock back.

I had found her just now turning from the mantelpiece, and I could not doubt that, her object being gained, she had been putting the clock right again. This malicious persecution frightened me. Was I safe in the same house with a woman who would take so much trouble merely to prevent my having a last interview with my lover?

There had been a matter-of-fact deliberateness in the way she had answered me about the bell and asked me to do the list which had the effect of alarming me still more than the savage manner in which she used to look at and speak to me when she was jealous of some new proof of the consideration with which I was treated at the Alders. This was Wednesday, and Mr. Rayner would probably not be back before Saturday. What new proof of animosity would she manage to give me in these three days? That she would not let this opportunity of showing her rooted dislike to me go by I felt sure. I remembered how earnestly she had begged to stay, and wondered whether the wish for a chance of playing me some unkind trick had had anything to do with it; for Sarah was not likely to have forgiven me for having been the cause of her threatened dismissal. It was of no use to speculate upon what she might do, if she grew too intolerable, I could telegraph to Mr. Rayner, and he would find some means of bringing her to reason.

I turned to Laurence's note to divert my thoughts from her, and wondered why, in these few hurried lines to me, he had thought it worth while to mention that he saw two men in a cart outside the stable gate when he left me on the previous night. What meaning could the incident have to him? It had one to me, certainly; but then it was because I had seen Tom Parkes bring in the little portmanteau, and then return across the lawn with Sarah. The mention of this cart revived my curiosity regarding the past night's adventure. I could make nothing of it myself; but I thought I would write to Laurence and tell him what I had seen; and, if he knew anything more my information might lead him to an explanation of the whole occurrence. I was still staring at the note when Sarah came in again, this time to bring me my candle, an office she seldom undertook. I saw a look of disappointment and alarm come over her face as her quick eyes fell on my note, and when I got up stairs I took the precaution to learn the address I was to write to by heart before enclosing this farewell note with Laurence's first, which I still wore around my neck.

The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Rayner. He had been to the Gaiety Theatre on the very night of his arrival in town, and sent me a crumpled programme of the performance, with some comments which did not interest me very much, as I had not seen any of the actors and actresses he mentioned, having been only once to the theatre in my life. I laughed to myself at Laurence's fancy that he had seen Mr. Rayner in the dress of a navy at the station that night. The letter, which had been written at four o'clock on Wednesday, said further that he was going that evening to the Criterion Theatre, where he hoped to be better entertained. He said he had written to Mrs. Rayner, and sent his love to Haidee by her, but that he enclosed a second portion to me to give her, as she was not well. Then he gave me a message to deliver which I would much rather not have been intrusted with, and at breakfast I said to Sarah—

"Mr. Rayner has sent a message to you in a letter I have just received from him. He says: 'Tell Sarah not to forget the work she has to do in my absence.'"

As I looked up after reading this out to

her, I saw that her face had turned quite livid; the old hatred of me gleamed in her eyes, and I wished Mr. Rayner had written to her himself, instead of making me deliver a message which appeared so distasteful to her.

She said, "Very well, miss;" and I wondered what work it was.

I spent most of the day by Haidee's bedside. I did not see Mrs. Rayner, for she appeared neither at breakfast nor at dinner, and to my inquiries Sarah gave the same answer as before—that she was not well enough to leave her room. She could not even see any one either, Sarah said, when I asked if I might read to her; and I was obliged to see my hopes of gaining her sympathy fade away, and to recognise the fact that either she would not or Sarah would not allow me a chance of breaking down the barrier of reserve between us. I could let her see that I had not forgotten her, though; and, seized by a happy thought, I went in search of an old knife and a basket and went into the garden to gather some flowers.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; the leaves and grass were still wet, or it had been raining hard all the morning, and the mist was rising already from the marsh. There were scarcely any flowers left now, but by wandering into remote nooks of the garden, and by stepping in among the plants and spying out every blossom hidden under the leaves, I managed at last to collect enough for a very fair October bouquet. I took them into the house, and it suddenly occurred to me that they would make a better display in a large wire-covered vase that stood on a whatnot in the drawing-room. So I ran in there, with my frock still tucked up, the garden-knife in one dirty hand and my basket of flowers on my arm. I had my hand still on the handle of the door, when I saw there was a gentleman, standing at the window, looking out into the garden. I slipped back hastily, hoping to escape before he could catch sight of me; but he turned, crossed the room quickly, and stopped me.

"Miss Christie!"
It was Mr. Carruthers.
"They told me you were out." Sarah's work, thought I.

"No; I was only in the garden."
There was no help for my appearance now, so I quietly took the pin out of my frock and let it down while he went on talking.

"I am very, very glad to see you. You are looking very well. I am afraid," said he still holding my hand, "you have not been missing any of us much."

"Well, you see I had known the people there only two days," said I seriously.

"The people there!" As if I cared how little you missed 'the people there!' When I say you had not been missing any of us, I mean you have not been missing me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tremendous Task.

Whatever they may say, all that they are doing at Panama looks to the construction of a canal that must have 124 feet lockage, and will then cost \$200,000, in addition to the \$100,000,000 called in on stock or obtained on bonds. About \$20,000,000 has gone to the founders and sub-founders; about as much more for the purpose of the Panama Railroad, and ten per cent. in advertising and extra fee to bankers; and as much more to contractors as a bonus. I have it from an engineer, conversant with the work, that every cubic metre of hard ground excavated costs \$2 50, which is five times what it should cost even there. But the difficulty even for a lock canal, is to get rid of the excavated material. An enormous amount of excavation will be required to get proper slopes in the Culebra cut. This is almost wholly in earth, and the summit level of the railroad is a mere "hog's back,"—that is to say, it has very steep grades on both sides. The cut was made twenty five feet deep, because of the tendency of the earth to slide. In fact a train was caught in this gap by a slide, and it required days to dig it out. The earth had to be carried off in buckets and it was like putty. If the canal has a lockage of 125 feet then the deep cut will be at least 200 feet. So you see what a cut in width it must be, and what the land slides will be after heavy rains.—*Rear-Admiral Ammen.*

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 26. AN ENIGMA OF PARADOXES.

A tongue I have, but naught can say;
I'm never weary, but tired for aye;
A bolstered bed I always keep,
But yet I have no place to sleep.
Although a famous traveller, I
Can neither walk nor swim nor fly;
I have no dogs, but in my rounds
I am attended by my hounds.
I never saw a playing-pack,
And cannot tell a king from jack;
To poker I'm a stranger quite,
Yet oft a friend comes down at night
To "raise" me on a single jack
My king bolts over from the track!
And yet it has been good enough
To bring me safe o'er any "bluff."
But now indeed I must behave;
I must behold each graceless knave!
My "axes" grind! and, by this token,
The thing is done as it is spoken!

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 27.—MODEST POETS.

HOW MANY DO YOU FIND HIDDEN?

Winter's chill ere long will change
Summer's green draperies to red and brown
in gardens and in fields.

Summer, Edith, dispenser of so many
bounties, has to weep herself away,
and old Father Time show it tenderly to rest.

The bereft one grieves to see the
land on which her riches of golden grain
—gathered by sundry denizens of rural
homes—were harvested, grow white with snow.

Your cousin, Gerald, rich in friends and
purse, may love the winter, but it must
bring old Smith discomfort. How ill is
he protected from the weather. Good
Richard Mowbray anticipates his wants.
It is he, who, oddly enough I think, eats
dinner with Smith every day. Poor old
fellow! Ellen's death left him quite
alone, and his own life is swiftly drawing
to a close.

MATFLOWER.

NO. 28.—A SPELLING LESSON.

If a fruit with three letters you spell,
An image or likeness you tell
Of person or thing, in part or entire—
For that image and fruit I inquire.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 29.—GREAT MEN'S TITLES.

Find familiar titles of five great military
leaders of five nationalities, and name the
men to whom the titles have been
applied.

1. An article, small, an army rank.
2. An article, a noun expressing paternity, a preposition, a possessive pronoun, a nation.
3. An article, a victor, a preposition, a locality.
4. An article, an adjective of magnitude, an army rank.
5. A proper name signifying "a defender of men," an "article," an adjective of magnitude.

S. D. G.

NO. 30.—A RIDDLE.

I grow, a plant, in a foreign land
But round about was thrown;
And as in this strange clime I stand
An action by me's shown,
Thou change me o'er with either hand
And [there the action's end doth stand.]

C. V. WAGNER.

NO. 31.—A CHARADE.

"Bring me *first* apple," said Jane, inclined to perplex her friend. *Second* would like one of those large ones, and Mary will take its *third*. We must have something to *whale* our poor bodies during our long walk."

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 32.—A REBUS.

N.
E.
I am there
Where nothing is,
And my share
A small one is.

P. J. T. LEHIN.

The Prizes

A prize of one dollar will be given for the best lot of answers to the March puzzles. Each week's answers should be mailed within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

A prize of five dollars will be presented the author of the best original contribution to this department during 1884.

A prize of two dollars will be awarded to the author of the best variety of puzzles contributed during the year, the number of the five dollar prize to be excluded from competition for this one.

Answers.

- 13.—An acorn.
- 14.—1. London, 2. Sahara, 3. Sumter.
- 15.—S. one-third of S-T-R, from seven leaves even.
- 16.—I van-hoe.
- 17.—A Lucifer match.
- 18.—Interminable.

An Irreconcilable Enemy.

France is henceforth a vast entrenched camp, which can be defended in a week by one million and in a month by three millions of men. I know that all is not yet perfect in this immense organization, but I also know that each day a great step in advance is made. "Well, then," it will be asked, "what is there to be anxious about? So much the better if you are strongly armed; no one will think of attacking you." Yes, no doubt; but you must understand that France (and herein lies the gravity of the present state of things) desires, with ardent proportioned to the growth of her strength, to be formally set free from the night mare-dread of a possible invasion. Her defensive power is only partially reassuring, and our immense armament is a heavy burden; there is a flagrant contradiction between the institution of universal barracks and those republican aspirations which are becoming more and more democratic day by day. The simplest solution would be to fling ourselves at all hazards upon Germany, to take back from her our former frontiers, and to disarm her. That being done, we, too, might lay down our arms. This is what is called *la revanche*. Many people erroneously imagine that the French cherish the idea of it, but nothing of the sort is true. There is not within my knowledge a single politician who dreams of such a thing, and among the people it would be most unpopular. This terrible game, in which our fate as a nation would be the stake, would depend upon the hazard of a battle lost or won, and we will not play it, except in the last extremity. But it remains none the less certain that we continually confront Germany as an irreconcilable enemy, more on account of the harm she could still do us than on account of the harm she has done; and that enemy is certainly not one to be despised. If Germany is our bugbear, we absurdly give her illustrious chief, the Chancellor of the empire, many sleepless nights. He knows right well that the moment an enemy of his appears anywhere he may count two—us and that other. Unless he should reduce us to absolute impotence, we, although conquered, shall present an eternally insuperable barrier to his ambition.—*T. Colani, in the Fort-lychnis Review.*

"What a blessing it is," says Pat, slightly muddled, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is all tired out, and he couldn't work no more anyhow, at all, at all, not even if it was morning."

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

News from Lodges.

LAKELET, HURON Co.—Lakelet Lodge has been resuscitated with fair prospects of doing a good work. W. F. Pontland, W. C.; W. H. Gregg, W. V.; A. P. Sheppard, W. S.; S. Howard, L. D.

WINDSON, ONT.—Bro. John F. Bell, Secretary of Victoria Lodge, writes that they are gaining ground fast in their Lodge, although they have had uphill work. They hope soon to have a lodge like Victoria Lodge of old. James McEwan, W. C.; Sister C. Stead, W. V.; S. Shoreland, L. D.

BUXTON, KENT Co.—Bro. C. H. Meahan, P. D., of North Buxton, has instituted Rising Star Lodge, at Buxton, with twenty-two charter members. George Teizert, W. C. T.; Adelino Cleland, W. V.; John King, W. S.; Alice Hunt, W. T.; Geo. N. Smith, L. D. Night of meeting, Friday.

ARNPRIOR, ONT.—Bro. W. H. Rodden, duly celebrated St. Patrick's day by instituting a new Lodge at Arnprior, with forty charter members, and with splendid prospects of future success. W. C. T., Ralph Tait, W. S.; R. H. McEwen; W. V. T.; Agnes Dodd; L. Deputy, Wm. Spence. Night of meeting, Monday.

SOUTH CAYUGA, HALDIMAND Co.—We are very glad to report the resuscitation of South Cayuga Lodge, which has been dormant for some years. It was once one of the best working lodges among the Lake Erie counties, and we trust to have a good report from it again. Samuel Fry, W. C. T.; Maria Drake, W. V.; F. A. Drake, W. V.; Isaac Overholt, W. F. S.; Valentino Honsberger, W. C.; Delman Fry, L. D. Night of meeting, Saturday.

MARKSVILLE, ALGOMA.—Bro. Rev. A. Wood writes: "Lorne Lodge is in a healthy condition; a good temperance feeling is growing in the community. We have added twelve to our numbers this quarter. All honor is due to our worthy Bro. F. Leighfield, P. D., at Thessalon, for the pains he was at, in introducing the order on this Island. Jcs. Hyland, W. C.; Sister Sheppard, W. V.; John McQueen, W. S."

Good suggestions are often made which we can profit by, and here is one which comes all the way from South Africa. A correspondent to the *Good Templar* says: "Our lodge room is becoming too small, and a scheme is on foot to increase its size, by means of a Building Society; shares are 10 shillings (\$1.75), each, and are nearly all taken up." Another says: "Hope of Willow" Temple, still holds its own in spite of all opposition, and now numbers about 150 members. In accordance with a resolution passed at the last Grand Temple meeting, open lodges are held once in every month and many members attend those meetings, and not a few have been induced to join, after hearing from some of the older members, the great blessing they enjoy from belonging to the order."

Grand Lodge of Canada.

- G. W. C. T., J. H. Fragg, Mitchell
 - G. W. C., Edward Storr, Ottawa
 - G. W. V., Lydia Newman, Paris
 - G. W. S., T. W. Casey, Nananoo
 - G. W. T., J. B. Nixon, Toronto
 - G. W. C., Rev. F. Fessant, Centralia
 - G. W. M., J. J. Mason, Essex, Centralia
 - G. D. M., Isabella Hood, Centralia
 - G. W. G., Annie B. Wells, Toronto
 - G. W. S., W. H. Gribble, Woodstock
 - J. G. C. W., Rev. John Shaw, Woodstock
- Next annual session to be Peterborough fourth Tuesday in June, 1884, held in Toronto.

HUMBERSTONE WELLSLAND CO.—Humberstone Lodge, No. 124, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall, Good Templar Victoria always welcome. W. C. T., W. I. SCHOFIELD; W. V. SISTER SCHOFIELD; L. D. JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

Select Readings.

Templar Children.

TONE—Onward Christian Soldiers.

We are Templar children,
And we do not drink
Anything that maddens—
Kills our power to think
Of our God and Savior—
Of our duty here,
That we owe our neighbor
Every day and year.
Standing out of danger,
Reach you out our hands;
Trying hard to succour
All we bring to land.

Hear our prayer, O Father!
Bless our youthful band,
Always be our Leader,
Marching hand in hand;
Save us from Intemperance,
That we fall not now.
Faithful, hopeful, prayerful,
May we ever be,
Till our land be joyful
And from drink be free.
—Scottish Templar.

Lilly's Question.

BY ALBERT HUTCHINSON.

I take my seat at eventide,
And to my easy chair
There comes a little maiden,
With sunny golden hair.

She asks me for a story, fit,
And unto her I'd tell
The story of the great crusades
And what they did so well.

She listens with wide open eyes,
And cherry lips apart,
With breath abated, stopping quite,
And loudly beating heart.

I tell her of the women's work,
The good they oft have done,
The great discouragements they met,
The many victories won;

And then I tell how wicked men
Had tried to do them harm;
And while I speak, her little heart
Is filled with vague alarm.

And as I start to tell her more
The darling speaks again,
And says in tones of great surprise,
"Why, where were all the men?"
Indianapolis, Ind.

The Outlook.

Men and women all around us
Traits are set and snares are spread,
Haunts of crime and death surround us,
Wandering feet are downward led.
Far and near, in town and city,
Scenes of vice our eyes appall,
Hearts that never beat to pity
Plan a weaker brother's fall.

Out upon the air of even
Floats the ribald jest and song,
Rings the oath while blows are given,
Peals the laughter loud and long.
While within the wine cup praising,
Maddening draughts the soldier sips,
Trembling hands the goblet raising
Crown the serpent of the still.

Yet while rum's foul desolation,
Fills with blood and tears our land,
Men of influence and station
Turn away with folded hands—
Blind to scenes of woe and anguish,
Deaf to hear the drunkard's cry,
While in bonds the people languish,
Priest and Levite pass them by.

Friends, alone in your compassion
All the drunkard's hope must be;
Ne'er will ranks of wealth or fashion
Break his chain and make him free.
Courage, then, for no faint-hearted
Soldier ever conquered fair,
Look not back on days departed,
"Learn to labor and to wait."

Sow the seed—not yours the bringing
Sun and showers, a plentiful rain,
By and by, when birds are singing,
You may garner golden grain.
What though many a tempest gather,
Many a cloud the sun o'ercast,
Soon or late each true endeavor
Brings its own reward at last.
—Standard Bearer.

A Distracted Parent.

Five daughters—four of them engaged—
I think I shall go mad!
For such a surfeit of love
No parent ever had.
The very atmosphere is charged
With it; so matter where
I go about the house, I trip
Upon some whispering pair.

At evening when I take my pipe
And seek a quiet nook
To sit and read my paper, or
Some new and tempting book,
I see, perhaps, the parlor door,
When a familiar sound,
Quite unmistakable, suggests
It is forbidden ground.

So then more cautiously I tarry
To our reception room;
But lo! I again upon my ear
From its romantic gloom
Comes softly, yet with emphasis,
That warning; when I start
And leave as Lady Macbeth wished
Her guests would all depart.

My next resort is then the porch,
Where rises trail and bloom;
Ha! is it the echo that betrays
The joys of yonder room?
Ah, no! a startled change of base
Reveals the presence there
Of Cupid's votaries, and alas!
There's still another pair.

"But sure," I think, "my library
Will be a safe retreat."
So there at once with quickened step
I take my wearied feet
Vain hope—that warning sound again
Breaks on my listening ear;
Thank heaven! my young at-hat not yet
Attained her thirteenth year.

Hark! there she is land, bless my heart,
That poling, young Lunn,
Is at her side—I do believe,
That she, too, has begun.
Oh, ye who live to sit and dream
Of future married joys,
Pray heaven with honest fervor that
Your girls may all be boys.

A Song of Hope.

BY MRS. JUDGE LANDON.

Waiting the time that's coming,
When all who love the Lord
Shall dwell in perfect brotherhood,
And so fulfill the word—
The time when faith and science
Shall radiantly unite,
To span, with father's coronal,
The waiting brow of Night.
Coming—coming; the shadows melt away,
And through the rainbow mists of dawn
Truth lifts her lovely face.

Waiting the time that's coming,
When women, pure and free,
Shall wield the sovereignty of love
In sweet humility—
Shall share her brother's burdens
With heart, and hand and brain,
Till both in garments fair and white,
The mountains top shall gain.
Coming—coming; I hear the fetters fall,
I see the golden gates of day
Swing wide to welcome all!

Waiting the time that's coming,
When war shall be no more—
When symphonies of peace shall rise
From happy shores to shore,
When ocean's fairest islet
Shall hear Messiah's voice,
And o'er His last returning sheep
The shepherd shall rejoice.
Coming—coming; sweet friends 'twill not
be long!
I rot; the sweep of hurrying wings—
I catch the seraph's song!

O wondrous day that's coming,
We hail thy herald beams!
Thy rising beauties far outshine
Our fancy's fairest dreams,
O kingdom of the blessed,
O city of the free,
Thou New Jerusalem, come down!
We wait, we long for thee!
Coming—coming; thank God! through rifted
skies
Steal down the music and the balm
From fields of paradise.

Over The Orchard Fence

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

It 'peared to me I wa'n't no use out in the field
to-day,
I som'how, couldn't swing the scythe nor toss
the new-mown hay.
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the apple
trees,
To rest a while beneath their shade an' watch
the buzin' bees.

Well, no! Can't say I'm tired, but I somehow
wanted rest,
To be a way from everth'g seemed sorter to be
best;
For every time I go around where there is
human kind,
I kinder hunger after what I know I cannot
find.

It's singular how in natur' the sweet apple
blossoms fall,
The breeze, it 'pears to know and pick the; ur-
thost of 'em all;
It's only rugged ones, perhaps, can stand agin'
the blast—
The frail and delicate are made too beautiful
to last.

Why right here in the orchard, among the
oldest there,
I hid a nice young apple tree jest startin' out
to bear.
An' when the ethereal storm came tearin'
'cross the farm,
It tore that up, while to the rest it didn't do no
harm.

The boys? They're in the madder lo' down by
the old mill race;
As far a piece of ground as I've got upon the
place.
It's queer how, when the grass grows up, an'
gits to lookin' best,
That then's the time to cut it down. It's so with
all the rest.

Of things in natur', I suppose. The harvest
comes for all
Some day, but I can't understand just why the
best fruits fall;
The Lord knows best. He fixes things to suit
His own wise laws;
An' yet it's curious sometimes to agger out the
cause.

Miranda? Yes, she's doin' well; she's helpin'
mother now
About the house. A likely gal to bake or milk
a cow.
An'—No! I am not half the man I were ten
years ago;
But then the years will tell upon the best of us,
you know.

Another? Yes, our Lizzie were the best one of
them all;
Our baby, only seventeen, so sweet, an' fair an'
and tall.
Just like a lily; always good, yet cheerful,
bright an' gay—
We laid her in the churchyard, over yonder,
yesterday.

That's why I felt I wa'n't no use out in the field
to-day,
I somehow couldn't swing the scythe nor toss
the new-mown hay.
An' so I thought I'd jest sit here among the
trees an' rest;
These things come harder when we're old; but
then the Lord knows best.

The Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
Intracluse of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy barque is driven—
The calm's dispar, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thou craves these lessons on thy soul,
Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rucel roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

One Seed.

BY MRS. EMMA L. S. PUFFER.

It chanced—upon a certain time,
A traveller, in an Eastern clime,
Whirling away an idle hour,
Roaming the woods—espied a flower!
So st. angely beautiful, he gathered, pressed
with care,
To study with more time, its beauty rare.

Returning homeward to his native land,
The book was opened by a careless hand,
The flower—crushed—was thrown away.
Left was it? Wait! One springtime day
A tiny leaflet peeped above the ground.
The coming day, another and another
found.

Warm winds, sun, rain and dew,
Nourished the plant, until it grew
Its natural size; to buds gave birth;
And from the buds, fair, glorious blossoms,
burst forth.
Again the idle traveller passing by;
Delighted, the strange flower again does
spy!
Gazes bewildered: "It is but a dream I fear,
How is it possible, the plant is here?"

He did not know a seed lodged in the book,
With the crushed flower, fell in this sunny
nook,
Took heart, and suward groped and puled its
way.
Grew at onger, taller each returning day.
Unwavering, steadfast, it performed its duty,
Until a sturdy plant grew, robed in won-
drous beauty.

Of trusting perseverance, a memorial odorous;
A cheering symbol to weak hearts, and dolor-
ous.
With every bloom the seed was multiplied,
Gathered, and scattered far and wide;
Till all over the world its traces were sown;
The plant, admired and loved wherever
known.

Let us, who 'gainst intemperance strive to
cope,
A lesson learn from this of faith and hope,
Though we be few, and meet with scorn and
sneer.
Keep our our lights a-burning bright and
clear.
A constant dropping wears and clefts a stone.
A constant warfare, will King Alcohol de-
throno.

Be not discouraged! Take for guide, the seed.
Remembering this! The greater is the
need
Of work, the stronger must we work;
Leave not a crazy where the curse may
lurk.

Even though our eyes may not beh'ld the day'
That sees intemperance low its wretched
way.
Stand firm! Let us not weary be
In doing well. Some will the reaping see.
Let us faint not! But work hand clasped in
hand,
"For God, and home, and native land!"

Our Young Folks.

ON SKATES

Jasper House is one of the Hudson Bay Company's fur forts, or trading posts, situated on the upper course of Athabasca River, in the Rocky Mountains. The narrator was, in the month of November, 1873, clerk to the company at the "House," and kept account of the goods, ammunition, traps, etc., delivered to the Indians and half-breeds in exchange for furs.

The "trader" at the post was a young man about my own age, named Henry McBeath, who had come out from Ayr, Scotland, in 1869—a genial fellow, though possessing some odd traits of character.

We hunted together occasionally on our leisure days for wood buffalo, which often came out so as to be seen from the House, and sometimes went on a jaunt after "big horns," or wild sheep, flocks of which could at certain times be surprised among the crags in the range to the west of the post.

Snow always came early in October, sometimes even in September. There had been an opportunity for skating before it came, which was not often the case; for usually snow covered the ice, both on the river and on the two lakes above and below the fort; but a freshet, followed by a cold wave, this time left a broad expanse of glassy ice. With the thermometer down to 70 and 100 below zero, however, skating soon ceases to become a pleasure, unless the skater has taken the precaution to envelope himself in a complete suit of furs, with a leather capote and coil over all to break the force of the searching wind. Even when this has been done, he must still watch the end of his nose with tender solicitude—giving it frequent rubs with his fur mitten.

Nevertheless, McBeath and I went out for a dash on our skates nearly every morning. It was one of the ice trips to the lake, a few miles up the valley to the south-west of the post, that we had an odd adventure, attended with some personal peril.

Where the river leaves the lake, at the northeast end, the water flows over yellow gravel flats and bars. So smooth and clear was the ice here that the bottom of the river could be easily seen. In skating over it we could see speckled trout, some of them weighing two or three pounds each, darting in the water beneath our feet.

By cutting holes through the ice with an axe, we succeeded in spearing some of them—having first sunk in the water a piece of meat, or the body of a fox or marten caught in the traps by the trappers. It was good sport, besides furnishing our table with choice eating. Having the trout in view, on starting out for an hour or two of skating, one of us usually took a hatchet and the other a fish-spear.

That morning we had re-opened the holes in the ice with the hatchet, and had just begun our sport, when a snow-squall broke over the two high mountains to the west of the lake, known at the "House" as the Brown Stoss and the Buffalo Hump.

Such squalls at this season of the year set in suddenly, and darkness immediately follows. The wind roars terrifically in the valley and among the fir trees. Blinding clouds of snow, fine as flour, are whirled over the landscape, almost instantly obscuring every landmark. Sometimes the gusts rage for hours, and the day closes in a howling tempest.

On hearing the wind roaring in the woods and seeing the squall come whirling down the sides of the mountains, we hurriedly put on our skates,—which had been taken off before we began to spear the fish,—picked up the six or seven trout we had succeeded in spearing, together with the hatchet, and started for the House when McBeath shouted,—

"Look there, will you? There's a buffalo up the lake!"

Some large animal was crossing the lake from the woods on the west side, at a distance of a mile or more from the outlet where we were standing.

"Let him go!" I said. "We've got no gun with us. The squall will strike us in three minutes."

"No, no!" exclaimed my comrade. "Let's have some fresh meat. We can catch him before he gets across. Let it squall; we shall get back safely enough. I have my pistol, I believe," he said feeling hastily beneath his capote. "Yes!" he shouted; "come on!"

I dropped the trout and followed with the hatchet. Before we had gone a hundred yards, the squall was whirling round our ears. Not much snow fell, but the air seemed full of it, like white dust, whistling and eddying along the black ice. I could dimly see McBeath ahead of me. But he was laughing and striking off diagonally towards the east shore, so as to cut off the buffalo.

"I'll trip him up on the ice with the spear," he shouted to me. "You strike him behind his horns with your hatchet, and we shall have some fresh buffalo-meat."

"There he is!" he cried in a moment or two after. "We've passed him!"

Turning, I indistinctly saw the animal a hundred feet off, perhaps, plodding along towards us, its hair full of snow. It slipped at every step and came on but slowly.

"Take a turn round him," cried McBeath. "Let's see how he looks."

He went to the right and I to the left of the animal, within ten yards, perhaps, when a good deal to the astonishment of us both, the supposed wood buffalo reared on its hind quarters and saluted us with the ugliest growl I ever heard, facing round after us as we glided past!

"That's your buffalo, is it?" I exclaimed.

"Well!" ejaculated McBeath. "You can call it a buffalo if you wish, but if the buffalo is there, you will have to look for him inside one of the biggest grizzlies I ever saw!"

It was a grizzly bear of the largest size, as will be inferred from our mistaking it for a buffalo.

"It is lucky for us," said I "that this happens on the ice!"

"Oh, we can outskate him!" exclaimed my lively comrade. "Sling your hatchet at him!"

"No, sir," said I, "I prefer to keep that in hand."

"Well, I'll try the effect of a shot at any rate!" cried McBeath, and pulled out his revolver.

"A good deal that bear will mind your popgun!" I said.

It was an Adams revolver, thirty-two-hundredths bore. Steadying himself with the spear, McBeath fired and probably hit the bear for it uttered a roar and came scrambling towards us, its nails scratching on the ice.

With the pistol-crack I hurried away as fast as I could skate; so did McBeath, in fact. We soon found, however, that the grizzly was not in pursuit.

"No need of bolting!" cried my companion. "He cannot catch us on this glare ice. We can kill him, I am sure, if you are willing to help me do it."

A hatchet, a pistol and a fish-spear seemed to me very inefficient weapons for attacking a beast that the bravest hunters in that region shrink from encountering, even when well armed. But the ice was in our favor certainly.

Meanwhile the first rough blasts of the squall had swept past. It still snowed, but we could still see the bear, fifty or sixty rods away. The bear stood looking towards us, swaying his head from side to side.

"Let's take a circle round him, and I'll ploy him with another shot," said my friend, who in moments of excitement sometimes relapsed in the broad Scotch accent of his boyhood.

Seeing us making up, the bear ceased swinging himself and rose on his haunches again, roaring so terribly that

the very mountains across the lake echoed to his noise. He seemed to be conscious of his disadvantages on the ice; yet made no attempt to retreat towards the shore, but stood his ground and roared defiance in some of the most awful sounds I ever heard. The thin, dry snow that lay on the ice was no impediment to our skates; but made the surface more slippery for the bear.

Skating up we circled round the creature two or three times. It would turn awkwardly, so as to constantly face us. Then began a queer sort of combat. McBeath, with the fish-spear in his left hand and revolver in the other, would skate slowly past the puzzled brute, aim carefully, so as if possible to hit a fatal spot, fire and then dart away. After the shot the bear would go scrambling and slipping after him, with the greatest fury, sometimes for a hundred yards or more.

By the time it had got under full headway I would dash along across its wake and hurl the hatchet at it—yelling like a lunatic to distract its attention. The hatchet would not even penetrate its hide, for I was not an expert with such a weapon. But the blow and the yelling would make the bear turn after me, for a little way. By this time McBeath would be back again; I would pick up the hatchet and we would commence afresh.

At times the bear would stand up, and with its fore paws strike towards us, its head rolling from side to side. Then it would crouch, holding its nose low down, and watch us with its claws spread and clutching the ice—ready to leap after McBeath, when he fired. At last all the cartridges had been used. Yet the bear was as lively as ever. I now proposed to McBeath to stay and watch the animal while he skated to the fort after our rifles. I did not dare to leave him alone with the bear, he had grown so excited and venturesome.

It was, however, finally decided that we both should go to the fort, for McBeath would not go and leave me alone with the bear.

Just before starting, McBeath in his excitement made a foolish dart at the bear with the fish-spear, while the bear was facing me. As the spear touched him, the animal suddenly turned, made a lunge and then a sweep with its paw; for an instant I thought "Beathy" was killed.

The bear did partially hit him on the skirts of his capote, sending him sliding on the ice ten or a dozen yards, while the spear flew the other way.

Startling as it was, I could but roar with laughter; for I never have seen a man scramble to his feet and make off with greater speed.

At the house we found a trader named Matherson, who had that forenoon arrived up the river from Fort Assiniboine, with his dog-team. Both Matherson and our chief factor, Mr. Hill, immediately set off with us to finish the bear-hunt. A Cree Indian, named Denu, who had that day brought in a pack of furs, also went with us.

On reaching the scene of our previous fracas, we found that the grizzly had left the lake. It was not difficult to track him however, in the thick scum of snow which the squall had scattered. Many of the tracks had a faint tinge of blood in them.

Three miles or more, over rough, hilly ground with many fir thickets, was rapidly traversed, when coming out on a steep bank, below which there was a frozen creek, the bear was seen crossing on the ice. The Indian, who was a little ahead, fired; so did McBeath.

When Mr. Hill and myself, who were a few rods behind, came out on the bank the bear had run into a thick swamp of black alder on the farther side of the creek. We could see the alders sway and hear the underwood crack, as the animal rushed along.

Matherson, who was a few steps lower down, caught sight of it, and fired; and with his shot, the grizzly seemed to stop

short. But we could see the bushes rustle.

Denu said that the creature was lying in wait to spring upon whoever ventured into the thicket. After waiting awhile, however, we crossed over the creek and pooped in, and saw the creature outstretched and plainly at its last gasp. A ball from my rifle killed him. We assisted the Cree to strip off its hide; and I have never seen a larger skin from any buffalo than that which we got from this gray bear.

The Leper Girl

Among the last to come ashore was a half-white girl. She was the child of a native woman, whose father was a chief of Kaula, by the owner and master of a Yankee whaling barque. When the whaling master, becoming rich retired from business and settled in the island of Hilo, he brought his native wife to the home he had made and set to work to make a Christian of her: you may readily fancy that his methods were crude, like his orthodoxy, and he indulged in rum and spiritual lessons in unequal proportion, punctuating his teachings in one and his indulgences in the other with wife-beatings to such an extent that the simple-minded woman thought it well to die. This she did, and a jury, who were considering the responsible share that the captain had in her demise, found themselves deprived of any painful duty by the suicide of the captain by the sailor-like method of a rope. The girl lived for a time under the charge of a Presbyterian missionary, and became a teacher in the school.

She was and is yet a beautiful creature, and a young English engineer engaged at one of the big sugar plantations fell in love with her. He was a fine young fellow, and the match was approved by all who had the interest of the two at heart, when one day there appeared on the face of the girl a blazing spot which spread from the cheek to the ear, and then developed into tubercles over the neck,—and they said she was a leper. This happened in June. The girl declared she was not; but the inexorable law forced her away to Honolulu. Meanwhile she declared that she was not affected, and insisted on having her lover believe she was temporarily in Honolulu visiting and making some purchases, and so on, preparatory to the wedding in October. But there came a time when she could no longer deceive herself, and no one would deceive him. One day he came to Honolulu on business. It was the day appointed for the sailing of the lepers, and her case rapidly advancing, she, with the rest, was being led to the steamer, when her lover saw her.

One wild scream from her and he had dashed at the guards in a vain effort to rescue her. In a few minutes he is dragged away by the police, and she, in a fainting condition, is carried to the vessel. All night this girl lay upon her breast, sobbing, and now, looking as wild as night, she springs ashore and casts a look around. Then she sees the priest standing there, and, falling at his feet, clasps his knees and cries for help.

"You are good," she says, "I love him so. He is in prison. I shan't see him again. Let him come to me. He will come! We love each other. I have given him everything, but he does not love me less because I am a leper."

But the priest only strove to raise her. Then she called out: "O God! if this be indeed Thy priest, show me that Thou art kind and move his heart."

I turned away, but saw the old priest's cheeks were wet with tears, and that he held in his arms the fainting form of one whose greatest grief was not alone in her leprosy.—From a Honolulu letter.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have powerful muscles, we must labor.

Written for Truth.
True Love.

BY H. CHOCKENDEN.

Although I know my love is fair,
And fresh as morning's eastern skies,
I do not know her shade of hair,
Nor yet the colour of her eyes;

For when I look their depths within,
And catch some rays of changeable light,
Young Cupid thrusts his dimpled chin
Or chubby hand before my sight.

What though the colour I mistook?
Or they like jet or Jasper shine?
I care not, so they never look
In others' as they look in mine.

Her glossy hair I never yet
Could of its colour fancy's park—
To learn its hue I quite forget
When its soft tress touch my cheek

I know her lips are like the rose,
That Venus, lovely maid! begat:
But what their colour! when one looks
That they are so much more than that!

And why is it I cannot tell
The colour of her hair and eyes?
Alas! I know the reason well—
True love can never criticise!

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XX.

"Tell me all, Vance!" Nora cried, when her senses awoke.

The anguish of such a waking might well have turned the strongest brain and broken the stoutest heart; but when the first wild rush of memories was past, the girl grew strangely calm—but the unutterable agony of a lost soul seemed, to Vance Singleton's fevered fancy, to look through the great gray eyes. No wonder that the young man grew white as a fainting girl! The task she set him might well appal the bravest.

"I remember Arthur left me," she said, pressing both hands to her temples, and looking up with a hunted desperate gaze that made Vance's kind heart ache. "I remember that we had a quarrel; and then I remember Lord de Gretton dead. Oh!—the gray eyes dilated and darkened horribly—"I can see the blood—his blood—still on my hands, my dress, everywhere!"

"Hush, Nora!" the young man broke in, with almost savage sternness, for the girl's voice rose to a shrill hysterical scream, and her words were fraught even now with a hideous peril, might even now consign her to a doom of which the mere thought turned him cold. But his heart ached for the lost creature, with the snow of winter on the graceful girl-head, and all Cain's anguish burning in the young heart and looking through the lovely hazy eyes. "If only they need not speak those words," Vance thought, with painful passion—"the fatal words that would blister their lips in passing, and make them shun each other's gaze for ever after!"

"Nora," he said more gently, taking the hot hands in his, and drawing the girl down upon the couch beside him, "my poor dear Nora, do not speak more of—of the terrible things that have been. Think that for a while trouble crazed you, and, now that the madness is passed—"

He paused, hardly knowing how to end the sentence—to say "Forget, and be happy," would be too cruel a mockery; and yet—

Nora looked at her step-brother, a shade of bewilderment in her gaze, evidently she did not follow his argument to its logical termination. How Vance wished that Nettie were there to help him with her quicker wit and more potent pleading! But Nettie was out, and in her absence the crisis so long foreseen and dreaded had come.

"I must speak, or I shall go mad again!" Nora persisted, with a passionate ring jarring all the old melody of the soft pretty voice. "I think and think, but I can call back nothing after that. It is as though a curtain thick and black and impenetrable dropped between the two halves of my life."

"Do not raise it," Vance said hoarsely,

ly, looking away from the poor pleading eyes—for he began to doubt whether in truth she did remember all, whether she did not think that sorrow alone lay in her past, and not that which he shuddered to recall. "Do not raise it, Nora," he pleaded, with a sort of desperate energy; "for your own sake—for all our sakes—let things rest as they are."

She looked up—Vance will never forget that look, its dumb agonized pleading, its struggle for submission, and then the sudden break down, the wailing tortured cry—

"Oh, I cannot! Vance, dear Vance, you have been so good, so kind a brother, and more than a brother to me, have pity on me now, and tell me all!"

She misinterpreted his silence, and slipped suddenly to her knees.

"Vance, you do not know, you cannot know, what it is to lie sleepless through the hours of the night, groping and groping in a worse darkness than that which lies around you for a lost part of your life—to feel that there is something full of pain and horror, something that makes you different from all other people, that has whitened your hair while you are pitifully young, and made your friends, the best and kindest of them, shrink from you, even while they are most kind. Yes"—as the man would have broken in with a forced disclaimer of what he knew to be the truth—"even you at times—I have seen you look at me with such pity and such horror!" She paused, clasping both hands before her eyes, as though to shut some painful object from her sight, then added, in an earnest whisper, "Vance, if you only know the torture of suspense, you would have pity upon me and tell me all!"

Vance Singleton could resist no longer. Even the worst he had to tell could hardly exceed the torture of which he had caught a brief and passing glimpse.

"I will tell you all, Nora; but you must be very strong and brave," he said, eyeing the white face anxiously, wishing with all his heart that Nettie would come in, that the task had fallen to her.

"I will," Nora said simply; and, though her lips trembled, there was a resolute gleam in the clear gray eyes which comforted and helped the young man.

As briefly and gently as might be, he told her the whole story of the last few months—how Nettie had rescued her from suicide, how they had brought her with them, and how Providence had aided her escape—how the finding of the poor seawife who had been buried as Lady de Gretton had silenced all suspicion and stayed all pursuit.

She listened in the absolute silence she had promised, her face becoming rigidly, terribly calm. Only the great changeable eyes, now dark as night, now brightening to a clear luminous gray, in any way interpreted the feelings that warred within her.

"Thank you," she said, when at last he brought the halting, incoherent story to a close. "You and Nettie have been more than mortal in your goodness to me. Knowing what you know, thinking what you thought, your life has been sacrificed to me—a murderer's!"

She grew so white as she spoke the terrible word that Vance cried hastily—

"No, Nora—maddened miserable girl."

"But none the less a murderer, if even in delirious frenzy I shed a fellow-creature's blood. Oh, Vance!" The voice that had hitherto been low and calm by strong constraint now rose to a shrill anguished cry. "Oh, Heaven help me, this is worse than all! No wonder that the outer world condemned me, when you, even you, believed me guilty of this sin!"

"And are you not?"

The words broke from the man's lips in a hoarse whisper; his heart beat with such wild fierce throbbings that he could hardly force himself to speak. A thousand frantic thoughts flashed through his brain, bewildering him with their rapid

rush. In all his agonized musings on the subject never once had he entertained the saving thought of Nora's innocence before.

"And are you not? Nora, I have neither judged nor condemned you—answer me now!"

She looked at him; and the mute reproach, the touch of incredulous scorn in the great eyes, hurt him the more for the gratitude that struggled with and strove to conquer both. Then suddenly she fell upon her knees and raised her clasped hands, calling upon Heaven to testify to the truth of her words.

"As Heaven is my witness, no!" she said, in clear thrilling tones that never broke nor faltered; and on the earnest upturned face there shone a sudden light and glory that was not all shed there by the setting sun. "Until I knelt by Lord de Gretton's side that morning, I know of no danger that had threatened, no harm that had befallen him."

"Thank Heaven! Oh, thank Heaven for that!"

It was not Vance who spoke, not Vance who ran to Nora's side, and, flinging both arms around her neck, clung to her with vehement unreserved affection, and sobbed and laughed aloud in a tempest of gratitude and joy.

It was Nettie, quick, loving, impulsive Nettie, who did all these things, and, still holding Nora fast, turned round an April face to see how far Vance shared her wild unmeasured joy.

Standing within the doorway, she had heard those wild impassioned words, that sad appeal to Heaven's justice from the cruel judgment of man; and with a tender woman's instinct, she never doubted its perfect truth. Vance might pause and doubt, and, longing to believe, still struggle with a lingering incredulity. She knew no such middle course, "The dread shadow that had darkened her path so long vanished in a great glad burst of sunshine. Should she of her own free will dwell in the darkness? Nettie laughed, a little hysterically perhaps—for she was still thrilling from head to foot with intense excitement and immeasurable relief—but still laughed in honest scorn of the idea.

"You poor wronged darling!" she cried, hugging Nora again, and meeting her calm sad glance with loving and brimming eyes. "Can you ever forgive our cruel thoughts?"

"Can I ever thank you, rather?" Nora said gravely. "Thinking me that, how could you take me in?"

"Oh, it was awful!" Nettie answered, with an honest little shudder that told plainly as any words how completely with her suspicion had become a thing of the past. "To love you with one half my heart and be downright afraid of you with the other, to see you so gentle and sweet and patient, and think those dear little white hands of yours were ever—that even in madness you—Oh!"—she broke off impatiently—"it is we who were mad ever to doubt you!"

Inexpressibly grateful to the harassed and tortured girl were those honest incoherent utterances, worth all the eloquence of all the world's orators was that simple, illogical, ill-expressed trust. Until now, through all her pain, Nora had not wept; now the tears gathered slowly in the great eyes and fell one by one down the pale face, as she bent it over Nettie's head. For two or three minutes the women cried together, comforting, saving tears that did them both good.

"And Vance—what do you say to Vance?" Nettie cried, raising her head briskly.

Emotion soon exhausted itself in the young girl's sensible, practical nature, and all her instincts urged her on to action. Her cry had done her a world of good, and cleared all the cobwebs from her brain; but there was no sort of sense in crying when speech would so much better serve her turn.

"What does Vance say to me, rather?" Nora answered, with a sort of grave and dignified pathos. With Nettie she was in

sympathy at once; the girl's impulsive outburst had broken down all barriers between them. With the slower, sterner judge her innocence was still on trial.

A moment before Vance must still have blundered and stumbled over his answer; now—he hardly knew why—perhaps his faith caught fire before Nettie's fervent flame, perhaps those eyes so clear and pure and proud rebuked and shamed his lingering doubt—he spoke on an inner impulse, and with perfect honesty, as he kissed the beautiful upraised face.

"I think, as Nettie thinks, that we were mad to doubt you. Forgive us, Nora, if you can."

Something like the ghost of the old Nora peeped for a moment from the troubled eyes and made the worn young face innocently fair and bright. It vanished almost instantly; still it was something to have brought it there. Vance Singleton's heart glowed with thankfulness as he saw it come and go.

They discussed the matter no more that day, as Nettie interposed with a peremptory nurse's veto, fearing the effect of further agitation in her patient's weakened state; but by-and-bye Nora reverted to it, with a volunteered promise that it would be the last time.

"I am dead, you know," she said, with the sad far-away smile that gave her beautiful face a sweetly spiritual look. "Nora Vansittart has her life before her—we must arrange that afterwards—but Nora Bruce is buried in Stoke Vernon after to-day. We will not disturb her grave."

"But, Nora," Nettie interrupted, in quick dismay, "you speak as though this state of things were final. That must not and shall not be—must it, Vance? Some day her innocence will be proved."

"I think not, dear," Nora interrupted, touching with soft caressing fingers the shining rings upon the low white brow. "I think that those who found me guilty then would hardly reverse their verdict now."

Nettie looked thoughtful, and Vance knew instinctively what doubt was troubling her mind. Had they done harm, and not good, by their precipitate step? Had they condemned Nora to a living death, when her innocence might possibly have been proved?

"No," she said, as though interpreting the thoughts of the young pair. "You did the very best that could have been done in every way. My life really ended before—that dreadful day."

She was long before she recovered from the shock of that waking—before she roused herself to anything like interest in her actual life; but it was impossible for gloom to abide in Nettie's bright presence as for darkness to resist the influence of the sun. By every loving wife and tender womanly device she drew the girl from the memory-haunted solitude of her own thought and more and more within the circle of her own vivid interests. Now it was work with which Nora must help her, now advice that Nora's keen artistic taste must give, and now—this with a shy and deprecating glance at her husband—little hints that the better-educated and more highly-bred Nora might bestow upon the clever little representative of modern-comedy ladies.

So, little by little, half unconsciously, and half, as it were, against her will, Nora passed from the dreary dreamland back to the waking world.

People who knew Vance and Nettie, their fellow-workers at the theatre, and those few literary and artistic friends whom they had permitted themselves to make grew quite accustomed to see Mrs. Sidney Vansittart accompanied by the beautiful white-haired girl whose face was a tragic poem, as one of her numerous admirers said, and whose voice, in her lightest moments, had a strangely sorrowful ring.

The voice so impressed their manager that he made strenuous exertions to persuade "Miss Vansittart" that her true vocation lay within the walls of a theatre,

and her wild terror of the bare idea amused as much as it surprised him.

"She has queer ideas, that sister of yours, Van," he said to Vance, with the free-and-easy manner of his class, "and a deuced high look, and all that sort of thing. Somehow, if I did not know how it was, I should have taken her for a downright swell!"

Vance laughed, less because the polite implication amused him than to cover the uncasiness the careless words caused.

"Oh, don't mean anything impolite, assure you! You are a first-rate fellow in your way, high-toned manners, and all that sort of thing; but Miss Vansittart is—is—being it, I don't quite know what she is," he finished, with a puzzled little laugh, "but something quite out of the way and extraordinary! She might make a fortune on the stage, if she has only half the passion and go her face promises. I wonder you have never thought of running her in the tragic line, Van? And yet I do not know. Somehow she seems to be a cut above the theatre, though she does not mind being dresser to Mrs. V."

Vance felt a cold thrill as he listened, and assumed his loftiest manner for the repression of the man, who was quite unconscious that his speculations could give offence.

"My sister is quite capable of managing her own affairs, I assure you, he said coldly; whereupon Mr. Valance laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and, with an amused and careless "Quite so, dear boy!" let the matter drop, to the young actor's infinite relief.

And meantime the original engagement made by Vance and Nettie had expired. Mr. Valance was willing enough to renew it; and, though Vance knew his young wife's eyes and thoughts turned, with an ever-growing longing, back across the wide waste of water that rolled and tossed between her and her mother and Jenny, and that little home of which she had been the bread-winner and the head, he knew also that he should hear no murmur from the sweet red lips if he deemed longer exile wisest and best.

But, while he still doubted, for Nora's sake, whether or not to sign, while the manager still pressed him urgently, Nora herself interposed in a calm resolute fashion that lifted the burden of responsibility from Vance Singleton's mind.

"You must not keep Nettie from her mother any longer, Vance. It is her turn to be considered now. She is too unselfish to put her wish into words, but it is always in her thoughts and in her eyes, dear. You must take her home."

"And you?" the young man asked eagerly. Perhaps she was right. Cristine and his mother were in Germany still. Who else would be likely to recognize in the sorrowful white-haired Miss Vansittart the beautiful Lady de Grotton of a day?

"I shall come too. Yes, it will be quite safe, Vance," the girl added, with her brave pathetic smile, "for you know that I am dead."

So Mr. Valance angrily tore up his agreement; and the next "White Star" steamer bore the party home.

CHAPTER XXI.

The last sunset brightness of a fine September afternoon streamed into the rather dingy room in which two women sat at work, touching the two bent heads with a glory that discovered all the silver threads in the darkness of the one, all the golden tints among the pale yellow tresses of the other. The year that had brought them little in the way of solid good fortune and left them less in the shape of pleasant memories had in no way altered the outward aspect of Cristine Singleton or Mrs. Bruce.

The younger woman might look a trifle more haggard and pinched, a little more restlessly discontented with herself and a world of which she had asked much and obtained little—the older, in the some-

what shabby weeds of her widowhood, a less important personage than the beamingly complacent lady who was Lord de Grotton's mother-in-law-elect; but in all substantial things these two were altogether unchanged.

From boarding-house to boarding-house, from Continental town to Continental town, they had wandered in obedience to Cristine's imperious will and restless craving for excitement. Vainly had Mrs. Bruce protested that the strain upon the slender income left them by her late husband, and upon the remittances sent from time to time by the perpetually absent Vance, was greater than they could bear; the slightest protest was invariably followed by a furiously recriminatory scene, from which the weakened nervous system of the elder woman instinctively shrank.

"My face is my fortune," Cristine would say, with concentrated bitterness, "and a fortune that falls off every day. If you would not be burdened for life with a penniless old-maid daughter, you must let me make my last venture now. If I am unsuccessful at the end of a couple of years, I promise you there is no hole of a country town so out of the way and obscure that I will not creep into it and hide my diminished head with pleasure."

Whereupon Mrs. Bruce, remonstrating no more, but sighing very dolefully, would say—

"Very well, my dear, it shall be as you wish; but money is getting very low, and at the last place—"

"I wasted three new dresses and a long flirtation, I know." Not all her self-control could keep the angry mortified flush from Cristine's pale smooth skin. "You will not make matters easier, mother, by singing my failures in my face. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know; and I will fling my last stake before I consent to our mouldering away together at little Pedlington-by-the-Sea."

So the last stake was played, and, with it, contrary to all her expectations, Cristine won her prize. Fate placed her at a *table-de-hote* next to a tall, stout, olive-complexioned, black-eyed, black-bearded man, upon whom the waiters attended with distinguished respect, and whom his fellow-guests regarded with amused and yet deferential attention.

"A Jew!" was Cristine's first mental comment, as her keen sidelong glance surveyed the bold aquiline sweep of feature, the full sensual lips, the dark eyes, heavy-lidded and slowly moving, yet amazingly shrewd and bright. "And a rich Jew too!"—as she noted the glitter of the priceless diamonds on the big white hands and in the wide expanse of shirt-front.

In both conjectures she was right. Mr. Israel Benjudah, or the Baron Benjudah, as he preferred and had some shadowy claim to be called, was rich, in the estimation of people with less limited notions than Cristine; and he was also a rather famous person in his way. Every one who was any one knew him in one of his multifarious characters at home or abroad. Benjudah the financier was great upon 'Change, Benjudah the money-lender was hand-in-glove with half the aristocracy and more than one impetuous foreign sovereign. Benjudah the connoisseur was known and respected in art-circles. Benjudah, himself a more than respectable musician, was the proprietor of a foreign concert-hall and opera-house, and was more than suspected of an interest in two or three influential papers. In fact, Benjudah was Protean, and in one shape or other pervaded society to such an extent that there was something remarkable in the fact that even Cristine had never encountered him before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The worst things are the perversions of good things. Abused intellectual gifts make the dangerous villain; abused sensibilities make the accomplished tempter; abused affection engenders the keenest of misery.

Music and the Drama.

Some Child Actresses.

Those who witnessed the performance of the children with the "Silver King" Co. will, doubtless, be interested in reading something of them which has not appeared in the local papers. As may be imagined, they are very bright, intelligent children, quick to learn, and retentive of memory. The eldest, Gussie, who played the small part of the *Nearsoy*, is the oldest daughter of Bobby Newcombe, of negro minstrel fame, and is now about thirteen. She has but little to do in her present part, and has no chance to show what a really clever little maiden she is. She is a good mimic, a capital little actress, has an exceedingly sweet voice, and sings with remarkable expression, playing her own accompaniments—by ear. Her singing of such popular favorites as "In the Gloaming," "Grandmother's Old Armchair," and the like, is characterized by a pathos and feeling which many a more experienced vocalist lacks. She is, furthermore, a capital little "song and dance" artist, her dancing being very light and graceful. Blanche—the *Cissy* of the play—is her youngest sister, is now about nine years old, and is a remarkable child in many ways. Full of life and spirits, she is a most mercurial little mortal, never for a moment at rest, is full of fun and frolic and is a veritable "Lotta" in miniature. Like her sister, she possesses an excellent voice, and can play her own accompaniments. Like her sister, too, she made her *debut* on the stage as *Eva*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," some four years ago, being unexpectedly called upon, at very short notice, to fill the part. She was a little dot then, and could scarcely speak plainly, but she declared that she knew the part "perfectly." Some of the company, knowing how short a notice she had, and desirous of encouraging her, promised her a dollar each if she got through her part without a mistake. She did so, but came very near making *Uncle Tom* forget some of his lines, for, in the middle of one of his most impressive speeches she whispered him, "Am I sure to get my dollar if I say my lines all right?" In the language of the narrator, *Uncle Tom* was "all broke up." But Blanche got her money—and spent it on candy. The third of the trio, Lottie, or "Baby" Barr,—is the daughter of Mr. Geo. Barr, whose "Cripps," the locksmith, is by no means one of the least important impersonations in the drama. She is a delicate child, physically, but like her companions, will, if life and health be spared her, undoubtedly make her mark in the dramatic world. She has a very sweet voice, and the little trio sing together very nicely indeed, Lottie's clear voice making a capital second, the three voices harmonizing exceedingly well. Lottie, like her companions, possesses strong dramatic instincts, and aided by Blanche, gives the scene (fourth act) between *Nellie* and *Jake* in a most intelligent manner. Associating almost entirely with grown-up persons, the youngsters are more or less imbued with grown-up people's ideas, methods of thought, and conversation, but they are still children enough to enjoy a

good romp, to "play" at "keeping house," to nurse and dress their dolls. Potted and made much of by all who know them, they are in no way spoiled, but are in every way very loving and lovable little girls.

"The Power of Money," an American melodrama, produced for the first time here during the present week, has failed to arouse public interest in any marked degree. Possessing a sufficiently strong plot, it is weak and ineffective in its working out, and the company presenting it is not, with one or two exceptions, strong enough to carry it through in spite of its many faults. Miss Bessie Sanson, and Mr. Charles Drew—both popular favorites here—are the life and soul of the piece, and their singing and dancing generally put the audience in good humor. The scenery is very good—some of it especially so; but in spite of all, the play was found to lack the necessary elements of popular success, and must be counted a failure so far as Toronto is concerned.

Madame Anna Bishop, one of the most famous singers of the last generation, is dead. Her maiden name was Anna Riviere, and she was the daughter of Mr. Riviere the artist. In 1831 she married Sir Henry Bishop, the well known composer. Her *debut*, which took place in 1837, was a remarkable one. Among those who were to take part in the concert were Garcia, Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. Thalberg sat at the piano. The audience was composed of the nobility and the celebrities of the capital. At the appointed time Madame Bishop appeared on the stage and sang a selection from Rossini. The audience was electrified, and greeted her with a storm of applause, while the artists who surrounded her were demonstrative in their expressions of admiration. Persiani and Grisi kissed her repeatedly, while Lablache stood by and wept. No debutante has since had such an enthusiastic reception. In 1839 she started on her first professional tour, and for four years was travelling from place to place, meeting with an enthusiastic reception every where. In 1847 she visited this continent; and again, in 1850 returned to the States, having, during this visit, the strange and unusual pleasure of reading her own obituary notices—a Madame Bishop, proprietor of a hotel at St. Paul, where she then was, being burned to death, the similarity of name leading to the error. Madame Bishop had a large scrap book filled with eulogistic articles written through the misapprehension caused by this accident. Sir Henry Bishop died in 1855, and in 1858 she married Mr. Martin Schultz, who survives her. In 1875 she started on a farewell tour of the world, beginning at Steinway Hall, New York, where she also made her last appearance about a year ago. She was famous as a songstress, and her ability as linguist was scarcely less. In all the civilized countries she sang to the people in their native languages. She was familiar with thirteen different modern tongues. In person Madame Bishop was a handsome brunette. She retained her appearance of youth as well as her vivacity in her old age, and boasted that neither doctor nor dentist had ever attended her.

The Queen's Own announced their annual Good Friday Sacred concert at Shaftesbury Hall. Our most favorite artists are engaged, including Miss Leonora Clench, the popular young violinist.

The first annual assault at arms of the Toronto fencing club will take place at the Grand Opera House on Monday next, under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor.

Sol Smith Russell will be at the Grand Opera House next week.

THE Patch on my Dear Old Brother's Pants.

BURLESQUE.

Words and Music
Moderato.

by GUSSIE L. DAVIS.

PIANO.

Cres.

Rit.

mezzo a tempo.

1 I've a pair of pants at home that I got from brother Bill, And an old white hat I got from brother Ed..... For he
 2 Oh my wife she laugh'd and said that I ne'er should put them on, And she seem'd to think it would be a disgrace..... But the
 3 'Twas one day I took the pants and I hung them in the sun, And the neighbors giggled at them all round..... For the

mezzo a tempo.

said that I should wear the pants in mem-o-ry of him, As a to-ken of my love when he was dead.....; He
 pants then look'd all right except the place where they were torn, For the patch was put on such a fun-ny place...; As a
 cloths had eat the pockets out, it seem'd to them but fun When a hun-dred dol-lar note fell on the ground.....; The

2

got them on his birth-day, 'twas ma-ny years a-go, As a present from his cousins and his aunts, But my
 dear old fam'-ly rel - - ic I hung them on the wall. And was laugh'd at by my lit-tle sis - ter Nance, And my
 The neighbors did'nt gig-gle, my wife she did not pout. But she seem'd to smile when-e'er she got a chance, And when

brother Bill he tore them sliding on a cel-lar door, So they had to put a patch up - on his
 wife she said she would'nt have them in the house at all, For the patch it show'd too plain up-on the
 brother Bill he heard the news it realy made him shout; And he wish'd he'd stole my an - gel brother's

REFRAIN.

pants.....
 pants.....
 pants.....

mf a tempo. Now he's with the an - - gels rest - ing way up high,

All his wealth he left his sister Nance..... But 'tis when I'm sad and weary, there's

one thing makes me cheery, 'Tis the patch up-on my an - gel brother's pants.....

EATON'S DRESS GOODS SALE!

In order to get Dress Goods at the lowest possible prices, we have made a very extensive purchase of those goods. And as T. Eaton & Co. buy for cash and sell for Cash only, they can afford to sell at the lowest wholesale prices.

Eaton is selling Dress Goods in checks, and stripes, at 7½c., 9c., 12½c., 15c. a yard up. These goods are all new. No bankrupt stock.

Eaton is selling Coloured Satins in Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Bronze, Myrtle, Prune, Peacock, Old Gold and Evening Shades at 25c., worth 50c. a yard.

See Eaton's Fancy Pin Spot Check and Brocade Dress Goods, 15c. a yard up.

See Eaton's New Suakim Plaid Dress Goods, suitable for combinations, 25c. a yard.

Now Silk Warp Dress Goods, 20c. a yard.

Black Union Cashmere, 34. in wide, 20c. a yard.

All-wool Black Cashmere, 40 in. wide, 37½c. a yard, worth 45c.

Black Silks.

Eaton sells Black Silk at 50c. a yard.

Eaton sells Black Silk at 60c. a yard.

Eaton sells Black Silk at 75c., 85c., \$1.00 a yard up.

Every lady should visit Eaton's Dress Goods Department before buying elsewhere. Plenty of light to see the different styles and shades. All goods marked in plain figures. Sales for Cash only.

Hosiery.

Special lines at reduced prices.

Eaton sells Ladies' heavy striped Cotton Hose at 12½c., a pair.

Eaton sells Ladies' self-colored Morino Hose at 15c. a pair, worth 25c.

Eaton sells Ladies' heavy Heather Hose at 10c., 12½c. a pair.

Eaton sells hosiery for the kitchen, hosiery for the ball, hosiery for Ladies, great and small, from 5c. a pair up. Just come and see.

Letter Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

EATON'S NEW GLOVES!!

Just received taffeta silk Gloves, colored and dark fancies, and black in buttons. Jerseys and Mousquetaire, 35c., 40c., 50c. a pair up.

Lisle Thread, new shades, from 10c. a pair up.

Black and colored Kid Gloves, 2, 4, and 6 buttons, 25c., 35c., 50c. and 75c. a pair up.

Colored and black Undressed Mousquetaire, 50c., 75c. and \$1 a pair.

Four buttoned black Kid Gloves, 50c. and 75c. a pair up.

Clearing Cashmere Gloves, 15c. a pair. Job line Kid Gloves, 10c.

Eaton & Co. Advertise

All goods, and our customers can depend on getting anything in our advertisement by calling at our new store or by communicating with us by telephone. Sales for Cash only, or C.O.D.

Prints.

Ladies, for a choice lot of Prints see Eaton's stock.

Prints 5c. a yard.

Prints 7½c. a yard.

Prints 10c. a yard.

Prints 12½c. a yard.

Prints 14c. a yard.

Prints 15c. a yard.

Prints 18c. a yard.

Sundries.

You can buy at Eaton's Oriental Lace, 10c., 12½c. a yard.

Black Spanish Laces, 10c., 12½c., 15c., 20c. a yard up.

Fedora Collars at 40c., 50c. each.

Ladies' Linen Collars, 4c., 5c., 7c., 10c. up.

Ladies' Hair Nets, black and colors, pure silk, 8c., 10c., 12c., 15c. each—now.

SALES FOR CASH ONLY.

Our Engravings

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

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc., No. 471½ Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.'S

'Lily White' Floating Soap,
"English Mottled,"
"Perfection,"
"Palace," and
"Queen's Own"

SIOIAPIS

For Purity, Durability, and Price stand Unrivaled.

Ask your Grocer for them and take no other. One trial will suffice to prove the economy of using a pure article.

RODGER, MACLAY & CO.,

Canada Soap and Oil Works Toronto.

IMPERIAL SHIRTS

ARE THE ONLY PERFECT FITTING IN CANADA.

Order at once from our

NEW FRENCH CAMBRIC PATTERNS.

SCARFS, TIES, COLLARS, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR, HALF HOSE, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

NEW SPRING GOODS! LATEST STYLES!

COOPER'S, 109 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

In addition to our usual spring importations, we have purchased at a slashing reduction a

WHOLESALE BANKRUPT STOCK

— OF —

NEW SILKS,
SATINS,

BROCADES,
VELVETS,

CASHMERES,

OTTOMAN SILKS AND SATINS
SATIN D'CHESSE,

JERSEY CLOTH,

PLAIN, CHECKED AND BROCADED
DRESS GOODS,

SUMMER SILKS,
SATEENS,

GINGHAMS,
CAMBRICS,

CHAMBRAS,

TABLE LINENS,
SHEETINGS,

TICKINGS,

TOWELLINGS,

KID GLOVES, &c., &c.

We offer tremendous bargains. Samples mailed, and letter orders attended to promptly.

J. M. HAMILTON,

184 YONGE STREET.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, *Mother Gave's Worm Exterminator*; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle of it and take it home.



Dr. Oldright, Chairman of the Provincial Board of Health, says:—

I have found Mr. & Mrs. Fiske so ingenious in devising and constructing various appliances useful both in health and disease, such as Braces, Supports, Trusses, &c., that I have from time to time sent patients to them and have been pleased with the results. (Signed) WM. OLDWRIGHT, M.A., M.D.

MRS. FISKE,

277 KING STREET WEST,

Makes a Specialty of Ladies' and Children's

TRUSSES!

She also Manufactures

Ladies' Garment Supports,

Children's Stocking Holders, Shoulder Braces, Venus Bands, Abdominal Bands, and Bands for Spinal Deformities.

Orders sent to any part of the Dominion by mail.

T. EATON & CO.,

190 TO 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



EDWINA POLONAISE.

A handsome design for a polonaise is represented in this illustration. The drapery is effective and dressy, and it is adapted to silk or woollen goods, and equally suitable for any of the fancy dress goods used for spring and summer wear. The polonaise is tight-fitting, and the front is slightly double-breasted and buttoned straight down to a little below the waist-line, where there is an extension on which the buttons are continued to within a few inches of the bottom. Ample fulness is imparted to the back by an extension which is allowed to fall in a burnous plait on the outside. When the burnous plait is lined with a pretty contrasting material it adds to the dressy and stylish effect of the back. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



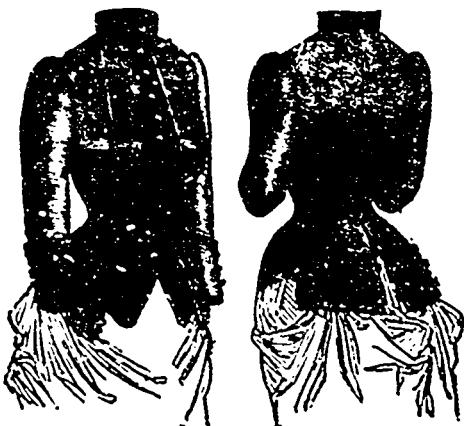
DELPHIA REDINGOTE.

For travelling, driving, and general wear, this is a most stylish as well as simple and convenient garment. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front in the usual places and one under the arm, while the back is cut with side forms and laid in plaits which overlay slightly at the waist line. The shoulder capes constitute a pretty feature of the design, and are fitted on the shoulder by gathers, giving a moderately high effect; they may, however, be omitted without detracting from the stylish effect of the whole. Coat sleeves and a rolling collar complete the model, which is suitable for cloths of all varieties not too heavy to lie nicely in the folds of the plaits. It is particularly appropriate for Cheviots, camel's-hair cloths, and the numerous fancy cloakings so fashionable for early spring and summer wear. The finish is machine stitching neatly and accurately made, or it may be plainly under-faced or nicely bound. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



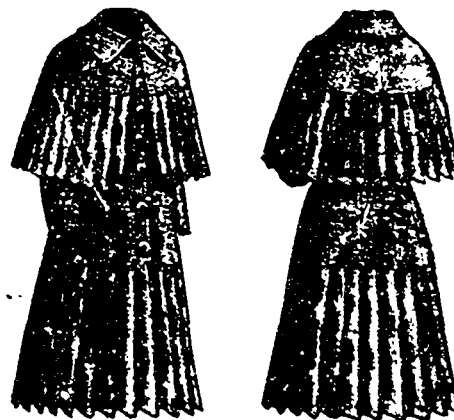
BERNETTE COSTUME.

Composed of a tight-fitting, double-breasted polonaise, draped over a walking skirt trimmed with three deep bias bands of velvet, this stylish costume is adapted for almost any dress material in vogue. The double-breasted portion is joined to the front in a seam, and may be omitted if preferred. The polonaise is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, a deep dart taken out under each arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The side forms and back pieces are cut quite short, and the drapery is put on in a separate breadth. Any other trimming may be substituted for the velvet, according to taste and the fabric employed for the costume. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



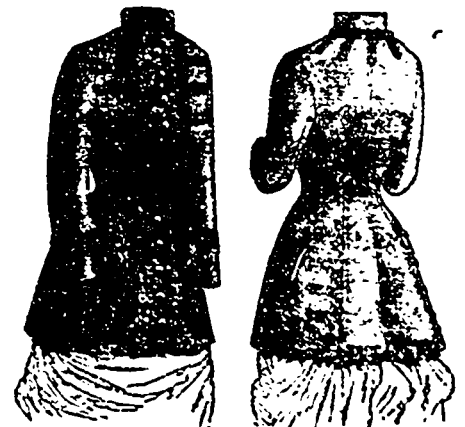
LILITH BASQUE.

Simple and practical, this stylish basque is tight-fitting and opened in front over a pointed vest, the rovers imparting a military effect. It is fitted with the usual number of darts in front, side gores under the arms, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. A standing collar and close-fitting sleeves complete the design, which is suitable for almost any class of dress goods. The vest may be of a contrasting material if desired, and the garniture may be rows of "Kursheedt's Standard" braids, velvet ribbon, or whatever corresponds well with the goods selected. Price of patterns twenty-five cents each size.



WALKING COSTUME.

A practical and easily arranged design, which can be worn either as a dress or a coat. It is a simple gabrielle shape, not quite tight-fitting, and cut short with the requisite length furnished by a kilt-plaited skirt sewed to the lower edge. The fronts are fitted by a single dart in each, it has side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The cape is fitted by small gores on the shoulders, and trimmed with a plaiting to match the dress. Coat sleeves and a turn-down collar complete the design, which can be made up in any of the materials usually chosen for children's costumes, the addition of the cape rendering it suitable for the street. If made of cloth it becomes a serviceable coat, for which machine stitching forms an appropriate finish. Patterns in sizes for from six to ten years. Price twenty-five cents each.



LILIAS JACKET.

Particularly pleasing and stylish in effect, the simplicity of this design makes it a most desirable model. It is tight-fitting, with a single dart in each front and side gores under the arms, and additional fullness is imparted to the back by broad box-plaits laid in the skirt. The pattern is suitable for cloths and similar goods that are chosen for out-door garments, and is also desirable for many classes of dress goods. "Kursheedt's Standard" soutache and wide mohair braids form the most effective garniture for woollen fabrics. These come in all widths and can be relied upon for durability and perfection of finish. Patterns of jacket in sizes for from ten to fourteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

Health Department.

Baths and Bathing.

The skin is to be regarded as an important organ and oil-forming glands; it encases and covers all the other organs and tissues, protects them from injury from without, is the chief regulator of the temperature of the body in general, and is the remover of certain waste products.

The blood vessels vary greatly in size and the amount of their contents according to circumstances; cold and fear, for instance, contract the vessels and the muscular elements of the skin, rendering it pale; heat, irritants and shame on the other hand, relax the skin and its vessels, producing a more or less deep redness.

An increased supply of blood tends to increase the amount of perspiration, the evaporation of which keeps the body in general from becoming overheated. There is no immediate danger of sunstroke as long as the perspiration is free; and it is truly wonderful how nearly constant the temperature of the human blood remains under the most varying circumstances, in absolute repose or during the severest toil, on the Polar Sea or at the Equator.

A thermometer placed in the arm pit or under the tongue of a healthy person registers 98.5° Fahrenheit, and a variation of ten degrees either way is almost surely fatal.

In perfect health there is scarcely a degree of variation in either direction. The perspiration also serves the purpose of softening and detaching the older and used-up layers of cells on the surface, together with the particles of dirt, clothes, etc., which adhere to it. The oil-forming glands keep the skin soft and supple; the roots of the hair are supplied with them, and in some situation, they are found independently of hairy growth.

These hints as to the anatomy and physiology of the skin will serve to indicate to you the important functions which the organ has to perform, and make it easier for you to understand how cleanliness and bathing are of service.

In general terms a bath and the subsequent rubbing to dry the skin primarily increase the blood supply or the rapidity of the blood current, or both together, in the skin; cleanse the skin from its own and other impurities, and thus free the little openings of the sweat and oil glands from obstructions tending to prevent the proper discharges of their secretions upon the surface: the secondary effect lies in the promotion of the health of the body as a whole, in so far as the proper functional performance of a most important organ exerts an influence on that of all others.

Spring is at hand, and a few words about bathing may be timely.

A daily bath is even more important for a baby than for a grown person for obvious reasons; and indeed, the delight which babies manifest in a properly-managed bath is good evidence as to its usefulness.

Up to three months of age the bath should have a temperature of ninety degrees, and may be given in a large basin; after that period, or even before, according to the size of the child, a larger bath will be needed, and the temperature may be gradually reduced not more than two degrees at a time until, at six months, it reaches eighty degrees. It may then be reduced gradually again to seventy-five degrees, but at these low temperatures the bath must of course be short.

Always use a thermometer, that you may know exactly what you are doing; a suitable one costs a mere trifle.

But, above, all, observe closely the effect on the child. If the child is pale, tired, or bluish for some time afterwards, the bath was either too prolonged or the water was too cold.

The rule, above as to the temperature are, of course, only general ones, and are applicable only to healthy, vigorous children, for delicate children get specific directions from your doctor unless you have reason to be sure of your own ex-

perience. Infants do not readily manufacture heat, but a cool bath if well borne renders them less liable to take cold easily. Flabby and over-fat children, as well as those which are debilitated from any cause, scrofulous, or bow-legged, are often decidedly benefitted by adding rock-salt to their bath, in the proportion of about a quarter of a pound to the gallon. When sea water itself can be had fresh and clean it may, of course, be used. The salt makes the bath more stimulating and tends to increase the circulation. A brisk rubbing should always follow the bath.

For children between the ages of three and twelve to fifteen it is impossible to do more than give the most general directions. Use your observation and common-sense in each individual case; children of the same family differ nearly as much as those of different families.

Bear only in mind these few principles which I firmly believe to be safe as well as sound, and which apply to grown persons as well as to children. A daily washing of the whole body on arising in the morning with the use of soap on certain parts, at least, and with cool fresh water, followed by vigorous rubbing with not too soft a towel, is a valuable aid to health.

Let the bath be short and cautiously make it as cold as is consistent with thorough reaction, reaction meaning that the person is in a glow all over and warmer after than before the bath was taken.

A basin full of water is sufficient for a bath if a tub, for any good reason, cannot be used.

A warm or hot (95°—110°) bath is best taken immediately before going to bed. Warm water relaxes at first the blood-vessels of the skin and leaves them for a time in a highly susceptible state to the action of cold: a sudden chilling of the surface may then result in dangerous congestion of internal organs. If you do take a warm bath during the daytime, carefully avoid strong currents of air or much change in the temperature for several hours, that the vessels may have time to recover their tone. These general rules apply as well to the swimming bath for boys and adults.—*Youth's Companion*.

Ingrowing Nails.

The following practical hints on the management of ingrowing nails are from the *Journal of Cutaneous Diseases*.

When the nail threatens to grow into the skin, or has already injured it, the first indication is to put on a sock of moderate size and to remain quiet. Afterwards the nail is to be scraped on the affected side till it is sufficiently thin; then it is to be seized with a delicate forceps, raising it in a sense inversely to its natural curvature. This having been done a small lamina of lead of a few millimetres' thickness is to be inserted beneath the nail, and after folding it over the toe it is to be fastened there with a strip of plaster. In this manner the granulation being no longer in contact with the margin of the nail, the pain ceases, and the sore heals more or less rapidly; during the whole of this time the apparatus should be frequently inspected, so that the lamina of lead may not become displaced. Besides this it is necessary to scrape the nail every two or three days, so as to keep it thin and flexible, until the skin returns to its natural state, and can resist the pressure of the nail, and then the lead is removed. Hebra treats ingrowing nails in the following manner: Put some flakes of lint of the length of the lateral groove of the nail, or a little longer. The lint is to be placed under the nail parallel to the groove; then with a flat probe introduce the lint, thread by thread, between the flesh and nail. Thus the parts are separated, with the little cushions of lint lying between. The sulcus is then to be filled with plodgets of lint, and finally long narrow strips of adhesive plaster are to be applied, always from above the inflamed sulcus downward, in such a manner that the latter is still farther removed

from the margin of the nail. With such a dressing applied with sufficient care, there is no pain whatever; and the patient can in a short time put on his ordinary stocking, and walk without trouble. After twenty-four hours the strips of adhesive plaster are to be removed, being previously softened in a bath of tepid water. This dressing is to be repeated daily; and in from two to four weeks it will be found that the toe is entirely well.—*Medical Age*.

Starving a Cold.

Though a life-long sufferer from the disease in various forms, from the "sniffles" of infancy to the "hay fever" of adulthood, together with occasional attacks of neuralgia, eumatism, throat and lung affections, etc., I now find it impossible to excite any of the well-known symptoms, or, in fact, any form of disease, though subjecting myself to what many would consider the most suicidal practices in the matter of exposure to the elements, so long as I live upon a frugal diet, chiefly cereals and fruit, served plainly—nominally two meals a day; holding myself ready, however to skip a meal whenever necessary—i. e., whenever any of the symptoms of indigestion, as acid stomach, flatulence, pressure in the region of the lungs or stomach, etc., warn me of having carried the pleasures of the table a trifle beyond the needs of the organism.

I have, in my efforts to "catch" cold, submitted myself to exposures that to the minds of most people would appear of a suicidal character, wearing low shoes and walking in snow and sloop until both socks and shoes were saturated, sitting an hour in that condition and going to bed without warming my feet; removing flannel undergarments in midwinter on the approach of colder weather, and attending to outdoor affairs without the overcoat habitually worn; sleeping with a current of air blowing directly on my head and shoulders; sitting entirely naked in a draught, on a cold, damp night in the hall, for fifteen minutes before getting into bed; wearing a cotton nightshirt and sleeping under light bed-covers on the night following the use of flannel gown and heavy-weight bed-clothes; rising from bed on a cold, rainy morning, and sitting naked for an hour, writing, and then putting on shirt and trousers only, the shirt almost saturated with rain and the trousers quite damp from hanging by the window—these and similar experiments I have tried repeatedly, but without catching cold; I become cold and become warm again, that is all.

In the course of my experiments, whenever I have fed my cold as far as I wished or dared to go, I have in every instance, banished the disease by entirely abstaining from food for a time. I have never known this remedy (if applied at the very outset) to fail of "breaking up" a common cold in twenty-four or forty-eight hours, whatever the age, sex, or occupation of the patient. However we may differ as to the origin of the disorder, whenever I can prevail upon a sufferer to try this remedy, we come to be of one opinion as to what will most speedily "cure" it.

Of course the size of the "dose" must bear some relation to the severity of the case. On the first appearance of the disease—the symptoms of a slight cold, so familiar to all—skipping a single meal, in the case of a person who takes but two meals a day habitually, or two meals, in the case of a three-mealer, will sometimes suffice, if the succeeding meals be very moderate ones. I have usually in my experimentation been satisfied to "turn" at the "one-meal bury," not often being obliged to abstain longer than twenty-four hours. When, however, I have chosen to prolong the experiment by continuing to eat heartily, as is the custom with people in general at such times, I have found my experience identical with theirs—the symptoms would increase in severity, and to nasal catarrh, headache, slight feverishness and languor would be

added sore throat, perhaps with pressure at the lungs, hoarseness, increased fever, and entire indisposition for exertion. In this case two, perhaps three, days' fasting would be required, with a little extra sponging of the skin, to completely restore the balance. Outdoor air is desirable, and—when not demanding too great effort—exercise. Air baths when there is much feverishness of the skin, are comforting and curative.—*Dr. Page, in Popular Science Monthly*.

Sleeplessness.

Dr. F. L. Oswald, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, discusses the increasing prevalence of insomnia. He says the proximate cause of sleeplessness is plethora of the cerebral blood-vessels, and a palliative cure can be effected by anything that lessens the tendency of the circulation toward the head. But a permanent cure may require time and patience. By night studies brain-workers sometimes contract chronic insomnia in that worst form which finds relief only in the stupor of a low fever, alternating with consecutive days of nervous headaches. Reforming toppers often have to pass through the same ordeal, before the deranged nervous system can be restored to its normal condition. Fresh air, especially of a low temperature, pedestrian exercise, and an aperient diet, are the best natural remedies. Under no circumstances should sleeplessness be overcome by narcotics. An opium torpor cannot fulfil the functions of refreshing sleep; we might as well benumb the patient by a whack on the skull.

Never Doze.

The *London Lancet* discusses the subject of raising at the end of sleep. Dozing, it declares, is not admissible from any health point of view. The brain is the first to fall asleep, and is followed by the active organs, and it is only perfect and natural when shared by all the several parts of the organism. All the parts of the system are not equally exhausted, and those least fatigued soonest wake, while those most exhausted are aroused with the greatest difficulty. The several parts of the organism should need rest at the same time. To bring this about a person should "wake early and feel ready to rise; this fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured, and a wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted system to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once his consciousness has been aroused." The writer declares that a man who will not allow himself to doze will, in a few days, find himself almost unconsciously an "early riser."

The Diphtheria Plague.

An extraordinary general meeting of the city authorities and representatives was held at Odessa, in Russia, on Feb. 23rd, convened for the adoption of special measures in order to arrest the alarming mortality from diphtheria in Odessa and its environs. It is an indisputable fact that this disease has been, in a greater or lesser degree, epidemic in that city for the last twelve years. One of the speakers, a physician and city representative, declared that the only thoroughly efficient means of arresting the progress of the disease was by the destruction by fire of certain surroundings and domestic accessories.

NEURALGIA.—*Medical Summary*, a good authority, says: "Professor Robert Bartholomew recommends equal parts of chloroform, camphor and hydrate of chloral, as an efficient local application to allay the pain of neuralgia. This simple mixture, he recently stated to his class, is very rapid in its anodyne action on the parts to which it is applied." Of course the application is external only, and as such it is quite harmless.

Current Events.

Canadian

The city of Toronto is paying nearly \$1,200 a week for the maintenance of patients in the General hospital.

Hay is reported so plentiful in the vicinity of Kingston that considerable quantities have lately been sold at from \$6 to \$8 per ton.

The prospect for the lumber market are said to be good. An Ottawa telegram says that a Chaudiere firm has disposed of \$100,000 worth at fair rates to an American firm.

The Canadian government has objected to some emigrants recently sent out by Mr. Tuko's committee and has notified the English government that many of them are unsuited for colonial life.

At a session of the Agricultural and Arts Association, at Toronto, John Carnegie, M. P. P., was requested to prepare a paper on the agriculture of Ontario to be read before the British Association when they meet at Montreal.

The Trenton Courier says that Temperance and democracy are both gaining ground in Brighton. A very successful Blue Ribbon club was started awhile ago, and also a democracy club, but of course there is no connection between the two.

An order was made at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, for the examination at Ottawa of Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Minister of the Interior, in the suit Clark v. the Temperance Colonization Society. The operations of the society are to be thoroughly canvassed.

Roger Amero, confined for a long time in prison on a charge of murder, whose family are insane over the situation, has brought a suit in Boston against John Daly, the constable who acted with the Boston detectives in securing his arrest, for \$30,000 damages.

The rear of the County of Frontenac, north of Kingston, is largely covered with beautiful lakes. They are considered suitable for the growth of salmon trout and white-fish and a large supply of fish of these kinds will be deposited in there this year from the Government hatcheries at Newcastle. These lakes will yet become very popular fishing grounds.

Maritime Union has cropped up again, Mr. Longly, M. P. P. for Annapolis, has given notice in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly that on a future day he will move a resolution to the effect that in the opinion of the House the union of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island into one province on a fair basis, would be advantageous to the common interest of all.

Coroner Woodward held an adjourned inquest at Sherbrook on the 19th, on the body of the late Wellington Ward of Capelton, when the jury unanimously found in substance that he came to his death from some irritant poison, that he did not take the poison voluntarily, but that it was given by his wife, Melissa Lathrop, with the intent of taking his life. She has been committed to goal.

A letter from the C. P. Railway to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, shows that the total number of passengers carried into Manitoba during the year 1883 by that railway was 61,426 and out of the province 22,458. Of the latter number 2,400 were men returning to their homes in the United States who had been employed on railway work at Port Arthur, and 2,000 navies who came over in 1882.

United States.

The largest flax mill in the world is being erected in Sioux City, Iowa.

The value of the dogs now on exhibition at the New Haven Bench Show is put at \$50,000.

There are now 48,993 post offices in the United States. The number increases every year.

Two of the five Confederate Generals are still living—Joseph E. Johnson and P. G. T. Beauregard.

It is estimated that the cattle drive from Texas, during the coming season, will reach over 300,000 head.

The loss of property by fires in New York during February alone, is estimated at nearly five million dollars.

During the past seven years 63,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco were manufactured in Petersburg, Virginia.

The average sale of butter in New York is 1,500,000 pounds per week, of which one-fifth is said to be adulterated.

Horses in a portion of the State of New York are suffering from a disease resembling pink-eye, from which several have died.

The present territory of Washington and part of Idaho is to be converted into a State, and its admission to the union is about settled.

J. B. Johnson, at St. Joseph, has been detected stealing drugs from the wholesale house of Smith & Co. to the extent of \$6,000 worth.

The new hall of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Newark, N.J., was opened on Monday. The building has been purchased for \$25,000.

The anniversary of the Communist uprising in Paris in 1871 was celebrated in New York on Sunday by a thousand men and three hundred women.

Mennonites in Nebraska occupy three whole counties, are good farmers and hard workers, and so economical that their prosperity is remarkable.

The bill abolishing the convict contract labor system as fast as the contracts expire has become law, making a radical change in the Ohio penitentiary.

A temperance cyclone has struck the people of Plainfield, N.J., during the past few weeks, and over 2000 have agreed not to touch intoxicating liquors.

The charges of Mrs. Eliza Alkalay, daughter of the Austrian Vice-consul at New York, has been sustained by the jury in her suit for separation on account of cruelty.

The Kansas Legislature is convened in special session in accordance with the proclamation of the government to consider means for the prevention of the cattle disease.

Forepaugh, the great showman is determined to show a white elephant this year in order to keep pace with Barnum. His alleged white elephant arrived in New York last week.

While Policeman Kendall, of Boston, was taking James Donovan, a burglar, to the station house, Donovan secured his club, and was beating him brutally when Kendall shot him dead.

It is stated that two Scotchmen, recently arrived in Kansas, carried the germs of the foot and mouth disease in their clothing, as they had been attending infected cattle in Scotland.

The Minnesota Legislature contains among its members six Canadians, including Alex. Chisholm and David A. Lydiard of Nova Scotia, and F. H. Boardman, a native of Milltown, N.B.

At Vincennes, Indiana, a old man named Pierre Cotteo, died at the age of 115. He was the oldest man in the state. He was very eccentric, and used cayenne pepper for snuff and swallowed large quantities of it to quench his thirst.

In order to relieve the State of Massachusetts from the state of illiteracy, ninety three thousand of its population being unable to read or write, a bill is to be introduced prohibiting the employment of minors under fourteen who cannot read and write English correctly.

A family named Shultess, at Loyal Hanna, Pa., consisting of the husband, wife, and two brothers, ate greedily of fresh pork without cooking a few days ago. All have been taken with trichino-

sis. The wife died, and the others cannot recover.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoindam, of Portsmouth, O., went to the collar to turn off the gas on account of a leak. The escaping gas communicated with the dining-room fire, and there was an explosion. The house was wrecked and the furniture destroyed. Stoindam and his wife are not expected to live.

Great Britain.

A box of powder with fuse attached has been discovered in the Post Office at Birmingham.

Within the last year alone Ireland lost 103,000 emigrants, 71,000 of whom were single adults.

In 1882 the emigration from England to the Australian colonies was 37,000; in 1883, 71,000.

Four railway companies offer an additional reward of \$1,000 for the detection of the authors of the dynamite outrages.

Clement's Inn, in London, was sold a fortnight ago. It fetched \$215,000. The understanding is that the Bank of England will occupy the old hall.

Over \$13,000 has been collected for the erection of the O'Connell monument at Cahirciveen. It is proposed that the memorial shall cost at least \$100,000.

The railway train upon which Michael Davitt, the well-known nationalist agitator, was journeying recently was fired upon at Dungannon, a station seven miles northwest of Armagh, county Tyrone.

Cable traction for street cars is about to be introduced on Highgate Hill, London, and considerable interest is felt in the result of an experiment which it is said has never been made hitherto in Europe.

Sir Charles Dilke, speaking at the National Liberal Club, said the Opposition had been trying to force a dissolution of Parliament in order to save the Peers from the odium of rejecting the Reform Bill.

In the Imperial House of Commons on the 21st a motion against bishops continuing to sit as members of the House of Lords was rejected by a vote of 148 to 137 the Parnellites voting with the minority.

It has been decided to furnish the London police with whistles, instead of the antiquated rattle. An order for 7,000 has been given. The whistle is of an improved make and is said to be unusually shrill.

Mr. Biggar, M.P., speaking at Sheffield, said that Earl Spencer, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was dishonest, that Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary, was a mean wretch, and that the Irish magistrates were vile tools of the Government.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, ex-member of Parliament, said there would be no truce or peace with England until Ireland was endowed with institutions which alone could make the Irish race what its genius intended it should be in the economy of the world.

It is stated that the government have decided to offer a reward of £1,000 for information that shall lead to the arrest of the persons concerned in the dynamite plots in London, and that the railway companies interested have agreed to give a reward of a similar amount.

The capital of the Irish Land Company (Parnell's migration Company) is fixed at £250,000. Parnell is chairman of the board of directors. The land commissioners have reduced the rental of the Limerick property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, from £2,000 to £1,800.

Many facts are to be gleaned from a survey of the figures showing the destitutions of the 103,724 natives of Ireland who left their country last year. About 98,623 went to the Colonies or foreign lands; and 10,101 to Great Britain. Of the entire number the United States absorbed 79,798, compared with

an average of 56,354 in the four preceding years.

In 1851 the rural population of England amounted to 8,700,000, and the town population 1,900,000. In 1881 the rural population was 8,600,000, and the town population, 17,000,000, showing that in thirty years the town population was nearly doubled, while the rural population was diminished to the extent of 100,000.

The Caledonian society of Dublin have resolved to institute Highland games in the Irish metropolis, and include all the competitions engaged in at the Highland gatherings at Braemar, Dunkeld, Inverness, Oban, Rothesay, &c. The programme is to be issued in April, and the games are to be held on Monday, 2nd June, at Landsdowne Road.

Supt. Jenkinson, director of the Irish Criminal Investigation Department has appointed fifty detectives in London to be under special pay, and to have special duties. Twelve are English, eight Irish, and eight American, and the rest Russian, French, German Austrian, Italian, Spanish and Canadian. Irish constables have been appointed to act as detectives in the English seaports.

Personal.

The Parisian dandies have revolted against the claw-hammer frock coat, and the correct costume for evening parties now is a blue coat with gilt buttons, and pearl-grey trousers.

Proposals for the proposition to erect a memorial to Dickens, a correspondent of a London daily paper quotes a passage from the novelist's will which will probably prove fatal to the project: "I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claim to the remembrance of my country upon my published works."

There is one custom observed in the Royal family of Prussia that might be imitated with advantage in many middle-class homes in America. All the princes are early set to the task of acquiring some manual trade. The husband of the Princess Royal, who will be the next Emperor of Germany, by his own choice was taught carpentering and bookbinding, going through a regular course of each under professional teaching.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. D'Vereux of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is."

Russia produces annually about 4,000,000 worth of honey, or over 18,000 tons, besides 5,000 pounds of wax worth \$2,000,000. It is nearly all consumed in the empire, however.

People who reside or sojourn in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malarial. The timely use of Nutri-rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

SPRING AND SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Our assortment of Gentlemen's Underwear, Drawers and Hose in Cashmere, Fine Lambs Wool, Merino and Merino Shetland, Brown Cotton, Gauze and Silk is very large and well assorted this season, and the value is particularly good.

Boys' Jersey Suits and Boys' Underwear in great variety. Sporting Suits, Bathing Suits, Belts, Hosiery and Half Hose in excellent variety.

PRICES LOW.

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TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Frederick came forward with his set artificial smile, and shook hands with Mrs. Bowood with much apparent cordiality. He was a slightly built man, rather under than over the ordinary height. As Mrs. Bowood had remarked, he did not look nearly so old as his years; but he had taken great care of himself all his life, and he was now reaping his reward. He was as upright as a dart, and there was something of military precision in his carriage and bearing, although he had never been in the army. His once coal-black hair was now streaked with gray, but judiciously so, as though he were making graceful concession to the remorseless advance of time. How much of its tint was due to nature and how much to art was a secret best known to himself and his valet. His face was close shaven, except for a small imperial, which was jet black. He had clear-cut aquiline features, and when younger, would doubtless have been considered by most people as a very handsome man. But his eyes were small, and their general expression was one of cold suspicion; they lent a touch of meanness to his face, which it would not otherwise have possessed. Sir Frederick was carefully dressed in the height of the prevalent fashion, but with the more prominent "points" artistically toned down to harmonize with the obligations of advancing years.

"Good morning," Mrs. Bowood, he said. "Is the Captain at home?"

"Good morning, Sir Frederick. You are quite a stranger."—He had not been to Rosemount for five days.—James is somewhere about the grounds. I will send a servant to look for him."

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Bowood; nothing of the kind, I beg. I will go in search of him myself presently. I have driven over to see him about that bay mare which I am told he wants to get rid of."

Mrs. Bowood smiled to herself. The excuse was too transparent. "James is one of those men who are never happy unless they have something to sell," she said.

"Whereas your sex, if I may venture to say so"—

"Are never happy unless there is something that we want to buy. How thoroughly you understand us, Sir Frederick!"

"Consider for how many years I have made you my study."

"What a pity you did not make better use of your time!"

"Where could I have found another study half so charming?"

"You would graduate with honors, I do not doubt."

"If you were one of the examining Dons, that might be possible."—There was a brief pause, then the Baronet said: "I trust that Lady Dimsdale is quite well?"

"Quite well, I believe. She, too, is somewhere about the grounds. This lovely morning seems to have tempted every one out of doors.—You will stay to luncheon of course, Sir Frederick?"

"You are too good. A rusk and a glass of claret are all that I take in the middle of the day."

It was one of the Baronet's little weaknesses to like to be regarded as a semi-invalid, especially by the ladies.

"Captain Bowood must add his ontreaties to mine, and persuade you to stay.—By-the-by, I have almost forgot to ask after your nephew. Have you heard from him lately?"

Sir Frederick became animated in a moment. "I had a letter from the dear boy by last mail. He wrote in excellent spirits. I expect him over on leave in the course of the autumn, when I shall take the liberty of introducing him to my friends at Rosemount."

"I shall not fail to hold you to your promise."

"And now to find the Captain."

"The sun is rather oppressive. Had I not better send a servant?"

"Thanks; no. I shall have no difficulty in finding him. *Au revoir.*" And with a smile and a bow, the Baronet made his exit. On reaching the veranda he paused to put up his umbrella, as a protection from the sun, and then went gingerly on his way.

"It is not Jamie, but Laura, whom he has come to see," mused Mrs. Bowood as her eyes followed the Baronet. "There's something in his manner which makes me feel almost certain he will propose before the day is over; but now that Mr. Boyd has put in an appearance, I am afraid Sir Frederick's chance is a very poor one.—By-the-by, why did Laura wear those jewels last night, which, as I have heard her say more than once, she has never worn since before her marriage? Well, well; I suppose neither sentiment nor romance is quite dead, even when people can look back upon their thirtieth birthday."

Mrs. Bowood took up her pen again; but at that moment a servant entered the room. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but here's a man come to mend the drawing-room lamp; and the fishmonger is waiting to see you; and there's a young gent with spectacles and long hair come to tune the pianos."

"Dear, dear! I shall have to finish my letter after luncheon, I suppose.—I will come at once, Sparks. But I gave no instructions to any one about tuning the pianos."

"Perhaps the Captain may have sent the young man, ma'am."

"Perhaps so; but he doesn't generally interfere in such matters."

Sparks left the room, and Mrs. Bowood put away her unfinished letter in the davenport. "What can have become of Mr. Boyd?" she said to herself. "I have seen nothing of him since breakfast. Probably, he and Laura are somewhere in the grounds together; if so, poor Sir Frederick will have to find another opportunity."

As the Baronet, holding his umbrella over his head, paced slowly down one of the winding sunny walks that led from the house, he kept a careful watch on other paths to right and left of him. He was evidently looking out for some one in particular. "Why delay longer? Why not do it to day and at once?" he was asking himself as he walked along. "I have purposely kept away from her for five days, only to find that her image dwells more persistently in my thoughts than ever. It is true she rejected me once; but that was many years ago, when I was a poor man and it is no reason why she should reject me a second time. She was a romantic school-girl then; she is a woman of the world now. Yes; the match is a desirable one in every way for both of us. She has money, and I have position. As the wife of Sir Frederick Pinkerton, she would be a very different personage from the widow of a City drayster; and then her income added to mine would make a very comfortable thing." The Baronet would soon have been unaware of that particular clause in the late Sir Thomas's will by which his widow would be deprived of nearly the whole of her fortune in case she should marry again. It is possible that his ardour might have cooled down in some measure, had he been made aware of that important fact.

Presently he saw the object of his thoughts turn a corner of the path a little distance away. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and she did not see him. He stood still for a moment or two, watching her with a critical air. He flattered himself that he had a fastidious taste in most things that a gentleman should be fastidious about, and in women most of all. "She will do—she will do!" he muttered to himself with an air of complacency. "She is really charming.

She shall be Lady Pinkerton before she is three weeks older."

Lady Dimsdale happened to look up at this moment. She could not repress a little start at the sight of Sir Frederick.

The Baronet pulled up his collar the eighth of an inch, squared his shoulders, and went slowly forward.

Laura Dimsdale was a tall, graceful-looking woman. She was fair, with a lovely clear complexion, which, especially when she became at all animated, had not yet lost all the tints of girlhood. She had large hazel eyes, instinct with sweetness and candour, delicately arched eyebrows, and a mass of brown silky hair. If the usual expression of her face when alone, or when not engaged in conversation, was not of melancholy, it was at least that of a woman who has lived and suffered, and to whom the world has taught more than one bitter lesson. And yet in the old days at the vicarage, which now seemed so far away, there had been no merrier-hearted girl than Laura Langton; and even now, after all these years, the boundary that divided her tears from her smiles was a very narrow one. She was gifted with a keen sense of humor, and it did not take much to cause her eyes to fill with laughter and her mobile lips to curl into a merry mocking smile.

Sir Frederick lifted his hat, and twisted his mouth into a smile that was a capital advertisement for his dentist. "This is indeed an agreeable surprise, Lady Dimsdale. I came in search of Captain Bowood, and I find—you!"

"How cleverly you hide your disappointment, Sir Frederick!" She gave him her fingers for a moment as she spoke. "As I have not seen the Captain since breakfast, I cannot tell you where to look for him. But you have been quite a truant during the last few days. We have all missed you." There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she said the words.

"Hum, hum. You flatter me, Lady Dimsdale. Business of importance took me to town for a few days." He had turned with her, and was now pacing slowly by her side. "Do you know, Lady Dimsdale," he went on presently, "that I never see a garden nowadays which seems half so charming to me as that dear, delightful wilderness of old-fashioned flowers behind your father's vicarage?"

"It was certainly a wilderness, and very old-fashioned into the bargain; but the flowers that grew there were very sweet."

"I spent many happy hours among its winding walks."

"And a few uncomfortable ones, I'm afraid. Have you forgotten that afternoon when, as you sat eating strawberries and cream in the summer-house, a caterpillar crawled down your neck? You made such extraordinary faces, that for a minute or two I felt quite frightened."

"Hum. I had certainly forgotten the caterpillar," answered the Baronet, not without a shade of annoyance.

"And then I used to fancy that you were never quite easy in your mind as you sat together in the garden. There was certainly a great many frogs, and I think you never liked frogs."

"Not unless they were fricasseed. Trifling annoyances there might be, Lady Dimsdale; but when the presiding divinity was so fair!"

"The presiding divinity! We gave her a fresh coat of paint every spring. Poor old Aphrodite with her shell—she used to stand in the middle of the fishpond. But you forget, Sir Frederick, that she had lost her nose, and even a divinity hardly looks so charming without a nose as with one."

Sir Frederick gave a sniff, and replied in his loftiest manner; "When I made use of the term 'presiding divinity,' I need scarcely say that I was referring to yourself, Lady Dimsdale."

"I really beg your pardon, Sir Fred-

erick, but no one has ever called me a divinity before. Do you know, I rather like it." She led the way, as if unconsciously to a wide-spreading yew, round the bole of which a low seat had been fixed. Here, in the grateful amplitude of shade, she sat down, and the Baronet seated himself a little distance away. It may be that she had some suspicion with regard to Sir Frederick's errand this morning, and had made up her mind to get it over and have done with it at once and for ever.

"Now for the plunge!" said the Baronet to himself as he sat down. The plumage of his self-conceit had been somewhat ruffled both by her words and manner; but whatever temporary annoyance he might feel, it would never do to betray it at such an all-important crisis.

"You are still the same Laura Langton that you were during those sunny days at the vicarage," he began in what he considered his most insinuating manner. "The same charm, the same power of fascination exist still. A happy time—at least for one of those two. But the ending was not a happy one—no, anything rather than that."

"For which of the two people concerned was the ending not a happy one, Sir Frederick?"

Her coldly contemptuous tone touched him to the quick. A deep flush mounted to his face; for a moment or two he could not trust himself to answer her. "I thank you Lady Dimsdale," he said at last. "The reproach implied by your words is a just one. To her, no doubt, the end was seen from the beginning—a dramatic effect to be worked up to from the opening of the comedy. To him it came as a thunder-clap, as a stab from a hand that a moment before had been pressed to his lips. Day after day he had been led on by eyes that seemed ever to brighten at his coming; by smiles that seemed ever to be smiles of welcome; by low-voiced replies; by a hundred pleasant lures, till at length the moment came when his silence found itself a tongue. A few burning words, and everything was told. The answer?—A mocking laugh, a scornful dismissal. His paradise had been the paradise of a fool. He had helped a pretty girl to pass away a few weeks in a dull country house—and that was all!" Sir Frederick spoke in low, almost impassioned accents. Any third person who might have chanced to overhear him would have been justified in assuming that he had been cruelly jilted.

But not a muscle of Lady Dimsdale's face moved, and her answer came in tones as clear and incisive as those of a bell. "Were he here now, of whom you speak, I would say to him: 'You have an excellent memory for many things; is it possible that you can have forgotten Marietta Gray?'"

Sir Frederick started if he had been stung. His face blanched suddenly. "Marietta Gray!" he stammered out. "What do you, Lady Dimsdale, know of her?"

"She was only a fisherman's daughter, it is true," continued Lady Dimsdale in her clear cold accents. "A pretty toy for a fine gentleman to amuse himself with, and then to cast aside. I know something of her, and I heard her story. When, a little later, one of the strange chances of life brought within my influence the man who had first won the affections of that poor girl and then basely deserted her, I resolved as far as lay in my power to avenge the cruel wrong. You have just told me, Sir Frederick, how well I succeeded in my object. I am happy to think that the lesson has lingered so long in your memory."

Sir Frederick rose and took one or two turns under the shade of the branching yew. Not for years had the still waters of his life been so deeply stirred. He took out his delicately perfumed handkerchief and wiped his forehead with it. His hands trembled a little—a thing that had rarely happened to him before. But through all his agitation and surprise,

he felt that he had learned to care more for Laura Dimsdale during the last few minutes than he had ever cared for her before. If it were possible for him over to really love a woman, here was that one woman. Even after all that had passed between them, he would ask her to become his wife. She was a generous, large-hearted creature, he felt sure; and now she had stabbed him so cruelly, she would be the first to stoop and bind up his wounds. "It's the way of her sex," he said to himself. Another reflection did not fail to impress itself upon him: not to every one is given the chance of marrying a Baronet with six thousand a year. Women can forgive much under such circumstances.

Lady Dimsdale rose. "I must leave you now, Sir Frederick," she said. "One moment, if you please—just one moment," he urged.

She hesitated a little, and then sat down again. He spoke, standing in front of her. "The words you said to me just now, Lady Dimsdale, were very severe, but not more severe, perhaps, than the case warranted. I can only cry *mea culpa*, and throw myself on your mercy. I have not a word to urge in self-defence. But the past is the past; however much we may regret it, we cannot alter or amend it. The passion I felt for Laura Langton was sincere. There is proof of it in the fact that it exists undiminished to the present day. The flame is still alight—the ashes still glow with the fire that was first kindled fifteen years ago. Lady Dimsdale, here and to-day, I repeat the offer I made you once before—here and to-day I ask you once more to become my wife." His manner was dignified, his words impressive.

The answer came without a moment's hesitation: "Lady Dimsdale is infinitely obliged to Sir Frederick Pinkerton. She will not answer him to-day after the fashion she answered him years ago. She will simply say to him as editors say of rejected contributions, 'Declined with thanks.'"

Sir Frederick changed color. He had not expected so decided a rebuff. He bowed gravely. "May I be expected to hope that your decision is not irrevocable—that it is open to reconsideration?"

"Being a woman I change my mind about many things; but I shall never change it about this."

At this moment a childish voice was heard calling: "Aunt Laura—Aunt Laura, where are you? How tiresome of you to run away!"

Lady Dimsdale rose. "One of my tyrants is calling me, and I must obey. You will excuse me, Sir Frederick, I am sure."

Again came the voice: "Aunt Laura, where are you?"

Lady Dimsdale drew a child's trumpet from her pocket and blew a few notes on it. A moment later Sir Frederick found himself alone.

"Hum, hum. Rejected—and for the second time," he muttered to himself. He was excessively chagrined. After the fashion of other men, having failed to obtain the object of his desires, he appreciated it at a higher value than he had ever done before. "There must be another man in the case. She would never have refused Sir Frederick Pinkerton and six thousand a year, unless there were another man in the case. Who can he be?"

He strolled slowly in the direction of the house. He would have a word with Captain Bowood, and then he would take his leave. He entered through the open French windows, but the room was empty. A moment later the door was opened noisily, and Miss Elsie Brandon burst into the room.

She was a tall slim girl, with very bright eyes, and features that were instinct with vivacity. She gave the promise of considerable beauty in time to come. Her hair, cut nearly as short as a boy's, was a mass of tiny yellow curls. She wore a pinafore, and a frock that

scarcely reached to her ankles—her aunt, Miss Hoskyns, had worn a pinafore and a short frock at her age; consequently, they were the proper thing for young ladies to wear nowadays.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir Frederick, but I thought that perhaps Charley might be here."

"Good morning, Miss Brandon," said Sir Frederick as he held out his hand. "And pray who is Charley?"

"Charley Summers, of course—Captain Bowood's nephew."

"But I was under the impression that Captain Bowood had discarded his nephew?"

"So he has. Cut off his allowance, and forbade him the house eight months ago."

"And yet you expect to see him here to-day?" The Baronet was always interested in the affairs of his neighbors, especially when those neighbors happened to be people of property.

"I don't mind telling you, but I had a note from Charley this morning—on the sly, you know."

"Pardon me, but young ladies in society don't generally say 'on the sly.'"

"Charley says it, and he was educated at Harrow. Anyhow, I had a note from him, in which he said that he should certainly contrive to see me to-day. It's a great risk for him; run, of course; but that won't deter him in the least."

"You appear to be greatly interested in the young gentleman."

"Don't call him young gentleman, please—it sounds too awfully formal. Didn't I tell you that we are in love? No; I don't think I did. Well, we are. It's a secret at present, and there are all sorts of dreadful obstacles in the way. But we have made up our minds to get married by, and-by, or else we shall commit suicide and die together." As Miss Brandon spoke thus, she flung into the air the Latin grammar she had been carrying and caught it deftly as it fell.

"That would indeed be a terrible fate," said the Baronet with a smile.

"By Jove, though, Sir Frederick, but we are serious!"

"Young ladies in society don't generally say 'by Jove.'"

"Charley does, and he was educated at Harrow." From a pocket in her dress she drew a box of bon-bons, opened it and popped one between her teeth. Then she proffered the box to Sir Frederick. "Have one?" she said with all the nonchalance imaginable. The Baronet smiled, and shook his head. "You need not notice my fingers, please," continued Miss Brandon. "I've inked them. Somehow I always do ink them when I've an extra hard lesson to learn.—But I say, Sir Frederick, isn't it a jolly shame that a great girl like me should still be learning lessons? I'm seventeen years two months and four days old."

"Young ladies"—

"I know what you are going to say. I learned the word from Charley, so it must be right. Well, it is a shame. I've got a good mind to run away. I've five pounds saved up."

"Perhaps Charley, as you call him, might not like you to do that."

"No; I suppose not; and I must study him, poor boy. It's an awful responsibility—sometimes my brain reels under it." Again the Latin grammar was flung high in the air and caught as it fell.

"Is that the way you always learn your lessons, Miss Brandon?"

"Not always. But, I say—I do hate Latin. I shall never learn it and if I were to learn it, it would never be of any use to me."

"Young ladies in society don't generally bite the corners of their pinafores."

"Charley does, and— No; that's nonsense. Young ladies in society don't wear pinafores, so of course they have none to bite."

At this moment, Captain Bowood entered the room, followed by a foreign-looking young man, who was dressed in a

shabby frock coat buttoned close up to the throat, and a pair of shoes very much down at heel. In one hand he carried a hat that was considerably the worse for wear. His long hair, parted down the middle, fell over his shirt collar, and he wore blue spectacles.

"There you are young man," said the Captain as he pointed to the piano. "And the sooner you are done and off the premises, the better."

"Very good, sar. Much oblige," answered the stranger.

At the sound of his voice, Miss Brandon started and gazed earnestly at the young man in the blue spectacles.

"Good gracious! Why it must be— it is Charley!" she muttered under her breath. "My poor dear boy! But what a fright he has made of himself!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Legend of the Twinlaw Cairns.

On the southern ridge of the Lammormoors, five miles from the village of Westruther, Berwickshire, stand the Twinlaw Cairns. They form one of the most noted and interesting features of the country side. The Twinlaws, as they are familiarly termed, are two pillars of unhewn whinstone, which stand about fifty or eighty yards apart. Around the base of each, a rough circular causeway of flat stones, unpolished by the touch of art extends to a radius of several feet. A few miles to the westward of these monuments, and hidden, all but the turrets, amid a clump of fir-trees, is the mansion of Spottiswoods; while to the east is the decayed house of Wedderlie, once the home of the Edgars, now the property of Lord Blantyre. On the plain beneath, between the rising ground and the turnpike that leads past Lauder and on to Edinburgh, the infant Blackadder trickles through fields that not long ago were marsh-land, on its journey Morse-wards. In this same flat area, a ragged, remnant of an ancient forest is still to be seen straggling toward the Jordonlaw peat-moss—a bog full of treacherous pools and stagnant ditches. Still a dreary district this was once a savage region, the haunt of wild animals, whose names have been given to farms and coachans. In the neighborhood one comes across such places as Wolfstruther (now Westruther) Roedeuch, Harelaw, and Hindside.

The Twinlaw Cairns are two grim memorials of a tragic and pathetic incident in Scottish tradition. Connected with them is a legend which every dweller in the district knows by heart. Though to the great herd of tourists they may be unknown, never a summer passes but they are visited by faithful pilgrims. Anglers on their way to the fishing-burns beyond climb to the top of the pillars by means of projecting slabs, to enjoy the pure atmosphere, which is cool in hottest days, and to gaze on the surrounding scenery. From the pinnacle of the pillars a fine prospect is to be had. Away in front of the spectator, in a direct line southward, are the imposing and massive remains of Hume Castle; and beyond the dim outline of the Cheviots meeting the horizon. Westward are the Eildon Hills and the heights in the neighborhood of Earlston, the ancient residence of Thomas the Rhymer. To the eastward, between the Lammormoors and the Northumbrian coast stretches the Merse, with its farmsteadings and fair fields a perfect garden of agriculture.

But our immediate subject is not the surrounding scenery; it is the two sombre Cairns on the brow of the Twinlaw hill. The hills have a charm all their own in the daytime; but it is only after sunset, and when viewed from the plain beneath, that the Cairns themselves are absorbing in their interest. In the gray twilight, when the silence is unbroken save by the sigh of the wind or the solitary cry of the curlew, they loom through the thin rising mist, dim, desolate, fascinating the imagination. It is then the story that explains their presence appeals with all its force and pathos to the mind. There

is not a rustic in the country side but knows the tale. Meet a hind or a shepherd by the wayside after his work is over, and he will repeat it, as it has come to him from his fathers, with a subdued seriousness that borders on reverence. He will tell you it occurred in the time when Scotland fought for her independence, and on a hot summer's day.

The Anglo-Saxons' restless band
Had crossed the river Tweed,
Up for the hills of Lammormoor
The host marched on with speed.

The English army encamped on one side of what is now known as the Twinlaw hill. On the other side, a Scottish force inferior in numbers, assembled, and prepared to offer resistance.

Our Scottish warriors on the heath
In the close battalion stood,
Resolved to set their country free,
Or shed their dearest blood.

But the fates decreed that there should be no general fight, for while both armies waited in readiness, "an English chieftain, exulting in his might," sent a challenge to the Scots daring any one of them to come and meet him in single combat. Young Edgar of Wedderlie, who was in the Scottish camp, heard the challenge and accepted it. The two champions at once commenced the duel, the armies on each side looking on. The fight was fierce—

From left to right, from right to left,
The sweating foemen reeled.

Young Edgar was the first to be wounded. He received a "bluidy gash" in the right side, and a moment's truce was held till the wound was stanchd with flax. The fight was renewed, and grew more desperate, and at last it ended by Edgar slaying the Southron. Just as the struggle ceased, and when Edgar was looking on the face of his lifeless foeman, an old frail man with long gray hair tottered across from the English host to the fatal place where the victorious youth stood. The old man, "heavily pressed by sorrow," bent over the dead champion of the Southrons, and then, looking up at Edgar, burst out into a piteous wail: "Woe! is me for this deed of blood! Edgar of Wedderlie, sore will thy sorrow be. Look on the dead! Thou hast slain the son of thy father! It is thy twin-brother that lies lifeless on the heath. It is thy brother whom I stole away in infancy from his father's hall. A man of might he was—brave and noble—and he now lies dead—slain by the hand of his twin-brother! Woe, woeful day!"

From his childhood, Edgar had known that his brother had been stolen by gypsies or soldiers; and no sooner did he hear this revelation than he unstanchd his wound, and stood calm and passionless till the blood flowed from his veins. In a few moments he sank in death by the side of his brother's body. Both armies, deeply impressed by the scene, laid down their arms and gave up all idea of battle. In the quiet of the evening the two hosts formed into a single line, that stretched from the brow of the hill down to the valley—to the side of the Watch—

A lonely stream that robs along,
Like a child who has lost his way,
Making its moan to the heartless hills
That imprison it night and day.

From the bed of the streamlet they picked the stones, and handing them one by one along the line, built the Twinlaw Cairns by the grave of his two brothers.

Such is the legend that tells the story of these rude pillars. Since they were raised, once or twice they have been partially overthrown by the rage of the elements, but tenderly restored. Lady John Scott, of Spottiswoods takes a pride in the sacred relics, and sees that they are kept in good order. It is a lonely place, far from the roar of railway trains and fashionable resorts; but every tourist who finds himself in the neighborhood fails not to make a pilgrimage to the Cairns.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A subscription is being raised in St. Petersburg for the founding of five scholarships in that city in memory of Charles Darwin. The scholarships will be for students of natural science.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 30 cents per line; three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing **THE WEEKLY PAPERS** and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.85 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, west, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St. E. B. BIGGAR, Manager.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St. Wilson Bros., Managers.

Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.
S. Frank Wilson,
Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency,
33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

Special Notice.

Although we promised to announce the winners of the consolation prizes in this week's issue, we have thought it best to wait until the end of this week, before finally closing them up. We will, however, positively close the list this week, and announce the winners' names in next week's issue.

To Enquirers

We are in receipt of letters complaining that the writers have not seen any list of the prize winners in No. 4 Competition, and, of course denouncing us as frauds. If these friends would kindly refer to the issue of **TRUTH** of the 22nd inst., they will find a list of prize winners, to any one of whom they are at liberty to write regarding the prizes. We want everybody to understand that everything is fair and above board in these competitions.

GOOD WORDS

From Prize Winners and Subscribers.
TRUTH received. We like it very much. "Jacob Faithful" should go to the head on the funeral question.

A. F. MORRIS,
Middleton, Ont.

From a Prize Winner

AURORA, March 18th, 1884.

To the Editor of the *Ladies Journal*, Toronto,
DEAR SIR,—The "Gentleman's coin silver hunting case Watch," received by me for correct answers to Bible questions in your competition No. 3, is to hand. It is all that you represented it to be, and I am greatly pleased with it. It is a little gem. The *Journal* is a valuable paper. I wish you success in your enterprise.

Yours truly,
P. G. ROBERTSON.

HOLLEN, March 21st, 1884.

GENTS,—Yours containing prize received, and have to say it is equal to my expectations, and I can confidently believe the competition is conducted with all fairness. Believe me yours sincerely.

W. J. THOMSON.

WIDDER, March 12th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON,
SIR,—Received the book you sent last week. Am very much pleased with it.
MRS. R. D. THOMSON.

Please Take Notice.

Sceptical readers, or other persons having any doubt as to the genuineness of our prizes, or the fairness of the rewards, will do well to remember that not only can they at this office see the signatures of many prize winners, given on receipt of their prizes, but, that by dropping a postal card to any persons named in our prize lists they can satisfy themselves as to their being actual living men and women, and not fictitious personages. It would not pay us to give fictitious names as prize winners; the residents in a locality would at once "spot" such an artifice, the discovery of which would be fatal to the success of our paper. Every prize winner is a bona fide personage, and every prize advertised is actually given to the winners, with the great majority of whom we are unacquainted. It may be by those who know us, considered unnecessary to make such a statement, but this is an age of scepticism and unbelief, and for the sake of the doubting Thomases the statement is made.

In this connection we may remark that in all cases we must have a receipt from our prize winners. It is a matter of surprise to us that it is necessary to make such a request, but the fact is that we have sent out numbers of prizes, the recipients of which have in no way notified us of their receipt. Surely, in ordinary common courtesy, in ordinary business routine, the least the prize winners might do is to barely acknowledge the receipt of prizes, without being asked to do so. Please bear this matter in mind, and prize winners who have not up to the present acknowledged the receipt of their prizes do so now without a moment's delay. Mr. Alexander Bageley, of Lambton Mills, to whom was awarded the Silver Tea Set in last competition, will please be so good as to read carefully the foregoing sentences and R. S. V. P. Other prize winners will kindly do likewise. When writing to this office on any business whatever please make your name and address plain and distinct. We have several letters now on our file without name or address, the writers apparently, in the haste of sending, neglecting to give either. Then the poor publisher is to blame when the parties don't get their papers, and the whole affair is denounced as a fraud.

One of the most necessary adjuncts of a gentleman's attire, is a reliable and comfortable suspender, which will not give with a little strain, or rip off a button at an untoward moment. Such an article is to be found in the "Common Sense Suspender" manufactured by H. N. Fisk & Co., 277 King St. W., Toronto, which, for ease, simplicity and durability, is certainly superior to all others. Having worn it, we know whereof we write. No buttons are required on the pants, there is no possibility of any strain on shoulder or pants, and the cost is no more than that of the ordinary braces of the same quality of web.

A prominent theatrical treasurer says that the idea that a Lenten season is bad for theatricals is erroneous. "I have gone over my books," he said, "and have found that with the exception of two or three days at the commencement of Lent and Holy Week, the period of Lent is the best, financially, of the year for the theatre."

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

Truth, the great Canadian literary weekly magazine, is the cheapest and healthiest publication that we know of.—*Heathen Helper*, Louisville, Ky.

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

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.
No. VI.

In spite of all our requests to the contrary we are still occasionally getting letters with money enclosed or with complaints about the misdirection of papers. Let us once for all beg that this may not be. The two branches of business are kept perfectly distinct, and it saves a great deal of trouble to have this distinctly kept in view. We have nothing whatever to do with any business matters, and don't want a single dime sent to us for any purpose whatever. If any one wish an answer on any subject a three cent stamp must be enclosed. That is all. Mr. Wilson takes charge of all business matters and ought in every case to be communicated with directly. All letters on the contrary intended for us ought not to have his name mentioned at all. Simply "Editor of Enigma Column, Truth Office, Toronto." Attention to this will greatly oblige.

We have still to say that the interest in our Enigma Column goes on increasing. It need not interfere with the other competitions that are proceeding, and we are glad to say it does not, quite the reverse. We are surprised and delighted with the number of correct answers received. Of course there are many mistakes, but even the mistakes show the very great interest taken, and the amount of labor expended. We tried the plan of delaying a few days to receive answers, but by actual experience the benefit thereby secured in equalizing all is not such as to justify us in continuing it. So we return to the old plan of FIRST COME FIRST SERVED. We do this the more readily that the actual results show that country readers are not put to such disadvantage as might be supposed. We have merely to add that we have nothing to do with sending out the prizes. Mr. Wilson must be communicated with about them also. We should like, however, if prize winners would let us know whether or not they have received the books, and whether or not they think that what was promised has been performed.

Having made these necessary statements and explanations we now come to dispose of the Competition No. III. The number of answers to this series of questions was simply immense, and from all sorts and conditions of people. One old gentleman of eighty who had studied, he said, verse making under Professor Pillans at Edinburgh University more than fifty years ago, tried his hand, and boys and girls of 12 and 14 years of age were equally anxious for the prize. Answers came from all parts of the Dominion, and from such places in the States as Duluth, Minneapolis, New York, Portland, Denver, etc., etc. The writing was equally diverse and so was the paper on which the replies were written. Here it was of fine paper of banks and mercantile establishments, there it was some poor little scrap that had been hunted up in a shanty farm house. All right. We are pleased to receive all kinds, whether the flowing writing of the business expert or the cramped and painful efforts of the thoughtful school boy.

We don't repeat the questions, but simply give the correct answers.

1. Jehonadab—2. Kings x. 15-16.
2. Oak—Gen. xxxv. 4.
3. Neriah—Jeremiah xxxvi. 4.
4. Abihaol—Num. iii. 35.
5. Tabrimon—1. Kings, xv. 18.
6. Hanamool—Jer. xxxii. 8, 9, Lam. iii. 1-19.

7. Amminadab—Exod. vi. 23.
 8. Naamah—1. Kings, xiv. 21.
- The name sought, *Jonathan*, the son of Saul, 1. Sam. xxxi. 2.
- The successful competitors are:—
1. John Gillespie, Belfountain, Ontario.
 2. S. J. Johnston, Lock box 83, Whitby.
 3. Wm. K. Doherty, 211 Chestnut street, Toronto.

Among many others to whom we should have liked to have given prizes we specially mention:—Thomas Shamloy, Bracco-bridge, and J. Crabb, Teeswater. There are other opportunities, and those not successful this time may be the next. Though personally unacquainted with almost all our correspondents we begin to become acquainted with some from the regularity with which they are answering all the questions. Those friends mentioned will get each a copy of **MILTON** on forwarding twelve cents to Mr. Wilson as mentioned in his notice. It is but reasonable that the winners should pay the postage.

Now then for No. VI.

1. Who was the second human life to take?
2. The town where Gideon did his God forsake.
3. Where did Abimelech his brothers slay?
4. What treacherous town sought David to betray?
5. Whose faithless servants took their master's life?
6. The man whose sister Esau took to wife.
7. What son in Egypt was to Hindah born?
8. What priest to Egypt fled and thence was torn?
9. Whose son from pique his master's cause forsok?
10. What rival half the land from Omri took?
11. Who joined with Korah in his heinous sin?
12. Smiting what town did Joab favour win?
13. What Bethlehemite Goliath's brother slew?
14. The noted wulf whence Joab Abner drew.
15. Who at the siege of Iabbeh lost his life?
16. The place where wept and prayed Elkanah's wife.

Christian, thy course before thee spreads—
Thy goal before thine eyes;
Look straight at it, and swiftly run,
So shalt thou gain the prize.

We shall be glad to forward on the terms mentioned by the publisher a copy of *Mrs. Heman's Works* to each of the three first successful answerers of the above enigma. Answer right away as soon, as neatly, and as correctly as you can. Many thanks for the many kind words and flattering encouragements still coming in. We have not room this week to give any of these, but we appreciate them none the less highly, and are only stimulated the more to make **TRUTH** in all its departments, if possible, more deserving of all their praise.

We are considering the propriety of giving a series of questions on Canadian history. The only objection to such a course would be the fact that it might cut off a good many of our readers from the competition. At the same time it is to be borne in mind that in almost every house where there are school children there must be some manual of Canadian history, and further that all Canadians ought to know something of the past history of their country. We advise all accordingly to be brushing up their knowledge of Canadian history, for it is likely we shall at no distant day be giving questions on it, and offering prizes for the best answers.

The man who "found his level" was a carpenter of course.

NERVILINE, WHAT IS IT? Polson's NERVILINE is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramp, pains in the head—external, internal, and local—Nerviline has no equal. Exp. 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists, Large bottles 25 cents.

Even the homeliest man, when assisting a fellow-passenger to put his nickel in the street car box, is passing fare.

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

\$5,000.00 IN VALUABLE REWARDS.

For Correct Answers to Bible Problems in "Truth" Competition Number 9, Closing April 7th.

THE QUESTIONS!!!

1st.—Who rebuilt a city (with fatal results to his own family) that lay under the curse of God? 2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger. 3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor. These are the Bible questions that Truth propounds in the new competition just now opened.

THE REWARDS!

- 1. One Magnificent Square Rosewood Piano by Stevenson & Co., the celebrated makers, valued \$325.00
2. One Beautiful Cabinet Organ, with 11 stops, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co., Guelph 250.00
3. One Elegant Silver Tea Service, newest design, valued at 130.00
4. One Gentleman's Valuable Solid Gold Watch, Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting, Newest Style, box Cases most elegantly engraved.... 100.00
5. One Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch 80.00
6 to 8 } Three Sewing Machines one famous White at \$65, one justly celebrated Wanzor at \$60 and one Wanzor at \$55 180.00
9 } Three Beautiful Silk Dresses, patterns from the great house of Pettibone & Co., Toronto, one \$35, one \$15, and one \$35 135.00
12 } Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, \$20 each 160.00
20 } Eight Solid Nickel Silver Heavy Revolved Crystal Open Face Watches, each \$15 270.00
27 } Ten Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, each \$14 140.00
38 } Six Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings, \$11 each 66.00
44 } Six Elegant Solid Gold Gem Rings, each \$9 51.00
49 } Five Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dinner Forks at \$6 each 30.00
54 } Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Forks at \$5 each 30.00
61 } Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons, at \$4 each 24.00
67 } Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Spoons, at \$5 each 30.00
73 } Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons at \$6 each 36.00
79 } Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, latest improved stem-winding, etc., at \$5 each 35.00
85 } Eight Beautiful Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, valued at \$2.50 each 170.00
153 } Thirty Seven Well Bound Volumes of Cowper's Complete Works, valued at \$2.25 each 83.25
191 } Forty-three Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, valued at \$1 each 43.00

These magnificent and costly rewards will positively be given free to the first two hundred and thirty-three persons who correctly answer the Bible questions given above. Each competitor must send with their answers ONE DOLLAR for six months' subscription to TRUTH. If you do not succeed in winning one of these rewards you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment. Present subscribers to TRUTH competing must also send the dollar, and their term will be extended six months. The sender of the

MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER

of the whole competition from the beginning to the end and the twenty-eight persons next following, who send correct answers, will receive the following prizes respectively:—

- 1. One Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at \$100.00
2. One Lady's Solid Gold Watch, valued at 50.00
3. One Celebrated Wanzor Sewing Machine, valued at 00.00
4. One Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, valued at 25.00

- 8 } Seven Solid Coin Silver Watches, excellent value, at \$23 each 175.00
12 } Eight Solid Hunting Case Nickel Silver Watches at \$17 each 136.00
20 } Six Solid Nickel Silver Open Face Heavy Revolved Crystal Watches at \$15 each 90.00
27 } Four Elegant Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at \$14 each 56.00

Should it so happen that there are an even number received—that is, that there may be two middle correct answers—then two gold watches will be given, above described as number one reward.

Then, not to disappoint even the last ones, a large list of consolation rewards has been prepared, which, as above, will be given in the order numbered to the last one hundred and twenty-one persons who send correct answers to these problems. The letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, not later than the closing day of this competition, which is April 7th.

The first prize in the consolation rewards, which will be given to the sender of the last correct answer is

- 1. One Extra Fine Toned 12 stop Cabinet Organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., of Bowmanville \$250.00
2. One Gentleman's Elegant Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style Box Pattern Hunting Case, valued at 100.00
3. One Fine English Double Shot Gun-finest Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip, and all modern improvements, from C. Stark's Gun House, Toronto, retailed at 75.00
4. Same Gun, only not quite so highly finished, valued at 60.00
5. One Wanzor "F" Sewing Machine, from the renowned Manufactory of R. L. Wanzor & Co., Hamilton 55.00
6 } Six Fine Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued at \$12 each 72.00
12 } Eight Open Face Heavy Revolved Crystal Watches, valued at \$10 each 80.00
20 } Six Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at \$10 each 60.00
27 } Six Solid Nickel Renowned Waterbury Watches at \$5 each 30.00
32 } Sixty-one Volumes beautifully bound to of Hood's Pems, at \$2.50 each 152.50
93 } Twenty-Nine Triple Silver Plated to Butter Knives on Solid Steel at \$1 each 29.00

Remember that all the questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the rewards offered. If you send a correct answer and one dollar for a half year's subscription to TRUTH, you will take your place in the order your letter is received at this office. The rewards named above will be cheerfully and promptly handed over or sent to the successful ones as soon as it is known who they are after the close of the competition on April 7th. In every alternate issue of TRUTH hereafter will be given a complete list of the prize winners with their post-office addresses and rewards obtained in previous competitions, so intending competitors may be assured of the genuineness of the whole matter. Address S. FRANK WILSON, "Truth," 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

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

An English paper says that Americans are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it.

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

It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up.

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

If there is a divinity that doth hedge about a king, what is it that doth hedge about an ace? What is it makes me halond stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

"Abide in Me"

(Injunction of our Lord.)

[It is scarcely necessary to make any apology for reproducing the following poetical answer to our Enigma No. II. It is so good that it will bear reproduction, and, as it did not appear to advantage in our last issue, we now reprint it in a new and better shape.]

When the people from bondage to Egypt were freed,— Had escaped all the dangers of desert and sea,—

1. Then Aaron was chosen the first of chief priests.—(Ex. 29 ch. 1 v.) To preside at their offerings, their fasts and their feasts, But the last "Great High Priest" was far greater than he, 2. Who caused the poor blind Bartimeus to see, —(Mark 10 ch. 11-13.) And who came for his people a freedom to win. From that thralldom and blindness resulting from sin 3. It was he who of Isaac's great line was the best.—(Gen. 21, 22.) In whom it was promised all earth should be blessed: Both the Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free. All the happy results of this promise shall see. 4. Darius, the lady from Athens that came,— (Acts 17, 34.) Experienced this blessing through faith in His name. And, doubtless, His praises would joyously sing, When translated at last to the court of her King. Raised thus from a foot stool and placed on a throne, She can now justly claim all things there as her own,— 5. More a queen than was Esther whose beauty did bring.—(Est. 2, 17.) To her feet all the wealth of a Persian king; For all thrones that are earthly sink in time to the sod, 6. And on pomp and on power, is inscribed Jehabod.—(1 Sam. 2-31 and 4, 21.) A kingdom is stronger when based upon right, Than when bolstered by armies, all ready to fight; And kingdoms have crumbled and monarchs have died Because sycophant courtiers all flattered their pride, Instead of checking their course, as to ruin they ran, 7. And exclaiming as Nathan did, "Thou art the man"—(2 Sam. 12, 7, 11.) But the terrors approaching when discord shall cease, When nations shall dwell together in peace. Munitions of war shall at length disappear, And no use shall be found for the sword and the spear, 8. Then shall wosings as did Miriam, with gloe,— (Ex. 15, 20.) "Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free." By preaching the word is this triumph achieved, For, not knowing the truth, it can not be believed. Then tell it with vigor, as Paul did it tell, 9. When at Troas, a youth they called Eutychus fell.—(Acts 20, 9.) What a warning this young man's unfortunate lurch is To all that thus venture to slip in our churches; For, if they should meet with a similar fall They may find that their preacher's not equal to Paul. Let preachers take warning—it may not be wrong. To take care that their sermons are not made too long.

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

"I look out for a number won," says the young speculator who scans a lottery list.

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

Mr. Peter Vormett, Hoshelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

Emma Abbott's San Francisco engagement was the largest ever played in that city by any attraction. Her receipts were more than \$50,000 in four weeks.

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

High Praise—Applause from the gallery. What makes me laugh when others sigh? No tears can ever bedew mine eyes It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

International Throat and Lung Institute, for the treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Laryngitis and Consumption in the first and second stages, and all diseases of the nose, throat and lungs by the aid of the Splanometer invented by Dr. St. Gouville of Paris, ex-aido surgeon of the French army.

Head Office: London, Eng. Branches: Montreal, Toronto, Boston, Detroit and Winnipeg. Physicians and sufferers can try the Splanometer free. Consultations free. If unable to call personally and be examined, write for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Address 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

At present about 10,000 persons are exiled to Siberia annually, and about sixty per cent. are nobles.

Prominent Butter Makers. There is no doubt from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of W. L. A. Reardon & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Carson of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, and recommend it as superior to all others.

In France there are 2,150 lady artists, of whom 602 are oil painters, 107 sculptors, 193 miniature painters, and 754 painters in porcelain.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the first blood medicine to prove a real success, still holds its place as first in the public estimation, both at home and abroad, as shown by its miraculous cures and immensely increased sales.

There were in England in 1883 paupers numbering 1,669,298, in a population of 26,700,000, or one pauper to every twenty five of the population.

Thomas Myers, Braintree, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wanzor "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete, "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wanzor" improved machines selling in Canada to-day than any other make. Reasons why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine—82 King St., West., Toronto.

Credit is the thing that keeps a man in debt. This is not from the Persian.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same stomach, one of them has got to go and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine in large bottles at 25 cents.

Half our forebodings of our neighbors are but our wishes which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Nothing hurts our corns so much as tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink to insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner; but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Fraud, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Poison & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

An Indiana jury sent in a written verdict of "Blone to pecus bi the biler bustin"

Fashion in colors! The three cornered shape of the Triangle Dye Package has become all the rage, completely transforming the old fashioned square one into the shalo. Ask your druggist.

Dacon John Corwith, a wealthy farmer of Beaver Dam, Wis., lost his life by freezing his big toe.

Quantity and Quality. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Well, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

1884.—Semi-Centennial Celebration. GRAND OPENING BY O. WURTELE, UPHOLSTERER, ETC., 358 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, (13 Years with E. H. Y. & Co.)

I have much pleasure in informing the public generally that I have opened the above premises and am prepared to make to order, Drawings and Dining Room Suits, Couches, Seats and Lady's Easy Chairs, Bed Lounges, Spring Beds and Mattresses of every description. Ladies' Needle Work a Specialty. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to, at moderate charges. Foot Card Orders will receive our prompt attention.

Ladies' Department.

Around the House.

I think it is an excellent plan for house-keepers to keep a miniature tool box, containing as well as the necessary tools, nails and screws of all sizes. In this box you want a clawhammer large enough and heavy enough to drive a ten penny nail, and let me tell you, though you are a girl, it is easier to drive nails with a hammer of some weight than with these foolish light tools sold "for ladies' use." Next, you need a common screwdriver, such as comes with sewing machines, and costs five cents; two files, one coarse, one fine, the two costing twenty-five cents; a hand saw, fifty cents, and a good jack-knifeworth twenty-five. You have a hatchet with a broad blade already—as most families do—but is it sharp? If not the kitchen grindstones will set that right. Add to these, if you choose, a kit of soldering tools, which come for women's use in a neat wooden box for fifty cents, iron, scraper, solder and resin complete. Also a glue-pot and two wooden clamps at five cents apiece, and you can not only save the cost of repairs, which is the least consideration, but also the vexation of careless workmen and slighted work. You can soon learn to use a soldering iron, and a saw, even though you are only a woman. There is nothing in the ordinary repairs of a house, in tin, wood or iron, painting or puttying, which is not as easy for a girl or woman as half the work which falls to her proper share. For instance, the door of the closet sticks, and every time it is opened you must work and coax it, bear down the handle or kick the panel before it will budge. I have seen families worry with a door for years without the energy to put it in order. You can see by the mark on the floor or frame what the matter is. The door needs planing off the eighth of an inch on some corner. The best way to cure it is to take it off the hinges, and have the edge planed true; but this is too heavy for you, though I have seen a slender woman take a door down, trim it with a jack plane, and put it up in less time than one could send for a carpenter. You can remedy the trouble in an humble way by paring the corner carefully with a sharp knife, and rubbing it smooth with sandpaper. A window rattles at night, disturbing the sleep of every one near. Whittle out two small wedges of hard wood to fit between the sash and window frame, and the clatter is stopped.

A Plea For Female Doctors.

A company of medical students were assembled for a clinical lecture at the Blockley Almshouse in Philadelphia. Among them were three representatives from the Women's Medical College. The professor was belated, and while the student awaited him they began a noisy demonstration, which was finally directed in the way of playful banter to the women present. Suddenly Miss A. M. Field, one of the female students, who is widely known as a missionary in China, arose, and as he began to speak the noise was changed to respectful silence. "Gentlemen," she said, "I have been for eighteen years a missionary in China. The Chinese have no medical science, and superstitious rites are chiefly relied on in the treatment of disease. All the people are in need of medical aid, but the women are the neediest. A Chinese woman would under no circumstances go to a male physician for the treatment of any disease peculiar to her sex. She would be prevented by her own womanly delicacy and by all the relations of modesty held by those around her. She would suffer life-long agony rather than violate her sense of propriety. Her father, her brother, and her husband would even let her die rather than allow her to be treated by a male physician. Full of sorrow for the sufferings of these women, I have been looking in Christian America to see what help for them might

be there. I have been glad to find that in some of our great medical schools earnest and self-sacrificing women are fitting themselves for a work of mercy in Asia and other lands. Unless such women learn to do such work well there is no physical salvation for those afflicted ones. And in behalf of these women, who have no medical care while they so sorely need it, I ask from you the courtesy of gentlemen towards ladies who are studying medicine in Philadelphia." As Miss Field sat down she was greeted with a cheer, and a member of the class, rising, assured the ladies in a very gallant speech, that no annoyance to them was intended. The timely remarks of Miss Field had touched the unborn courtesy of the young men and taught them a lesson they will probably never forget.

Jerseys.

The introduction of the jersey has been of immense benefit to children. On grown-up women this garment very frequently proved quite detestable; even immodest. For children it is, to use a colloquialism, "the very thing." Clinging closely to the small frame, yet yielding its knitted meshes to every movement, it at once serves to retain the heat of the body and favours the most perfect freedom. The jersey is also to be recommended on the score of economy, its initial cost being trifling, and its durability great. Knitting may, indeed, be said to play a very important part in the clothing of our children. Under-garments of the rational Princess or Gabrielle shape—i. e. made all in one piece—are knitted; the skirt on large wooden needles, and the bodice on steel ones. The best and most enduring socks and gaiters are produced by the same process. Jerseys and hoods are also knitted, besides the numerous forms of caps and jacket devised for babies and larger children. The crochet-hook produces all these garments in forms that are much more ornamental than those to which the sturdy simplicity of the knitting-needle lends itself; but the crochet-hook is frivolous. Its children are full of an airy beauty; an ephemeral decorative-ness, that disappears in the wash-tub. Many a mother has been tempted by a delightful pelisse and caps crocheted in snowy wool; has yielded to the temptation, purchased the article, found it contract the soil of the world with that curious facility which attaches to children's clothes; and has received back from the wash an incoherent mass of pulpy yellowish whiteness that bears as much similarity to the original garment as did the pumpkin to Cinderella's coach.—*Daily News.*

The Propagation of House Plants

Nothing about plant culture is more fascinating than the multiplying of plants from cuttings. It is the making of a new plant, and one takes all the more interest in a plant thus produced. Florists, with their propagating benches, turn out plants by hundreds and thousands. Their propagating houses are regular plant factories, in which the raw material of cuttings, is turned out as the finished product—the rooted plants. Several years ago was published a method by which the amateur could multiply his plants in all needed numbers, and with something like the certainty that attends the larger operations of the florist. The method alluded to is known as "the saucer system," and, as it will be new to a large number of our readers, we give it in brief. The outfit needed is sharp sand—if from the sea shore, let it be thoroughly washed, to deprive it of all salt—and a saucer, soup-plate or other dish, that will hold an inch in depth of sand. Cuttings are made of the tender growth of house plants, an inch or two long, and set in the sand so closely together as to touch one another. The dish of sand containing the cuttings, should be set in a sunny window fully exposed to the light, and the sand, from the beginning must be "soaping wet," and kept in the state of mud continuously. If the

sand is allowed to get dry most of the cuttings will be lost. Some cuttings will be rooted in a week, others in two or three weeks. As soon as roots are formed at the base, the cuttings should be potted off in rich, light soil. Shrubs that do not root readily from cuttings of the ripened stem, will often grow readily in the saucer if a tender shoot be taken.

Family Matters.

Boil eggs hard, slice them when cold, and dip each slice in raw egg and afterward in bread crumbs; fry in butter and serve hot.

If cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats, they will return from the premises.

A very palatable dish can be made of mashed potatoes and a little finely chopped meat of one or more kinds, mixed together, flavored with salt and pepper, and fried in small flat cakes.

For cream sponge cake, which is easily made, take two eggs and beat in a cup and fill with cream, add one teaspoonful of sugar, and one and a half of flour, and one spoonful of baking powder and pinch of salt.

Oatmeal is excellent for the skin. Soak a cupful in a little water for three or four hours. Apply to the face and hands before retiring and do not rub off. Dry oatmeal rubbed on the skin after a bath is also very beneficial.

A handsome ottoman may be made of an old soap box. Pad the box with old pieces of carpet or cotton, taking care to have it smooth and firm. Then cover with an old broach shawl, or a dark red merino dress, an old red rep curtain re-dyed, or any similar material. Clutz will also prove a pretty covering.

The best way to clean mirrors, the glass of pictures, &c., is to take a clean sponge, wash it well in clean water, and squeeze it as dry as possible; dip in some spirits of wine, and rub over the glass; then have some powdered blue tied up in a rag, dust it over your glass and rub it lightly and quickly with a soft cloth; afterward finish with silk handkerchief.

A little cider if added to buckwheat batter will make the cakes brown nicely and help to form a sort of crust on the outside. If you have no cider, pour a little hot water over some apple peelings and let it stand for an hour.

Starch which will not stick in white patches on your dark cambric dress, is made thus: Take the very best fine starch you can get, mix in the proportion of two table-spoonfuls to a little water as will make a smooth paste, and to this add a pint of clear coffee; let it boil for ten minutes. Stir it with a sperm candle, strain it through a piece of muslin, and it is ready for use.

To cure frost bites, rub the afflicted parts with pure oil of peppermint. It will also prevent the after effect of chilblains. Care should be taken to use only the pure oil, and not the essence of peppermint, as the essence will not have the desired effect.

Laying hens thrive with much sunshine and plenty of food, both green and dry, with a full supply of pure water, and some form of lime.

Prof Sanborn, of the Missouri Agricultural College, claims to have proven by long practice that corn fodder has a practical feeding value of two-thirds to three quarters that of good hay.

The spruce trees on the Green Mountains of Vermont have been attacked by some mysterious disease, which is destroying them and causing no little uneasiness among the owners of timber land.

Frozen roots, or, indeed, frozen food of any kind, is very pernicious to swine and all other stock, as it disturbs their digestion and renders the other food taken into the stomach less nutritious. Ice is a poor diet on which to fatten animals.

Do not wait until you begin work in the spring to feed your horses. Do not

starve them all winter and then expect a week or two of extra feeding to bring them up to the working point. Begin now. Keep them in regular health. They will enjoy the food now and assimilate it.

English farmers have learned that high hilling of potatoes so soon as the blight appears on the leaf is a preventive of the rot. The theory is that the rot is washed downwards by the rains which carry the fungus spores to the tubers. This idea is confirmed by the fact that rot is most prevalent in very wet seasons.

Special attention is directed to page 22, and the large rewards there offered for answers to Bible questions. The leading reward this time is an elegant Piano. The next a Cabinet organ, and then other very valuable rewards follow. Try your skill. Only \$1 required for a six months subscription.

Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MRS. M. A. HISCOCKS,

Millinery, Smallwares and Fancy Goods,

633 Queen Street, West.

I have just opened my Spring Goods and have a choice selection of

Straw Hats and Millinery.

Felt Hats Cleaned, Dyed and Altered.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S

IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairy-men of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

By patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not color the Buttermilk. It

Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid. BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to show where and how to get it without extra cost.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

\$4,000.00 REWARD.

In "Ladies' Journal" Competition No. 5, Closing April 21st.

The proprietor of the Ladies' Journal offers another long list of rewards, by far the most valuable yet given.

- 1.-Does the world grandmother occur in the Bible; if so, where.
2.-Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that a prophet or prophetess had anything to do with a college.
3.-Give the name of an Uncle of Aaron.

The valuable and costly articles given below will be cheerfully handed over to the first two hundred and twenty-one persons who send correct answers to the above Bible questions, just as quickly after the closing day, April 21st, as possible.

THE REWARDS.

- 1. One Grand Square Rosewood Piano, \$500 00
2. One Fine Cabinet Organ, value ... 225 00
3. One Beautiful Silver Tea Service ... 110 00
4. One Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, Box Case, latest style, elegantly engraved ... 100 00
5. One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine Waltham ... 90 00
6. Six Elegant Black Silk Dresses, patterns from Pettley's Great Silk House, Toronto, \$30 each ... 180 00
7. Five Beautiful Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitchers, valued at \$30 each ... 150 00
8. Five Ladies' Elegant Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$19 each ... 95 00
9. Five Gentlemen's Heavy Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$18 each ... 90 00
10. Six Elegant New Spring Print Dresses, patterns from Pettley's, Toronto, \$5 each ... 30 00
11. Five Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, valued at \$17 each ... 85 00
12. Five Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, \$16 each ... 80 00
13. Five Open Face Solid Nickel Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches, \$15 each ... 75 00
14. Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, \$5 each ... 35 00
15. Twelve Sets, (half dozen each), Triple Silver Plated Tea Spoons, \$1 each ... 12 00
16. Thirty-nine Beautifully Bound Volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works, \$2.50 each ... 97 50
17. Fifty-six Volumes, Beautifully Bound, Tennyson's Poems, \$2.25 each ... 125 00
18. Sixty-one Elegant Triple Silver Plated, on Solid Steel, Butter Knives, \$1 each ... 61 00

Every competitor must send fifty cents in Post-office order, scrip or small coin, (no postage stamps), for which the Ladies' Journal will be sent for one year to any desired address.

Since the above was written, we notice that in addition to the costly rewards offered above, the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the twenty persons next following who send correct answers—will receive the following rewards, respectively:—

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. One Waver Sewing Machine, \$60 ... 450 00
2. Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued \$15 each ... 90 00
3. Eight Open Face Extra Heavy Crystal Solid Nickel Watches, \$12 each ... 96 00
4. Six Well-Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems, \$2.25 ... 13 50

Then even the last ones are to be remembered in a long list of consolation rewards. These rewards will be given to the last seventy-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. To the last correct answer received, One Elegant Silver Tea Service of six pieces, latest design ... \$100 00
2. One Gentleman's Beautiful Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Waltham Movement, case fully engraved ... 75 00
3. One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, Genuine American ... 95 00

- 4. Seven Fine Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, value \$20 each ... 140 00
11. Six Hunting Case Solid Nickel Silver Watches, \$15 each ... 90 00
17. Eight Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, value \$15 each ... 112 00
25. Six Open Face Solid Nickel Watches, Heavy Crystal, value \$13 each ... 78 00
31. Twenty-five Elegant Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, value \$1.10 each ... 27 50
50. Twenty-two Solid Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives, value \$1 each ... 22 00

Each competitor must, in every case, send fifty cents for one year's subscription to the Ladies' Journal with their answers. It may be of some advantage to you if you mention where you first saw this notice. The letters must all be post-marked where mailed not later than April 21st, the closing day of this competition.

Don't forget that the regular annual subscription to the Ladies' Journal is fifty cents. So you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

Incidents in the Ohio Flood.

Taken completely by surprise, the people of Uniontown, a short distance above Shawneetown, Ill., were thrown into the wildest consternation. Within twenty minutes after the waves began to crash against the sides of buildings the structures began to fall.

Crash followed crash, and one strong building after another contributed to the scene of the ruin, until the people lost faith in everything except the hill. Every house that fell seemed to be the refuge of one or more families, and yet it is believed that no lives were lost.

At one time nearly 500 people—men, women and children—stood on the hill back of the town in the rain. After the storm subsided they were removed in the boats to houses in the more protected quarter of the slope.

Feudalism in China.

In the first place it is very remarkable that the Chinese originally lived under a feudal system. The country consisted of several States (seven in number), over each of which was a local lord, under whom there were lesser chiefs holding lands by laws of sub-feudation.

"The Russian police," says Mr. La-bouchere, "like other police authorities have not much sense of humor. They take a sad view of life, which to outsiders is also sometimes a funny one."

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured."

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, Oversee in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

KIDNEY WORT THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. Kidney-Wort is the most powerful remedy ever used. Dr. F. C. Sawyer, M.D., N.Y. "Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. E. M. Clark, Ga. Heron, Va. "Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, San Edm., Ga.

10 Cts. HORSE BOOKS. Will buy one of the Great treating on all diseases of the Horse, illustrated with 85 engravings, and a great number of valuable receipts how to treat sick horses. Worth \$10 to any farmer. Treat yourself on receipt of ten cents. Address Truth Co., 147 South St., Ont.

Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc. 1847 ROGERS BROS. XI. This trade mark is stamped on all knives, forks, spoons, and other hollow ware.

When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretory organs their normal healthy action should be restored by the use of Allen's Pills, a diaphoretic material thereby removed from the system. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by thus promptly correcting those slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled disease.

Cutting the Gordian Knot—Send to Gen. Gordon to the South.

The Weather Prophet looks for spring this month. The winter looks for a blood purifier that will not irritate the system. He can give what he wants in Dr. Casson's stomach pills, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

A P 170

BANK BARN, CHEESE FACTORIES,

Co-operative Farm Houses, Granaries, Grain, Flour and Saw Mills, Blowers, Bridges, Drainage of Land, etc. Plans and Estimates prepared and advice given for all transactions, improvements, or new buildings.

CHARGES MODERATE.

ALAN MACDOUGALL,

Consulting, Civil, and Sanitary Engineer

MAIL BUILDING, TORONTO ONT

\$250 to \$4,000 on marriage. Ladies & Gentlemen Apply immediately. R. N. O'Connell, J. P. Sec. Treas. London. Agents wanted.

THREE HUNDRED ACRES CHOICE land, half in lot with town of Paris, two dwellings, two barns, two orchards, well water, well in one, two, or three places. Apply to THOMAS SAYLES, Paris, Ontario.

That Large and Nicely Finished lot in the Central Block, station to rent. Rent reasonable. Immediate possession. Apply to WILLIAM BROWN & Co., Waterloo.

COMMON SENSE STILL TRIUMPHS. FISK'S "Common Sense" Brace. No strain on joints or shoulders. Requires no buttons on the joints. Sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of price. FISK and Co., 277 King St. West, Toronto.

WANTED—THE ADDRESS OF every reader of this paper who would like a copy of the book "The Common Sense" for the most popular and easy selling subscription book ever published. Address A. C. JACKSON & Co., 56 King St. East, Toronto.

SHORTHAND.

The accomplishment of the age. A railroad means a common-sense thought. A railroad by reason of its expedition. A railroad by reason of its cost. Complete set of books and instruction for teachers, post free for the price. Write to T. A. McINTYRE & Co., Ontario Shorthand Engraving, 34 King St. East, Toronto.

THE LILY is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset. Its like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured by THE CROMPTON CORSET CO., 28 YORK STREET TORONTO.

FISKE'S 'Common Sense' Brace AND J. V. FISK'S 'Common Sense' Pants. No strain on shoulders or joints, requires no buttons on joints. Simple, easy, cheap, durable. Sent to any address by mail on receipt of 10 or 25 cents with "Little Bazaar" 4-11 N. FISK and Co., 277 King Street West, Toronto.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR. ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. Dominion Line of Steamships. Pioneer in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL. Toronto, Mar. 27. Montreal, Apr. 12. Hamilton, Apr. 2. Green, Apr. 21. Antwerp, Apr. 16. Ontario, May 1.

Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool \$24, \$26, \$30. Return \$37, \$41, \$43, according to steamer and berth. All outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate \$10. Steerage, \$21. Two saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & Co., General Agents, Montreal.

SHORTHAND. LESSONS GIVEN BY

mail to Isaac Pittman's system by practical photographer. Send for terms and plan to FRANK YERGEN, 24 Sherbourne St. Toronto.

TO SADDLERS!

The celebrated King City Harness Oil can be had from the following wholesale Saddlery and Harness Houses: Field & Davidson, Hamilton; Morgan Bros., Hamilton; Fraser & Johnson, Hamilton; C. Davidson and Co., Toronto; T. Brown & Co., Toronto; T. Woodbridge and Co., Toronto; W. F. H. London, W. C. Martin, Kingston; J. Smith and Son, Brantford; or from F. F. DALLEY, and Co., Hamilton. Sole agents for the Dominion.

F. E. DIXON & CO

Manufacturers of Star Rivet Leather Belting! 30 King Street, East, Toronto. Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

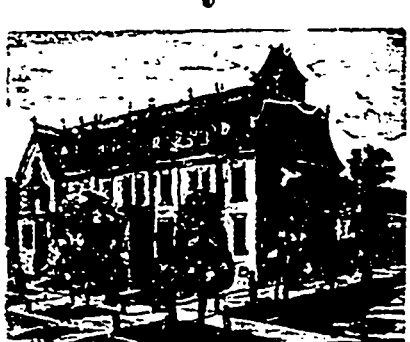
MUTUAL Marriage Aid ASSOCIATION.

\$5,000 Paid on Marriages Over \$100,000 Paid in Benefits to Date.

ISSUE IN 1883 OVER \$2,000,000. The only Company in Canada that has paid a claim UNDOUBTED SECURITY.

Premiums small. Address W. B. WEBBER, Secretary, Hamilton. Agents Wanted.

ONTARIO Pulmonary Institute



Established for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh of Nose, Throat and Lungs, Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Cancer, Scrofula, Diseases of Skin, Diseases of Eye, Ear and Heart. Cures and Tumors dissolved by Electricity without the knife. Galvanism and Faradism, in all their various forms, scientifically applied to the treatment of Diseases of Women, nervous exhaustion, nervous debility and kindred diseases.

Telephone communication with all parts of Ontario. Can be consulted by telephone when desirable.

Send for our treatise and list of questions, Address S. EDW. MCGILLY, M.D., M.C.P.S.O., M.C.P.S.Q., Proprietor. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.C.P.S.O.

All correspondence must be addressed to Dr. McGILLY, 274, 276, & 278 Jarvis, cor. Gerrard, TORONTO.

BEAVER S. S. LINE

WEEKLY BETWEEN Quebec, Montreal, and Liverpool, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST. For lowest rates and all particulars apply to U. MURRAY, BEAVER LINE, Montreal, Que.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

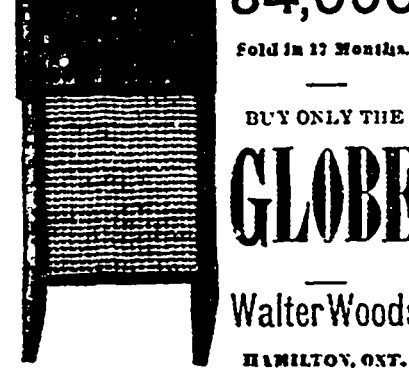
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London during the winter and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly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

The Newell Patent Universal Grinder.



Award of Gold and Silver Medals. NEWELL & CHAPIN, Proprietors, 95 St. James-st. west Montreal. These Mills save time, grind any kind of grain very fast and without heating. Large Size Mills working on same principle with different style of cutter, grinding phosphate, gold and silver ores, quartz, plaster clay, bones, fish-scrap, bark, &c. Please call or write for particulars.

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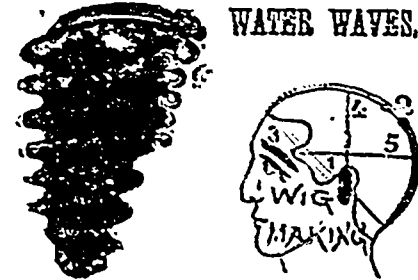
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