

# TRUTH

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June 7th, 1890.

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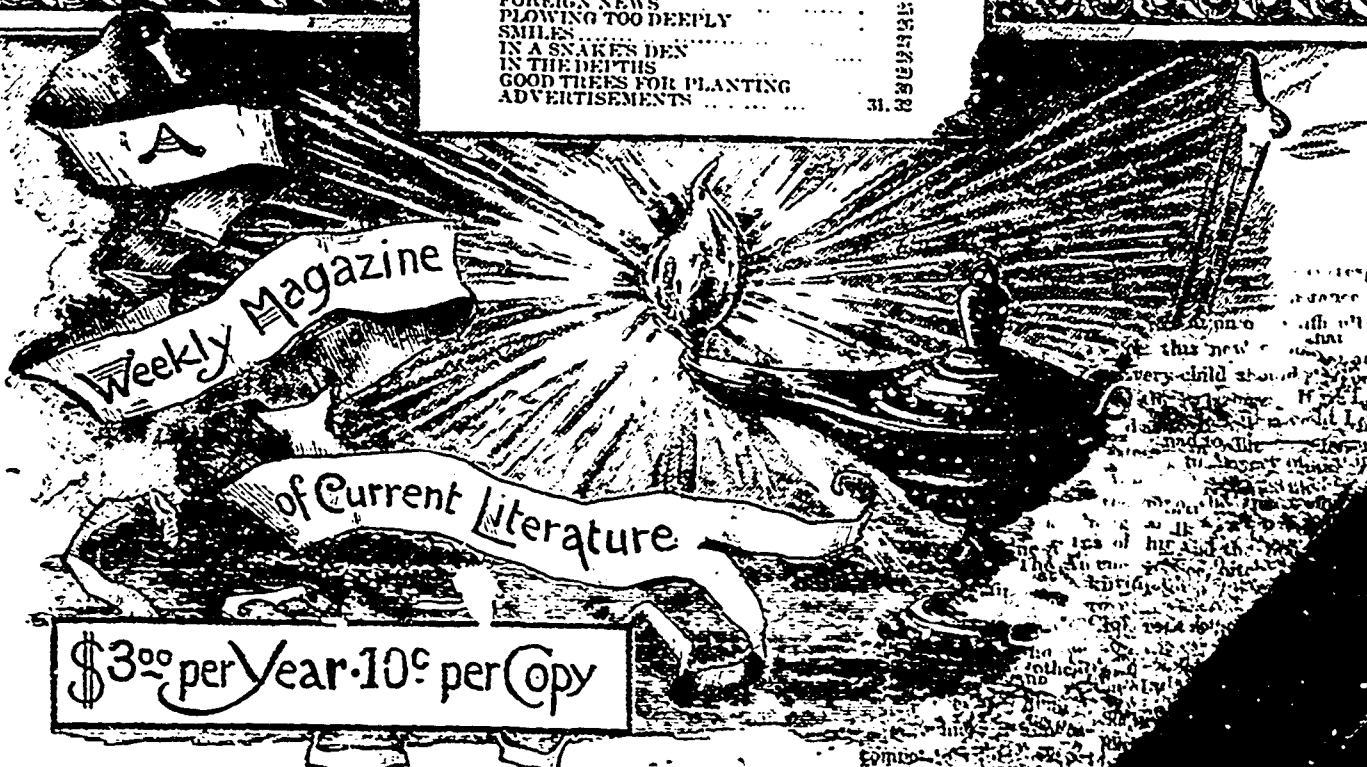
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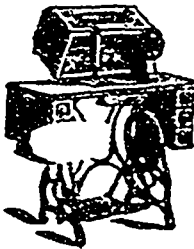
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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 7, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 505.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

The complaint is frequently made in all though the present is an age of readers the character of the books most generally preferred indicates a low popular literary taste. The records of public libraries show that the preponderating choice of the patrons is in favor of works of fiction, and fiction of a relatively low order. The masterpieces of fiction while they have many admirers are not generally sought after. The proportion of readers who prefer Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and authors of this class, is small compared with the armies that select the sensational novel, or the sentimental love story. That this condition of things is a result goes without dispute. Considering its untold importance in relation to society and the intelligence and morals of society, the study of the cause or causes that have contributed to produce this state of things, cannot be esteemed a matter of indifference. To this work Charles Dudley Warner, whose line as a literateur has gone out to the ends of the earth, lends himself in the *Atlantic* for June. To the common school, as at present conducted, he attributes in a large measure the low intellectual taste. No that he condemns unqualifiedly the common school "as a nurse of superficiality, mediocrity and conceit," but that in respect to the study of literature it is sadly at fault, and greatly in need of radical modification. "What," he asks, "does the common school usually do for literary taste? Generally there is no thought about it. It is not in the minds of the majority of teachers. The business is to teach the pupil to read; how they shall use the art of reading is little considered." He continues, "if we examine the reading-books from the lowest grade to the highest, we shall find that their prime object is to teach words, not literature. There is an endeavor to teach how to call the words of a reading book, but not how to read; for reading involves the combination of known words to form new ideas. And lacking this the taste for good literature is not developed; the habit of continuous pursuit of a subject, with comprehension of its relations, is not acquired, and no conception is gained of the entirety of literature or its importance to human life. Consequently there is no power of judgment or faculty of discrimination."

The supposition upon which the text books generally used in Public schools are graded is, that children are incapable of understanding anything that requires any exercise of thought or play of imagination. Hence the series usually begins with such inanities as this: "Little Jimmy had a little white pig." "Did the little pig know Jimmy?" "Yes, the little pig knew Jimmy and would come when he called." "How did little Jimmy know his pig from the other little pigs?" "By the twist in his tail." Jimmy liked to stroke the little pig's back." "Would the little pig let him?" "Yes, when he was absorbed eating his dinner." The consequences of teaching children such empty nothings is, that they become only languidly interested, their minds are not awakened, their imaginations are

not appealed to; and when the lesson is over they have learned nothing, except probably some new words, which are learned as signs. This supposition that the youthful mind requires to be fed upon such "slops" Mr. Warner characterizes as a cardinal blunder. "It has been demonstrated," he says, "by experience that it is as easy to begin with good literature as with the sort of reading described. It makes little difference where the beginning is made (except that it is better to begin with the ancients in order to gain a proper perspective). Any good book, any real book, is an open door into the wide field of literature; that is to say of history, that is to say of interest in the entire human race. Read to children of tender years, the same day, the story of Jimmy and a Greek myth, or an episode from *Odyssey* or any genuine bit of human nature and life; and ask the children next day which they wish to hear again. Almost all of them will call for the repetition of the real thing, the verity of which they recognize and which has appealed to their imagination." The conclusion to which Mr. Warner comes is, that "it requires little more pains to create a good taste in reading than a bad taste."

The cure which Mr. Warner proposes for the evil is two fold. First there must be a juster conception of the place which literature should occupy in the curriculum. Instead of considering it a branch of education to be taken up at an age when the average child is obliged to exchange the school room for the labor arena, the accumulated thought and experience of all the ages which forms our present life and explains it, which exists partly in tradition and training, but more largely in books, this should be the atmosphere in which the child should live and move and have his being, intellectually. Into it he should be ushered with the first dawn of intellectual activity and play of imagination. Secondly there must be a clearer conception on the part of the teacher that everything read to or by the child should tend to put him in relation with the world and the thought of the world. This can only be done by the teacher who is really alive, who perceives that in the best literature we find truth about the world, about human nature, and hence that if children read this, they read what their experience will verify. Of course this implies considerable latitude to be given to the teacher in the choice of reading matter. And just here is where Mr. Warner's scheme is in danger of going to pieces. It is not clear that the best interests of the children, that is of society, would be promoted by giving such a free rein. No doubt the danger from this source would be greatly lessened if the true place and object of literature were once clearly apprehended by the teachers themselves. But until there is such a general recognition of the true function of literature on the part of those who teach, the work of selection cannot be safely left in hands so unskilled and incompetent and must be made by those who are more capable.

That such a radical change of opinion

is contemplated and advocated in Mr. Warner's excellent article, will take place suddenly, few will contend, but that he is on the right track, and that the adoption of his views in the main would tend to elevate the literary taste, there is little room to doubt. "When," as he says, "literature is given its proper place, not only for the development of the mind, but as the most easily opened door to history, art, science, general intelligence, we shall see the taste of the reading public undergo a mighty change. It will not care for the fiction it likes at present and which does little more than enfeeble its powers, and then there can be no doubt that fiction will rise to supply the demand for some thing better. When people know how to read authors will need to know how to write."

The Port Lambton Quarterly Board of the Methodist Church has been doing a little figuring recently. The result at which they have arrived is, that the Dominion Government is manifesting unwarrantable and provoking favoritism in the matter of grants to Indian schools, that the schools under the care of the Methodist Church receive only \$235 per school, while the Roman Catholic Indian schools are granted \$2,582 each on an average. Assuming the correctness of this estimate it raises an interesting question concerning the politicians of our country. What, one is led to ask, will be the conduct of those electors whose feelings are so outraged at present by the action of the Mowat government in relation to the Roman Catholic Church, when Sir John's day of reckoning arrives? Will they give evidence of the genuineness of their recent conversion, or shall we have the spectacle of a nation of backsliders? Echo answers which.

On another page will be found the list of rewards to be given in connection with TRUTH Bible Competition, No. 20. As an illustration of the satisfaction which these competitions give we subjoin in the following letter just received:

BELLEFVILLE, May 24th, '90.

To the Editor— I have received the books, Dickens' works, and am delighted with them, for to tell the truth, I did not expect much.

I have shown them to many of my friends who all congratulate me and say they will compete for a prize should you offer another competition.

Thanking you very much for your promptness and fairness, and wishing you future success, I remain,

Yours, very truly,

M. E. HAZARD

The above letter is only one of the thousands that have been received in the same strain of satisfaction which these competitions given may be attributed to the bona fide the competition, the impartiality and the promptness with which the rewards have been distributed.

ing the same results in things in the same way.

organization designed to promote temperance principles among the children and youth of the land. It is an institution associated and vitally connected with the Sons of Temperance in America, of which organization the five senior officers of the local company of crusaders must be members, except in certain specified cases. As its name implies the new organization is constructed according to military ideas and forms. The ritual, rules and regulations were prepared by a lady member of the Order who received a prize of one hundred dollars for the manuscript. Each company is provided with a satin banner with an enlarged badge in lithographic colors, also a national flag. There are five senior officers and fifteen junior officers in each company. The boys constitute one section of each company and the girls a separate section. Each section has three ranks, and each rank is in charge of a sergeant. Those between 12 and 15 years of age constitute the first rank; those between 8 and 12 the second rank, and all under eight years of age are in the third rank.

"The emblem of the Loyal Crusaders is a shield, bearing as a device a sword and water lily, with the words 'DEATH TO ALCOHOL.'" The purpose of the organization is stated to be to pledge young people to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks; to instruct them concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic beverages, and narcotics; to teach them to regard the saloon and liquor traffic as evils to be hated and destroyed. Boys and girls over five years of age and under fifteen years of age, shall be eligible to membership. The pledge is: "I solemnly promise that I will not knowingly taste or touch any Wine, Beer, Cider, Brandy, Whisky, or any other drink that contains Alcohol." Those who desire to do so may take an additional pledge of hostility to tobacco and profanity. It is the desire of the promoters of the new organization to organize a company of Loyal Crusaders in connection with each and every Division of Sons of Temperance. Where there is no Division, the National Superintendent desires to correspond with the formation of local divisions. The purpose of this new organization is to give every child a chance to learn the truth and to be a crusader.

Christian and temperance workers. The formation of local divisions. The purpose of this new organization is to give every child a chance to learn the truth and to be a crusader.

prison system is in many respects better than the American." The unfortunate thing about this testimony is, that it is not above the suspicion of being influenced by the relation the witness sustains to the authorities at St. Petersburg, whose favor it can be conceived he would naturally desire to retain. Moreover it has the misfortune of standing alone, while Mr. Kennan's story is fully corroborated by Mr. Felix Brant, who, after twenty years in Siberia, escaped to America and is at present lecturing in Ontario. Mr. Brant's account is no less discreditable to Russia than the story of Mr Kennan. Those who are capable of putting two and two together are not likely to be deceived by the apologies of Mr Dunster, however much they might wish his presentation was correct.

The general expectation of a heated discussion over the Confession of Faith at the Saratoga Assembly is not to be realized. For the present the matter has been disposed of. A committee has been appointed to be known as "the Assembly's committee on revision of the Confession of faith," and consisting of fifteen ministers and ten elders. This committee is instructed to formulate in a report to the General Assembly of 1891 such alterations and amendments to the Confession as in their judgment may be deemed desirable. It is ordered to meet at an early date not later than October 31, 1890—and diligently to pursue its work, that it may report promptly at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1891. The committee is instructed that they shall not propose any alterations or amendments that will in any way impair the integrity of the reformed or Calvinistic system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith. Whether any alteration will be made in the section dealing with the doctrine of election and reprobation, so generally disapproved of by the presbyteries voting for revision, will now depend upon the judgment of the revision committee as to the relation which said doctrine sustains to the Calvinistic system of theology. Should the Committee decide that the doctrine is a vital part of Calvinism and essential to the integrity of the great reformer's system, it is not probable that any alteration will be made, and the anomaly is likely to continue for a while longer of men subscribing to a creed, some of whose tenets they cannot bring themselves to publicly defend.

It is to be presumed that the half dozen men who the other day engaged in an ostentatious exercise in which the fair ones concerned were not willing partners, were not so much aspell of the ball.

honor, the cry is going over the sea, "Come home, O Colonel, 'me home." The reason of this cry is the entangled state of affairs in the Police Court. It appears that sub-magistrate Baxter, the legality of whose appointment is seriously questioned, is without power to try many cases, which, were Colonel Denison at his post, could be disposed of without going beyond the jurisdiction of the police court. As a consequence of this limited authority an extra expence to the city of at least \$1,000 a month is entailed, and also the anomalous and un-British practice is rendered necessary (by committing prisoners to goal to await the hearing of their case) of practically punishing the prisoner before his guilt is proved. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the executive committee of the City Council should recommend the Colonel's immediate summons home, and should feel disposed to withhold further payments on his salary account. No doubt the patience of the committee was tried by the circumstance that Colonel Denison did not consult the council and obtain its permission before absenting himself from duty; and by the further fact that from May 7th '87 to Feb. 17th '90, to say nothing of the present holiday of almost two months, his Honor has been absent from his post 204 days, or nearly one fourth of his time. This, for an officer who receives a salary of more than \$75 a week, is working the holiday business with a pretty free hand. Surely Colonel Denison must have unbounded confidence in the leniency of his employers, or must seriously misapprehend the nature of the relation he sustains to them, regarding himself as master, and not servant. Be this as it may, the play for the present is checked, and until the temper of the council cools down a little his Honor will be acting the part of wisdom by returning forthwith and attending more strictly to the duties of his office.

Few will be disposed to deny that by the election of J. C. Rykert who went into the contest branded by his parliamentary colleagues as a man guilty of discreditable, corrupt and scandalous conduct, the electors of Lincoln have deepened their disgrace of four years ago, and have manifested a most painful indifference to the character of those who represent the people in Parliament. Only the stern and stubborn fact that they have done so, could make possible the supposition that they could condone conduct which outrages the most sacred and cherished principles of pure government. With this last part of the drama in view, one may conclude that that constituency is past redemption. While the chief responsibility must rest on those who voted for Mr. Rykert, those who refrained from voting altogether are not entirely free from blame. In this category not a few Liberals must be placed. Comparing the election of '86 with that of the other day, it is found that the former Liberals exceeded the latter by 826, or more than one-fifth of the entire vote of '86. To exonerate the delinquents in the disgrace of May 23rd, the Libs. and Radicals hate their breath in the political sins of the day at present of pull.

of England's... Salisbury... that... Germany...

land could make a settlement not acceptable to those principally concerned—the trading companies, missions, etc. Moreover he contended that in a matter involving issues so vast it was wise to "make haste slowly." Said he: "The acquisition of this magnificent territory which Stanley has revealed must be viewed from the point of prudence as well as from that of boldness. After our experience at Khartoum, grave reflection and the full assent of Parliament and the country are necessary before committing ourselves to the defence of a territory that is only accessible to the sea after three months' travel." To this Stanley replies in a long and caustic letter, in which he says: "If the German colonial demands be granted it would be more economical to make Germany a gift of the whole British sphere in Africa. Then British investors might obtain so many shillings for the pounds they so credulously have been victimized out of. He declares the German sphere is the finest in Africa and adds: "Still their cry is, give, give." If you think they are better adapted than the English to civilize Africa, do nothing half heartedly. Yield all, including Egypt. Excessive amiability may become an infirmity, and the infirmity of negligence, like other diseases, grows till it ends in chronic senility." Though this "passage at arms" between the Premier and the illustrious traveler is not the most seemly thing that can be imagined, there is a probability that it will not be unproductive of good, and that it will result in a more vigorous policy being adopted. The fact that Lord Salisbury condescended to notice the structures at all is an evidence that he does not feel supremely satisfied with what his government has done. While cautioning Englishmen against the danger of over-estimating the facts set forth by Mr. Stanley, it is more than likely that he is laying his plans for action more in keeping with the demands of the hour. It would be a great pity if any false sentiment regarding international comity, or excessive caution should prevent England from taking her rightful part in the work of civilizing the many millions of the Dark Continent.

The American party journals are at present engaged in a war of words over the census schedule which it is proposed to use in numbering the people in '91. Several of the questions which the enumerators are instructed to ask are characterized by some as grossly impertinent and absurd and an invasion of private rights. Particular exception is taken to those questions which relate to the health and pecuniary condition of the citizens. For instance the people are expected to give information as to whether they are blind or halt or deaf or deformed; whether the home in which they live is hired or owned by the head or member of the family, and, if owned by the head or member of the family, whether the home is free from mortgage encumbrance; and whether they have been convicted as penitentiaries, paupers in poor houses, or are homeless in the world. Concerning this new "inquisition" so called, the Lynchburg Advertiser says: "The government is no doctor that it may enquire into the chronic diseases that affect the people, whether they are blind or halt or deaf or deformed, while as to the ownership of property, this is a purely private and individual matter, which cannot possibly concern the Government or anybody else, and with which the public can have no concern whatever. They might just as well ask a man how much money he has in the bank or out of it, how much he is in debt, what is his credit and discredit, whether he intends to pay his next

negotiable note." Says the New York Sun: "In thousands of cases the answer to some of the questions on the schedule will mean a confession of infamy, humiliation, or disgrace. And these questions are to be pressed with a threat of punishment in case the citizen refuses to criminate or degrade himself; not to promote justice, not for the furtherance of any public good, not as a means toward a legitimate and constitutional purpose, but merely for the gratification of curiosity."

On the other hand, in defence of the schedule the New York Herald points out that in making these enquiries the Government is only following the lines already laid down. Thus twenty years ago at the census of 1870 the enumerators were required to return whether a person was a pauper or not, whether he was employed or unemployed, and what amount of real estate or personal property he owned. Again, the law providing for the census of 1880 called for statistics as to the physical and mental health of each person enumerated, whether active or disabled, maimed, crippled, bedridden, deaf dumb, blind, insane or idiotic. Moreover the Herald shows that the information is not sought for the purpose of advertising to the world each person's mental, moral and financial condition, or to cause him to stand a self-confessed pauper or criminal. On the contrary, there will be no publicity given to the census returns. Every enumerator is sworn to secrecy, and only the numerical results of the inquiries, without any clew to the identity of the individual, will appear in the government publications. The suppression by the opposition press, of this circumstance, which greatly modifies the case, creates the suspicion that the indignant protest is born of a desire to discredit the dominant party in the eyes of the Nation, rather than of the laudable ambition to protect the people in the possession and exercise of their inalienable rights and privileges. The opportunity to create prejudice against their political enemies was too great to allow to pass, and the temptation too strong to permit of a frank and honest presentation of the whole case. So difficult is it found to deal fairly and justly, not to say generously, with an opponent, to acknowledge the redeeming circumstances in his case while condemning the things that cannot be approved.

A contemporary in speaking of the exaggerated position which was given to the justice of God in the earlier creeds, and the prominent part that the idea of "hell and damnation" played in much of the preaching of the time says: "A preacher of another generation like Jonathan Edwards, who thought that hell was paved with infants' skulls, and made a revivale series of convulsive terrors, would hardly find a hearing in a modern pulpit. These men were earnest, eloquent, honest, but they were mistaken." We turn from such horrors of rhetoric, not because mankind are growing worse, but because they are growing better. Never in history was there a profounder reverence for true religion than now. Never was there a deeper sense of moral obligation, a wider generosity toward all charitable efforts, a larger sympathy for the oppressed, a healthier hatred of tyrants and tyranny or a more stimulating enthusiasm for public and private honesty." That a change has come over the Church's conception of the character of God and the nature of true religion, few will deny. No longer are the changes rung upon "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." On the contrary, the love which stooped to redeem and longs to save

is now the principal source of eloquence. Still it must not be forgotten that justice is an attribute of Deity, and that his infinite love does not prevent, nay that it requires that the persistent transgressor shall be filled with his ways. The evil of robbing God of this important attribute would be no less serious than that of unduly exalting it. While the Church has done well in changing the emphasis and laying it upon the infinite love of God, who wills the happiness of all his creatures, and who has made the most bounteous provision therefor, care must be taken not to eliminate the divine righteousness altogether. And this is the danger of the present generation.

The enterprise which takes advantage of the popular ignorance and reckons on making gain out of the confusion of the public mind regarding its wares, is not to be commended for its candour or honesty. Within the last few months the people of this continent have had a notable example of such a disingenuous attempt. The copyright of the original "Webster's Dictionary" having expired last year, after a period of forty-two years, an enterprising (?) Chicago firm have undertaken the publication of a cheap reprint of this old-time volume, that is of the "Webster's Dictionary" as it was nearly half a century ago. For the man who buys books by the square foot and keeps them simply to adorn his library shelves, this reprint volume might serve as well as any other, for it occupies about as much space as the authorized edition, has the great lexicographer's surname imprinted on the back in gold, and altogether is not an unsightly article of library furniture. But for the man who wants a dictionary to help him to do the work and understand the language of the present age, the "Original Webster's Unabridged" will be found to be sadly deficient. Even the school boy knows that language is constantly changing, new words being added and old words dropped out, but never did this process of coining new and discarding old go on so rapidly as at the present time. The progress of the arts and sciences within the last quarter of a century has made the coming of thousands of new words a necessity. But none of these words are found in this reprint edition of Webster. How frequently are met the words agnosticism, annihilationist, atomizer, alcoholism, bacillus, baby-farm, blood-money, Bohemian, bronco, bonanza, bulldoze, etc. And how annoying to the reader who wishes to learn the meaning to find on consulting his big dictionary that the words are not there. As compared with the "Webster's Dictionary," published by G. & C. Merriman & Co., Springfield, Mass., and which has been revised again and again, so as to keep it abreast of the times, this Chicago reprint is inferior in mechanical workmanship, as well as lacking in all those words which have been coined since 1847, and which number now many thousands, in the illustrations on nearly every page and opposite the words described, and in respect to the etymology of words, etc. It is an antiquated book for which the scholar and the educated man will find no use. If in any connection the old adage, "The best is the cheapest," finds its application, it is in the matter of a dictionary for the man who wishes to keep in touch with his times. No person who can appreciate the difference between the standard edition and this Chicago reprint will entertain for a moment the idea of putting money into a book which is half a century behind the age.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose practical common sense has manifested itself on many a page of her writings, has produced no-

thing better than the little prize essay on "What shall we do with our girls?" The following paragraph may be said to contain the core, every word of which is golden:

"The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and until constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it."

Compressed into one sentence Mrs. Wilcox's answer is, fit "our girls" to be true women, for with such a training of mind and heart, success, so far as human endeavor can control it, is certain.

The mystery connected with the sudden disappearance of Kimber, the young Englishman, from his hotel in Montreal a couple of months ago has been solved by the finding of his body in the city reservoir. Opinion is divided as to how he came to his death, whether by his own, or by the hand of another. Eight cuts were found on his throat by Dr. Mount who performed an autopsy on the body, but none was thought sufficient to cause death. Nor were any indications found of a blow having been received. On the other hand, as favoring the murder theory the trachea and bronchial tube were free from bloody foam, found in the case of a person who has met his death by drowning; while the quantity of blood lost by Kimber in his own bedroom leads some to believe that he could not afterwards have walked to the reservoir, climbed the high railing, broken the ice, and jumped in. In these circumstances it is very doubtful whether the truth of his sad taking-off will ever be certainly established, and little disappointment will be felt if the efforts of the Government detective to unravel this part of the mystery should prove unavailing.

The leaders of the "social purity" movement, a department of the W.C.T.U. work, are evidently determined to make a thorough work of their crusade. Their latest attack is upon the evening dress among young women, and the round dance, which Rev. Sam Jones was won't to describe as "hugging set to music." Few will deny that the crusaders have set a difficult task for themselves in seeking to change a fashion and an amusement so popular as are the evening dress and the round dance. They are advantaged in this, however, that the condemnation is free from the charge of denominational peculiarity. The W.C.T.U. draws its members from all the churches, and is un-denominational. None therefore can say this is a mere Methodist whim or Baptist notion. May success attend their every effort to elevate the tone of public sentiment, and to purify and keep pure the lives of Canada's fair sons and daughters.

The jury empanelled to investigate the Longue Pointe Asylum horror have brought in their verdict, which is far from satisfactory. No great surprise is felt, however, that it should be so, as the result of such investigations in the past has not been of a character to inspire hope of anything particularly valuable resulting from the present trial.

The verdict is extremely non-committal so far as concerns the direct object for which the investigation was held. It expresses the opinion that either an inmate set the place on fire or that spontaneous combustion occurred in the awdust between the floors. The jury express no opinion on the management of the institution whatever, but content themselves with recommending that in future the ventilators in institutions of such a nature should be constructed of brick or fireproof material; that such establishments should have fewer storeys and should as much as possible be in separate isolated buildings; that the violent and infirm inmates should be placed in the lower storeys; that no closets or cupboards containing inflammable material should be permitted in the various wards; that galleries should be placed on each storey with staircases communicating with each floor. The silence concerning the management is unfortunate, the more especially seeing that it was freely stated at the time of the fire that the institution was sadly lacking in precautionary provisions. The omission is unjust both to the sisters whose capability to properly conduct such an institution has been seriously impeached, and to the public who have a right to know whether the awful holocaust was due to any carelessness on the part of those in charge of the institution, or to inadequate safe guards against fire. The making of numerous recommendations touching institutions of this character is not going to blind the eyes of the public to the fact that the prime object of the enquiry has not been attained.

During the discussion of Foreign Missions in the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga, the other day, the statement was made that the Presbyterian church of the United States, notwithstanding its great wealth, its honorable traditions, its general intelligence, and its marked spirituality, expended last year for foreign missions only about one sixteenth of one per cent, or one dollar out of every sixteen hundred received by its members. Considered in the light of the Christian church's last commission contained in the words "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," this does not look as if the Master's purpose and that of his servants contain very much in common. In this matter that influential denomination has nothing to be proud of. And yet the most regrettable fact is, that her comparative indifference to missions is not exceptional, but general; that the whole Christian church is in the same condemnation, "only playing at missions." Christians must have a strange idea of what loyalty means when applied to the commands of their heavenly Master.

Last week will not soon be forgotten by the citizens of Toronto. The visit of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, has given it a distinction all its own. Many thousands will look back with the most pleasant feelings to the reception given to the royal pair. It might have been expected that the people who cherish such a prince's august and Canadianians have not fifty years and more, simply as a matter of truly prayed that sincerely that visitors concerning the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

And no doubt the demonstration would have been made impressive and marked by a greater number of visitors had the date of their arrival been known some time beforehand and had not the word gone out that the royal party could not wait over at Toronto for more than a few hours at most. This uncertainty, doubtless, prevented many from making arrangements to be present at the reception, as well as prevented the reception committee from making that display which would have been made had Toronto been given more prominence on the original programme. But notwithstanding this drawback the reception must have gladdened the hearts of the royal visitors. That the prince has endeared himself on his own account to all with whom he came in contact is beyond question. His kind, courteous, and gentlemanly conduct, his affable manner, so free from any appearance of haughtiness, was remarked by all. Though a prince in whose veins courses the noblest blood of earth, according to human distinctions, there was nothing in all that he said or did that gave the impression that he cherishes the feeling, I am better than you. With the memory of his kind and pleasant look before our minds and the music of his chaste and brilliant utterances ringing in our ears, we will henceforth be constrained to enlarge the scope of our prayer when we sing, "God save the Queen" and mentally add, and her noble sons and daughters.

How the Newfoundland trouble will yet terminate it is a fault to predict. That the present strain cannot long be kept up is very evident. The other day the commander of a French warship ordered the inhabitants of the disputed shore to take up their herring nets, and upon the people refusing, the French officers came armed and took up the nets destroying some of them. When the people applied to a local magistrate, established by the St. John's Government, for protection, he declared himself powerless to lend any help. As a consequence, the people have resolved to no longer recognize the right of the government of Newfoundland to collect import duties until such times as they receive protection in their industries. This stand is endorsed by the principle merchants of the place as well as the clergymen of the different denominations. On the other hand, France shows no disposition to abate her claims. The cable announces that a bill has been deposited in the chamber of deputies, backed by the ministers of finance, marine and commerce, extending the fishing bounty system until 1911. The preamble complains of the formation of the difficulties of the situation, and it is stated that the new bill is intended to give the fishermen of the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of St. Lawrence the same protection as is granted to the fishermen of the British Isles.

Truth's Contributors.

THE BERMUDA DEFENSES.

Strong Forts and Endless Coral Reefs.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

The Bermudas are so often spoken of and written of as a group of small Islands in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean that we have come to regard this harmless fiction almost as a truth. When we look at the map, however, we see that far from being in the middle of the ocean they lie only a short distance off the American coast, so near that they should be classed geographically as splinters chipped from the North American Continent. They give geographers a deal of trouble, the little Bermudas, to find a proper way to classify them, and generally they are grouped with the West Indies, though they do not belong there. If they do not belong with America, they should stand by themselves, but most geographers and encyclopedists do not consider them of sufficient importance to devote much space to them. Even the British classify Bermuda and all their West Indian colonies as "British possessions in America," and I think the British are right.

Politically, however, Bermuda belongs fairly to Great Britain by the right of settlement. The British settled Bermuda in 1612, about a century after its discovery. It was then of no importance to anybody, and the early settlers had hard times to keep themselves alive. According to ex-Gov. Lefroy, who took great pains to inform himself about the early history of Bermuda, and who wrote "The Memorials of the Bermudas," the discoverer of the islands is not known. There is a book in the Lenox Library in New York, Peter Martyr's "Legatio Babylonica," published in 1511, in which the Bermudas are set forth in a map; and the earliest description of the islands is dated 1515. In those early days these distant countries were handed about among their friends by European sovereigns. Carolina, for instance, was given to the Duke of Albermarle as a slight token of regard, "New-Jersey" to Sir George Cartwright, and Pennsylvania to William Penn. There was not then even the present excuse of a place being needed for a presiding station.

It is simply as a naval station that Bermuda is of any use to the British Government. The revenue derived from the Island is nothing, the annual expense is considerable, but the convenience of having this stopping place near the American coast is very great. Bermuda has often been a convenient British way station for coal.

I have often seen such idiotic telegrams as these posted in Bridgetown, Kingston, St. Johns, and Port of Spain; and no doubt Bermuda will soon be regaled with them. At the worst feature of West Indian cables is the prohibitory tariff for private messages. The cable from Jamaica to London is \$1.40 a mile, the address and signature; Barbadoes, \$2.76, and Bermuda, \$4.12. The cable is simply protected by fortifications, is what is called a "naval station." The largest ships afloat in the West Indies are repaired here, and I have seen many of them. The only danger to be apprehended in any of these places is

Bermuda, Jamaica and St. Lucia are the places on this side of the world where British ships mostly congregate, and Bermuda is eminently the repair station. When the new telegraph line is finished the Queen can sit in the Tower of London and tick her little orders over to any of these places without leaving her chair. The manager of the company arrived in Bermuda a short time ago to make arrangements, and the cable will land on the north shore of the island, opposite Government House, and will be carried underground to Hamilton in pipes. This business, of course, has given the Bermuda Parliament an immense amount of work to do, for a telegraph wire could not be run two miles across the island without several volumes of acts and substitutes and amendments. The Registrar General and the Receiver and an army of other swordless Generals are amply taken care of in the laws just enacted in the matter of fees for various imaginary services. The agitation of this subject gave Parliament a chance for another sideblow at my old friend, the Royal Gazette. When the publishing of certain advertisements was under consideration—

"Mr. Vesey moved (this is the official report) to omit the words 'Royal Gazette newspaper,' where they occur on the nineteenth line of the clause proposed as the ninth clause, and to insert the words 'newspapers of the colony,' which was affirmed."

The cable will be a great thing for Bermuda, notwithstanding the drawbacks that will inevitably go with it. It will soon connect with some of the more southerly islands, and then all the "British possessions in America" will be connected by wire. The West India Cable Company is compelled by law (or by clauses in its numerous subsidies, which amounts to the same thing,) to send free a certain quantity of general news every day, and these despatches are posted in public places for the benefit probably of the 90 per cent. of darkies who cannot read. It is a matter of congratulation for them that they cannot, for the "news" dispatches are the worst lot of European nonsense that could be gathered together.

"The Prince of Wales, who has been suffering from a slight indisposition for several days, having taken cold by removing his hat in church, is in improved health to-day, and, it is hoped, will be able to assist in laying the corner stone of the new Washington Monument in New Gardens next Wednesday."

"When Prince Bismarck's pipe failed to draw yesterday he was overheard to remark that there was undoubtedly some obstruction in the stem. This is thought in Court circles to have a hidden meaning that may exert a deep influence on European politics."

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reefs that make it impossible for any ship to approach. It can only be reached through the main ship channel, which is commanded by a dozen forts. Any stranger can get a pass to visit it, and a little steamboat runs over twice a day from Hamilton, giving a fine view of the harbor. The visitor is taken in charge by an orderly as soon as he lands on the heavy stone wharf, and is marched with arithmetical precision through the various shops and foundries, through the big dock, and all over the yard. It is a long and tedious journey, and the sights are only such as may be seen in any big dock yard.

The most remarkable thing about the floating dock is the fact that it was built in England and towed over, the voyage taking thirty-five days. In shape it is an immense bathtub with the ends knocked out, and for such an ungainly thing to cross the ocean was a great undertaking. It is only 381 feet long, but this does not, I believe, prevent it from lifting ships that are much longer, for the bow and stern can stick out, like Mark Twain's tunnel, at both ends. It was taken to Bermuda in 1869, and next July it will be twenty-one years old. Two war ships did the towing, with a third one ahead to clear the way and a fourth towed behind to act as a rudder. The basin in which the dock floats was dredged out until its bottom is fifty-two feet below low-water mark, thus allowing the dock to sink as low as necessary. I suppose that most people are familiar with the operation of a hydraulic dock. This one is supplied with forty-eight tanks or water-tight compartments. When a ship is to be docked these are filled with water, the dock sinks, and the ship is floated to the proper position. The water is then pumped out of the tanks and the dock rises, carrying the ship with it. There are eight pumps of ten horse power each, which discharge sixteen tons of water a minute. The tanks hold 37,000 tons of water, and by leaving a few thousand tons in the upper tanks on one side the dock can be canted over so as to bring the vessel's keel five feet out of water. Vessels of 10,000 tons displacement—the size of the largest Atlantic liners—can be docked without difficulty.

Here, alongside, are machine shops full of every kind of powerful machinery, and men and materials for making mammoth castings. If a man of war is disabled in a fight or is in need of repairs of any kind, she can get them here. If her guns are damaged, here they can be mended; and it is the only British station on this side of the Atlantic where the work can be done on such a scale. This, in connection with its excellent position, is what makes Bermuda such an important naval station. The telegraph cable, for the transmission of official information and orders, will, of course, increase its usefulness in time of peace, and will be invaluable in time of war if it is still there. But how a Government can keep its ocean cables intact when it is at war is something that I have not yet been able to comprehend. The only way to protect the Bermuda cable in case of war would be to patrol the ocean with ironclads from Bermuda to Halifax, and even then an innocent-looking vessel with a few torpedoes could knock it into a condition of uselessness. This same objection applies with even greater force to the concentration of British troops on a single island in the west Indies and trusting to the telegraph to summon them to any other point where they may be needed. Everything now is being central at St. Lucia, and if troops should be needed at Barbadoes or Trinidad or Antigua they are to be telegraphed for. The only danger to be apprehended in any of these places is

a negro uprising, and if the darkies should "uprise" their first move would, of course, be to cut the cable. To be sure, the negroes in the British West Indies have in the last half century been educated and civilized into a condition that is little short of angelic, and there is nothing in the world for them to rise against; but when they outnumber the whites from four to one to twenty to one there is always more or less danger of their taking a notion to annihilate the pale faces. There is not much danger of this in Bermuda, where our colored friends go to chapel twice a week and never steal anything that is locked up; but it would be interesting if some good authority would explain to the public how a telegraph line is to be guarded when it is most needed.

Ireland Island was selected as the Bermuda naval station in 1824, and thousands of convicts were sent over from England to do the necessary digging and quarrying. This convict work went on for forty years, and many of the fine roads in Bermuda were cut out of the rock by unfortunates in striped suits; but no convicts have been sent there since 1863. New fortifications are constantly in progress, for the ever-changing and improving systems of warfare make new defenses necessary every few years. Not an onion field in Bermuda is safe from the encroachments of the military, for the Imperial Government is entitled by law to seize any piece of land it may want, and Commissioners are appointed afterward to determine what compensation shall be given the owner. In this respect the British Government is almost as autocratic as an American railroad. Nature, however, put so many forts in Bermuda that few others are really needed. If you were to stand a thousand thimbles upright on a big dinner tray you would have a correct outline of the surface of the islands; and every hill is big enough to protect any number of men and batteries.

MY LETTER TO MARY.

Once more in New York. I need not tell you of wonderful scenery our strange road led us through. Some portions were so altitudinous—a long word is more descriptive of lofty mountains than a little c, e, that we beheld the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of it, especially when the sun came up as if he were looking for the moon that had just abdicated in his favor. An example finely followed by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler and Lassarck. I saw the old thunderer Niagara, too, on my way, and when I landed on Broadway with a hop, skip and a war whoop, the roar of its traffic reminded me of the Falls. I am writing this in Madison square near the home of Flora McFlimsey, who had nothing to wear." Last Sunday a friend and I went to Prospect Park.

Trees and flowers and brooks which do remember me." I wish you could see it. But it is not yet in such glory as it was when I saw the statue of Moore unveiled there in eighteen hundred and eighty. The other last time I beheld the park was in winter. Having heard so frequently about the vast crowds of skaters on its lovely lake on Sundays, the evil resolution came upon me, to see for myself before leaving Brooklyn, consequently after hearing the Rev. Beecher preach the funeral sermon of W. L. Garrison, I boarded the cars and, behold! Beautiful dresses and ladies nearly as lovely, music and motion, grace and greenbanks of evergreen foliage softly illuminated with colored lanterns, and bent prone with snow, thousands of people. One lady when skating around a little promontory ran against



Men and Women.

The English Countess of Carloty died recently in Paris, where she lived alone and apparently in poverty. After her death \$10,000 in gold and \$40,000 in notes were found in her room.

Arthur Orton, the "Tichborne claimant," tried to emerge from his obscurity and run for Parliament as a home-ruler recently, but could not pay the election bills, and was dropped.

A well-known expression in England has been that "the Hoods have captured more cannon from the enemies of England than any other family in the navy." An advocate now appears to claim a like honor for the Goughs. Forty years ago Lord Gough captured the Punjab from the Sikhs. There were three other Goughs there with him.

The British Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire has lately awarded three prizes for bravery and humanity at the burning of the Forest Gate Asylum—to Miss Maria Julia Bloomfield, who receives an illuminated testimonial and £3, and to Mrs. Eliza Lee and Miss Laura Terry, a niece of Ellen Terry, certificates and prizes of a sovereign each.

The coming marriage of Henry M. Stanley to Miss Dorothy Tennant, the clever London artist, seems to indicate that the intrepid explorer has grown tired of a life of adventure, and will stick more closely to the bounds of civilization in the future. Miss Tennant, while not a young woman, is said to possess beauty of a noble and high-bred type, and is prominent in the literary and art circles of London.

Emile Blanchard, President of France's Academy of Science, announced that he can make silk straight from the material of the mulberry leaf, without resorting to the silk worm. It is inferior in richness and gloss to the present silk. The latter goes through two chemical processes in the worm, and M. Blanchard has only been able to study the first. When he knows all about the second he hopes to make silk as perfect as we know it now.

Perhaps Jenner did not discover vaccination. In a graveyard at Worth, Dorsetshire, there is a tomb with this inscription: "Benjamin Jesty, of Downshay, died April 16, 1816, aged 79. He was born at Yetminster, in this county, and was an upright, honest man, particularly noted for having been the first person known that introduced the cow-pox by inoculation, and who, for his great strength of mind, made the experiment from the cow on his wife and two sons in the year 1774."

The West African monarch, King Dinshah Salifu, who visited the Paris exhibition last year, was so greatly delighted with many things he saw in the French capital that when he returned home he undertook to convert his own country into another France. His subjects, being highly displeased at the monarch's extravagance, killed him.

Gustav Ivanovitch Wladimir, the richest land owner of southern Russia, died in Odessa on April 20. The total value of his great wealth was laid by the father of Gustav, who came to Russia as a poor German colonist. He began as a plain farmer, and made the breeding of sheep his specialty. In a very short time he conquered for himself the distinction of the greatest Russian sheep owner, but in his habits and manners he remained always a simple German farmer.

An interesting anecdote, characterizing his character as well as his German sturdiness, is told of him: He was once in the waiting room of a railroad depot, where he saw a man of six-and-a-half feet tall, discoursing aloud to a crowd of people with the advantages of sheep raising. The man made some statements which a German colonist thought were very good. But as soon as the latter saw the young noble said: "You are talking like a German, and I have in my pocket a certificate of my nationality." The man then turned to the German and said: "But I am a German."

"crack" regiments of the Russian Imperial Guards—having been fourteen years in this regiment, and made himself perfectly familiar with all the details of Russian military organization, has resigned his commission, returned to Germany, reentered the German army (the Eleventh Regiment of Prussian Grenadiers), and has been appointed to a responsible post on the council of the general staff.

Duke Charles Theodore, of Bavaria, who took a regular course of medicine, and afterward made a special study of diseases of the eye that he might make himself useful among the poor of the kingdom, lately passed a month at Meran in the Tyrol. His rooms were at once besieged by suffering peasants, who flocked thither from the Austrian, Italian, and Swiss Tyrol for gratuitous treatment; and during the four weeks of his rather dolorous vacation his benevolent Highness successfully removed fifty-three cataracts, performed one hundred and seventeen minor operations, and prescribed for nearly two hundred other patients who did not need surgery.

It has been said that Prince Bismarck treats his wife with contempt. This is incorrect; he married her for love, and has always had a profound respect for her. In 1846 he wrote to his sister, the Countess Arnim, "If his Satanic Majesty does not meddle in the affair, I have decided to take unto myself a wife. I am tired of this solitary life without any serious object. Since our father's death I feel lonely and melancholy. I must be in love." Surely, this was the case, for soon after his engagement to marry the young Countess, Jane Puttkamer, was announced, and on the 28th of July, 1847, the wedding took place, and among those who know the Prince and Princess well the marriage has always been considered a happy one. The Princess is highly educated, witty, and religious, a great lover of music, and plays the piano splendidly.

These were the words of old Moltke when he spoke recently upon the German Army bill: "Gentlemen, if the war which has hung over our heads, like the sword of Damocles, for more than ten years past, ever breaks out, its duration and end cannot be foreseen. The greatest powers of Europe, armed as they never have been armed before, will then stand face to face. No one of them can be shattered in one or two campaigns so completely as to confess itself beaten, and conclude peace on hard terms, or as not to recover, after a year or so, perhaps to renew the conflict. Gentlemen, it may be a Seven Years' War, it may be a thirty years' War—woe to him who sets fire to Europe, and is the first to apply the torch to the Magazine! When such mighty issues are at stake—all that we have won with heavy sacrifices, the existence of the empire, perhaps the continuance of social order and civilization, at any rate hundreds of thousands of human lives—the money question becomes a secondary consideration, and every pecuniary sacrifice seems justified at the outset."

Gustav Ivanovitch Wladimir, the richest land owner of southern Russia, died in Odessa on April 20. The total value of his great wealth was laid by the father of Gustav, who came to Russia as a poor German colonist. He began as a plain farmer, and made the breeding of sheep his specialty. In a very short time he conquered for himself the distinction of the greatest Russian sheep owner, but in his habits and manners he remained always a simple German farmer. An interesting anecdote, characterizing his character as well as his German sturdiness, is told of him: He was once in the waiting room of a railroad depot, where he saw a man of six-and-a-half feet tall, discoursing aloud to a crowd of people with the advantages of sheep raising. The man made some statements which a German colonist thought were very good. But as soon as the latter saw the young noble said: "You are talking like a German, and I have in my pocket a certificate of my nationality." The man then turned to the German and said: "But I am a German."

Literary and Art Notes.

No more fascinating or helpful book, especially for female readers has fallen from the press for many a day than "Glimpses of Fifty Years," the autobiography of Miss Francis E. Willard, known the world over as the foremost female temperance lecturer of the age. Speaking of Miss Willard's public labors one of her coadjutors says: "She has seemed to me one of God's best gifts to the American women of the nineteenth century, for she has done more to enlarge our sympathies, widen our outlook, and develop our gifts, than any man, or any other woman of her time. Every movement for the uplifting of humanity has found in her a cordial friend and active helper. Every field of enquiry or investigation has shared in her quick, intelligent sympathy. "Glimpses of Fifty Years" is the life-story of this truly noble and gifted woman. Of it the authoress says: "Whether for good or ill, I have set down with absolute fidelity these recollections of myself. The wise ones tell us that we change utterly once every seven years, so that from the vantage-ground of life's serene meridian, I have looked back upon the seven persons whom I know most about: the welcome child, the romping girl, the happy student, the roving teacher, the tireless traveler, the temperance organist, and lastly, the politician and advocate of woman's rights! Since all these are sweetly dead and gone, why should not their biographies and epitaphs, perchance their eulogies, be written by their best informed and most indulgent critic?" The book is charmingly written, in purest English, and recounts with manifest truthfulness the struggles and triumphs of a soul filled with sympathy for suffering humanity, and regulated by a conscience whose behests are not disregarded. It is an eminently helpful book which none can read without receiving inspiration and profit. Published by The Women's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.

BRITISH NEWS.

There is one pauper in every thirty-seven inhabitants in England and Wales. Again the lament is heard that the sweet low English voice is becoming high pitched, shrill, and harsh. We are told that all Englishmen must sacrifice their beards and let their moustaches grow as long as possible. London now boasts of a "Society for the Promotion of Relaxation from Business Care and Enjoyment during Luncheon Hours." A troop of ballet dancers sued the *Folkstone News* for publishing some reflections on their performances, and they have recovered, besides an apology, a verdict, with £15 damages. The Established Church of England is unquestionably in danger. Speaking at the annual meeting of the Church Defence Institution, Lord Selborne confessed that disestablishment had come "within the range of practical politics." The Australian wine which was said to have excellent prospects of being exported to Europe in great quantities must now wait until they can get some wood in Australia fit to make casks. All that they have injures its flavor. A member of the British House of Commons created considerable amusement by gravely asking the Home Secretary whether the law of 1874 making it illegal for any person to send a telegram concerning betting could not be enforced. The British courts have awarded £1,200 to the steamer *Virgiman* for towing the *Fonar* into Boston on March 20, a distance of 110 miles, which required two days to traverse, so severe was the weather. The *Fonar* had been drifting for three days. Nothing but the great spread of fine cattle can account for the small prices given at the sale of Lord Falmouth's herd of Devon, one of the finest. Only 160 guineas was bid for the bull that has won the Royal Agricultural Society a prize three times running. A laborer, named Richard Thompson, was chaining up a cow at Colchester when the animal attacked him, and thrust one of her horns into one of his eyeballs, completely smashing it. Thompson sustained serious injuries six months ago by being tossed by a

The young Polish pianist, Paderewski, has appeared in London. He appears to be an undeniable virtuoso, but not such a great musician. His fingering is extraordinary. He is more at home with the modern piano writers, especially Chopin and Mendelssohn, than with the older men. Captain Peters, master of the Hull steamer *Severn*, which reached Hull from Stockholm the other day, reports that while off the island of Oland, in the Baltic, a seaman engaged in painting the vessel's side fell overboard. The mate lowered a boat, but it was chained, and the mate and seaman were both drowned. A "Wild Cat" has been brought to London, for an attempt similar to that of Buffalo Bill. Eighty Arabs and a few negroes, including women and children, horses, camels, asses, dogs, tents—in fact, the Oriental outfit complete—have come over to exhibit the life and to execute the fantasies of the desert. A tramp named Thomas Smith is in custody at Southampton under peculiar circumstances. He entered the bar of the Foresters' Arms, and being ordered out, struck Mrs. Clark, the landlady, and then Mr. Clark. The latter, who is said to have suffered from heart disease, fell dead. He was only thirty-nine years of age. A century ago the Duke of Grafton called up his jockey, who had won two important races for him and said: "John Day, I have sent for you as I am going to make you a present for your good riding. There is a twenty pound note for you, and I hope you will not waste it, but take great care of it." A modern jockey has received as much as £3,000 for winning a single race. John Murphy, the old soldier affected with leprosy, whose case caused a good deal of alarm in Dublin a year ago, died on Friday evening in the Hardwicke Hospital. He joined the 73rd Highlanders in 1845, served in South Africa, India, and China, and left the army in 1872. In 1875 he was admitted as a pensioner to the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, and in 1882 first noticed the ailment which proved to be leprosy. On Tuesday an alarming accident occurred at Monk Bretton Colliery, near Barnsley, by which six men and boys narrowly escaped with their lives, and all were seriously crushed and injured. A runaway horse caught a timber tram and, dragging it down the incline at a terrific rate, caught the men in a narrow place. Two of the worst injured are John Barnes and Frank Standor, Barnsley, who are in the Beckett Hospital. The four others have dislocated shoulders and severe internal injuries. The lions of India are going like the buffalo of America. Within the memory of many persons lions were common enough in Rajputana, and even now a roar may be heard occasionally in the wildest parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being built through this country, and that will drive out the few remaining lions in the Central Provinces. Practically the only lions remaining are said to be the race existing in Kattywar. Their number remains, it is believed, pretty stationary. They are specially preserved for royal sport; but even they are regarded as doomed. A shocking gun accident occurred at Sheffield on Tuesday morning. Frank Bell, 23, labourer, and two friends were in a house at Darnall talking about shooting, and they examined a gun which was loaded and capped. The weapon was placed on the table without the stock and the men fell asleep, Bell lying with his head on the table. He awoke at three o'clock, and moving his arms knocked the gun barrel between his legs, causing the trigger to snap and explode the weapon. The charge of small shot struck him in the stomach and penetrated to the backbone. He died from his injuries in a short time. Baby-Farming Horrors in Russia. A St. Petersburg telegram says It is believed that some cases of baby-farming lately brought to light in Vilna will exceed in horror even those of Warsaw. Hundreds of infants are believed to have been murdered, as one of the midwives who has been arrested confesses that for several years her chief occupation was hiding the dead children in disused wells, canals, forests, &c. Another midwife arrested on suspicion has attempted to hang herself in her cell, but was prevented by the gaolers.



**Bit-Bits.**

**The Reason.**

Miss Keene—Why is it that more dudes are seen on the streets in the spring than at any other time of the year?  
Miss Peto—I suppose it is because they are in spring apparel, and in consequence the more noticeable.  
Miss Keene—No, it is because in the spring green things come out.

**Poor Smith.**

"What were Smith's last words?"  
"He didn't have the last word. His wife was with him when he died."

**Talking Shop.**

"My beau just tires me, Salie, when he calls; he is always talking shop."  
"What is his business?"  
"He is an undertaker."  
"Mine talks shop, too, but I rather like it; he doesn't tire me in the least."  
"What is his business?"  
"He is an ice cream manufacturer."  
"Oh—h—h!"

**At the Boarding House Table.**

He entered, and with smiling air  
The gathered boarders greeted,  
And soon beside the missus fair,  
The humorist was seated.

He said to her, with manner bland,  
His smiling look bent on her:  
"Pray what's the difference 'twixt you and  
The whale that swallowed Jonah?"

Then quickly answered, as for quail  
On toast he gave his order:  
"You take in boarders, but the whale  
Took an over-boarder."

**One for the Conductor.**

"This is a mighty slow road," said the discontented passenger.  
"No slower than it has ever been," replied the conductor.  
"I know better, sir," tartly rejoined the discontented passenger. "I've traveled over his road when it was a mighty sight faster."  
"I think not," said the conductor calmly, as he slowly punched the discontented passenger's ticket. "I think not. The road is just the same as it was when it was built. But," he added, with a far away look in his eyes, "the trains used to run faster."  
The the discontented passenger lighted a cigar, and smoking it viciously, glanced fiercely out of the window, unheeding the beauties of the landscape, which slowly fitted by.

**Not Devoted Enough to Please Her.**

Sam Potts met Moll Dorch in the road.  
"W'y, how is you, Sister Moll?"  
"I gives you thanks dat I've well, Brader Sam. Is all yo' erfairs in de prosperous 'dition?"  
"Mightly, sister, mighty. Haugs gittin' fatter an' fatter ever' day, an' de cows gib so much milk we doan know 'rhat ter do 'bout it. Whicher way you gwine under de rays o' dis yere lubly mawnin'?"  
"Jes er walkin' round ter 'joy do fresh a'r o' de season."  
"You looks like you 'joys de season, an' de season looks like it. 'joys you, sister, fur I el'ar to goodness I aint seed such a putty lady sense I wan't mo' den er year ole."  
"Go on, man, you kain't compermen' me."  
"I aint tryin' ter compermen' you—jes tryin' ter tell you some truf. I've had dis yere eye on you fur some time, an' ef ole Bob ever dies, w'y I wants you mighty bad. Yere me?"  
"Cose I yeres you, but look yere, man, mo an Bob dun been maired too laung ter talk datter way."  
"Doan . . . re how laung you been maired, he mout die."  
"Yas, Brader Sam, dat is de truf."  
"Say, Sis Moll, ef Bob does die woan you promise ter be my s'peret an' do bride say come? Oh, I so coatin de skriptor on you now, an you kain't git out fum under dat. Yere me?"  
"Cose I yeres you, but I doan wanter promise ter maire you."

"It is becauz you doan lub me, ain't it?"  
"Oh, no, dat ain't de cause."  
"Whut is, den?"  
"W'y, it's dis: Ef I wuzter promise ter maire you in de caso Bob dies, you—do you know whut you would do?"  
"Whut would I do, sweet lady?"  
"You'd pizen Bob, dat's whut you'd do."  
"No, I declare I wouldn't. I wouldn't do nothin' like dat fur ez much money ez I could stan' flat-footed an' lif."  
"Yas, Sam, I've er feerd you mout pizen him. Oh, I know you men. I ain't had my eyes shet all do time I's been er lady, I ain't. You'd pizen dat po' man sho' ef I wuzter promise ter maire you."  
"I tell you I swar dat I wouldn't," the old fellow pleaded. "I knows wher er pusson's duty is in dis yere life, an' I would be de las' man ter do nothin' wraung. No, I wouldn't pizen him, Sis Moll."  
"An' ef I wuzter promise dis minit to maire you when Bob dies you say you wouldn't pizen him?"  
"Sweet lady, I swar fo de Lawd I wouldn't."  
"Well, den, ef you wouldn't pizen him dar ain't no use in promisin' you. De man dat doan lub er woman hard ernuff ter pizen er pusson so he kin git her ain't my idee o' er luber. Go on er way now. I ain't gwine ter gib you my 'fections."—[Arkansas Traveler.

**One Way Out of it.**

Mr. Sampson (to Parson Johnson)—  
"What am de meaning ob de commandment dat says somefing 'bout not covet de belongings ob yo' neighbors?"  
Parson Johnson—"It means prezaetly what is writ. If yo' neighbor's got some yellor-dog pullets yo' don't want for to covet 'em."  
Mr. Sampson—"But s'posen yer neighbor's got a likesome daughter, ain it a sin to covet dat er gal?"  
Parson Johnson—"I done tole yo' dat yo' doesn't want to covet nuffin' belongin' ta yo' neighbors."  
"Well, s'posen dat a man lubs his neighbor's daughter so berry much dat he can't help covetin' her, what's a pusson gwine to do to get ober dat covetous feelin', eh?"  
Parson Johnson—"Marry de gal, ob course."

**A Big Discount.**

Eisenstein—"Vyare you inbleck, Apey?"  
Dmkheimer—"Yakey is det. He vas plown up mit dynamide."  
Eisenstein—"Ach: das ist horrible!"  
Dmkheimer—"Yez; bul der most horriblest pard vas det ve only regovered duty-vive per shent of der remains."

**On Business Bent.**

Distinguished Prince (at foreign watering place)—"My dear mees, you are looking so vigorous—so charmeeng! Surely you do not need to drink ze wataire."  
American Heiress—"No, Prince. This is my fifth season in Europe. I am not here for my health this time."

**She Thought He Needed It.**

"What was the trouble between you and your beau, Mamie?"  
"Oh! he was altogether too cold in his manner."  
"I see. And you fired him."

**What his Sister said to her "Other Fellow."**

"Sister's other feller come here last night," began the bad boy, after he was safely in the arms of his sister's regular visitor, devouring a quarter's worth of candy, "and I heard them talking about you."  
"What did they say?"  
"He was mad," replied the terror, "cause sis goes with you so much."  
"And what was her reply to him?" continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.  
"She said," began the youth again, "that he recedn't get mad 'cause you came to see her, as you was a soft snap and was saving him lots of money that would go to fixin' up their house after they were married."  
The look of contentment on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of death, and he hastily took his departure.

**A Friend in Need a Friend Indeed.**

Miss Bountiful—"How is poor John today, Mrs. Simmer?"  
Mrs. Simmer—"He's powerful bad, miss. The doctor says he can't live more'n a day or two longer."  
Miss Bountiful—"I am so cry sorry! John was such a faithful, good servant. What can I do to help you in your distress?"  
Mrs. Simmer—"Well, miss, if you really would like to help me, I'd be monstrous thankful if you'd give me a little money to buy a new parlor carpet. This one is so shabby I'll be reely ashamed to ast folks here to his funeral."

**No Inducement to Steal.**

Blobson (indignantly)—"I'd like to see the man who would steal my reputation!"  
Dumpsey (quietly)—"Yes, I guess it is perfectly safe."

**A Spoiled Romance.**

Two lovers went to the baseball game  
One afternoon in May,  
He was a "crank," she never had seen  
Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,  
She tried to understand;  
But the more he talked the less she knew  
Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"  
She calmly looked about,  
And if any one made a three-base hit  
She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,  
But when the game was done  
He found that whenever a foul was hit  
She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say:  
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"  
And each question she asked diminished his  
Love,  
Though he wouldn't have owned to that.

Till at last she asked in a guileless way,  
"Which nine is playing now?"  
He broke the engagement then and there,  
And now they don't even bow.

**Just a Trifle too Late.**

"Will you be my wife, Jennie?" queried the rustic lover.  
"I am very sorry for you, James," replied the blushing maiden, "but you are just one day too late. I am engaged to your brother George."  
"Engaged to my brother? Why, haven't I courted you for seven long years?"  
"Yes, James. But in all that time you never asked me to be your wife before! Your brother George was here last evening and he said to me: 'Jennie, it's none of my business, but has Jim proposed to you yet?' Of course I had to say 'No!' Then he said: 'Well, Jennie, I have never courted you, but I want a wife. Will you have me?' Then I said 'Yes!' and it was settled. So you see, James, there's no use of feeling disappointed in regard to the matter. It will do no good now. You've no one to blame in this matter but just yourself!"  
Then James crushed his hat down over his beetling brows and meandered forth into the pale moonlight, a wiser if not sadder man.

**How She Worked Him.**

Wife (tundly)—"Charles, can you spare me a little money to-day for a new dress?"  
Husband (hurriedly)—"My dear, I can't. I have a number of bills to pay, and my creditors are pressing me."  
Wife (sweetly)—"Well, I needn't trouble you, dear! If you cannot spare me any money, please don't feel bad about it. I'll manage to get along. I'll just go and see what the women are a nuisance about. I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money."  
Husband (staring)—"What?"  
Wife (sweetly)—"I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money."  
Husband (staring)—"What?"  
Wife (sweetly)—"I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money. I'll see if I can't get a little more money."

**A Man of Few Words.**

A young man, some years ago, arrived at a certain inn, and, after alighting from his trap, went into the commercial room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows:

"Water!"  
"Yes, sir!"  
"I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say."

"Yes, sir!"  
"In the first place, bring me in a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar and also a teaspoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire and sweep up the parter; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out."

"Tell the hostler to take charge of my horse, dress him well, and let me know when he's ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired and that there's a glass of water in the room."

"Ask your mistress what I can have for supper. Tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort. Desire your master to step in; I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of the town."

The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the commercial room wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

**Mrs. Austin's Resolution Not to Talk.**

Mrs. Austin read the other day about a woman who, to punish her husband for his meanness, resolved not to speak a word so long as she lived, and actually kept her resolution for over forty years. Now she had no idea of keeping a forty years fast tongue-tied—but her husband had picked her up so often when she did speak that she thought that she would try the virtue of silence a little while, anyhow, and she proceeded to put her resolution into immediate execution. And she determined to use a slate to write out her sentiments, chucking to herself as she thought how astonished Mr. Austin would be when he found that she had fore-worn talking as a punishment to him for wronging her so.

To her chagrin M. Austin didn't come home to dinner, so she was denied the opportunity of posing as a mute before him that evening. Nor did he show up until the small hours of the morning, and then he was carrying a hefty jug.

"Who'm—I—who are you?" hiccupped Mr. Austin, as he staggered into the sitting-room.

Then Mrs. Austin wrote on the slate which she had ready for his coming, "I am your own dear wife, John, but I can never speak a word to you more."

Mr. Austin gazed at it in a dazed sort of way and said, "Who told yer to—er—put it on er slate. I pays for what I g—"  
Then he seized the slate and tried to break it on the air railing.

Austin's wife, who was sitting in the room, saw the slate flying through the air and she caught it before it hit the wall.

"What's that?" she asked, holding the slate up to the light.  
"That's a slate," said Mr. Austin, "and it's yours now. I'll give you a new one if you'll stop talking."

"I won't," said Mrs. Austin, "but I'll write you a letter if you'll stop talking."

"I won't," said Mr. Austin, "but I'll give you a new slate if you'll stop talking."

"I won't," said Mrs. Austin, "but I'll write you a letter if you'll stop talking."

"I won't," said Mr. Austin, "but I'll give you a new slate if you'll stop talking."

"I won't," said Mrs. Austin, "but I'll write you a letter if you'll stop talking."

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED]

# BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

Author of "FETTERED FOR LIFE," "THE ADMIRABLE LADY EDDY FANE," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER III.

"Is it far to Grahame Towers?" she asked the porter.

"A matter of four or five miles before you get to the park, and then there's best part of a mile to the house. Take a fly, Miss."

"Yes, fetch my luggage, please. There are two tin boxes with my name on them—Grahame."

She changed her last half sovereign at the refreshment bar where she had a cup of tea, gave the porter a shilling, and looking in the portenonnais at her slender resources as the fly started on its journey, she said to herself, "If I find no one there, whatever shall I do?"

She had taken irrevocable steps: but her courage had been sorely tried by the love of those she was leaving behind for ever. Even Mrs. Vic, at the last moment, had broken down, and forgiving had, with tears in her eyes, begged her to stay on. As for Tinkleton and the girls, the way they took on at parting was quite dreadful to remember.

In addition to these memories, reaction after the excitement of last night made the girl's heart very heavy indeed.

Her spirits revived, however, when the driver, turning round, pointed with his whip to a massive building rising boldly out of the dark green oaks on a distant hill, and told her it was Grahame Towers. It was something to feel that a place of such imposing grandeur, with all those green woods about it, was hers. The pride of her heart was stirred again when she caught sight of the magnificent avenue guarded by rampant pillars flanking the great gates at the entrance. It was noble—and, thank goodness, the gates were open.

Half way up the great drive, they met a wain charged with the trunk of an enormous oak.

"Cutting my timber!" exclaimed Nessa with indignation.

A little further on the driver pulled up. A gentleman in shooting costume stood with a gun under his arm directly in the way.

It was clear to see by his commanding presence, that he was master there.

As the fly stopped, he came to the side, and, seeing a lady, raised his hat.

It was three years since they met, and for the moment he failed to recognize Nessa. Three years make a great difference in the appearance of a girl at that time of life; they make little or none in a man of middle age.

Nessa knew him at once, though his black whiskers, which were formerly trimmed to a point, were now shaved to the fashionable military cut—she knew him by those long, sleepy eyes, and that odious smile.

She bowed with severe formality. In that moment he perceived that the haughty young lady before him was the disagreeable child he had seen last in a short dress.

"Why on earth have you come?" he exclaimed, the amiability gleaming from his face, and leaving the two lines from the wings of his eyes.

"Why on earth have you come?" she asked, and I intend to stay in this house.

"I shall not be of age for three years," she said, and I intend to stay in this house.

"Why, how old can you be?" she asked, and I intend to stay in this house.

"I was eighteen in June," she said, and I intend to stay in this house.

"Only eighteen? And, of course, when you are twenty-one you will have more than twice as much money as you have now," she said, and I intend to stay in this house.

"Oh, I shall have everything. This estate—all is left to me," she said, and I intend to stay in this house.

Mrs. Redmond stopped with an exclamation that had something of dismay in it, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she drew Nessa's arm closer to her side, and said—

"You must forgive me, dear. This is such a surprise, and I feel so wounded to think that my husband should not have told me something about his position. I daresay he has his own independent fortune, but beyond that he has nothing whatever to come—to come from this estate."

"Nothing that he can legally claim; but of course," said Nessa, her generous disposition overcoming her late hostility "of course I should never—never—" She hesitated, at a loss to find a phrase that might convey her new friend of a kindly intention regarding her feelings.

with anger. "Turn round," he added, "addressing the driver impatiently."

The driver turned about with a grin on his broad face and said

"Where am I to take you now, Miss?"

"To the nearest magistrate."

"Why, that's Sir Thomas Bullen at the Chase."

"Then drive to the Chase."

Then turning slightly towards Redmond, she added, "If I have no right to set foot in my own house, you certainly have none."

"You think the magistrate has the power to settle a legal question of that kind?" Redmond said with an assumption of contempt that failed to check his anxiety, laying his hand on the side of the fly, keeping pace with it as the driver turned the horse's head.

"No; but he may tell me what steps to take to prevent you from cutting the timber on my estate," said Nessa, beginning to lose control of her temper; "and he may tell me," she continued, with rising anger, "how I may learn whether the eight hundred a year allowed for my maintenance has been properly applied."

The blow stunned Redmond. He had reason to dread inquiry. He could say nothing. His narrow, unsteady eyes betrayed the fear and the venomous hatred in his heart.

"Who-oh!" cried the driver, reining in his horse, as a light phaeton came sharply round the bend in the drive.

"Damnation!" muttered Redmond, furiously, as he caught sight of the phaeton and the lady who drove in it; the next moment, with abject entreaty in his face, he turned to Nessa and said, hurriedly in a low tone—

"For God's sake, go away! There's an hotel in Lullingford. I'll meet you there this evening, and agree to anything you like to propose. Then, with an oath for the stolid man on the box, "Drive on. What are you waiting for?"

The driver nodded phlegmatically to Nessa for instructions. He was getting interested in the imbroghio, and was in no hurry. Nessa was the last person in the world to be moved by a bribe, and the bare idea of quitting the park as if she had no right to be there was sufficient incentive to stay there. Added to this, the lady in the phaeton so managed her spurred colt with rein and whip as to make it doubtful which side of the road she intended to keep. She wished to know something more about this fly and the horses, and the young lady, who even at a distance was strikingly pretty in her close-fitting jacket and neat hat. As she at length pulled up almost within hand's reach of Nessa she bowed, and looked to Redmond for an explanation.

There was no help for it. Redmond, with a sufficiently bad grace, introduced the two ladies.

"Miss Grahame, my—step-daughter."

Mrs. Redmond, my wife."

Mrs. Redmond smiled very sweetly, and bowed again. She was a very showy woman, tall and comely, with a heavy plait of shining yellow hair; dark eyebrows and lashes, and the most lovely pink-and-white complexion. Her white nose was a little too short, perhaps, and her upper lip a little too long; but her mouth was as small, and her eyes as large and divinely blue, as the conventional angels. At a distance Nessa thought she could not be more than five or six and twenty, but, on closer examination, she suspected herself in error. A little crease in the eyelid, a little plait under the eye, a certain thinness in the mobile nostrils, and a certain hardness in her throat when she turned her head, made Nessa believe that she might be six or six-and-thirty, or even more; for she had that sort of complexion which grows long in the whole, Nessa felt that she was looking at a woman who, despite the touch of age, which surely could not

with her husband, with the slightest interrogative lifting of her prettily-arched eyebrows.

"Miss Grahame came here to pay us a visit," he explained, with ill-concealed embarrassment; "but I have persuaded her to return to the hotel at Lullingford, where she will be much more at her ease. We have no accommodation in this wretched old ruin, you know."

"Oh, we are not so badly off as that, dear. We can certainly find a room, and if Miss Grahame will accept the best we have to offer—"

"Well, settle it as you please," interrupted Redmond. "I'm off for an hour's shooting," and, raising his hat, he turned his back and hurried off—saving himself, as was his habit, from the present difficulty, and leaving the worst for the future.

"Shall we walk up to the house, dear? Then we can talk as we go along," said Mrs. Redmond.

Nessa accepted readily. Mrs. Redmond handed the reins to the old man in livery who occupied the seat beside her, and, stepping to the ground, shook Nessa heartily by the hand.

"You will bring the luggage up to the house," she said to the flyman.

"If this here sort of thing goes on much longer," said the driver, as he once more turned his horse round, "my old oss will fancy he's in a suckus!"

"Do you know, dear," said Mrs. Redmond, taking Nessa's arm as they walked towards the house, "this is the first time I ever heard your name! Men are so reserved about business matters, and I suppose you have some business relations with him?"

"Oh, yes; he is my guardian. I came here to have an understanding with him about my position."

"Your guardian! How odd he should never have told me anything about it. I feel quite hurt, dear; it looks almost like a want of confidence. I knew, of course, that Mr. Redmond was a widower when I married him, but he never told me that Mrs. Grahame had left any children. Perhaps he thought I should want to have you with me—as I certainly should, having no children of my own—that was accountable while you were a child, for men don't like children, but you are not a child now. Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No, I don't know that I have any relations at all; I have never seen, never heard of any," said Nessa; and she gave a brief outline of her life at school, warming up as she went on under the stimulating sympathy of her companion, and telling finally the manner of her leaving Eagle House.

Mrs. Redmond was immensely tickled with her account of the pertinence, which Nessa gave with considerable humour, being of an impulsive and expansive nature.

"You can't tell how glad I am that you have come here, dear," said Mrs. Redmond; "and I'm sure that, with the money it would cost to keep you at school, you can provide amply for all your wants. Of course, your mamma left a proper provision for you."

"Oh, yes. I have a copy of her will in my box. I was to have eight hundred a year during my minority."

"Eight hundred a year! That's quite a great deal. Eight hundred a year!" she repeated, reflectively. "But, surely, dear you will soon be of age, you look quite a woman."

"I know what you would say," said Mrs. Redmond; "that if my husband should happen to be in difficulties, and we found ourselves without a penny in the world at the end of three years, you would give us a home and food—"

She stopped, choked with disappointment, indignation, envy, and malice; but in the next moment masked her feelings under a Judas' kiss, as she murmured, "Oh, you dear, dear, generous, kind-hearted friend!"

"Oh, you dear, dear, generous, kind-hearted friend!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## A DAY OF RECKONING.

An embarrassing silence succeeded Mrs. Redmond's effusive outburst as they walked on, and then, happily, Nessa found something else to think about and talk about as they came to the end of the drive and she got a fair view of the house.

It was a long, gabled building, standing on a terrace, with a gatehouse in the middle flanked by two towers, the gate opening on to a courtyard beyond. The face of the west wing was completely covered with ivy; the growth on the east wing had been cut away in places to give light to the windows of the inhabited rooms, and stripped down from the richly-carved largeboard of the end gable. The gatehouse and one of the towers alone showed the rich red bricks of the building and something of its fine architectural details. One of the chimney stacks in the west wing had fallen; there was a black hole in the lichen-covered roof where the tiles had been broken in. The weathercock over the gate had lost two of its arms; a rusted beacon basket hung from an iron gibbet on the tower. It was very picturesque, but particularly dismal. The ornamental grounds in the foreground gave evidence of neglect that was hardly less depressing to Nessa's spirits than the signs of decay in the fine old house. What must at one time have been a smooth lawn was now nothing but a waste of rank grass and thistles; clumps of briar and bramble marked the place of flower beds. The yew hedge skirting the lawn was ragged and patchy; the trimmed figures in it had grown into shapeless monsters; there was not even a wild flower to give a touch of gaiety to the sombre scene.

"Oh, I didn't think it was like this!" Nessa exclaimed, with an accent of regret. "I daresay not. I would not have come if I had known what it was like. It's like a horrid old church, and the rooms smell like vaults. And, look—nothing but trees to be seen. I detest the country."

"Then why did you come?"

"Because my husband talked about a pony chaise, and a fine old mansion, and shooting parties, and the society of good old country families. I got the pony chaise—before I left London; but as to the rest—well, that's the fine old mansion, the only shooting party I've seen is my husband, and the nearest good old family lives three miles off, and is never at home. I'm sorry enough I ever came here; and so are you, dear, already, I daresay."

"No, I am not," replied Nessa, in a tone of firmness that was not lost upon her observant companion. "Oh, it's a shame to let the place go like this!" she added, catching sight of a piece of varred wood on the heap of ivy that had been torn down from the largeboard.

"I suppose somebody is responsible for the estate," said Mrs. Redmond, tentatively.

"Yes; I know there is a clause in the will providing a certain fund for the executor to employ in keeping the house and park in order."

"In addition to the sum for your maintenance, dear?"

"Yes; the two are so distinct. You shall see for yourself."

"I might be able to explain it. Tell me, dear, who is the executor?"

"Mr. Redmond."

Mrs. Redmond's face expressed no surprise now, but rather confirmation in a foregone conclusion, as she nodded her head slowly half closing her eyes, her small mouth so tightly pursed that her long upper lip formed an unbroken line with her chin, her thin nostrils whitening with their dilatation.

Nessa felt inexpressibly uncomfortable, finding in her hostility to Redmond an ally in his wife. She would rather have dealt with both as enemies or friend.

The flyman had discharged the luggage, and was waiting at the gate to be paid.

"I know what you would say," said Mrs. Redmond; "that if my husband should happen to be in difficulties, and we found ourselves without a penny in the world at the end of three years, you would give us a home and food—"

She stopped, choked with disappointment, indignation, envy, and malice; but in the next moment masked her feelings under a Judas' kiss, as she murmured, "Oh, you dear, dear, generous, kind-hearted friend!"

"Oh, you dear, dear, generous, kind-hearted friend!"

Nessa would have hastened her steps, but Mrs. Redmond detained her.

"One moment, dear," said she, stopping short; "do you know how much that lund was for keeping the house in repair?"

"Two thousand pounds, I think."  
"And as he has not spent a penny of the money on the place, he will have that nice little sum to answer for when the time comes to settle with you. He can put that off for three years; but there's another account that he will have to settle to-night. His day of reckoning with me has come!"

It was just ten when Redmond entered the house. Leaving his gun in the long hall, he opened the door of the library, that served now as a living room, and walked in with as good an air of carelessness as he could assume. A lamp burnt on the oak table; the shade casting a bright glare of light upon the dark wood threw all beyond its circle into darkness. He looked furtively round, and then, encouraged by the silence to hope that there was no one in the room, he tilted the shade and glanced beyond. The light fell upon his wife, stretched at full length on a couch, and in particular lit up her fine eyes, which were fixed on himself. "Hope I haven't woke you up," he said lightly.

"No."  
"Are you alone?"  
"Yes."  
"Where's Miss Grahame?"  
"Gone to bed."  
There was nothing unusual in Mrs. Redmond's laconic replies. Neither of them wasted words upon the other under ordinary circumstances. He began to think that things were not so bad as he had expected. This so frequently happens. He sat down, feeling quite amiably disposed towards his wife.

"Sorry she's gone," he said "I wanted to make it all right with her. You know I wanted to send her back to Lullingford, because I thought she would be such a bother to you, as we have only one servant here."

"She will not give me any trouble."  
"I should have come home before, but I met that Johnson, don't you know? and he would have me go home with him."

"Indeed!"  
"Hope you didn't wait dinner for me."  
"No; I knew you wouldn't come home till you thought the coast was clear. You never do when you're afraid."

"Afraid? You don't suppose I fear that girl?" His voice rose.  
"If you don't fear her yet awhile, you do me." Her voice rose also.

"May I ask what reason I have to fear you?" he asked in that lofty tone assumed by those people who put on what they call "side."

"You fear me, I suppose, because you have not a great stock of courage. If you cannot imagine any other reason, it's not worth the trouble of talking about."

"Oh, of course, you are angry because I didn't tell you of the existence of this girl. What was the use of telling you? You would only have worried about it."

"And you do not like being worried, do you?"  
"No, I don't."

"There, we will say no more about it." And by a considerable effort of self-control she maintained a silence that perplexed and troubled her husband.

At length, affecting a yawn, and stretching his arms, he said—  
"Are you coming up now?"  
"No."

"Well, I shall, I'm done up. By the way," he added, rising, "I think I shall go over to the Moor for three or four days' shooting."

"You needn't stay away so long. Miss Grahame is going to-morrow."  
"Oh, well, I'm glad of that. Where's she going?"  
"To London with me."

"What are you going there for?"  
"To see your wife's will at Somerset House."

Redmond's hands dropped into his pockets, and he stared at his wife in silent astonishment. She was looking now placidly at her toes, which she kept tapping together as her heels rested on the couch in a monotonous rhythm.

"You know what's in that will," he said, with difficulty stammering his voice.  
"I know what was in the will you showed me when your wife was dying. She left everything to her 'dear husband, James"

Redmond." But that does not agree with the copy Miss Grahame showed me this evening, in which your wife leaves everything to her 'dear daughter, Venessa Grahame.' I'm going to find out the truth with my young friend."

He sank down on the chair, looking aghast at his wife. When she languidly turned her eyes towards him, he shifted his chair that the light of the lamp might not fall on his face. She laughed at his discomfiture. "There was no getting out of it; he wanted now to know the worst."

"And what shall we do," he asked with an effort, "supposing the will is in favour of that girl?"

"Supposing it is?" she said dropping her feet to the ground quickly. "Supposing it is!" she replied, rising and coming toward him with slow steps that kept time to her words. "You lying, cowardly, mean, miserable, crawling cad—you know it is! And you ask me what I shall do, as if I were fool enough to show my hand to such a shuffling trickster as you. One thing you may be sure of—I shan't stay to go down in a sinking ship with you. And go down you will, as surely as any other fool who puts out in a rotten shell. I shall see you in rags whining for charity to the girl you have robbed—if you are not sent to prison for robbing children in the streets; that's the only crime you have the courage for."

He did not attempt to defend himself. She looked at him, the supine villain, in mute disgust for a minute; then he raged rising again with the sense that she had been waxed by such a creature, she continued:

"The will you showed me when your wife was dying, was a forgery—you admit it"—he did not deny it but sat in stolid silence—"you forged it to hoodwink me. I believed it was a forgery, but I gave you credit for enough courage to stand by the forgery for your own sake. Why didn't you let the will stand, you fool?"

"I should have been found out; she had already made a will—the will that exists. It was too obvious; and I—I—I couldn't get the signature right. I—I couldn't sleep until it was burnt."

"You thought only of your own comfort—of sleeping easily. You never thought of me. You were content with having tricked me—with taking me out of the profession to satisfy your wretched jealousy, with leading me to throw away a dozen chances of settling well. I might have had any man I chose to look at."

"You preferred me."  
"Why? Not for your virtues. You know it was for a fortune I accepted you. And having got me to believe in your promise, you did nothing to fulfil it."

"Yes, I did. I took her brother's name out of the codicil and put in my own. That was safe. It gave us twelve thousand pounds and you've had your share of it. I didn't do that without risk. The will would have been disputed if the brother hadn't died in the very nick of time, thank God!"

"How much is there left of that money?"  
"Not a penny. I'm cutting the trees to pay your debts. It's a you who have spent it all. I am a careful man."

"You will have to be more careful in the future especially in your dealings with women. Before a week's out you will have to answer for the money you have misappropriated, and you won't cut a stick, unless it's your own, after to-morrow."

He wiped the perspiration from his face with his trembling hand.  
"I've done everything for the best," he whined. "God knows I haven't got much pleasure by it. It was all for you. I shouldn't have done it for myself. You won't hunt me down for that, will you?"

She had seated herself, and sat tapping the ground impatiently with her feet. Her silence encouraged him to hope faintly.

"It's no good flogging a dead horse," he muttered.  
She turned her shoulder upon him with a jerk, and an exclamation of disgust and contempt.

"Dead horse? If you had the spirit of a cat I could hate you less."

"You can do yourself no good; she can't touch a farthing of her fortune for three years. Why not let things go on till the worst comes?"

"Do you think the girl will wait passive while you rob her for three years? Not she. She doesn't need my help doesn't want it. If I help her it is simply to help myself."

"She can do nothing without money. You have not lent her anything?"

"No."  
"Then what can she do? She has no friends."

"None?"  
"Not a soul. She can't get to London without money; and if she could, what lawyer would open a suit in Chancery without seeing his fees? You have not promised to take her to a lawyer?"

"It wouldn't matter what I had promised if I altered my purpose."  
"You won't take her, Maud," he entreated.

"Can you suggest anything more to my advantage?" She turned about and looked him steadily in the face as she slowly put the question.

He tried to meet her eyes that he might learn from them what it was she expected of him.  
"We have been a long while coming to the point; but I thought it might be worth while," she continued in the same slow, suggestive undertone.

"I should have sat up all night to speak to you on the subject." She paused again, giving him time to get the idea she had led up to.

He blinked under her fixed regard, and then faltered.  
"Of course I will do all I can for you. Three years is a good long time. And the timber is valuable."

"Bah!" she exclaimed, turning away once more in impatient disgust. "You are only fit to be a pickpocket." And then, as quickly turning back upon him, "Do you think I am to be satisfied with despicable pilfering? Do you think a few pounds—a few thousands, if you like—do you think that will recompense me for the best years of my life that have been thrown away upon you?"

"What can I do?" he asked in a piteous tone of helplessness.  
"What can you do?" she repeated.

"Why, get me the whole of that fortune for which I married you."  
"How can I—how can I? The money can only come to me, even by that codicil, in the event of the girl's death."

Mrs. Redmond rose from her chair, and crossed noiselessly to the door. She opened it quickly, and glanced up and down the hall; then she closed it, and returning to her husband, she said

"You've got it at last! That's it! The girl must die!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Baby Still in the Ring.

While a Buffalo family was moving, the mother suddenly missed the baby. The infant could be heard crying, and the mother finally conjectured that she was inside of a roll of carpet. It was true. The baby had been left in the middle of the sitting-room floor, and the men who took up the carpet tossed a breadth over her without observing her, rolled her up in it, and stood the carpet up in the hall. The child when rescued was punctured here and there with rusty tacks, and its mouth was partly stuffed with carpet dust, but otherwise it was quite unhurt.

Two enthusiastic English pedestrians, Charles Long and A. Astor, have just accomplished the feat of journeying round Europe on foot. This extraordinarily long walk was undertaken purely for pleasure. They left London towards the latter end of May last year, journeying on foot to Dover, where they crossed the Channel to Calais. This, with the exception of crossing the Baltic, was the only occasion on which they performed any portion of the journeying otherwise than on foot. They did not touch Paris, but proceeded from Calais to Lille, Lille and Dieppe, and then on, after kissing the coast line as far as Brest, Nantes, Bordeaux. Hence they proceeded through the provinces of the Lower Charante across the Pyrenees into Spain, going on to Portugal as far south as Lisbon and Oporto, and then right across the country to Barcelona. Skirting the Mediterranean they reached Trieste and Venice, and then on into Austria, they went across Russia, Poland, and Petersburg. From there they went to Riga, and then to Norway and Sweden, and finally to London and back to Dover.

FOOT NOTES.

Pedal Extremities and What to Wear on Them.

The English waukenphast is the ideal shoe for tramping. The tan goat button or lace shoe will be used for traveling or the seashore.

A few ties are seen with an embroidery of beads, silver, steel or gold, in a more or less elaborate design all over the toe and each side of the eyelets.

The "front lace" will be the prevailing style for street wear; they are made of patent leather, French flannel enamel or glazed dongola, with black or colored cloth or oze tops. Also, figured silk tops.

The satin Oxford tie, or one-strap sandal slipper, laced or plain to match costume, with pointed toes and Louis XV heel, are to be worn on full dress occasions. Misses' and children's shoes are displayed in endless varieties.

For those favoring the lace shoe, the grey or tan undressed kid, with patent leather trimmings and pump soles and Louis XV heel. Also same style in bronze, with cloth top to match, are among the novelties for afternoon wear.

The long, slim foot is the stylish shape. The cramped-up, knotty knuckles have gone out. The girl who wore 3½ now wears a 4½ shoe, and finds that her feet look smaller and feel more comfortable than they ever did before.

Low-cut shoes are very popular for summer wear among gentlemen. Some fancy them because of the appearance, but more on account of their being cooler, and therefore more comfortable than most high shoes. The old favorites, the lace, elastic and button Oxfords are regular stock in trade.

Tight shoes are always a mistake, as they ruin the feet they are supposed to improve; but quite as frequently mistakes are made in the opposite direction. It is not a new idea that shoes that fit so loosely that the feet move about in them with every step, produce as bad results as tight ones; and it is even asserted, on good authority, that people who systematically wear tight shoes never have corns. A change from tight shoes to very loose ones is sure to be followed by these tormenta.

Facts About Flags.

1. To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colours in token of submission. 2. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Some flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners. 3. A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation. 4. The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of a white flag. 5. The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In some countries it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder. 6. The black flag is a sign of piracy. 7. The yellow shows a vessel to be in quarantine, or is a sign of a contagious disease. 8. A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return a flag at half-mast to announce the death of some of the crew. 9. A flag at half-mast is lowered slightly and then again to salute a vessel.

The flag of the United States is an exception to the above, as it is never lowered to signify mourning or death. It is only lowered to salute a vessel.

# A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

## CHAPTER VII. DANCING ATTENDANCE.

Life at *The Grand* begins betimes in the morning, for there are some who believe that a few drops of nasty water from a spa, if taken before breakfast, will repair a shattered constitution, and even refit it for another voyage upon the ocean of Excess; very early, therefore, a straggling procession of shaly folks is seen issuing from the hotel portals, and betaking themselves to the Temp<sup>l</sup> of Hygeia, a damp well, with a couple of spigots in it, each of which is a fountain of health. The one on the right hand is a sovereign medicine for the liver, that on the left is equally efficacious for the spleen. Among this woe-begone crowd may be observed not a few young people afflicted with disorders of the affections, who find the spa a convenient spot for meeting with their beloved objects. Glass in hand the bashful maiden, glass in eye the enamoured swain, warbler about the undulating and many-seated "grounds," which the corporation of Shingleton has laid out at a great expense, ostensibly for recreation, but in reality for this very purpose. The undulations are little knolls embowered in trees, and like the seats, adapted for two persons only. For Shingleton-on-Sea is one of the great matrimonial marts to which the fashionable of both sexes repair when London is a desert; the flirtations which have formally received the paternal or maternal consent are carried on here every afternoon to the soft music of the spa band; but those in embryo, which are regarded by the domestic authorities with disfavour, are pursued in the morning only, under favour of Hygeia. To say of a young lady at Shingleton that she takes the waters early, is to hint that she has a clandestine attachment; while in the case of a young gentleman, the simple phrase "He has a liver," has a signification with his rude companions beyond its mere anatomical truth.

The early visitors to the spa are, however, but few in number compared with the rest of the inmates of the hotel, who are for the most part late sitters and late risers. The breakfast epoch for those "upon the establishment" ranges from nine to eleven, and that meal, in the private sitting rooms, is sometimes served at an even later hour.

The Pennants were no sluggards, yet Mabel Denham, fresh from the country parsonage, and accustomed to early hours, found, on her descending to their parlour, a chambermaid sweeping the carpet, and not even the breakfast-cloth laid. It was but natural, then, that in order to escape the dust and the coming waiter, she should come out into the balcony, where the sea-breeze was blowing freshly, teasing the boats, and creaming the waves and giving life to every object. How delightful everything looked, and was, thought she, at Shingleton! How pleasant it must be to be rich, and able to live at such a place as *The Grand* all one's life! (The Pennants were not rich, but during the honeymoon we can afford to be a little extravagant, or we have no business to marry at all.) How nice everybody was

yet seen, and how anxious to please! Mrs. Marshall, it is true, was rather plain, but then she was very good-natured, and dear old Professor had quite a kind and gentle way of talking, and really

was a very nice man, and his wife was a very nice woman, and they were all so kind and good-natured, and really

very nice people, and they were all so kind and good-natured, and really

before one! How early people began croquet. —No; it was only a young man knocking the balls about with his foot. Good gracious! what was she to do? He had actually taken off his hat to her! Ought she to bow? For she saw it was Mr. Winthrop's son—or to go in-doors at once? She did neither, but only blushed exceedingly, and stared out to sea—not to see him. He had a very bold disagreeable look, which she did not wish to meet again. She hoped he was not to accompany them in their expedition that day, for Frederick had taken even a greater dislike to him than to his father. He was still looking at her, with his hat off, and it made her very hot and uncomfortable. But she would not be driven in by his rudeness, nor notice it in any way.

"A silver sixpence for your thoughts, Miss Mabel," said a voice so sudden and so close beside her that she started as it was, "made her jump." But she was delighted to find the Professor at her elbow, in such trying circumstances, and welcomed him with grateful eyes.

"I was looking at the light-house on that far promontory," said she, "and thinking how nice it must be to live there all alone."

"That was a very cruel thought, my dear young lady," said Mr. Flint, unconscious of the fil: "but still, here's the sixpence."

"But that is not a sixpence, nor a silver coin at all—it is a gold one."

"Yes, because you cannot hang a sixpence to your chatelein, where I wish you to hang this. It is a Celtic ornament, and may, for all we know, have been some maiden's amulet more than a thousand years ago. If my good will could endow it with magic charm, care should never furrow that happy brow of yours. Will you wear it for my sake?"

"Indeed I will, Mr. Flint. But the coin is so pretty and doubtless rare that I hardly like to rob you of it."

"It is very old," said the Professor gravely, "and therefore the more fit to remind you of the giver." There was a short pause, during which Mabel caught once more the noise of the croquet balls and blushed. Mr. Flint also heard it, and looking down, recognized the younger Winthrop.

A frown passed over the Professor's face, followed by a look of ineffable sadness. He had lived so wholly among men, and so much of their lying talk of women, that for a moment he half believed that this bright innocent creature was in the balcony by design, because Horn Winthrop was on the lawn.

"The light-house you were thinking of is farther than it looks, Miss Denham; but it is not far from the spot for which we are bound this morning. When you are tired of our antiquarian researches, which doubtless you soon will be—we will visit it."

"I should enjoy that of all things," said Mabel. "There has always seemed to me something almost sublime about a light-house, where folks watch, while others sleep, to warn their fellow-creatures of peril."

"What a pity it is," sighed the Professor thoughtfully, "that there are no light-houses for landmen and householders, no sleepless eye to warn them of shoal and rock of the Shallow and the Crnel; at least save the eye of God," added the Professor reverently, "may that watch over you, young lady, and guard you always from all harm."

There was a gravity in Mr. Flint's manner which, while it convinced Mabel of the genuineness of his regard, depressed her. Even the heat of tea, when we are young, are somewhat of Dame Quickly's opinion, that there is no need to speak of serious matters; and it was a positive relief to May when her brother-in-law appeared at the breakfast window, summo<sup>n</sup>g her to breakfast, and decouncing her for flirting with Professor Flint, instead of attending to the tea.

Very merry meal, during which she did not escape Mrs. Marshall's eye, and was the subject of the part of the conversation which she heard of in the carriage on her way home.

always as Mrs. Marshall remarked to herself with intense satisfaction at her own sagacity—upon that side of it on which Miss Denham sat. It was all nonsense that his presence was necessary there to direct the driver to their destination. He was an excellent horseman, and the steed he rode excited even Mr. Pennant's admiration. His hat, on which was a slender band of black, concealed his slight baldness, the only evidence of age which his appearance exhibited; and he looked scarce five-and-thirty. It was difficult to conceive of him that he was the father of the tall swarthy youth who was lounging on the hotel steps as they took their departure, and to whom he hurriedly introduced them as they started. He made himself as agreeable as the circumstances permitted, which were certainly not favorable for conversation. Equestrian exercise never is, which is doubtless the reason why great talkers seldom use it: the clatter of hoofs and the rapid motion are incompatible with the interchange of intelligent ideas, and the wisest man, when he mounts his horse, becomes either commonplace or dumb. This is especially the case when the rider has to discourse with others who are on wheels; what he hears is half rumble; he is blinded by the dust or smacked on the cheek by the mud of the road, which sticks there, and renders him ridiculous; he has to break off in the middle of an eloquent sentiment because the way grows narrow; or he meets a wagon, and by the time he has resumed his place, and concludes his sentence he finds his hearers have either forgotten his existence, or are talking of something else, or have taken advantage of his temporary absence to turn his opinions into ridicule. Finally, the horse, even if it is "a clever horse," is one of the stupidest of created animals, and is almost certain, if the chance is offered, to "bark" either his own leg or that of his rider against a wheel.

Mr. Winthrop, for example, who is full of social anecdote this morning, has a capital story to tell the ladies about the clergyman of Shingleton. "The living, you know (thump, thump, and a twig of a tree in his eye), 'is in the gift of Lord Muscat."

"Lord Muskrat?" says Mrs. Marshall: "what a funny name!"

A butcher's cart drives Mr. Winthrop into the rear before he can set right this mistake, which renders his story ridiculous at starting, and spoils the point.

"Lord Muskrat belongs to the Shrew family," remarks the Professor gravely. "They possess the peculiarity of having webbed feet."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Flint, you don't say so!" cries Mrs. Marshall. "Now, that's very curious. The Winthrops themselves, as I was telling Mrs. Pennant last night, have all so something very peculiar about them. Their fingers are not exactly webbed, but

—but here he comes again."

"Lord Muscat is the patron of the living," explains Mr. Winthrop, flushed with exertion and out of humour with his horse, who is worried by flies; "and when it fell vacant the other day, he gave it to the present rector, under the following circumstances."

The circumstances immediately following was a mail cart, coming up at twelve miles an hour, which drove Mr. Winthrop forward at a canter, and postponed the narration for full a minute. In the meantime the conversation was turned upon letter-carriage in the present day, the speed of which the Professor is contrasting with that in vogue during his boyhood, and the company are just getting interested in an illustration of slow delivery, when Mr. Winthrop strikes in again, with "It was in a church at Bethnal Green—you have heard of the *Dogger of Bethnal Green*, Miss Denham—that Muscat heard him preach. He was doing somebody else's duty there, being what I believe is called a lack parson. Hold up, will you, you stopped best!" (this through his teeth to his horse, who had nearly come down upon his nose)—"and Muscat was delighted with him—liked his sermon immensely because it only lasted five or six minutes, and after service thus addressed him: 'I am Lord Muscat: the living of Shingleton, which belongs to me, is vacant. In all probability, I shall give it to you; but I live there myself, so you must let me see your wife.'"

Here the road narrowed, and Mr. Winthrop had to retire again, leaving everybody very uncomfortable.

Nobody else spoke; all remained in a state of tension and embarrassment until Mr. Winthrop once more appeared. "I think it was so nice of his lordship," said he, "to find out first, before giving the man the living, whether his wife was a lady or not; it showed such consideration for society."

"I don't think it showed much consideration for the clergyman's feelings," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"One pockets one's feelings when one pockets twelve hundred a year," answered Mr. Winthrop: "that is," added he hastily, perceiving Mabel's look of displeasure, "it is only too usual to do so."

There are few things more difficult than for a cynical man of the world to ingratiate himself with an honest young girl who has a sense of justice; the caustic speech which long use has rendered natural to him is not only unappreciated, but unwelcome to her, and he needs all his intelligence to repair the errors of his own wit. Mr. Winthrop was a cynic to the backbone; he had been all round the world, and found it "a very small affair"—not too large, indeed, to have been made solely for his private pleasure and advantage. The misfortunes of others, as long as they did not affect himself, failed to depress him or distress his mind; and he took the utmost possible care of his constitution; but still he was not quite the man he had been. The bald spot on the top of his head affected his spirits. He would have devastated a province, if by so doing he could have restored that little handful of hair; not from vanity, but because its loss perforce reminded him that he had passed the table-land of middle life, and was beginning that long descent, every step of which is a bathos; the pleasures of life had begun to pall with him, and, as usual, sarcasm had taken the place of youthful spirit. He knew that this was a sore impediment in the way of ingratiating himself with a young girl like Mabel Denham; but he had never yet failed in an attempt to make himself agreeable to the other sex, and he was surely not yet too old to succeed in this case. To fail would not only be a disappointment—it would be a catastrophe, for it would convince him of his own decline. It was bitterness to him to have to swallow his bitter words, and to affect sentiments he despised; but to have to acknowledge to himself that he was no longer young, would indeed befall and worriment. Mr. Winthrop hated hypocrisy, because it gave him trouble and lying, because it was a strain upon his memory; loathe of all kinds was distasteful to him; but having once set his mind upon the attainment of any object, he was prepared for sacrifices that would have been shrunk from by many a less selfish man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Home First.

Let home stand first before all other things: No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, before everything else build up a true home. Be not its slave; be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished, that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and true man, who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an overwrought picture? We think not. What honour can be greater than to found such a home? what dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honoured mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or wisdom that may command a seat on the Judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home, that husband and children "rise and call her blessed." To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit in such a position is higher honour than to rule an empire. {Mrs. Beecher.

### She Didn't Say Anything.

De Gillicie Boldy, did your mother make any derogatory remarks about my singing after I was gone the other night?  
 Boldy—"N-n-n-no, she didn't make any derogatory remarks."  
 De Gillicie—"I'm glad to hear that."  
 Boldy—"But she nearly died laughing."

SOMETHING ABOUT COMETS.

And the Wonders of a Celestial Journey.

The Destruction of the Comet and its Transformation into a Meteoric Swarm - Collisions of Celestial Bodies The World's Progress Through Space.

Recent researches on periodical comets have brought into stronger light the relations of the solar system with the contents of surrounding space. A comet has not only come to be regarded as simply a comparatively compact mass of meteors, which, through the effects of solar and planetary attraction, is gradually scattered along its orbit; but the latest investigations lead back to Laplace's conclusion that comets are visitors from interstellar space, and that it is only through the interfering attraction of the larger planets that they are turned into permanent members of the sun's family. For those that thus fall under the dominion of the sun's reserved the fate of gradual disintegration into swarms of meteors. The sparks that everybody has seen darting through the sky annually in August and November are but the scattered relics of great comets that may once have affrighted the world. Within fifty years man has actually beheld the destruction of a comet and the process of its transformation into a meteoric swarm. We refer to Biela's comet, which was first split in two in 1846, and afterward entirely broken up, so that it has

DISAPPEARED AS A COMET,

although regularly recurring meteor showers at the crossing point of its orbit and that of the earth show that the substance of the comet has not been destroyed, but simply dispersed. A piece of this comet that fell in Mexico a few years ago is one of the most precious possessions of astronomers.

But if a comet drawn into the solar system from outer space approaches the sun near enough, it may suffer disaster from the encounter, even though it should escape capture and fly off again into unknown depths. The great comet of 1882, which was for a few days so bright that it could be seen at noonday, skimming close to the sun like a white bird, was torn asunder in its perihelion passage. There is no certainty that this is a periodical comet; and if it is not, it is now sailing through space in a dishevelled condition, as a result of its meeting with the solar giant that guides the destinies of our planetary system.

The more one considers these celestial encounters, the stranger seem the adventures of the sun and his attendant worlds in their stupendous voyage through space. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that this voyage is an actual one; that the sun is really carrying us with him toward the northern quarter of the firmament at least two hundred million miles every year. A railroad train does not more certainly whirl us to our destination than by this great solar migration we are swept on

THROUGH THE ABYSS OF THE HEAVENS

toward the constellation of Hercules. Only in the one case the rate of speed is more accurately ascertained than in the other. The w. best imaginings of the Eastern story tellers, with their magic carpets and enchanted horses, appear spiritless in comparison with what science tells of the wonderful flight in which the inhabitants of the earth all unconsciously are engaged. A celestial eye that closed in the slumber of the gods while beheld Adam enjoying the delights of Eden, if lenly opened now, would look in vain at the pleasant fields and woods of Paradise. They would have disappeared with their unfortunate inhabitant, and even the earth that bore them would be gone, vanished, leaving only the emptiness of space where that vision of happiness had been. The blazing orb that above upon Eden would likewise have departed, and the sleeper awakened would find himself plunged in eternal night and the awful cold of sunless space. During his sleep the whole system would have passed on, leaving him behind millions of millions of miles like an abandoned traveller in the desert. If there were no intervention of Divine knowledge, the sudden sounding of the judgment trumpet would produce a most strange spectacle in the universe, when troops of departed souls thronged in the wake of the flying earth searching for the

bodies that they had left when the globe was in far distant regions of space.

But, as we have said, the greatest attraction of this story of astronomy for the mind lies in the certainty that it is absolutely true. We are actually going on this celestial journey in a vast spiral track, the direction of which is governed by the combined influence of the sun's attraction and that amazing impulse, whatever its origin may be, which keeps the sun itself ever flying northward. And as we go what adventures we are having! Out of the profundity of surrounding space as we plough through it, come comets rushing sunward, and then rushing back starward,

TRAILING THE ELECTRIC SPLENDORS

of their trains across the sky. In past ages they affrighted the nations; now the astronomers with mathematical precision predict their motions, and when they have disappeared tell us whether they have escaped for good, or if not, in how many years they will be back again. The increase in the power of telescopes and in the number of observers has resulted in the discovery that a very large number of comets have been captured by the sun, and are now accompanying him in regular orbits like his planets.

Another incident of this wondrous voyage is the approach of the meteors. Now and again the world is

STARTLED BY A FIERY SHOWER

filling the heavens as the globe plunges through the debris of some old disintegrated comet; but encounters with more scattered meteoric matter are taking place all the time. Millions of these little bodies, large enough to make a streak of fire at night as they dart into our atmosphere, fall to the earth every twenty-four hours. And vastly more numerous are the still smaller particles that sift continually down through the air. Prof. Winchell has put the fact very picturesquely:

"Out from the depths of space, beyond the clouds, beyond the atmosphere, from a granary of material germs which stock the empire of the blue sky, comes a perpetual but invisible rain of material atoms like the evening dew, emerging from the transparency of space into a state of growing visibility."

In some respects the most interesting of all the incidents of this vast journey are the falls of meteorites. It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that, while stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. We have all read the story in Livy, how it rained stones in Picenum, the first winter that Hannibal was in Italy, and how the superstitious Romans expiated the prodigy with a nine days' festival, which one commentator assures us was "the established remedy for a fall of stones." Ancient history contains many references to such events, but it remained for the present century to demonstrate that stones actually come tumbling out of the sky upon the earth. They are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things: iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel, and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance, at least, appears in the form of minute diamonds.

But it is the sun that is the leader in this exploration of the universe, and the sun gets most of the spoils. It is the sun, not the earth, that captures the comets and the meteor swarms, and so prepares strange spectacles to brighten the long nights of his unending voyage.

The longer the way the greater the spoil, for the realms of space appear to be inexhaustible. Is there any peril involved in the adventures of this great solar fleet of ours?

THE POSSIBILITY OF COLLISION

exists, but it is so remote that it may be entirely disregarded. As to what the effect of a collision between the sun and another body of equal mass and moving with equal or greater velocity would be there can be little doubt. In the withering heat developed by such a collision we should be shrivelled up like flies in a furnace. Still other possible perils have been thought of. Space is sprinkled with nebulae. The old idea was that these nebulae are enormous masses of

but Mr. Lockyer's new theory that they are swarms of meteorites is finding wide acceptance. Suppose the earth or the sun should plunge into a nebula, what then? If it was a large and dense nebula, the results might be disastrous; but if its constituent meteorites were widely scattered, the effect would simply be the production of an uncommonly brilliant meteoric display. But if we were approaching a nebula we should know it, unless it had not sufficient density to be visible, and in that case it could not cause any disastrous effects through collision. On the other hand, it may be asked, might not the introduction of foreign matter into our atmosphere, even in comparatively small quantities, produce deleterious if not fatal effects? It is not possible to reply positively to this question. In fact, epidemic diseases and strange conditions of the atmosphere have several times been ascribed to such a cause. When the celebrated red sunsets made their appearance a half a dozen years ago, many supposed they might be due to an encounter between the earth and a cloud of meteoric dust. Later investigations, however, seem to have demonstrated that they were caused by the enormous quantity of volcanic dust thrown into the upper air by

THE STEPHENSON'S Eruption

of Krakatoa in 1883. The great dry fog of 1783, which covered Europe for two or three months and was accompanied by diseases of the respiratory organs, has been ascribed to a meteoritic origin. The annually recurring cold spell in May which we experienced again this year, has been explained to the satisfaction of some people by the theory of the interposition of a cloud of meteoritic matter between the earth and the sun, the cloud being, of course, a permanent member of the solar system now, although it might have been picked up originally by the sun in the course of its travels.

But leaving out of account mere possibilities, the established facts of our peregrination in the universe appear sufficiently astonishing. Who would not wish to view with an all-seeing eye this caravan of worlds on its way? Always gathering new material from the realms of space, adding comets and meteor swarms to its dominion, the sun sweeps on, and the obedient planets follow in wide circling orbits; but whither we are going and how it will all end even the astronomers cannot tell.

Wedded Happiness.

BY THE REV. D. J. HOLMES.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor from the Lord," is one of the proverbs of Solomon. This question of marriage is at the basis of true happiness and of good society. God arranged the institution of marriage to set the solitary in families. It is the first knot in the social tie that, repeated, spreads each generation in a silken net-work over the face of the earth; and a marriage on wrong principles can never be exactly like one on right principles. Separation is no remedy for ill-assorted marriage. The unharmonious parties should cultivate compatibility of temper by resolving to make their union not merely endurable but positively pleasant. If they would not agree to strive to please each other, they could at least agree not to cross each other. Young people should be sincerely schooled and have every law of God written in their bodies before they joined hands in matrimony. Miss Willard rightfully said a girl was too young to marry unless she had enough womanhood to refuse to unite herself with a man steeped in nicotine and liquor, deteriorated physique, and who could not bring the same purity for purity. What impudence it was in a wife of that kind to try to trade off pewter for silver. The reciprocal attraction of a man and a woman, singling out each other from the million, was one of God's methods for our happiness. The foundations of the State and the Nation were in the home, in the way that the children were brought up, the home governed, and the home was marriage. In the right training of children to be necessary, they should be taught that neighborly love, and that there was some

own master within longer, and another reason was, they said, they couldn't afford a prompt wedding. In France woman's freedom began when she married; here it seemed to end. The American maiden could run around as much as she pleased, while the wife was a sort of recluse, almost haltered to the house. There was no need of so great a change as often occurred, though, of course, the wedded pair had to make mutual surrenders, the woman giving up her flirtations and gadding, and the husband his bachelor boorishness and nomadic life, his club room absorption, and roving fancies. Single life was arithmetic, and married life algebra. The responsibility of eating three meals was different from cooking three, and the hymeneal altar like every other altar, was a place of sacrifice, the surrender of time, liberty, and preference. Both parties should go to the same church. The girl that couldn't get her beau converted before marriage would probably wait a long time afterward. No girl in her senses would marry a drinking man better marry a man who talked in his sleep or snored. Charles could afford to marry the right girl because it would be as cheap or cheaper than single life. Tasteful, not expensive, attire made a woman attractive. The woman was to blame for extravagance, if indeed economy was neglected, and as a matter of fact a man didn't know the difference between a \$3 shawl and one of Queen Victoria's cashmeres. Every woman knew that she was as adorable to her husband if in a plain 10 cent calico as in a \$1 silk; whereas in some fashionable circles it costs more to dress a daughter for one party than to send two sons to college for a year. Don't let the married board, but keep house ever so simply. The woman who didn't keep house lacked the opportunity for the cultivation of all true home affections and graces. In selecting a companion, marry health, marry appetite, don't marry on the sly. Make the wedding day the happiest of all your life, a day of song, kindly greeting, warm hand-shakes and congratulations. Ask God's guidance in every step, making marriage a veritable sacrament, as do the Catholics. Except physically the wedded should be alike, as in culture and toils.

Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. Used by all base-ball players, etc. 5 cents.

New Goods TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

- Stamped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 75c and \$1 each.
Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, 60c and \$1 each.
Splashes, 18x26 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c, 50c and 75c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c, 50c and 75c each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each.
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 45c and 90c each.
Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs, 45c each.
Stamped Gentleman's Cases, 75c each.
Stamped Pillow Cases, 75c each.
Stamped Tidies, 75c each.
Stamped Biscuit Boxes, 75c each.
Stamped Napkins, 75c each.
Stamped Table Linens, 75c each.
Stamped Dish Cloths, 75c each.
Stamped Handkerchiefs, 75c each.
Stamped Pocket Squares, 75c each.
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Stamped Pocket Squares, 75c each.

# A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, in "Lippincott's Magazine."

## CHAPTER XII.

"I am sorry," said Don Maurizio, coming out the next morning to find the usual group gathered under the arcade, around the great doorway, to wit, Dona Zarifa, Derwent, the horses, and the *mozos*, "that I shall have to disappoint you about our ride this morning. I find by a letter which I have just received that I must go on business to Fitzatlan, and it would not be agreeable to either of you to accompany me there."

"Of course not, papa," said Dona Zarifa, who was standing by her horse's head, feeding him with sugar, which the beautiful, intelligent creature took daintily from her hand. "And it is really as well—at least, so far as I am concerned—that the ride is deferred," she went on. "When I went to the hospital this morning, I found poor Benita wandering in mind, and my presence seemed to soothe her. So I will go back at once. Adios, my beauty," she patted the horse's arching neck. "Are you sorry that you will not have to carry me this morning?"

"I am sure that he is, if I may be allowed to interpret his sentiments by my own," said Derwent. "And you are going to the hospital, *senorita*? I can say nothing against such a charitable intention; but before you spoke—so quick is thought—I was about to propose a visit to the *cañada*. Ever since you said that you would like a picture of it, I have been anxious to try what my efforts can accomplish in the way of a sketch."

"But I thought that you disclaimed any artistic skill," she said, with some surprise. "I said that I was not an artist. That is true. But I have a little facility in sketching from nature, though not much training. I cannot promise you a finished picture, but I may make a passable drawing of the ravine."

"I shall be delighted," she said. "I hope that you will try. And surely my absence cannot matter. You do not need assistance in your drawing?"

"Oh, yes," said Derwent, though he had the grace to blush. "I need your assistance to determine the best point of view,—that is, the one you would prefer. But I will take my materials and follow my own judgment. Then, when you have finished your charitable ministrations, you will perhaps come and tell me if you like my choice."

"Yes, I will come," she said, smiling. And then, without waiting to change her dress, she walked away toward the village on the other side of the gardens.

Derwent stood and watched her as long as she was in sight. The close-fitting habit showed every line of her statuesque figure and the perfect grace with which she moved, as she passed down one of the shady avenues, her favorite companion, a beautiful greyhound, walking beside her, and looking as thoroughbred as herself. All around stretched the grounds, dappled with sunshine and shadow; while the long vista of the tree-arched avenue held only the one moving figure, as a picture in the heart of the green landscape. Derwent gave a deep sigh. "If I could only have a glimpse of her!" he said, half aloud, to himself, with some confusion, to the *mozos* who were about him.

"I would like to paint her," he said, looking after her as she disappeared. "I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background. I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background. I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background."

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can generally tell,—at least in some degree. You, *Senor Derwent*, know pretty accurately, I think, what you can do."

"I wish I did!" said Derwent, devoutly. "But I am like other men: misled by vanity, I sometimes essay tasks beyond my strength and fail. I shall probably fail in making this sketch; but I mean to try. Fortunately, I have sketching-materials with me; for I thought I would do something of the kind in Mexico. This will be my first attempt."

A few minutes later, with a portfolio under his arm and accompanied by the *padre*, he was on his way to the ravine, where he had spent many delightful hours since the day when he was first introduced to it. They tried various points of view, and it was finally decided that the sketch should be made from the pavilion. So Derwent settled himself, with the more satisfaction because he had a support on the railing for his book, and a roof overhead to keep away the intrusive rays of the sun. *Padre Francisco* lingered, talking pleasantly, until he was finally at work; and then, saying that his own work awaited him, he took his departure, with many wishes for the success of the picture.

As his slender, rascoped figure went down the glen, Derwent watched it with a smile, saying to himself that if his picture was a success that figure should enter into it. "Dona Zarifa will like that," he thought; for he knew how dear the gentle priest was to every one at Miraflores. He had heard from Don Maurizio that he belonged to one of the proscribed religious orders, which, robbed, exiled, and defrauded by the government, are yet quietly doing the work of God in poverty and obscurity all over Mexico.

The young man was thinking of that figure, and of all the long line of such figures which had Christianized and civilized a savage people, as he worked with a facility that surprised himself. Perhaps the stimulus was the desire to gratify Dona Zarifa, for love can do wonderful things and develop powers almost unrestrained of,—or perhaps he possessed more talent than he had hitherto imagined. At all events, his sketch was growing in the most satisfactory manner, and he was so absorbed in its progress that he had almost forgotten to wonder if Dona Zarifa would appear according to her promise when suddenly, in such quick succession as to be almost simultaneous, two shots rung sharply on the air, the last a rifle ball just grazing his ear, and then flattening it self on the stone column beside which he sat.

The book dropped from his hand, and the sheet of paper on which he was sketching was borne by a current of air over the railing and fluttered unheeded into the current below, as with a violent start he looked up, to see Dona Zarifa standing on the path below, with a still smoking pistol in her up-lifted hand.

In an instant he was by her side for instinct told him that the shot had not been fired idly. "For God's sake, what is it?" he cried, gazing with astonishment at the pale, set face, the shining eyes, and the up-lifted hand pointing so steadily without a tremor in the direction of the pavilion.

"There is a man, an assassin, behind yonder rock," she answered, in a clear vibrant tone, pointing to a low, long boulder that crowned the hill which rose immediately in the rear of the pavilion. "I saw him about to shoot you, and I fired just as he had his finger on the trigger. His aim swerved, and he fell. I think I killed him."

"I would like to paint her," he said, looking after her as she disappeared. "I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background. I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background. I would like to paint her as she is now, in the garden, with the dog, and the *mozos* in the background."

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and Derwent's first act was to place his thumb on the bullet-hole. The next moment he heard a step, and, turning his head, saw Zarifa standing beside him, looking down at the man's face with an expression of intense pain. But she asked, in a hushed tone,—

"Is he dead?"

"No; and I am not sure that the wound need be fatal, if we can get speedy help. Can you go for it?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered, starting away impetuously. But before she had gone three steps she turned again, and, picking up the man's weapon, carried it a short distance away. "Have you the pistol in your hand?" she said. "Be on your guard: some of these people are very treacherous. I will soon bring assistance and *Padre Francisco*. I left him at the hospital."

When she was gone, Derwent for the first time looked closely at the man's face. It was dark, with finely-cut features and a mass of black hair; but not even the closed eyes and relaxed muscles could soften its fierce and sinister expression. A desperado in appearance as well as in deed, he looked thoroughly capable of the dastardly act in which vengeance had overtaken him; and Derwent felt with a sense of shuddering horror, such as he had never before ever imagined, that but for the strangely fortunate chance—or was it the mercy of heaven?—that had brought Dona Zarifa upon the scene at the critical moment, he himself would now be lying with his life-blood welling out and his eyes closed forever to the things of the earth. The man must be indeed insensible who, having, as it were, felt the very breath of death upon his cheek, is not thrilled by the touch of that great and terrible mystery. Nor was the thrill lessened by thinking of hand that saved him,—the gentle woman's hand that had never before taken even the life of a bird, but that had not faltered in striking the murderer down. What a fire of fierce indignation had been in the dark eyes when he met them first! It was like the deadly flash of a sword from its sheath. He found himself recalling it with such a sense of conflicting emotions that it was well for him that the sound of quickly-approaching steps tore his mind from the subject. *Padre Francisco* had been met by Dona Zarifa before she had gone far, and he hurried on at once to join Derwent, while she proceeded quickly to the hospital, and, in less time than they dared hope, several men bearing a litter made their appearance.

With the practised skill of one accustomed to such work, the *padre* bandaged the wound, and the man was placed on the litter just as Zarifa once more appeared.

"The doctor will be at the hospital by the time you get there," she said. Do you think, *padre mio*, that—"

"He will live," the priest said, concluding her faltering sentence. "I cannot tell. He is still insensible, but I believe he will recover consciousness soon; and I shall stay beside him. Go home now, my child. This has been a great shock to you. Go."

But Dona Zarifa shook her head; and Derwent saw by her pallor and the expression of her face how much she was suffering.

"I will go to the hospital," she said. "I can render assistance there."

"None," said the *padre*, gently, but firmly. "You must go to the *cañada*. If Don Maurizio has returned, send him to us; but you can do nothing. Take *Senor Derwent* with you."

"No," said Derwent; "my place is certainly here, to help you with your burden. But Dona Zarifa must go. It is too painful a sight for her."

"Nothing is so painful when one can do anything to help," she said. "But is there nothing—"

She cast one more glance at the man on the litter, shuddered, and turned away. Derwent followed her with his eyes and with his heart, but an intuition told him that it was best to leave her alone, even if there had not been work for him to do. It was slow and difficult work conveying the wounded man to the hospital, where Our Lady of Guadalupe stood above the door-way, as if to welcome all who came, and where he was laid down on a white bed, the most wild, gaunt, bloody object that had ever come within those quiet walls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Laughter in the Bible.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject; let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifted up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh," but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss, and we are merry without knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.

It must have been constant study of the preacher's gloomy utterances which made laughter so unpopular among the monks of the desert and some of the early fathers, St. Basil, for instance, will have nothing to do with it. No person, he says, of well-ordered mind can ever bring himself to indulge in a good laugh, or, in the quaint patristic language, "in immanes cachinnos prorumpere et corpore susultare." A little further on, thinking perhaps that he has not spoken with decision enough, he takes occasion to improve the text, "Woe unto you that laugh now!" It is perfectly plain, he adds, that there is no room whatever for laughter in the life of the faithful ("nullum omnino locum dari fidei in quo ridere debeat.") Plato, a good many centuries earlier, in constructing his ideal State, expressly warned his readers that laughter-loving persons were ineligible as guardians. He even forbade that worthy men should be represented, on the stage or elsewhere, as overcome by their sense of the ridiculous. He does not condemn laughter in itself, however; this was reserved for other and less genial systems of philosophy.

## Aphorisms

He who cares only for himself in youth will be a very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age.—[J. Hawes.

There are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them. [Colton.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time or money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them, everything. [Franklin.

It may not be anxious for you to have two heaps, a heap of unintelligibles and a heap of incurables. Every now and then you will meet with something or other that may pretty much distress your thoughts, but the shortest way with the vexations will be to throw them with the heap they belong to and be no more distressed about them. [Cotton Mather.

A grate 'n' mind B, owing owes not, but still pays, at once Indebted and discharged. [Milton.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth for this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray and speaks without any intention to deceive. [Dow Sherlock.

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault was only on one side. [Roxburgh.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. [Ceil.

There is not in nature A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly, As doth intemperate anger. —[John Webster.

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The Home.

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

— For Truth.

The Sitting-room Window.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

What a comfort it is, when house-cleaning is over, when the garden beds are all made — with only an occasional hen to scratch up the seeds—when the house smells of soap and water and paint, all dear to the heart of a good housewife.

"What is the good of cleaning house, anyway?" grumble the boys. But all the same they would not enjoy moths in their seal caps or gauntlets, nor any other intruder in their homes, and but for the regular upsetting, how is one to meet and vanquish enemies?

We feel settled again in all the freshness of clean curtains and new cretonne. It is pleasant to think, too, that around these grassy walks there is no chance of dust gathering for a little while, as beside a village street. "Rest after weariness," sing the housecleaners who now have time to work a little in the garden to prepare for the summer, and to attend to the many items of home adornment that women enjoy, and men admire while they attempt to laugh at.

The aids to this spring work are many, but nothing seems to renew old paint and take off the dirt without injury like "Pearline." I remember some winters ago seeing a little boy drawing his sister along in a sled, the box of which was improvised of a packing box with "Pearline" in large letters on the side. She was a pretty child with large dark eyes, set off by a scarlet hood, and my companion remarked, "a good advertisement for the Company;" but the half of the ceiling of my sitting room, the washed and the unwashed, was as good an advertisement if it could have been pictured. And so these little helps save our strength and we should study to use them. In the resting spell we have time to take little journeys and to study human beings, and it brings to us glimpses of life that are very interesting.

"I never saw such a girl as you—all men are alike to you." The speaker was a young girl and the occasion a picnic, when extremes often meet, and the sentence caught my attention as it seemed to imply so much. I knew the young girl as a pretty flirt, who looked on men with speculative eyes, and thought all they were born for was to pay attention to girls. Her life had been spent in a city school and afterwards in the round of mediocre fashionable society, with plenty of time on her hands, numbers of male friends to entertain her, who passed the time just for amusement. It was only one of many cases of the bloom being rubbed off the peach as surely as it would be if that peach was in a boy's pocket with the many comrades such a receptacle usually holds. There was no harm in the girl; her inclination to vanity and love of admiration led to the result spoken of, and the young men were quite willing to give the cheap flattery and admiration that fed her heart and starved her soul. Such a travesty of love and ideal friendship. I looked at the girl to whom all men were "alike" and saw on her pure face no taint of this spirit. "Serene and faithful are you," I said to myself, "and happy is the man who can win your love. Let us hope it will be a happy home, for it will be all in all to you." and I found myself humming: "Now all men besides are to me like shadows" for so they would be to this girl.

The morning darkens, there is a cloud coming, the sitting room window must be closed.

EARLY PRESERVING.

And How Some Kinds of Fruit May be Used. To can fruit is to preserve it, yet there is a great difference between canned and preserved fruit, as it is understood by the

housekeeper. "Preserves" are what most housekeepers term the fruit that is put up pound for pound—or nearly that—with sugar. "Canned" fruit, as it is generally understood, can be put up without any sugar; or it may have added to it a small or large amount, as one's taste may dictate. Some fruits are by far better when canned than when preserved, whereas, on the contrary, others are not fit to use if canned with only a small quantity of sugar. Strawberries are, of all the fruits, the most unsatisfactory when canned, but when properly preserved, the most delicious. Raspberries, when preserved, are delicious, and useful for any kind of dessert; yet they are quite as desirable canned. Indeed, I know of no fruit that retains its freshness and flavor in canning like the raspberry. Pears are insipid if preserved, but when canned in a very light syrup are delicious. Quinces are not good canned. To develop the perfect flavor they should be preserved with at least half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; better three-quarters of a pound.

These are only a few examples of the difference in fruits in regard to the necessity of more or less sugar to develop flavor and texture. Of course, in selecting your fruit and the method of putting it up, you must take into consideration how you are going to use it. Should you, as many people do, use the preserved fruits and cereals in large quantities, rather than use animal food, then the amount of sugar added to the fruit must be only enough to give it the required flavor. When this is the case the fruits that require the least sugar should be selected; on no account try strawberries.

For years I have been experimenting to get the best method of preserving strawberries, and had not found a satisfactory mode. A friend in Pennsylvania told me how she made her preserve, which was delicious. Last summer I tried a good many ways, and while several of the methods gave fairly satisfactory results, nothing was such a perfect success as the Pennsylvania rule. I shall present to all my strawberries by it this year. Here it is:

SUN-COOKED STRAWBERRIES.—Pick over the strawberries and weigh them; then put them in the preserving kettle. Add to them as many pounds of granulated sugar as there are strawberries. Stir, and place on the fire; and continue stirring occasionally until the mixture begins to boil. Cook for ten minutes, counting from the time it begins to boil. Pour the preserve into large plat- ters, having it about two inches deep, and place in the sun for 10 hours or more (the rule said 24, but I found that one day of sunshine answered). The preserve is now ready to be put into jars and placed in the preserve closet. It will keep without sealing, but I used the Mason pint jars, as they are so convenient and cheap as any article one can use. Remember that these preserves are put into the jars cold; that no water is used in cooking them, nothing but the strawberries and sugar; and that they will be very rich, so that only a small quantity need be served to a person. The flavor of this fruit is perfect. Only fine, ripe strawberries should be used. The platters of preserve can be placed on a table in a sunny window, or on a sunny piazza. It is so early in the season that there is not much trouble with flies. I do not see why the fruit could not be put in the jars and the jars placed in the sun for two days. I shall try it this year with some of the preserve. It would make the work much easier.

PRESERVED RAW PINE-APPLE.—Pine-apple is one of the fruits with which one must use great care, else it will grow hard in cooking. Here is a delicious and rich method of preserving it. Pare the pine-apple, and take out all the eyes. Now, with a very sharp knife, cut the pine-apple in thin slices, cutting down the sides until the heart is reached. This is to be discarded. Weigh the sliced pine-apple and put it in a large earthen dish. Add to it as many pounds of granulated sugar as there are pounds of pine-apple, and stir well. Pack this mixture in Mason pint or quart jars; put on the covers and tighten them, then put away in the preserve closet. The pine-apple will keep for a year or more and be perfectly tender and fine flavored. About the first of June is a good time to put up pine-apple.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM. Pick over three pints of ripe strawberries, and put them in a large bowl with one pint of granulated sugar. Mix sugar and strawberries together with a vegetable-masher and let it stand for two or three hours. A

that time rub through a strainer that is fine enough to keep back the seeds. To the strained mixture add one quart of cream not too rich, and freeze. This amount of material will make about three quarts of the frozen material. It is one of the most delicious ice-creams made.

People sometimes try to freeze the whole fruit. If fruit be simply mixed with the frozen cream, and stand for an hour or so, this will answer, but it must be remembered that the strawberry has very little sugar in it, and that will become as hard almost as a rock if it is exposed to the freezing temperature for any length of time. The preserved fruit, being saturated with sugar, will not harden in this way when kept at the freezing point.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—For two quarts of strawberry cream, use one quart of strawberries, half a pint of granulated sugar, one gill of cold water, one gill of boiling water, two quarts of whipped and drained cream, and half a package of gelatine. Pick over the strawberries, put them in a bowl with the sugar, and crush well. Let them stand two hours. Soak the gelatine in one gill of cold water for two hours. Next whip the cream. Rub the strawberries and sugar through a strainer into a large bowl. Pour the boiling water on the gelatine, and when this is dissolved, add it to the strained strawberry. Place the bowl in a pan of ice-water and let it stand, stirring all the time, until it begins to thicken. Immediately add the whipped cream, stirring it in gently. Pour the cream into a mould, which has been dipped in cold water, and set away to harden. At serving time dip the mould in tepid water turn the cream on a large flat dish, and heap whipped cream around it. One quart of cream will give enough whipped cream to make the dish and to serve with it.

MARIA PARADA.

JACK, THE BOY MISSIONARY.

A Baby Who Survived the Perils of Central Africa to Die at Last in London.

The other day a tablet to the memory of Little Jack, the Boy Missionary, as he was called, erected by Sunday school children, was unveiled over his grave in London. Little Jack was only seven years old when he died last year. Though he was born in England, nearly all his brief life was spent in Central Africa. He was famous as the only white baby ever seen in the region of the great lakes; and after passing through all the dangers of Equatorial Africa, he fell a victim at last to measles in his native land.

Jack was the son of the well-known missionary, Cap. Hore, who has given us the best map of Lake Tanganyika that has yet been made. He started for Africa with his parents when he was only eleven weeks old, and the story of the baby's trip to Lake Tanganyika, which was written by his mother two years ago, made Jack very well known. When the party started inland from Zanzibar they travelled Jack in a wheelbarrow. The softest possible bed was made for him in a wicker basket, whose sides were padded so that he could not hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame, and in this conveyance Jack made a very comfortable journey to Mamboua, a hundred miles inland. There were reasons, however, why it was not thought best for Jack and his mother to go any further that year, and so the baby was wheeled back to the coast again, and he returned to England none the worse for his novel journey.

The year following Jack and his mother started for Africa once more, and his father rigged up another sort of conveyance for a baby passenger. This time bamboo poles were fastened to the sides of the basket and four porters were detailed to carry Jack as they swung along the poles. The baby was given to the basket a special attention, and was very pleasing to the porters. The bamboos were steamed one whole, impervious alike to sun and rain, and the sides, that could be fastened and unfastened at pleasure. His mother carried him in a chair.

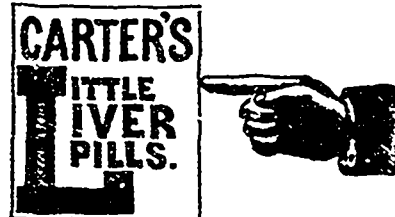
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One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing nearly all of Jack's wardrobe. The calamity, however, was easily remedied, for Mr. Hore had a lot of cotton cloth to pay his way through the country, and Jack soon had a new wardrobe. Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hore wrote that she and Jack often presented a very dragged appearance when the halt was made for the day.

The journey lasted ninety days. At last Jack and his parents embarked on the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika, and negro boatmen, singing at their middles, took them to the island of Kavala, which was Jack's home during all his babyhood in Central Africa. Friends in England sent him many playthings, which he shared with his Wagaha playmates, and hence knew that Equatorial Africa was not the pleasantest place in the world for a white boy to grow up in.

Skunks Eat Bees.

Skunks are quite frequent visitors to beehives that are low down, and they quickly depopulate a colony. Like many other wood animals, they have an insatiable thirst for honey, and in order to satisfy their craving they will run the risk of losing their lives. In the woods they will frequently scent out a nest of bees in the hollow trunks of trees, and make a raid upon it. But it is impossible for them to get into a good stout beehive, and they adopt other means of satisfying their hunger. In the night time they will scratch on the outside of the hive until the bees are attracted by the noise, and emerge from the small doorway. The skunks will catch them as they come out, and eat them. They never touch the drones or the bees that do not have honey in their sacs. Their object is to get the honey, and they eat the bees as the only way of securing coveted sweets. These are disagreeable visitors in the Spring and Summer of the year, and colonies will be completely demoralized or depopulated in a few nights if the animals are not kept away. If the hives are placed high up from the ground no danger may be expected from skunks; but if they are situated close down to the earth it will be necessary to set traps for the animals. Nothing is better for this than the common steel trap. These traps should be set on the first sign of skunks in the neighborhood, for a great deal of worry and damage might be saved thereby.



CURE

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

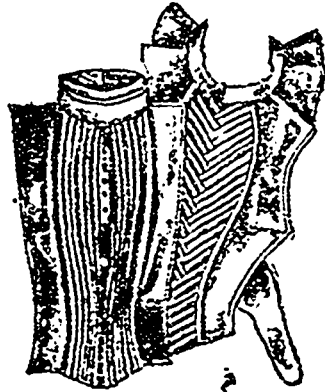
SICK

Headache, &c. are equally and preventively useful, they also correct the circulation of the blood. Even if the

Meditation.

To all who keep the Sabbath: "If thou turn thy foot away from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable: and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause you to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."--Isaiah lviii, 13-14.

Moses, the lawgiver of ancient Israel, under the shadow of that awful mountain that trembled with tempest and burned with fire, proclaimed the commandment that linked toil with rest; and gave the order of six days' work being followed with a day of rest. When the greatest lawgiver of the gospel age came--the preacher of the Beautitudes--he proclaimed amid the grassy slopes of Hermon the spiritual character of the moral law. He lifted the thoughts of men from the form and the letter to the spirit and the life. If he broke in any detail the outward form of the old Sabbath ceremonies, it was because He might the more thoroughly keep the spirit of it. So doing good, feeding hungry men, or treating the sick, He judged to be just as good Sabbath work as pulling an ass out of a pit. So it came to pass in due course of time that He had to assert that authority which as the light of the world, as the wisdom of God belonged to Him, and he said: "For the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath!" A startling saying, no doubt, to many who heard him speak. Still more startling was the saying, "For the Sabbath was made for man." It was not a divine caprice, but a divine plan. To make man's life on earth earth worth living it was necessary that man should have an ever recurring day of rest. And so the Sabbath was made for man. The beautiful and suggestive words of Isaiah concerning the Sabbath have been greatly overlooked; as indeed the whole of Isaiah's words have been underestimated. The world has never seen a greater poet than the prophet Isaiah. His songs of hope, his pictures of a golden age, his calls to faith and courage and abiding patience have no equal in any land or age. He gives God's great promise to Sabbath-keepers. And all the history of modern years at least goes to prove that, as a rule, the Sabbath-keepers have ridden upon the high places of the earth. There is one word in this promise of Isaiah which attracts attention. He speaks of Sabbath-keepers as men who make the Sabbath "a delight." And that's just what the Sabbath must be, or it is no Sabbath at all. A "gloomy Sabbath" is a contradiction in terms. If ever the Puritans made the Sabbath a dull and melancholy day, they could only do it by taking all the Sabbath out of the day. We wrong ourselves and our children, we wrong the Lord of the Sabbath and the Sabbath itself, when we fail to make it wholly and in all its hours "a delight." To invite a melancholy mood, to look sad, and to feel sour, and to cast a gloom on all around would be a strange way of making the Sabbath a delight. We should fill all its hours with songs of gladness, with joyful thoughts, with happy memories, with tender fellowship in home and school and Sunday school and as we walk in the park. The poor slave in his quarters and the poor girl in her Sunday such a Sabbath as that his dream of heaven and his children's Sabbath. And the old man and the old woman and the old children in their happy home and in their happy Sabbath.



Figs. 108-110.



Figs. 111-113.

LINGERIE.

In Figs. 111-113 No. 1 illustrates a youthful manner of dressing the hair for day or evening wear. A small portion of the front hair is cut short and loosely curled, and the rest all combed low on the neck to form an oblong knot or twist. The hair is usually tied before making the twist, which is simply two strands of hair twisted together and looped up once.

No. 2 is an evening coiffure in front piece of which short curls are worn, and the hair arranged in small finger puffs in the back over a wavy surface of back hair combed up. Three bands in Grecian fashion confine the curls, and may be of gold, silver, shell, or ribbon.

No. 3 is appropriate for evening or afternoon wear, and consists of a smooth, round coil on the crown of the head above two crosswise puffs held by fancy shell pins. The front locks are worn low over the brow in loose curls.

In Figs. 108-110 No. 1. represents a neck kerchief of crepe or mull having an embroidered edge, and a knife-pleated rill of the same material. Pointed ends are knotted in front, and a few gathers shape it to the neck in the back.

No. 2 shows a Medici collar of brocaded ribbon, vandyke lace, lisse, and narrow plain ribbon for bows above and below the face fan. The ribbon neck-band should be lined with crinoline and faced with silk.

No. 3 illustrates a new plastron suitable for use in the morning. The plastron is made of silk, and is worn over the neck and shoulders. It has a high collar, and is lined with crinoline and faced with silk. The plastron is made of silk, and is worn over the neck and shoulders. It has a high collar, and is lined with crinoline and faced with silk.

chiefs are in great variety, and there is one which has the most delicate bordering of draw work.

Small crescents of black velvet, also round spots, are over black net veils. Fine spider nets, with chenille dots, remain in fashion. Lace nets have black and gold embroidered vandyke edges. Black dots on white veils are thought to improve the complexion, but any figured veil is very fatiguing to the eyes.

White ribbon pleatings are worn in the necks and sleeves of mourning gowns. In cretin this is worn by ladies out of mourning, and many of the pretty fancy ribbons about an inch wide are used in the same manner or sewed in plainly. White vests and chemisettes will be worn with lace jabots, lawn, and silk ties. Masculine ties are to be donned with tennis shirts and linen chemisettes. Tartan sailor knots are for boys and young ladies. Large fichus of black crepe de chine are worn by elderly ladies.

Some new gauze underwear of the Jaeger system comes in high and low necked vests, which are daintily finished with feather-stitching and silk binding. These sanitary garments are usually woven double over the chest, and are beautifully finished in the seams, etc., resembling in this respect the most expensive silk garments.

A Common Delusion.

When diarrhoea occurs during the period of dentition it is quite generally attributed to that process; and it is a popular belief that the affection within certain limits is beneficial in teething children, for the reason that, in consequence of the circulation of the blood, being more active in the bowels, it is less so in the brain, and diseases of the latter are, therefore, not so likely to occur.

There is no good reason for believing that diarrhoea is ever caused by teething, nor can it be accepted as salutary during the period of dentition. Believing to the contrary, many mothers have allowed the trouble to run on in their children and so wasted the time and strength of recovery.

A Message for Mamma in Heaven.

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
Asked a childish voice one day,  
As I noted the dial of my instrument,  
With its message from far away;  
As it ceased I turned; at my elbow  
Stood the merest scrap of a boy,  
Whose childish face was all aglow  
With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead  
Shaded eyes of deepest blue,  
As if a bit of summer sky  
Had lost in them its hue:  
They scanned my outfit rapidly  
From ceiling down to floor;  
Then turned to me with eager gaze,  
As he asked the question o'er:

"Is this the telegraph office?"  
"It is, my little man,"  
I said; "pray tell me what you want,  
And I'll help you if I can."  
Then the blue eyes grew more eager,  
And the breath came thick and fast,  
And I saw within the chubby hands  
A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning  
Came down on the wires some day;  
And my mamma has gone to Heaven,  
And I'm lonely since she is away;  
For my papa is very busy  
And hasn't much time for me,  
So I thought I'd write her a letter,  
And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big so the angels  
Could read out quick the name,  
And carry it straight to my mamma  
And tell her how it came:  
And now won't you please to take it,  
And throw it up good and strong  
Against the wires in a funder shower,  
And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling?  
For my eyes were filling fast;  
I turned away to hide the tears,  
But I cheerfully spoke at last;  
"I'll do the best I can, my child,"  
'Twas all that I could say;  
"Thank you," he said, and then scanned the sky;  
"Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,  
And the sun shone dazzling bright,  
And his face, as he slowly turned away,  
Lost some of its gladness light;  
"But, nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,  
Won't let me come any more;  
So good-bye, I'll come and see you again  
Right after a funder shower."

About Poetry.

A girl said to me a few days ago of a friend of hers: "I never in my life knew anybody who had such a flow of language as she has. She is never at a loss for a word of comparison or an appropriate quotation. How in the world does she do it?" Well, I asked her, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal, and this is what the good talker said:

"When I was a very little girl my great delight was to read and study poetry. I learned poems by heart to recite at school, to say to my mother and to delight my brothers with. I have always kept up that habit, and every day, as I am dressing, I have an open book on my bureau, and learn something by heart, even if it is only a verse of four lines. I have never given drawing room recitations, for I know I should simply bore people, but I have gotten a great deal of pleasure myself from the habit, and I believe it has done more to give me a good command of words than anything else."

If you take a bit of advice from me, you will choose to begin on the shorter poems of Austin Dolson, of Owen Meredith, or dear old Tom Hood, or Adelaide Proctor, and later on, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Rossetti. You know the last was the poet who so dearly loved his wife that he buried with her the poems which he had written beside her, and which had never been published. Many years after, his friends insisted that these poems should be disinterred, and it was found, when the coffin was opened, that her wonderful blonde hair had grown to her feet and formed a network that glistened like gold thread in the sun over the bundle of papers. If you do not care for these poets, take any others you like, but do not try to do too much at once. The little by little is the very best theory in life if you want to gain anything.



THE ELECTRIC WORLD.

Photographing Underground—Value of Phonograph Property—An Electric Roundabout—Destroying Insects by Electric Cages.

The photographing of caves or other chambers underground, where a portable camera can be easily installed, offers no particular difficulty, and it is a comparatively simple matter to obtain curious and interesting views under such circumstances, illuminating the bowels of the earth by burning magnesium tape, which gives a brilliant light, by means of which surrounding objects can be photographed. The use of electricity has, however, enabled a photograph to be taken recently under most exceptional and difficult conditions. A landslide occurred in the most sudden manner at a quarry in France, and a large number of workmen were buried in the subterranean galleries. It was supposed that the men were entombed in one of the galleries about 220 feet below the mouth of the mine; but nothing certain was known of their position, and for an attempt at rescue to have any chance of success an approximate idea of their whereabouts had to be gained. The difficulty was surmounted by sinking a shaft, about a foot in diameter, in the direction of the gallery, and through it lowering, by means of a chain, a small camera, mounted in a metallic tube. The camera was pivoted within the tube at its upper end, so that it might be fixed at any angle by tightening or slackening the connecting cord. Above and below the camera were placed rows of incandescent lamps, and when the apparatus had been lowered the camera was made to incline outward from the case. In order to photograph the interior of the gallery all that was necessary was to turn on the current and light the incandescent lamps, the plate being exposed at the same time. In this manner excellent results were obtained from a photographic point of view, the time of exposure being five minutes. The sad fact that the entombed workmen perished from hunger does not in any way detract from the usefulness and ingenuity of the device.

The development of electric welding has naturally led to the invention of devices by which heat may be applied in a somewhat similar manner in other processes in the arts. Prof. Elhu Thomson has recently devised an apparatus by which the heating power of the current is utilized in the process of soldering the covers of tin cans. Prof. Thomson has also applied this method in processes where where materials are united by the employment of heat to fuse the utilizing material.

The phonograph people have property which grows more valuable with the lapse of every year. Many cylinders are stowed away with marvellously interesting records upon their waxen surfaces. The Gladstone cylinder is exhibited only on rare occasions and to distinguished guests. It is already an extremely valuable record and at Gladstone's death it will probably be worth \$1,000. A cylinder containing a few sentences by old Gen. Von Moltke, now 90 years of age, can also be heard. The squalling of a baby can be taken by the cylinder, and when its producer has reached man's estate he can listen to his own infantile voice if he has any curiosity that way. Funny stories by Eli Perkins, songs by well-known singers, and short passages from well known plays spoken by eminent actors, are all on storage in phonograph cylinders. They lose nothing in clearness and volume from the lapse of years, but, of course, may be worn out from use. It is believed that a record taken today and carefully preserved can be reproduced 250 years hence.

An electric roundabout has been constructed by a French company and fitted up in a public place of amusement in Nice. Here the electricity which is used for arc and incandescent lighting is also employed in the transmission of force to the roundabout or race course. The ponies are of life size, and each contains a motor, current being supplied by the rails. The weight to be drawn, including the rider, is about 500 pounds, and the speed attained is about 600 feet per minute. The track comprises six circular and concentric lines, on each of which runs an electric pony. In this space the courses

and their jockeys can move, partly by their own will and partly by hazard, and the game is conducted and bets are made under the same rules as with the ordinary game of race horses.

A novel arrangement for securing an abundance of soft light together with perfect ventilation has been installed in an opera house in Chicago. The device is, in form, similar to a large parasol, eighteen feet in diameter, the perforations in the cover permitting the escape of the vitiated atmosphere. The rod and handle are formed to permit the use of gas jets if necessary, while from the tips of each rib incandescent bulbs hang, giving a perfect and powerful circle of light. Another feature is the use of incandescent bulbs, arranged in a wire net, to indicate the name of the company playing.

Electricity is applied to a device for the compilation and tabulation of census and other returns of a similar nature which require summation and classification under various heads and in different groups. The method consists, essentially, in first recording the data relating to each person by printing holes in sheets or strips of paper and then counting or tallying these data either separately or in combination by means of mechanical counters operated by electro-magnets, the circuits through which are controlled by the perforated strips. This system is a thoroughly practical one, and it is estimated that its use will save nearly \$380,000 in compiling the returns of the next census.

Attention was recently directed to a proposal to destroy insects by luring them against a charged cage, within which is an intense electric lamp, the shock from the bars killing them. A well-known industrial organ, in commenting editorially on this idea, makes the statement that at Durham, N. C., since the city has had electric illumination, the ravages of the tobacco worm have been greatly reduced. It suggests that a powerful electric light in the centre of one of the sea islands growing the famous long staple cotton might save all plantations surrounding it from the destruction so frequently wrought by the cotton army worm.

The question of the future of the overhead wire system depends so much on the possibility of perfect insulating that the discovery of a material possessing high insulating properties will be one of the utmost value. To the large variety of insulating compounds already in existence has been added one which consists of a mixture of carboic acid shellac. The two substances are combined by heating carboic acid until it boils slowly, and then adding the shellac, or other insulating materials, such as vegetable drying oils, asphalt, rosin, &c. The product is a semi-plastic mass, remarkably tough and tenacious, which is but little sensitive to extreme changes of temperature, and presents a hard smooth surface. The results obtained with this new compound are said to be excellent.

An employee in the office of the architect of the Capitol, Washington, has invented an electric musical machine. The keyboard is similar to that of an ordinary typewriter, and its keys are connected electrically with a number of electric bells arranged beneath the table. Pressure on each key closes the circuit of an electric bell, and when the keys are operated by an expert any tune may be played on the machine.

Carlyle and the Queen.

An unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Doanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nathdale and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, "for 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard any thing so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that is why your Scottish subjects have the love of trust and honour they occupy to every portion of your Majesty's dom-

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Some Singular Things Reported From Cumberland.

It is a well attested fact that our dreams are sometimes caused by our sensations. It is related of an English soldier that, so susceptible was he to audible impressions while asleep, his companions could make him dream what they pleased. They amused themselves by leading him in his dreams into some frightful difficulty, and watching his efforts to extricate himself, sometimes inducing him to believe that a shark was in close pursuit of him; at others, that he was suspended only by a thread from the projecting cliffs of a fearful precipice; and again that he had given offence to some person and must fight a duel. Thus, on one occasion they caused him to go through the whole of a duel from the preliminary arrangements to the firing of the pistol, which they put into his hands, and the report of which awoke him.

There are two matters in respect to which I am sure I shall never be able to cease from dreaming while I live. The one which most disturbs me is that of printing; and now, for over half a century since I quit that business, I may say, without exaggeration, that hardly a month has passed in which I have not dreamed about it. It usually occurs when I am over-fatigued, or when from other cause I am not feeling well. I should premise that during about eight years of my boyhood, having commenced business before I was 19, I was the publisher, and for six years of the time the editor, of a weekly newspaper. My labor the larger part of this time was not only severe, but I encountered violent opposition from a section of my own political party, which sought by most unfair means to crush me. In spite of all this my paper was regularly issued, never once failing to appear on the promised day of publication. Now, what is also singular about this dream is that, although not always the same in its details, it is invariably attended with more or less of trouble and failure. Oftener than otherwise my editorials are not ready in time; I am behind in getting the types set; in making up the forms they are thrown into pi, or there is some other vexatious thing that comes to disturb me, and I do not remember to have succeeded more than once or twice in getting my paper off. Generally I am so much harassed that I awake, glad to find it "all a dream."

The other matter relates to my life in the Postoffice Department. These dreams are generally not quite so unpleasant; but they have likewise pursued me at frequent intervals ever since, and in fact before, I left that department. They usually take shape in fear that when absent on leave I had overstaid my time, or that in some other way I might have fallen short of my whole official duty.

Carlyle relates that, when "a very little thing," anxious to learn, Jane Welch, who afterwards became his wife, would sit up half the night over her lessons. One day she had been greatly perplexed by a problem in Euclid which she could not solve. At last she went to bed; and in a dream got up and did it and went to bed again. In the meantime she had no consciousness of her dream; but on looking at her slate, there was the problem solved.

The French Women's Advantage.

When talking of French women and the important place they hold in the world, it must be remembered that they have one great advantage over their English American sisters. The French woman until the day of her marriage is a mere cipher. Anything in a shape of originality or beauty is not desired, as one who is a young girl rather underbrings the system, and would infinitely prefer to be else. "She is so modest, it is one who and situation."

PILE



young lady your daughter is," than have her physical attributes alluded to.

Thus, all the petty jealousies, untrue gossip and personal remarks which assual an English or American girl having pretensions to rank, fortune and beauty are avoided, and the lady only becomes a possible personality when she has obtained a husband's protection and care. The single woman is an unknown phenomenon in French society; a girl who does not wish to be married is supposed to have, as a matter of course, a religious vocation and accordingly becomes a nun without more ado. Every liberty is given as to choice of convent, order, etc., but with one or two exceptions, which prove the rule, every Frenchwoman of good family devotes herself to religion or a husband. —Paris Letter.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR BOOTS & SHOES

Ladies



# THE HOSPITALLERS.

BY FRED M. WHITE.

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CHAPTER I.

When I am tired and weary of the world, there is one spot where I can find balm for the vexed spirit and rest for an overburdened mind. You would pass it day by day and year by year, never dreaming of the paradise that lies within the city walls. All the passer-by sees is a long, blank wall facing the hot dusty street, and nothing to break its dreary monotony save an iron-studded door, like the entrance to a jail. How should you know that beyond it lies all that remains of an erstwhile flourishing monastery of the Dominicans, and that the hoif-effaced inscription over the grim door points to the fact that, at the suppression of the religious houses, "the site was granted to John Le Marchant and Raphael Hutchinson, Esquires." Also, that early in Elizabeth's reign, it belonged to the Fotheryngs of Fotheryngsby Court; and further, as every student of Welsh Border history can tell, it is known as the Fotheryngsby Hospital to this day; for in the year of grace 1614 one Sir Thomas Fotheryngsby erected within the walls a quadrangular building to contain "ten servitors, a Corporal to be over them, and also for a chaplin for their souls' good; five of them to be such as have borne arms, and five such as have served their masters well and faithfully." And furthermore, "That each Hospitaller at his first admittance should have a fustian suit of ginger colour of a soldier-like fashion, seemingly laaced; a hat with a band of white, and red slippers; a soldier-like jerkin with half-sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a moccasin or Spanish cap; a soldier-like sword with a bolt to wear; as he goeth abroad; a cloak of red cloth lined with a baize of red, and reaching to the knee; and a seemingly gown to be worn of red cloth reaching down to the ankle, lined likewise with red baize, to be worn in walks and journeys." All of which, with the exception of the sword, has been studiously observed to this very day in the year of our Lord 1838.

Here is such a change from the dusty Widemarsh Street as will startle and delight you. Close the door behind and shut out the workaday world, for, in the historic words of the Quaker, it hath no business here. There is a dim passage opening out suddenly into a quadrangle, formed of twelve houses, four a side; and on the other the ancient chapel, where the chaplain, who is no longer an inmate, officiates; a wonderfully quaint building, containing on the reading-desk a veritable chain-Bible. The houses are small, but neat and clean; and round each doorway, far into the flagged court, are a profusion of flowering plants in pots, making the quiet spot a veritable garden. We have stepped back into the past. There are clean old men and women clad in the "cloak of red cloth lined with a baize of red," and for the latter pensioners, the "seemly gown," also of reddy hue. Beyond, there is another passage leading to the gardens, filled with peas and such produce as the owners cultivate; and then, when you have admitted your admiring gaze, there is a garden for exactly what the ivy-mantled walls look at the window.

When I am tired and weary of the world, there is one spot where I can find balm for the vexed spirit and rest for an overburdened mind. You would pass it day by day and year by year, never dreaming of the paradise that lies within the city walls. All the passer-by sees is a long, blank wall facing the hot dusty street, and nothing to break its dreary monotony save an iron-studded door, like the entrance to a jail. How should you know that beyond it lies all that remains of an erstwhile flourishing monastery of the Dominicans, and that the hoif-effaced inscription over the grim door points to the fact that, at the suppression of the religious houses, "the site was granted to John Le Marchant and Raphael Hutchinson, Esquires." Also, that early in Elizabeth's reign, it belonged to the Fotheryngs of Fotheryngsby Court; and further, as every student of Welsh Border history can tell, it is known as the Fotheryngsby Hospital to this day; for in the year of grace 1614 one Sir Thomas Fotheryngsby erected within the walls a quadrangular building to contain "ten servitors, a Corporal to be over them, and also for a chaplin for their souls' good; five of them to be such as have borne arms, and five such as have served their masters well and faithfully." And furthermore, "That each Hospitaller at his first admittance should have a fustian suit of ginger colour of a soldier-like fashion, seemingly laaced; a hat with a band of white, and red slippers; a soldier-like jerkin with half-sleeves, and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a moccasin or Spanish cap; a soldier-like sword with a bolt to wear; as he goeth abroad; a cloak of red cloth lined with a baize of red, and reaching to the knee; and a seemingly gown to be worn of red cloth reaching down to the ankle, lined likewise with red baize, to be worn in walks and journeys." All of which, with the exception of the sword, has been studiously observed to this very day in the year of our Lord 1838.

One bright August morning, some two years since, or it may be more, for time stands still in Fotheryngsby Hospital, two of its inmates sat under the shady side of the refectory wall, facing the garden. One was an old man, so old that his lean shaven face was one mass of wrinkles; the other, somewhat more robust and hearty, who listened politely to his senior's unimpaired chatter with some show of interest, for the disquisition was warlike, not to say blood-thirsty, to the last degree. Their gray heads were close together, contrasting not inharmoniously with the scarlet coats; on the breast of each gleamed more than one silver medal with its parti-coloured clasp.

"It's in the blood, Jacob," said the younger man, reflectively sucking his pipe. "There was that lad of mine just the same. He might have been the old Squire's body-servant, and a good place too; but nothing would do but soldiering. He fell at Balaklava, in the charge. He was a good lad, was 'im."

"They was like we, Ben. There's a mort of trouble in ben's father, not as I over had time to think much of that sort of thing. When I was a boy, it was a sore time for wives and sweethearts. I'm ninety-five, Mr. Choppin—ninety-five next Sunday, and I fought under the Duke at Waterloo."

"It was in Balaklava harbour," returned Mr. Choppin, not to be outdone, "as I see my most active service—A. B. on the old *Ajax*. It was there as Master Frank got killed."

"And he never smiled again," interrupted Mr. Jacob Dawson, in the tone of one who repeats a well-learned lesson or an oft-repeated story. "I've heard the tale afore, Benjamin, though as sad a one as I ever heard tell."

Ben Choppin looked into space meditatively, perfectly unconscious, as was the last speaker, of the irony underlying his words. It was a hot still morning, with the gentlest of breezes ruffling the ivy mantle of the ruin—a time for rest and retrospection.

"He never smiled again, Jacob," Choppin resumed approvingly, "leastwise, not till Miss Sylvia was born, and that was twelve years afterwards. There was three besides her and Master Frank, all of 'em dyin' of infancy"—as if childhood was some fell disease—"the pest was Turkish Bonds, I'm told."

Mr. Dawson nodded his head approvingly, somewhat hazy in his mind as well he might be, as to whether the bonds in question represented another and more virulent complaint peculiar to children of tender years.

"There was a lad for you," continued the narrator, with rising enthusiasm "a gentleman and a Goldsworthy every inch of him. And, mind you, though he was a midshipman aboard his father's own ship, there was no favour for him.—Well, we was just laughing together—for he always had a pleasant word for everybody—when plump comes a ball and cuts him right down."

"And then he said, faintly, 'Ben, old fellow, never mind me, but fetch the dear old gov'nor.'" Jacob Dawson exclaimed pathetically. "Then you lifts him—all, all white from the pain as he pretends he can't feel. That's what I calls being something like an Englishman."

No. 2 shows a d. Choppin suspiciously, ribbon, vandyke et that last bit from?" "So fan. The ribbon returned, with some sense with crinoline, if you do object." "I'll give you a shilling or two come that he could do to reprimand the Corporal for alleged audacity in spoiling the best story."

As far as they were quoted, original text, were permitted, but the course of fourteen years' Mr. Dawson's refusal to in this own into the story-tel.

"We shan't have to turn out, Benjamin," asked the Corporal, startled out of his philosophic calm. "That don't mean as his place is to be pulled down?" "They couldn't do it if they wanted to, if it's endowed. You see, it's

pin, a Downshire man, had been boatswain's mate on board that gallant ship. It was to the death of Captain Goldsworthy's only son that the threadbare story related; but how the Captain came to be a pensioner in the said Hospital as his humble follower was one of those points which Choppin was somewhat hazy upon.

But this was an old story, likewise the history of an honest single-minded gentleman, who refused to accept his pension on the ground that he had sufficient for his own wants without drawing an income he might not earn. We hear the rest of the sorry details often enough; the simple individuals who listen to the voice of the charmer, and fondly imagine that every financial genius who floats a bogus company risks his time and money with the philanthropic intention of finding this public a safe investment for spare capital at the rate of twenty per cent.

Goldsworthy asked for nothing when the crash came save a roof, other than that of the poorhouse, to cover his gray hairs. Proud to the last degree, nothing savouring of charity would he accept; and so it came to pass that, when he was jestingly offered a shelter in the Blackfriars Hospital, he surprised the patron by accepting the offer. He had no encumbrances, no one depending upon him but his daughter Sylvia, a girl now in her twentieth year. The townspeople who knew him and his story wondered that he should care to have the girl with him in company with decayed soldiers and servants; but even in the midst of these poor surroundings there was a certain innate refinement in the pair that caused their fellow-inmates to look up to and respect them.

Put Sylvia Goldsworthy, lady bred and born to her dainty finger tips, was no idle heroine of fiction, bewailing her hard lot, and waiting for the handsome lover to carry her off to his ancestral castle. There was work to be done in Castleford, music lessons to be given to more or less refractory pupils, and painting lessons at the Ladies' College. A girl who can support herself two years in London studying at the Royal Academy and College of Music, does not fear to face the ordeal of country-town drudgery.

"I wonder," the Captain would say, nodding his gray head with the air of a connoisseur over some pretty landscape, on listening to some brilliant piece of music, for the Hospital home boasted a piano—"I wonder you did not stay in London, Sylvia. Think what a future was before you?"

"And what was to become of you?" Why will you persist in thinking me to be a genius? Oh, I assure you there are hundreds in London far more clever than I who can scarcely get a living. Besides, it was so lonely, and I am far happier here."

Such conversations were by no means rare in the cottage. Then the Captain would nod disapprovingly, as he contemplated this modesty of true genius. "I sometimes think, I don't know why, that you had some reason more powerful than loneliness for leaving your work in town."

Sylvia said nothing, but bent her head closer over the canvas upon which she was engaged. There was a little brighter colour in her cheeks, though her eyes were dimmer than before. "At any rate, I did my duty," she replied; and some instinct warned the Captain that he had best seek no further information. There was that perfect confidence between them that exists so rarely between parent and child, yet without the vulgar curiosity which impels some fathers to probe into every secret thought and fancy.

But Ben Choppin, snoking his pipe in the peaceful sunshine, with his bosom friend the Corporal, knew nothing of this, except that he would have cheerfully laid down his life for his young mistress, as he would persist in calling her. Not a single bit of drudgery was there in the Captain's cottage but owed something of its cleanliness to the activity of the erstwhile boatswain. Even at the moment of his perturbation at Jacob Dawson's audacity, the sight of a large tin basin of unshelled peas attracted his attention, and in the labour of shelling those, his late ill humour vanished with every crackling hull.

"I heard last night," he continued, in the course of this somewhat unmanly occupation, "as the Hospital had been sold, Jacob"

"We shan't have to turn out, Benjamin," asked the Corporal, startled out of his philosophic calm. "That don't mean as his place is to be pulled down?"

"They couldn't do it if they wanted to, if it's endowed. You see, it's

just this way, one of the kings of England granted the Fotheryngsby estates on condition that they always keep up this place for such as we. The new gentleman at Fotheryngsby Court will be our new patron, that's all."

"I hope he won't forget the Christmas 'bacca and plum pudding, and beer,'" Dawson returned practically. "We must give him a 'int of that 'ere, Ben."

"I don't think he's likely to forget that, because he's a soldier a young one it's true, but still a soldier; and they say he's very rich, far richer than Sir Reginald Fotheryngsby, our present patron."

"Who is richer than our patron?" asked a voice at this moment, as another Hospitaller stole upon the old men unawares. Choppin looked up and touched the brim of his cap to his fellow-resident, Captain Goldsworthy.

He was somewhat younger than the others, though his hair was white; and his blue eyes burned with all the fire and brilliancy of youth. His face, tanned by long exposure to tropical suns and ocean gales, bore a kindly, gentle expression, totally unsoiled by misfortune; yet the face, and the slim upright figure, clad in a somewhat faded uniform of a Commander in Her Majesty's navy, bore the unmistakable hallmark of gentleman; the same as he did when on Sunday, in his "seemly coat of red," he attended with the rest in the Hospital chapel. Mr. Choppin touched his cap again, and unfolded his budget of news at much greater length than before.

"It did not affect us, as you say, Dawson," remarked the Captain with a smile; "but I am truly sorry for Sir Reginald all the same. Why, he and I were boys together, gracious me! half a century ago; and now he is forced to sell his very house, and I—" He broke off abruptly, and commenced to pace the narrow strip of turf in front of the two old men, as if it had been the *Ajax* quarter-deck, striding so many measured paces backwards and forwards, with his eyes fixed upon the soft August sky. Memory, finding us with mental food as we grow older, was busy among the faded rose leaves of the past. "He was a sailor, too, like all his race. He joined me in '45 on the *Bloodhound*; or was it the *Ocean Hawk*?—I forget which."

"The *Greyhound*, Captain," Choppin struck in, suspending his occupation for the moment; "Captain Seymour, afterwards Admiral Sir Guyer Seymour, Commander; it was on that very voyage that your honour got masted for—"

"It's a great piece of presumption on your part to insinuate such a thing," the Captain replied gravely, a merry twinkle in his eye, nevertheless. "Dear me! how time changes us all, and to think who is to be our new patron, Ben!"

"Mr. at least, Lieutenant Delenham, of Lockington Hall. Your honour will be sure to remember old Squire Delenham."

"Ay; I remember him well enough," Goldsworthy replied with a sternness of face and manner which startled the boatswain.

"Can this news be true?" "Well, sir, if his steward—who used to be an honest man, and a good blacksmith to boot, before he became rich at other people's expense, and is own brother-in-law to myself—is any judge, it is sure to be."

But the Captain caught but faintly the drift of this complicated and not complimentary explanation. So perturbed did he seem, that the Corporal, who had remained silent through the interview, ventured to heal this anxiety by the information that the Hospitallers might still look forward with tolerable equanimity to their usual good cheer at the festive season.

"Do you imagine that is all we think of?" asked the Captain sternly. "Pah! man, I know one who would rather starve than taste his hospitality;" and saying these words, the speaker turned abruptly towards his cottage, leaving the unhappy Corporal on the verge of tears.

In the tiny cottage parlor, gay with flowers, and bright as the hands of a refined woman could render it, Sylvia sat at her easel painting, with the shadow cast by the chapel walls throwing her face in the shade. A sweet girlish face, a more beautiful copy of the Captain's, looked up at him from a frame of deep chestnut-brown hair, and as her eyes encountered his and she saw the unhappiness there, she laid her brush aside and placed one hand lovingly upon his shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" she asked simply.

"The Hospital is sold; and to whom, do

you think? None other than the son of my friend, Crichton Debenham, the scoundrel who induced me to place my all where he declared his money was - the wretch who persuaded me to buy into a concern so that he might come out unscathed. - Sylvia, we must say good-bye to Blackfriars."

"But, father, the son should not be answerable for the father. He may not be such another; nay, I am convinced he is not. Hugh Debenham I know to be one of the noblest and best of men." Sylvia spoke quickly, almost passionately, her eyes bright and glittering, though her cheeks were pale and her hands trembled.

The Captain, hard and stern, changed and quivered strangely as he caught the light in his daughter's eyes and read its meaning. "You - you know him?" he asked. "And yet you never told me."

Sylvia bowed her head under the gentleness of this reproach. "It was in London," she faltered, "months ago, and we used to meet where I was a teacher. I - I will tell you all presently. Then one day he - he asked me to be his wife."

"And you refused him. - Ah, I am glad of that."

"I did not, I dared not. I was cowardly enough to run away. You see, if we had been in the same station in life, I might have thought" - She could say no more, another word would have choked her.

The Captain drew her close to his side and kissed her gently. "This is a pleasant finding," said he with a jocularity he was far from feeling.

"What hypocrites you women are! I should like to know, very much like to know, how this thing is going to end?"

"The very thing," said Sylvia, smiling through her tears, "that gives me so much anxiety."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Horseradish is Grown.

Near large cities vast quantities of this plant are grown, and usually as a crop to follow others put in early. For example, it may be placed between the rows of early cabbage. One will give the rows the same distance apart as the cabbage - two or three feet - the roots being fifteen to eighteen inches apart in the rows. The planting is performed by making holes ten to twelve inches deep by a planting stick or light crowbar. A piece of root is dropped into each hole, leaving the top two or three inches below the surface. By having the roots below the surface no injury is effected by hoeing over in the early growth of the cabbage. And by the time of the last hoeing of the cabbage the horseradish begins to show top growth, and when the cabbage comes off, has the ground to itself. It is a crop that requires but little after attention, except to keep down the weeds by the hoe the entire summer, and it usually well repays when the crop is taken off.

Of course any early crop ground is as good as the cabbage quarter, the only feature is to have such a crop as will come off way in July. By growing this way, one sinner suffices to give good, stout, clear roots, and is a far better way to grow, even for family use, than the old one of having the horseradish in some neglected corner to plant itself, and dig as wanted. Such roots are gnarly and small, and of no use as a marketable product nowadays. For house use the aim should be to grow only the best.

Practical Poultry Pointers.

Nothing is more disgusting to the poultry taster than a hen which eats eggs, and it is generally conceded the best plan is to put her in the pot. But one does not always feel like doing this, for the hen may be valuable - a prize taker or a choice specimen secured from some noted breeder's yard. Furthermore, there may be a number of hens or a whole breeding-pen addicted to this miserable habit, and to dispose of them all by putting them in the pot would involve a heavy loss; so I shall tell you how I break hens of this habit. I simply cut the upper part of the bill off a bit shorter than the lower part. It is the strong, sharp, horny part of the beak, which does the work. The lower part is softer and by cutting the upper part back, considerably it becomes sore and the bird does not feel disposed to pick very hard. Of course if a bird is not worth tending and is the only one in the flock which eats eggs it might be best to kill her, but I think the aforesaid method will put a stop to this mischief. It has done so for us.

Health Department.

Physiological Objections to Flesh-Eating.

There are a great number of objections to the use of flesh as an article of ordinary diet. We do not propose to attempt to consider all of these in this article, but would invite the reader's attention to one or two points of significance :-

1. Flesh food contains about three per cent. of extractive matter, which consists of excretory substances, and which would have been eliminated from the animal through its organs of excretion if its life had not been taken. Within the last twenty years, extensive studies have been made of the nature of these excretory substances, and of their effects upon animals and human beings when separated, and studied each one by itself. As the result of these investigations, which have been carried on in the most exact and scientific manner, it has been proved that a large share of them are poisonous in character, some of them intensely so. Taking into consideration the fact that the system of most human beings, especially those living in civilized countries, and more particularly persons of sedentary habits, are all burdened with considerable quantities of these poisonous substances which are on the way out of the body, and that life and health depend upon the rapid oxidation and excretion of these poisons, it is evident that nothing is to be gained by additions of this character from an outside source, even though the quantity be small.

2. The experiments of Brieger and others have shown that in the digestion of animal fibrine, an extremely poisonous substance is developed, which has been termed peptotoxine. This substance is found to be so poisonous that a few drops of it in water, injected underneath the skin of a frog, produced death in a few minutes. It has been well known for a long time that in the digestion of animal food, certain bitter substances are formed. That these substances are of a poisonous nature seems now to be very thoroughly established. It is certainly of interest to note that the bitter principle referred to is not formed in the digestion of vegetable albumens.

Poisonous Action of Caffeine.

It is probable that few of the many persons accustomed to the daily use of coffee as a beverage, are aware of the fact that the coffee-bean contains a poison which is capable of producing most marked effects; and very likely the majority of the habitual users of caffeine will be greatly surprised if told that the exhilarating effects for which both coffee and tea are commonly employed, are largely, if not wholly, due to the action of this poison upon the system. The identity of this poison, commonly known as theine when obtained from tea, and caffeine when obtained from coffee, was long ago fully established, and the poisonous properties of caffeine were also fully understood so long as fifty years ago. We have in our library a scientific work devoted to physiological chemistry, written in 1841 by Prof. Lehmann, the eminent professor of physiological chemistry at Liepsic, in which the poisonous effects of caffeine are thus described.

"A quantity from two to ten grains will produce the most violent excitement of the vascular and nervous systems: palpitation of the heart, extraordinary frequency, irregularity, and often intermission of the pulse, oppression of the chest, pains in the head, confusion of the senses, ringing in the ears, scintillations before the eyes, sleeplessness, and delirium."

After detailing the above symptoms, Prof. Lehmann states as follows :-

"The above-named results were yielded by experiments instituted on myself and several of my pupils with pure caffeine. Five persons, after taking from five to ten grains of this substance, were unfit for any business during the next day."

The reader will please note that the poisonous symptoms above described were produced in some instances by so small a quantity as from two to five grains, and that the effects were so serious as to render a person unfit for business for at least twenty-four hours. According to good authorities, roasted coffee contains about one per cent of this poison, which would amount to five grains for each ounce of coffee. It is evident, then, that a person in taking an ordinary cup of coffee, is taking a quantity of this poison equal to that taken from an ounce of coffee, is taking

his system a sufficient quantity of this poisonous substance, caffeine, to produce serious effects, if unaccustomed to the use of this drug. Tea ordinarily contains from two to six times as much theine as coffee, consequently it is apparent that thousands of people are in the habit of using those substances in really poisonous doses, and the only reason why the deleterious effects are not more conspicuous, is simply that the system has the power to become accustomed to the use of almost any poison, so that the toxic effects may not ordinarily appear. It is for this reason that tobacco-users become able by long use of the poisonous weed, to take into the system, every twenty-four hours, nicotine in quantity sufficient to kill several persons unaccustomed to its use, just as the arsenic-eater of Styria will swallow at a single dose, sufficient to kill three or four men, and yet without any immediately poisonous effects.

Domestic Medicine.

It should always be remembered that in fumigating a room by means of burning sulphur, water should be kept boiling in the room at the same time, as sulphur vapor is less effective as a disinfectant in a dry atmosphere than in a moist one.

FOR FRECKLES - Probably one of the most frequent requests physicians receive from fashionable ladies, is for something which will "remove moth and freckles." A wash which is highly recommended for this purpose, consists of equal parts of lactic acid and kerosene. It should be applied carefully, and if used in this way, may be considered harmless.

MEAT AND NERVOUSNESS - Dr. McLaine Hamilton asserts that one of the usual causes of nervousness among adults, is the taking of too much beer, and the eating of too many sweets. The Doctor thinks that meat-eating causes essens among girls, and is likely to cause consumption among boys. Hot bread and hot cakes, in the Doctor's opinion, occasion sleeplessness, and other nervous diseases.

SHAKEN MILK - A writer in the Medical Reporter claims to have demonstrated by experiment that milk may be made more digestible by shaking, as accomplished by means of a tin cap placed over a tumbler, similar to that used by bar-tenders in preparing mixed drinks. It is quite possible that the increased digestibility of milk thus shaken is due to the admixture of air. The suggestion is worthy of investigation.

ANGER FROM ADDING SODA TO MILK - The Council of Hygiene of the Seine, in France, has condemned the practice of adding carbonate of soda to milk, to increase its keeping qualities, as one of danger, it having been found that this soda produces chemical changes in the milk which render it purgative in action, and hence dangerous for use, especially by infants. The best means of increasing the keeping qualities of milk, is by heating the milk, to the boiling point for about five minutes.

Feminine Cleverness.

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes every other woman think herself the cleaver.

A clever woman is one who gets the water on tea; she brings the strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose name never unpleasantly enters the social world.

A clever woman is one whose neighbor's right is never that she alone has the world.

A clever woman is one who never quarrels with her own shadow.

A clever woman is one who never quarrels with her own shadow.

The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. Thomas' Elettroc Oil - an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence - remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affection of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

It improves your memory to lend a friend \$5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.

A Boon to Mankind

The quickest, surest, and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, soreness and lameness, is Haggard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take 10 to 30 drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also. When immediate relief will result.

They are introducing Peruvian dogs into this country. Hereafter there will be no scarcity of Peruvian bark.

Boils, carbuncles, and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off the poison from the blood. This result, may be accomplished much more effectually, as well as agreeably, through the proper channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

At the concert - "I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received."

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the forerunners of more dangerous diseases. Nine tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a neglected cold, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to healthy state.

Boy (looking up from Shakespeare's speech to his father) - "What did Father mean by saying 'I could wish this were my drum?' Father - "Oh, he wanted the tavern to be a drum, why did he want it to be a drum? He wanted it to be a drum." "Don't you want to be a drummer?" "No, I don't want to be a drummer."

Dyspepsia (speaking to a friend) - "I have a very good recipe for curing dyspepsia. It will be given to you by a friend of mine. I have known many cure it with it."

One (speaking to a friend) - "I have a very good recipe for curing dyspepsia. It will be given to you by a friend of mine. I have known many cure it with it."

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"I am the Countess Lanin and am going to Irkutsk to share my husband's exile. I have the special permission of His Majesty the Emperor."

The officer bowed low.

"We have expected your arrival for some time, having been notified. The Governor wishes to see you. Please go to him." And without waiting for her answer he beckoned to one of the gendarmes.

"What does this mean?" asked Jana, troubled.

"We have strict orders," was the only reply.

"I think," said the doctor, "as the Countess has the express permission of the Emperor, she ought not to be delayed on her journey."

"Nor do I detain her; I only obey orders. You can discuss that with the Governor." Then turning to the soldier he added, "You will go with these travelers to the Governor's palace."

The Governor of Kasan was engaged in a conversation with our old friend, Col. Palkin.

"You have but few prisoners," he said, "as I see here."

"Only twelve, but there is one among them who is dangerous."

"And who is that?"

"Popoff, a former clerk in the Ministry of the Interior. He is pointed out to us by the Minister, Count Perowski himself, as a very dangerous character. He is to be gotten out of the way. In the meantime he lies in solitary confinement."

If the Governor had watched his friend's face he would have seen how the Colonel's eyes flashed out when he heard this. Still, he asked very quietly:

"Could I see the man, perhaps?"

"Of course," replied the Governor, "the mission in which you are engaged opens you the doors of all prisons."

"Yes, in Siberia but here I am virtually only a guest. But as I know the whole affair of this man Popoff, whom I consider a very dangerous man, I should like to see him and to take him with me so to make sure of his disappearing."

The Governor understood that Palkin begged where he might have commanded, and at once bowed saying:

"As you desire."

At the same moment the officer on duty entered and whispered a few words to the Governor.

"I pray thy will," was the reply.

As the door left he said to Palkin:

"The Countess Lanin, the wife of the exiled man, will appear directly. You know, of course, the whole affair?"

"Of course; but why does she stop here?"

"She is on her way to Irkutsk, where she hopes to meet her husband. Mr. Schelm has sent me most detailed instructions concerning her. I am to detain her here, to prevent her journey to Siberia, as she is said to have formed treasonable plots against the Emperor. She claims to possess a permission of the Emperor, but the Minister of the Interior informs me that she has obtained this permission by an abuse of the Emperor's kindness."

"I should like to meet the Countess," said Palkin. "I know her slightly, as I have just arrested her husband."

"Nothing is easier. If you will remain here you will see her in a moment. Here she is!"

The door opened. Jana and the doctor entered. The Countess seemed to anticipate misfortune. She was deadly pale, but her innate pride did not abandon her for a moment. The mild face of the doctor, on the other hand, had changed very strangely; usually quiet and placid, it now shone with resolute determination. He entered the room, saying:

"Your Excellency, the officers here—"

Jana interrupted him.

"Never mind, doctor, I will speak with his Excellency the Governor myself."

The doctor was silent.

"Your Excellency," said the Countess, turning to the Governor, "the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant me leave to share my husband's exile. Here are papers confirming it. I do not know by what right your subordinates drag me into your presence. This is a want of respect for the Emperor's will which I cannot comprehend. You will please, therefore, examine the papers and in no way prevent my continuing my journey—"

Here Jana broke down under the pressure of sudden fright and consternation. When

she entered she had not noticed Palkin, who had purposely concealed himself behind a desk. Now the Governor arose to take the papers and in so doing revealed his guest. At once the memory of that fearful night came back to her and the ominous figure of the officer of the gendarmes had left its impress upon the poor woman's heart. She recognized him instantly and this meeting with one of her persecutors, who, she thought, must have pursued her even to the frontier lines of the empire, filled her with unspeakable anguish. She fell almost lifeless into a chair, saying to herself:

"Lost!"

Palkin, however, approached her and said, trying to give a milder tone to his rough voice:

"I understand, Countess, that my presence here cannot be pleasant to you. I had a most painful duty to perform at your house. I only did my duty. I pray you will not imagine that, therefore, I am your enemy. Very far from it, if I can be in any way of service to you I pray you will command me."

The Governor, who had been wondering at Jana's haughty carriage at first and her discomfort so soon after, now said:

"I regret very much, Countess, that I must disappoint your hopes. I knew that this document was in your hands. I had, however, received orders to prevent your journey, and to send you back to St. Petersburg."

The Countess was so unnerved that she could not answer; she seemed to be unable to see or to hear. The doctor, however, protested.

"Your Excellency has no right to detain us! Perhaps you have not read the document very carefully. It contains the express words: 'Upon His Majesty the Emperor's special order,' and below is the Emperor's own signature."

The Governor turned round quickly, surprised at the tone in which the doctor spoke to him.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed. "What right have you to interfere in this affair?"

"I am Dr. Haas and accompany the Countess Lanin as her medical adviser. I am one of the persons to whom His Majesty has given leave to go with her to Irkutsk. I have, therefore, the right to continue the journey and no one dare prevent me."

"No one prevents you," said the Governor. "My orders concern the Countess alone!"

"Since I have offered my services to the Countess I am no longer my own master. I speak, therefore, in claiming my rights only of those of the Countess."

Now the Colonel also began to take a part in the discussion, after having asked permission to examine the documents and papers. Having read them he said:

"The papers of the Countess are in perfect order and nobody has a right to stop her."

Jana raised her beautiful eyes with a ray of hope in them, astonished at the courtesy of one whom she considered her bitter enemy.

"You see, Governor I was right," said Dr. Haas.

The Governor shrugged his shoulders, replying:

"I have already stated that I have received precise orders to pay no regard to that permission of His Majesty. These orders came from the Minister of the Interior, whom I am bound to obey."

"I do not see that," said Palkin. In no case can a man like Schelm nullify an imperial order. I am of the doctor's opinion. Nobody has a right to stop the Countess."

"What!" said the Governor, amazed.

"I not only advise you, I urge you—remember that a single order given by the Emperor supersedes all other orders."

"But my responsibility to Mr. Schelm!"

"Cannot be greater than that to the

Czar."

The Governor hung his head.

"I can, however, relieve your mind," continued Palkin. "You know that as superior officer of the gendarmes I have the duty to see to it that His Majesty's orders are faithfully carried out. If the Countess does not herself wish to remain here"—with a profound bow to Jana—"ask the Countess if she would rather comply with Mr. Schelm's demand, in which case I do not oppose."

The doctor, full of joy, seized both of Palkin's hands and said:

"I thank you, Colonel. You are sent by Providence!"

Jana had suffered so terribly from trial and despondency that she dared not hope. Besides, she mistrusted Palkin, whose

face and ugly features had made a bad impression upon her. A secret aversion besides warned her not to intrust herself to his hands.

She said, therefore, only a few words of cool gratitude, thanking him for having assisted her.

The indifference of these words wounded Palkin, but he did not show his discontent. "Well, then!" he said to the Governor. "You let the Countess continue her journey without making any difficulties about it, and as I am going also to Irkutsk I can be some protection perhaps."

When he said this Jana took the doctor's hands and whispered:

"Nothing in the world could induce me to travel with him. I am frightened."

"Accept his offer," whispered the doctor in return. "It is your salvation. Shall I not always be near you?"

She bowed, and thus consented. In the meantime Palkin had removed the Governor's last scruples, and turning to Jana he said:

"Countess, I shall leave Kasan to-day, as soon as some important business which I was sent to transact shall be finished. I have been appointed chief of the gendarmes in East Siberia and this will explain to you why I go to Irkutsk. If you will, therefore, have the kindness to wait till evening, I shall have the honor to accompany you to the end of your journey and remove every difficulty from your way."

"Very well, as you order it," said Jana, haughtily.

"The question is not to obey me," replied Palkin, rather hurt. "but whether you will accept my protection."

"The Countess accepts it gratefully," said the doctor, and the Colonel had to be content with Jana's silent consent.

As Jana and the doctor rose to go Palkin detained them a moment, saying:

"Pray wait for me at the Post Office. We travel together. My sleigh will follow your coach and I promise you I shall do everything in my power to make the long journey pleasant and easy."

He spoke with such respect that Jana was conquered. She offered him her hand but only said:

"Very well, we shall wait for you."

When the chief of the gendarmes was alone in the Governor's room he rubbed his hands joyously and said to himself:

"Ha! ha! Mr. Schelm, you have not won the game yet! Trumps are all in my hand!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the wide from unsummed spaces  
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade  
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold:  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy  
ing grace.

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy  
missions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and  
ing cease,

And flows forever through heaven's  
expansions

The river of Thy peace.

There from the music  
ing.

I find you learn  
the path  
of a  
will be  
About  
provision  
Address  
Adelphi

Ways to Make Money.

This is a topic so often treated that it seems as if it must be exhausted, yet I have several suggestions to make with special reference to that class of unpeccant young persons who have no capital beyond their own industry and perseverance. They desire to earn money to spend for some article, much craved by themselves, but not belonging to the class of necessities which "father and mother" toil to supply.

Most boys and girls on a farm are comfortably clothed and fed. Most of them, too, sigh for some way to make money to spend on themselves, for they will know that the family purse cannot be opened lightly. The common advice is to raise chickens and turkeys, but to succeed in this department warm poultry houses and a plenty of food are requisite. If the mother has need of all the houses already built to furnish her own table it is not so easy for the daughter to provide independent quarters for her own poultry, although in many instances I have known girls to succeed well in this department with the friendly aid of fathers and brothers.

The methods, however, that I wish to suggest require no outlay, except time and patience, and the friendly co-operation of the brothers and sisters. I have known a party of bright young people to go out into the woods armed with hatchets and baskets, and return every evening loaded with pine knots, which were carefully split into a good size for kindling and sent to the nearest city, where a ready sale was found. One young girl of my acquaintance bought for herself a nice winter dress with the chestnuts she picked up and sold.

As Christmas approaches, the country lads and lassies may fill their purses very easily by gathering evergreens for decorating churches. The mistletoe, also, commands a high price for the active boy who dares to climb the tall oaks on which it is found. It is so difficult to gather that it is not often found for sale.

Another branch of industry that I would suggest is the gathering of our native medicines to sell to the druggists. Podophyllum (one of the most powerful remedies for disordered liver) can be found in the swamps and along the banks of streams. It is commonly known as mandrake, or May apple. Lobelia, also a popular medicine, can be collected in quantities in our forests, and the black cohosh (so valuable in heart disease) is also frequently seen. Horehound, wild cherry bark and the sarsaparilla root also sell well. I can scarcely imagine a more pleasant pastime for boys and girls than searching in the forest for hidden treasures.

Another way in which young people may make money is the saving of garden seeds. To accomplish anything in this way a small piece of ground should be planted especially for raising seed. A neighbor of mine has recently sold seven dollars and sixty cents worth of alfalfa seed, which she gathered from a small part of her garden and sold to a seedsman at less than the usual rates, which are a dollar a pound. Green peas always sell well in the country stores. They are a bulky kind of seed to order through the mail, and peas are so popular with chickens that they often destroy all the dry before seed can be saved.

Young fruit work that can be done at home and sold at a good rate to dry cherry canes, or

Any of the occupations mentioned above will at least give the young person a few dollars which will be a great help to the family.

On

On

On

On

On

On

On

On

On

On

The Poet's Corner

Baby's Got a Beau.

She ain't nuthin' but a baby!

Why, we've alluz called her "Baby,"

Why, 'tain't no time since I see her

I kin see her gittin' bigger,

Course I wouldn't keep a single

Old Aunt Mary's.

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,

It all comes back so clear to-day!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood

And then in the dust of the road again;

Why, I see her now in the open door,

The claspboard roof! And her face—ah, me!

And, O my brother, so far away,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

That speaks of rest to the fevered soul;

And if life's sharp cares would allow, my feet

Earth's Shadow.

What spirit darkens the bloom of day!

The clouds drift wearily over the sky;

But yesterday morn the flowers were sweet,

But a misty darkness glimmers athwart

Who's Dead?

Excuse me for stopping you here, sir; I'd like

Acquaint with the folks? Well, yes, rather;

You're not! Well, it's like them thro' fellows

Come back! Aye, to—and here and tremble

Come, tell me, who's gone at the flat, sir? Nay

'T'is always the way with the women: the

And when this new grief's a bit over I'll tell—

or we parted, you know, not in anger; I just

words seem kind of affection. I see that for

You are ghastly! Don't

Tis Time We Two Were Maying.

Oh, let us go a-Maying!

Tis time that we were Maying;

Tis time we two were Maying;

Tis joy to go a-Maying,

How shall we go a-Maying,

A GHASTLY AWAKENING.

Horrible Discovery of a Hotel Guest.

The other morning about three o'clock J.

A HORRIBLE SIGHT

The eyes were open and the hands were

MURDERING JOHN SMITH

He has a number of acquaintances in this

A HEROIC GIRL.

How a Brave Lass Ended the Life of a Rag-

Word was received the other day that

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.—Little love can perform great

Tuesday—

We can not see the way we tread.

We blindly wait: when all seems wrong.

We know Thy hand is o'er us still;

Our hearts are bowed beneath their load.

Wednesday—What elements of power we

Thursday—

When I remember something which I had.

—Jean Ingeloid.

Friday—To the great question, What is

John Pulloch.

Saturday—

Who can mistake great thoughts!

—Bailey.

There May be Bloodshed.

Senator Macdonald of Victoria, B. C.,

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

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

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

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

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

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Head embroidery and passamenterie are again finding favor as trimming for evening toilets.

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

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"TRUTH" Bible Competition! NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have a good opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, Wings; 2, Lexus; 3, Feet.

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SECOND REWARDS. First one, Fifty Dollars Cash Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15

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Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won.

Prizes: 1st, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

The garden hat of the moment delights in a garniture of freshly-plucked blossoms. The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

ADVISE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, abates all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

A great many half shoes of ilaco anede kid are worn at musicales and daylight. Sure Basis of Popularity. LAIDE St. to a "class" of witnes. the "class" of witnes.

# Our Young Folks.

## Ned's Burglar.

It was prayer meeting night, and the "grown ups" were all away. The boys sat around the kitchen fire popping corn and telling blood curdling tales.

The Mulkins boys, in from next door, were great tellers of ghost stories, but somehow Ned Steele always told the most alarming human and not ghostly ones, perhaps because he was so fond of highly seasoned story books, and had such remarkable imagination in dressing up the crude details of a house breaking item in the newspapers.

It was a wonderfully wide-eyed and cowering little, as Lem Mulkins gloomily whispered of footsteps, stealthy and slow, creeping, creeping, creeping at midnight around a terrified watcher's bed. Perhaps Lem thought it a good moment to leave the circle with a shuddering effect behind him, for in the silence that followed his tale of icicle fingers trailing over a staring face, he called upon Sam to say "Good night" and go home with him.

"Oh, don't go yet!" exclaimed the other boys. "It's only a little after nine. There's time for another game yet."

"Mother told us not to stay later than a quarter past," exclaimed Lem.

"Before I'd be tied to my mother's apron-string," laughed Ned.

"Mother's are not such bad things to tie up to," pleasantly answered Lem.

"Well, I can't say I have so very much use for one," puffed Master Ned, grandly.

After the departure of the Mulkins boys, Ned had the field to himself. He always liked to hear himself talk far better than to listen to another, so now he grew eloquent, and confided to his admiring audience once more the glorious ambitions that fired his noble breast.

Yes, he was going to astonish all the country, and any other there might be, as well as dead and alive Europe and all Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand, with deeds of valor and dash.

He was going to have the swiftest black horse that ever galloped, and was going to be strung all over with pistols set with diamonds, and was always to wear black velvet clothes, and have stern determination written on his brow and lightnings in his eye, and be known as "Red Ned, the Slaughterer of the Sioux."

Ned pronounced it "Syookacs," but his audience was not critical.

"Hist! hist!"

Ned interrupted his own glowing narrative thus, with uplifted finger and blazing eyes, just as he had seen heroes do on the covers of storybooks.

They hushed and they listened, being too frightened to do anything else. And icy little bodies froze to icy chairs, as they heard stealthy footsteps creeping about the summer kitchen behind where they sat. Ghostly fingers groped for the latch.

"What! Up yet? I never saw such night-birds!" exclaimed mamma, walking in, followed by two unexpected visitors from Lynn.

"Might you were burglars," whispered Ned to Joe. Then he added, in a low voice, "but we don't want a bit of lick."

"No, we don't want a lick," said Joe, "but we want to know what has been long culled out of the kitchen."

"What! Up yet?" Ned's eyes were staring at the burglars. "I promised to wake him up to go to bed."

"Only just Sammy Mulkins," said Ned to Joe and Arthur. Then Joe added, innocently, "Can't Ned lick a burglar that there are none of em?"

"No," said Arthur, contemptuously: "he'd lick for his 'mammy'!"

"The 'mammy' of Yecama, will submit to the Internal Medicine, now he has a new electrical lantern service to lecturers and medical ingenious combination of electric contrivances to attract the attention of the hearers."

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him; ghostly images thrust themselves from out every inch of blackness and threatened with wild gesture and awful stride. Even the window was not in its right place beside his bed, but had slunk away to the foot, where it stared blankly out upon a square of pale sky.

He did not know why he had waked with heart beating so heavily, nor even why that heart did not cease its dull clamor after he recognized those phantoms as no phantoms at all, only the unfamiliar features of Arthur's room instead of his own. But "Hist! hist!"

Ned did not say it. He only felt it in every drop of his icy blood. As distinctly as he ever heard his own voice declaring to the other boys the daring deeds of "Catcher, the Canterin' Cowboy," or "Dick Dawson, the Dare Devil," as distinctly as ever he heard Joe and Arthur ask how long it was going to take him on five cents spending money a week to buy bowie knives and revolvers enough to start out to kill "Injuns" and slay bears, as distinctly as ever he had heard all this, he heard slow, stealthy movements creeping up the wall. Yes, he heard them; he did not dream or imagine, but heard them, creeping, creeping, creeping!

Who but Ned could tell, in all this wide, wide world, whether or not he hid his terror-stricken face under the bedclothes? None but he could tell and he did not tell until ten years later, when he was a grown man.

Then he confessed that he did not! And the reason was, that he was too frightened to move! Creeping, creeping, creeping! the hideous sound became plainer and plainer. Now, against the square of pale sky at the bed's foot, "Red Ned, the Slaughterer of the Sioux," was certain he saw two straight slim lines which he knew to be the ends of a ladder, planted against the window-sill.

Fascinated by the startling sight, he could not turn his eyes. Then he saw the dim outlines of a head rise slowly above the window-sill. It rose higher, still higher, till a gigantic form, huger, "the Slaughterer" was sure, than any human being he ever saw or dreamed of seeing, filled the whole aperture of the open window. So monstrous was the figure, that it managed itself with difficulty, and advanced with exceeding slowness, apparently careful lest the ladder yield beneath the enormous weight.

Then, with stealthy movement and slow, it thrust one leg over the window-sill. The next minute the other leg followed the first. Then, to the frozen figure in the bed, the whole room was filled by that awful presence, a thousand times more awful than any that ever interrupted Christian's progress to the Celestial City. Gigantic as it was, however, it still found space in the chamber to move slowly up to the bed. There it extended one hand, which it laid not upon the famous Slaughterer's throat, but upon his cold little pug nose!

This unimposing feature the giant tweaked rudely, exclaiming:

"Outer this! Outer this! Git up!"

Then, for the first time, the Exterminator of the Syookacs found his voice. Mightily he raised it, but not to say, "Surrender, bold, bad, giant, to Red Ned the Slaughterer!" Not so, indeed.

From her adjoining chamber Mrs. Steele uttered a cowardly scream. "Mamma, mamma! A burglar's got me! O come quick! muscled-ugh! Yee-oo-u-u!"

Deposited, sure every one in the house rushed to the burglarized chamber. There they sought the burglar, but shrank to a fraction of his size in Ned's eyes.

For thought it was Arthur, "the burglar" called out: "I promised to wake him up to go to bed."

"Only just Sammy Mulkins," said Ned to Joe and Arthur. Then Joe added, innocently, "Can't Ned lick a burglar that there are none of em?"

"No," said Arthur, contemptuously: "he'd lick for his 'mammy'!"

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## The Adventures of Paul.

At the foot of a high mountain in one of the Eastern countries stood a small cottage in which lived an old shepherd with his two children, Paul and Helen. Although they were poor, and had little money, they were good and honest, and lived very happily in their humble home. One time the shepherd fell very ill, and when it was certain that he could not recover, he called his son and daughter to him and said: "My dear children, I must now leave you alone in the world. I have no riches for you; this little cottage and three sheep are all that I possess. They are yours; do with them as you think best."

After the old shepherd had died, and been laid at rest in the old village churchyard, Paul said to his sister: "Now, Helen, you shall have the cottage and all that is in it for yours. I shall take the sheep, and go out into the world to seek my fortune. When I have become a rich, great man, I shall return for you, and we shall leave this poor little house, and live in some grand palace."

Helen had great confidence in her good, brave brother, and, although she bade him a tearful goodbye, she firmly believed that he would, as he said, become rich and great, and then return for her. For many days Paul traveled over the dusty high ways and through green fields without meeting any adventures. Tired and discouraged, and not knowing which way to turn he stopped to rest one day under a large tree that stood at the cross roads. Suddenly he saw near him a man with three large black dogs.

"Good day, my boy," said the man; "I see you have three fine sheep there. What do you say to giving them to me in exchange for my dogs?"

In spite of his address Paul could not help laughing at this strange proposal.

"Why," he said, "it costs me nothing to keep my sheep, for they feed on the grass by the roadside. But how could I buy meat for the dogs, when I can scarcely get food enough for myself?"

"My dogs are of a peculiar kind," said the stranger, "and will furnish you with food, instead of your providing for them; and they will bring you great fortune. If you say to the smallest one, 'bring food' you will immediately be supplied. If you say to the second one, 'kill him' he will at once destroy your enemy. And if to the third you cry, 'help me, he will deliver you in time of trouble."

Paul was finally persuaded to make the exchange, and when the stranger had led away the sheep he said, 'bring food,' and at once the smallest dog darted away, and soon returned carrying a basket of the choicest food. The boy now lived very comfortably and grew quite fond of his dogs. One bright morning as he was trudging wearily along he met a carriage draped in black drawn by four noble black horses, which hung their heads and walked slowly, as if conscious of some sorrow. The coachman wore a black livery and had bands of crepe around his hat. Within the carriage sat a beautiful young girl, on whose fair face were traces of tears and great distress. Paul asked the cause of all this sadness, and learned that in the mountains there lived a huge dragon that threatened to destroy the city and its inhabitants unless the King's daughter was sacrificed to him, and in order to save his people, the King must give his daughter to be swallowed by the monster. Therefore, all the city was in mourning while the young girl was being carried to the mountain.

Paul had great compassion for the King's daughter, and followed after the carriage. When the Princess alighted, and sadly began her walk up the mountain, the boy walked beside her, although the coachman warned him that he would perish. When they had gone about half way they heard a great noise as of thunder, and beheld coming toward them from the summit the dragon with its huge mouth open ready to devour them.

Paul then stepped forward, and immediately the second dog rushed upon the dragon and soon stretched him across upon the ground. Paul sprang upon the great body, and taking three of the monster's teeth, put them away in his purse as trophies of his victory. The Princess shed tears of joy over her happy escape, and wished her rescuer to go with her to her father's palace, where he would be richly rewarded.

Paul replied: "I wish to travel farther than that, but in six months I shall re- turn."

They now descended the mountain, and found the coachman who from below had been a witness of the scene. As they drove back to the city a daring thought came to the mind of the coachman, and stopping the carriage on the middle of a bridge under which rolled a great river, he said to the Princess:

"Your rescuer has gone away, and did not desire your rewards. I am a poor man, and it will please me greatly to receive honors from the King. Therefore, you must tell your father that I saved you from the dragon. Unless you do this, and promise me never to reveal the secret, I shall hurl you into this foaming river, and none shall be the wiser; for they will think that you have been devoured by the dragon."

The Princess was compelled to yield to the wishes of this wicked man, and promised to declare him as her rescuer. There was great rejoicing in the city when the King's daughter returned. The black flags were taken down, and in their stead were gay banners, while shouts of joy and music were to be heard in the streets. The King sent forth a decree that in six months a grand festival should be held, at which time the coachman should be crowned the first knight in the kingdom. The poor Princess hoped for the return of Paul, but did not dare to make mention of her true rescuer. At last came the time for the great festival; and as the procession was marching through the streets, a stranger, leading three dogs, entered the city. He asked the cause of all this rejoicing, and being told, he cried: "It is false; I saved the King's daughter!"

For his impudence, as the people called it, Paul was thrown into a dark prison. After a short time, he heard a pawing and scratching at the door, and recognized the whining of his faithful dog.

"Help me," he cried, and in a moment the largest dog had broken through the iron door and set his master at liberty.

Then Paul said to the smallest animal: "Bring food from the King's table."

When the dog entered the banquet hall of the palace the Princess recognized it as being long to her rescuer, and begged her father to send for the owner. Paul soon appeared, and, having told his story, he showed the three teeth which he had taken from the mouth of the dragon.

The wicked coachman was then thrown into prison, and the poor shepherd boy was given his place in the royal palace. Paul did not now forget his sister, but, with the permission of the King, he again visited his native village and returned, bringing Helen with him, who ever afterward had a happy home in the palace, and found in the Princess a kind and loving friend.

One morning, as the brother and sister were walking in the palace garden, the three dogs ran toward them and began to speak. They said: "You have made your fortune now, and no longer need us."

They then became birds and flew away, and were never again seen.

PASSER.

- If you feel out of sorts, Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
If your liver is sluggish, Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
If your kidneys are inactive, Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
Large Bottles 50 cents.

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## Dyspepsia and Diabetes

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"ONE NATIONAL FOODS" is the trade mark for a class of Hygienic preparations that will cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Diabetes, when medicine fails. Hippocrates some 2,000 years ago traced back the origin of medicine to dietetics. Our Delectated Wheat, Gluten Flour Patent Barley and Karawana Milk Food will agree with any infant or invalid and nourish them into health and strength. Every mouthful will prove effective. A physician who passed 8 oz. of sugar a day was cured of diabetes by our Gluten Flour. An infant a few months old was cured in three days. The cereals from which these foods are made are treated in the light of all the scientific progress of the times by converting the starch into dextrose, etc. Ask for them, use them and be convinced. Free trade supplied.

The Ireland National Food Co., Ltd.
109 Cottingham Street and
124 to 126 Marlborough Ave., Toronto.



FOREIGN NEWS.

The subscription in Berlin and Hamburg for a national monument to Bismarck amount to 150,000 marks.

Dr. Chambland, Pasteur's chief assistant, has discovered that cinnamon is fatal to the typhoid microbe.

The pope has protested against the placing of a tablet to the memory of Garibaldi in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence.

The business of the Transcaspian Railway has reached a value of 120,000 rubles (about \$65,000) per week, chiefly from cotton, which is now largely cultivated in Central Asia.

The Paris Tribunal, in the course of a gambling suit, announced the doctrine that the law grants no action for the payment of a bet when it is not made on a game in which skill is required.

At the next German manoeuvres there will be an extremely interesting event in a battle between one corps armed with the new rifle and ammunition and another corps with the old equipment.

A real horned man has been discovered by Capt. Alborn on the Gran Chaco in the Argentine Republic. He is tall, with a full beard, and two very perfect horns like those of a stag on his forehead.

A Russian ukase has just been issued permitting the employment of women on railroads. On the Transcaspian line there are female station masters, traffic managers, signal women, and point women.

The latest researches show that in Rome's most flourishing period the city had 1,300,000 inhabitants; in 325 A. D. it had 300,000; in 1377 only 17,000; under Leo X. 40,000; in 1537 about 33,000; in 1871 it rose to 214,000, in 1881 to 300,000, and in 1889 to more than 410,000.

An Italian Senator has written a pamphlet to prove that Emperor William's sudden change from militarism to constitutional liberalism, is a marked case of atavism, a direct reversion from his notorious admiration of his grandfather to the natural elements inherited from his mild father and mother.

A new constitution will go into effect throughout the empire of Japan on July 1, 1890. A parliament consisting of two bodies will be established. The government will be modelled on that of the U. S. A special agent from Japan is now in Washington studying the legislative and judicial methods of the government.

The landowners of the Crimea, unwilling to pay Russian farm hands the wages they ask for their work, have started a movement to import laborers from Persia. They sent an agent, a certain Ter-Akopoff, to the Russian provinces on the Jaxartes (Sir-Daria) to engage such laborers. The principal mover of the scheme is young Faiz-Fein, the wealthiest sheep-breeder of southern Russia.

Visitors to Heidelberg will hereafter be relieved of the necessity of climbing up the long, winding road leading to the celebrated old castle and other points of interest in the neighborhood. An incline railroad has been built from the Kormmarkt in the central part of the town to the castle and the Molkenkur, the famous mountain restaurant.

At Torreagonia, Cadix, a Maxim automatic repeating gun weighing about 300 pounds, threw projectiles weighing something over one pound at the rate of fifty shots in ten seconds. In a high wind it put forty-seven shots out of fifty in a target 600 metres distant. Afterward it fired fifty explosive shells in ten seconds at 2,000 metres range, and a dozen shots pierced the target.

The Waterloo ballroom, where once there was a sound of revelry by night, and all went merry as a marriage bell, just before Napoleon's overthrow, is for sale. It is the property of a new deserted brewery in the rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels. It is a very large room with rough beams supported by a row of six wooden pillars in the center, and the aspect price is 122,000 francs.

The Vienna Reichs-Anzeiger announces that the Pope recently addressed a circular to about a hundred bishops in different countries asking whether, in their opinion, the proclamation of the dogma of the temporal power of the Holy See would be opportune. Sixty-six bishops are said to have declared in favor of the dogma, while all the Italian bishops expressed themselves as opposed to it. The Jesuits are in favor of proclaiming the dogma without delay.

Bavaria has more associations or "vereins" in proportion to its population than any other land in the world. In Furth, with its 35,500 inhabitants, there are 315 associations, that is, one for every 112 persons. Erlangen has one to every 130; Nurnberg, one to every 150; Landslut and Bayreuth, one to every 170; Regensburg, one to every 200; Munich, Augsburg, and Wurzburg, one to every 250. In Berlin, on the other hand, the proportion is only one to every 600.

In upper Heuduk, in Silesia, a workman sold his wife for a term of two years to a friend for a mark. The wife lived with her new partner in harmony, when one day the lawful husband, thinking he had sold her too cheap, called upon the man and demanded a further sum of 15 marks. He said that she had a set of beautiful teeth, which he had forgotten, and he wanted 15 marks more. The buyer refused, and the husband went to law. The judge said that as he had made a contract for a mark he was not entitled to any further sum.

The cultivation of cotton in the Asiatic provinces of Russia has been rapidly developing for the last four years. Merchants and manufacturers begin to appreciate the importance of this industry, and invest large sums in the purchase of American seed, which they distribute among planters in the province of Sir-Daria and adjoining Russian territory. They also advance money to planters on the expected crop. The papers unanimously encourage this enterprise, which they say will in time become an object of national importance.

Some Russian explorers a while ago found in an isolated corner of the Tian-Shan Mountains of central Asia a solitary German, who had made himself quite comfortable in a house of unbaked bricks, and was devoting his time to collecting insects and birds for the Berlin Museum. Over a hundred naturalists are said to be scattered around in the remote places of the world studying phases of nature with which we are least acquainted, and gathering specimens for museums of natural history and private collections. It is not a very remunerative business, but it is a charming life for those who love it and perhaps more money getters are rarely so happy as these enthusiastic collectors when, now and then, they discover something new.

The Municipal Council of St. Petersburg received on May 1 the reports of the city hospitals and the charitable societies connected with them. From these reports it appears that of the eight hospitals of the city, only one, the Obukhovskaya, has a society with a capital of 124,000 rubles; two have no such societies at all; the remaining five have societies whose capital, ranging from 43,000 to 19,000 rubles, is inadequate to secure any beneficial results. The purpose of such societies is to afford assistance to convalescing patients until they can go to work. The Municipal Council has sent circulars to all real estate owners of the city, urging them to become members of the hospital societies.

An inland steamship company of Odessa has laid down regulations by which impetuous nobles find themselves at a great disadvantage. The company classifies its passengers not according to the fare they pay, but according to their respective stations in society. Common citizens are not allowed to take passage in a cabin, while nobles can not take passage in the steerage. The fare from Odessa to Vladivostok costs 500 roubles in the cabin and only 120 roubles in the steerage. The wealthiest commoner cannot have the comforts of a cabin passenger, nor can the poorest noble get cheap transportation in the steerage. But while the former can reach his destination if he waives the advantages of a cabin passenger, the latter is decidedly unable to move if he cannot raise the 500 roubles.

A strange occurrence took place recently in Moscow. A peasant, Ivan Prudin by name, met two women in the Khitrov market who carried a pitcher of brass. The day was very warm. The women offered Prudin a drink, which he accepted gratefully. Not so soon had he tasted of the sweet beverage, the favorite drink of Russian peasants, than he experienced a strong headache and nausea. By a strong effort he found a policeman, whom he informed that he was sick, and begged to take him to the hospital. Arrived there, he was found to be poisoned with phosphorus. The women in the mean time were lost in the crowd. As Prudin was almost a stranger...

and as no attempt at robbery was made in connection with his poisoning, the police are at a loss to conjecture the motive of the deed. At the hospital antidotes were administered in time to save the man's life; but he is unable to tell who the two women were that poisoned him, or even to describe their appearance. The pitcher, with the rest of the poisoned brass in it, was found on the sidewalk.

The greatest operation by brigands lately has been achieved by a Tonquinese band near Haiphong. Two French gentlemen, M. Roque and M. Costa, had been captured by a chief Lun-Ky and were permitted to choose between having their heads cut off and paying a sum as ransom. The French President at Dong-trien, at the entreaty of the prisoners, advanced to the brigands' stronghold with an escort of marines carrying the ransom. When they had reached the camp Lun Ky required the President to come up to the fort with only a priest, who acted as interpreter, and men sufficient to carry the ransom. That was in five chests, and consisted of £10,000 in money, 100 pieces of silk, and twelve watches. The brigands at first objected to the quality of the silk, but, on being assured that it was the best which could be procured in Haiphong at such short notice, allowed it to pass. The captives were then released and the brigands retired. Lun-Ky is described as being only 20 years of age, and to have behaved with great insolence to the French President. While the ransom was being examined the President was surrounded by about 400 brigands, kneeling, with their rifles ready to fire at the least signal.

Random Reflection.

A man never forgives a woman for making him feel silly. No man but a blind man ever passes a mirror without looking in it. A model wife is one who thinks her husband knows more than her kin. Every woman is a hero to some man; every man is a heroine to some man. The birthdays of his children are a man's landmarks on the road to old age. When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous his wife gets the credit of it. Nothing pleases a man so much as to be told that an old flame, since married, is still admiring him. A woman can be paid no higher compliment than to have her husband spend all his time with her. No woman was ever so homely that a man does not defend her looks after he has heard that she admires him. When a man gets famous it would seem that every man in the country used to play marbles with him at school. The trouble with the men is that it is easier for them to die for a girl before they are married than it is to get up and light the fire for their wives after they are married.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The Music Supply Association

Membership Fee \$1 per Year. All Sheet Music supplied to members at 10% discount below retail price. For particulars apply to Music Supply Association, 10 King St. W., Toronto.

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT TRUSS FOR RUPTURE

This Truss closes Hernia as if your extended hand was drawn together, closing the aperture. Truss is held firmly without friction day or night, and breaks like a bowstring. There is no duty to be performed which many Canadian men are unable to perform. It is the only reliable and cheap Truss. Sent by mail for CLUB FEET months without cure. SPINAL INSTRUMENTS. More expensive than the truss. The cost of other trusses is not mentioned here. Send for Truss. I. Truss.

DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Nineteenth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 28th, 1890.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, May 28th, 1890.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, C. W. Lewis, Major Mason, Wm. Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Wilmot D. Matthews, R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Wm. Ross, G. Robertson, W. T. Kely, Walter S. Lee, John Stewart, Mrs. E. Campbell, T. Walmsley, J. D. Montgomery, etc.

It was moved by Mr. G. Robertson, seconded by Mr. James Scott, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Major Mason moved, seconded by Mr. E. Leadlay, and

Resolved That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as secretary.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and R. S. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:

Table with financial data: Balance of profit and loss account 30th April, 1889; Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1890; Dividend 5 per cent. payable 1st Nov. 1890; Dividend 5 per cent. payable 1st May 1890; Bonus 1 per cent. payable 1st May 1890; Amount voted to pension and guarantee fund; Carried to reserve fund.

Balance of profit and loss carried forward \$6,253 02

During the greater part of the year fair rates for money were prevalent, enabling your directors to fully maintain the profits of the bank.

The charters of the Canadian banks expire on the 1st of July, 1891. This has necessitated a new Banking Act, which has just been passed at Ottawa. The act has been extended for ten years longer, with some slight changes, which will not interfere with the elasticity so necessary to move the country.

JAMES AUSTIN, President.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, and resolved, that the report be adopted.

The president spoke at some length on the success of the institution, and mentioned that the bank had not only funds available to pay all possible demands, but were also open to take up desirable accounts, having cash on hand for that purpose to a very large amount.

After the usual resolutions the scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. James Austin, William Ince, E. Leadlay, Wilmot D. Matthews, F. H. Oiler, James Scott and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. James Austin was re-elected president, and the Hon. Frank Smith vice-president for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Table with financial data: Capital stock paid up \$1,200,000 00; Reserve fund \$1,200,000 00; Balance of profits carried forward \$6,253 02; Dividend No. 28, payable 1st May 75,000 00; Bonus 1 per cent. payable 1st May 15,000 00; Reserved for interest and exchange 30,000 00; Rebate on bills discounted \$1,315,872 00.

is no time in circulation. \$1,177,000 00. All Sheet Music supplied to members at 10% discount below retail price. For particulars apply to Music Supply Association, 10 King St. W., Toronto.

Plowing too Deeply.

It is many years ago that Horace Greeley, reasoning theoretically on the advantages of more room for the roots of plants, took to advocating deeper plowing as the best means to that end. He was strongly controverted at the time by many practical farmers, but never gave in that he was wrong until some New Jersey farmers on the light, sandy soil common in parts of that State tried both deep and shallow plowing, and thus practically demonstrated Mr. Greeley's mistake. Even then the most that the theoretical philosopher could publicly acknowledge was the fact that under some circumstances deep plowing was a blunder, and that light soils, with only a thin layer of vegetable matter on their surface, seemed to be especially unadapted to it.

Farmers on many other kinds of land have found too deep plowing an injury to the present crop and to future fertility. The fact is, indeed, becoming generally recognized that on any kind of soil, if deep plowing is to be successful, it must be preceded by clover, and accompanied with a heavy dressing of manure of some kind. We have never yet seen a good piece of corn on a timothy sod plowed more than six inches deep. No better test of soil fertility can be found than the corn crop. If the soil is full of clover roots, a plowing of six or even seven inches depth may do no harm, but if there is no clover in the piece, then all below four inches from the surface will be found cold and inert. If turned to the depth of six inches, the bottom two inches will be made the seed bed. A hopeless, worthless planting place it must prove for a crop which more than any other loves not merely light, but warmth and fertility. Cultivation, top-dressing with manure, and mixing, this with the soil turned up will improve it to some extent, but not enough to make the vigorous early growth that is needed if corn is to be a good crop.

After midsummer corn roots may reach down to the vegetable mold and richer soil turned below. But even then this cannot be warmed sufficiently for them to get the same benefit from it that they could nearer the surface. More damage to corn has been done by plowing heavy sods deeply, so as to smother the grass roots, and bring up loose soil for seed bed, than by any other one cause. Clover sod will bear deeper plowing than will the grasses, because the roots of clover extend into and to a certain extent warm the subsoil. Yet for corn crop we would not plow generally more than six inches deep, and unless the soil is very rich, five inches is a still better depth. Only for winter wheat, where a somewhat hard surface is required, is deep plowing advisable, and even then the compacted surface is better secured by judicious use of the roller than by turning up subsoil.

What is wanted to deepen heavy soils is a judicious use of the subsoil plow. This does not turn down the best part of the soil and bring the worst to the surface. It leaves the subsoil where it belongs, but penetrates it so that all roots can more easily penetrate it, and it is made much more absorptive of water. In this condition it is admirably fitted for clover, and a few seedlings of this crop, allowed to reach the surface, will send fertility downward so that it can be done without the application of more manure than any farm in the neighborhood needs. It is not necessary to plow deep, but it is necessary to have the soil in such a condition that the roots of the clover can penetrate it, and that the fertility can be sent downward.

should never sit without foot-warmers or fur-lined slippers if at all chilly. Mental exercise exhausts the bodily heat. You remember how George Eliot always was chilly when writing, and many a professional worker recognizes the familiar feeling. Hot baths, with plenty of borax in the water, and friction afterward, get up a healthy action of the skin, which leaves the face fair and opal-tinted hours afterward. One of the most beautiful complexions I know is kept by this practice, joined to care in eating. The eyes will be dark and bright after such a bath, but if you want to insure their brilliancy a pharmacist who studies these things says one must eat freely of tomatoes for the sake of the atropine or its kindred quality they contain. Certainly wholesome tomatoes keep skin and eyes in good condition as far as food can do it.

The World Moves!

Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just because some old fogey doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper enquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents,) and they "mean business."

A man of morbid tastes The auctioneer "Boat, Ahoy!

the rapids are below you," cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

Finance—Those who remember you in their wills.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy. Was his sorrow face. And he seemed a very dummy Of the human race. Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er His clear and sparkling eye Tells us that he lives in clover. Ask you the reason why?

What has wrought the transformation? Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

A two-foot rule—"Stand on your own pins."

All Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, spots before the eyes, twitching of the tendons, eye lids and elsewhere, hair-fall, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its force on every function wanes in consequence of the through abuse committed in youth may be permanently cured. Send for a book for look on all diseases peculiar to men. On books sent free sealed.

Dr. J. C. LUDON, 30 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed.

Something delicious and healthful to chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum 5 cents.

Lots of men seem to get "solid" comfort out of "liquid" refreshments.

St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

The Palace Hotel at this widely famed watering place, 200 double rooms, will be opened June 1st to tourists. Despairing sufferers and all who desire highest health and strength, should secure rooms in advance the price is so great; so wonderful have been the cures in former years.

Address the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (L'd.) Toronto, Ont., or to the St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

M. A. THOMAS, Hotel Manager. A. P. 505

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Work & Money If you want both, go to Great Falls, Montana, and help build the Great Half Million Dollar Dam across the Missouri, the Two Million Dollar Smelter, or one of the Three New Lines of Railway—Nichard Line, Leithbridge Line, and Pacific Coast Line, all being built by the Great Northern Ry. (St. P., M. & N.) 18,000,000 of free farming lands along the line. For particulars send postal card to J. M. HUCKINS, Can. Pass. Agt., 4 Palmer House Block, TORONTO.

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SMILES.

A bargain counter—A woman. Lives from hand to mouth—The dentist. A paper advertises a raffle for a cow. It will be a milk shake.

If there is anything which makes a waiter mad it is to be tipped with nothing but a wink.

A correspondent wants to know "how long girls should be courted?" On stilts, of course; short ones on chairs.

"There is one thing about a dog's pants," said Harkins. "What's that?" "They never lag at the knees."

Many a man who objects to carrying a bundle home from the provision store goes home from the barroom loaded.

"I think," said a disappointed and discouraged actor, "that I would have made the hit of my life by not being born."

The only genuine original package was filled, not with liquor, but with original sin. And it is still doing business at the old stand.

"I should think it is wrong for the news papers to treat the new death penalty with so much levity." "You do?" "Yes, electrocution is no choke."

"That champagne," said Bliggins, "is what I call a nectar fit for the gods." "Maybe; but it's something of a misfit for human beings, it strikes me."

"I hear Jay Gould entertained an angel unawares the other day." "Lucky for the angel, if Gould had known who it was he'd have absorbed his crown and harp."

Ed "What do you understand by a paroxysm?" Ned "Well, for instance, the more ice cream you give your girl the warmer grows her affection for you. Under stand?"

I wouldn't be a farmer if some one would present me with the best farm in the country. Why not? Because a farmer's duty is sometimes simply harrowing.

One of the funniest things about children is the way, when they have hurt themselves, they start and run all over the house until they can find somebody to hear them cry.

He said in tones of sorrow, "No friends in need of me! The friends who want to borrow Are not the friends for me."

Mr. Short—"Mrs. Lucre is rich now and does not recognize us. She passed without a glance. What a magnificent dress she has on." Mrs. Short "Yes, a sort of a cut by us dress."

Briggs—"I suppose Timson is overflowing with happiness since his new boy arrived?" Brags—"He may be by this time, but when I saw him this afternoon he was only half full."

Beneath a fair exterior A rascal often lurks; It is true of men and watches; You may tell them by their works.

Mr. Milson (a wealthy widower)—"My little boy is very slow about learning to walk. I really don't know what to do about it." Miss Pacey "Why don't you get him a stepmother?"

Miss Pacey—"Why don't you get him a stepmother?"

Miss Pacey—"Why don't you get him a stepmother?"

Mrs. Lushley—"And there you were, when the policeman found you at three in the morning, hugging a cigar sign. Oh, it's just awful." Mr. Lushley—"My dear, it surely is not possible that you are jealous of a cigar sign."

"So you were caught, madam," said the Judge, solemnly. "You deceived your husband and—" "On the contrary, your Honor, put in the law, responsible. My husband deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."

A gallant named Cobb met a maiden named Webb, And straightway he sat down beside her, And quickly proposed in a manner so glib That he won her as soon as he spider.

Blackening the nose all over with burnt cork is said to prevent the eyes being dazzled by the reflection of the sun on the water. If young ladies will only remember this when they go fishing with their young gentle men friends they will save themselves lots of discomfort.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,

Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine."

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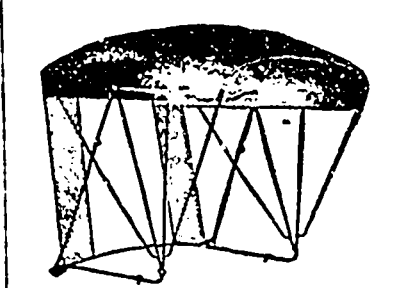


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Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrible sensation, wretched pain and choking. The very thoughts chill me. A friend got cured with St. Leon; urged me to drink. I did. The choking lumps got softer and softer. was cured and remain in the best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail.

GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal

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Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

Planers, Matchers and Moulders Combined. CHEAPEST, THOROUGHLY GOOD MACHINES BUILT.



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JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEER The Great Strength-Giver

A Perfect Food FOR THE SICK.

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study.

Confederate ORGANIZED 1871.

REMEMBER ANTE POLICIES ARE Free from all restrictions... Provides an... Affords...

IN A SNAKE'S DEN.

A Hunter's Adventure in Trying to Capture a Large Serpent.

While traveling in South America I experienced many adventures, one of which was particularly hazardous.

The sun had just passed the meridian, a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades; all would have been like midnight silence were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a "Horace" in my hand, when a negro with his little dog came down the hill in haste, and informed me that a snake had been discovered, and that it was a young one called the busimaster, a rare and poisonous breed. I instantly rose up, and laying hold of an eight-foot lance which was close by me, started to have a look at the monster. I was barefoot, with an old hat and check shirt and trousers on, with a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and we ascended the hill. Another negro armed with a cutlass joined us, judging from our pace that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we got about half a mile in the forest

THE NEGRO STOPPED

and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent. I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and to keep the little dog in, and that I would go on and reconnoiter. I advanced up to the place slowly and cautiously. At last I made the snake out; it was not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death.

Once ascertaining the size of the serpent I retired slowly the way I came, and promised \$4 to the negro who had shown it to me and \$1 to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, I thought that I would take it alive. I imagined, if I could strike it with the lance behind the head and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us, but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now, having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly.

When we got up to the place the serpent had not stirred. I could see nothing of its head, and I judged by the folds of its body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed

A COMPLETE MANTLE

over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably the snake had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near the other, with a cutlass. The cutlass was taken from the first negro was close by me in case of need.

ON MEASURING HIM

On measuring him afterward he was found to be something more than 14 feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest; one 14 feet in length is as thick as a common boa of 24. In skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

vent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved and, on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of its tail before it could do any mischief. On being pinned to the ground with the lance, it gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the littledog

RAN AWAY HOWLING

We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. Thesecond negro threw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got a firm hold of the tail, and, after a violent struggle or two, the snake gave in. While the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, the other was helping me. I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

We contrived to make his snakeskin twist round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey it out of the forest. I stood at its head and held it firmly under my arm, one negro supporting the body and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly toward home, and reached it after resting every ten minutes, for the snake was too heavy for us to support it without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onward with it it struggled hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting it. Had I killed it a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me into the forest a strong bag large enough to contain any animal I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping alive wild animals when I was pressed for daylight, for the bag, yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I lay fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed the bag itself was not fastened or tied to anything, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the monster, it was forced into this bag and left it to its fate till morning.

I cannot say it allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him and the floor between us half gone to decay. That in parts of it no boards intervened in his lodging and mine. He was very restless and fretful, and had Medusa been my wife there could not have been more continual and

DISAGREEABLE HISsing

in the bed chamber that night. At day-break I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance, as I judged it most prudent to have a good force in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred. We untied the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By 6 o'clock the same evening he was completely dissected.

On measuring him afterward he was found to be something more than 14 feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest; one 14 feet in length is as thick as a common boa of 24. In skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

Early in last month an Anwick man escaped from Sleaford Workhouse. It was reported that he had committed suicide, but he had been missing for nine days before he was discovered hidden in a straw stack. He declared that he had been in the workhouse and had not felt a morsel of food for a long period, and was in a very weak state of health when he was discovered.

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IN THE DEPTHS.

The Horrors of the March, the Everlasting March, Through an African Forest.

The following is an extract from the speech of H. M. Stanley at the reception tendered by the Emin relief committee in London, giving an account of his terrible journey through the heart of a tropical forest:

Day after day, week after week, from dawn of morning to near eve, with a noon interval of rest, we are urged on unceasingly. Step by step we gain our miles, and penetrate deeper and deeper into that strange conservatory of nature, the inner womb of a true tropical forest. The warm vapors rise from it as from a great fermenting vat, until so dense are the exhalations in a few days that only the flaming bolt can let in the sunlight on that impervious and endless foliage above our heads. After a month's unbroken march we halt for rest, and for the first time attempt to question natives who have hitherto artfully eluded our efforts to gain intelligence. We ask them if they know of any grass land lying east, north, or south of their district, and they reply in the negative in a manner that seems to imply that we must be strange creatures to suppose that it would be possible for any world to exist save this illimitable forest world. Taking a grass blade from the river bank—for only a few straggling blades can be found—we hold it up to view. "What, no field—no limited stretch of land with something like this growing?" "No," they reply, shaking their heads, compassionately pitying our absurd questions. "All like this," and they wave their hands sweepingly to illustrate that all the world was alike, nothing but trees, trees and trees!" Great trees rising as high as arrows shot toward the sky, uniting their crowns, interlacing their branches, pressing and crowded one against the other until neither sunbeam nor shaft of light may penetrate it.

"No sooner are these words heard by our men than their imaginations conceive the forest under the most oppressive and forbidding aspect. Hitherto it had been a tract of land of uncertain extent, growing trees, which a few week's march would enable us to pierce through, a mere pleasant variation in the experiences of an African journey-maker; but a month had already elapsed, and they now heard with their own ears that the forest was without end. The little relation they knew was nothing more than legendary lore, and in their memories there dimly floated a story of a land that grew darker and darker as you traveled towards the end of the world, and drew nearer to the place where a great serpent lay supine and coiled around the whole earth. Ah, then, the ancients must have referred to this, where the light is so ghastly,

WHERE THE WOODS ARE ENDLESS.

and are so still and solemn and grey, to this oppressive loneliness, and so much life, which is so chilling to the poor, distressed heart! And the horror grows darker with their lanterns, the cold of early morning, the comfortless gray of the dawn, the dead white mist, the ever-dripping tears of the dew, deluging rains, the appalling thunder-lights and the rolling echoes, and the wonderful play of the dazzling lightning. And when the night comes with its thick palpable darkness, and they lie cuddled in their little damp huts, and they hear the tempest overhead, the howling of the wild winds, the grinding and growling of storm-tossed trees, the dread sounds of falling giants, and the shock of the trembling earth, which sends their hearts with fitful leaps to their throats, and a roaring and a rushing as of a mad, overwhelming sea—oh! then the horror is intensified.

It may be that the next morning, when they hear the shrill sounds of the whistle and the officers' voices ring out in the dawn, and the blare of the trumpet is heard, and there is stir and tumult of preparation, and action, that the morbid thoughts of the night and memories of terrible dreams will be effaced for a time; but when the march has begun once again, and the files are slowly moving through the woods, they renew their morbid broodings, and ask themselves, "How long is this to last? Is the joy of life to end thus? Must we jog on day after day in this cheerless gloom and this joyless duskiness, until we stagger and fall, and rot among the teats?" Then they disappear into the woods by twos and threes and sixes, and after the caravan had passed return by

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1890. A NEW LIST OF HOME TESTIMONIES. 1890.

- Solator A. C. Chatsford, Sackville, N. B., says Actina is good for defective eyesight. He tried it.
Rev. Chas. Hole, Halifax, N. S., recommends Butterfly Belt for general debility.
Jas. S. Musselman, Berlin, Ont., general debility and catarrh—cured.
Mrs. Geo. Planner, Toronto, Liver and Kidneys—now free from all pain and strong and happy.
John Arnott, Iona, Ont., Lame Back cured after trying everything.
D. D. Gilles, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.
Daniel Campbell, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.
Mrs. Lottie Collier, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.
G. R. Glasford, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia, 15 years, cured in six weeks.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.
A. G. Henderson, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.
B. C. McCord, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.
J. Cameron, Beaver, B.C., feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks. [in 2 weeks.
F. W. Martin, St. John, Newfoundland, suffered several years with Inflammation of the eye—Actina cured.
W. J. Gould, Gurney Store Works—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 3 days—Sciatica.
James Story, Fanny, Ont., after wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us, 70 years old.
J. H. Johnson, Solgirth, Man., tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective, Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.
Jas. Mansfield, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.
Josiah Fennell, Toronto, for six weeks could not write a letter—went to work on 6th day—Neuralgia.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
Geo. H. Bailey, Union, Ont., a suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Sealy Sore Feet, cured in one month.
Jas. Nicholson, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 13 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.
Mrs. Connell, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment: cured in one month.
L. D. Good, Berlin, Ont., cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.
David Richards, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney Complaint of long standing in 2 weeks.
Thos. Guthrie, Argyll, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.
Thos. Bryan, 311 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—Improved from the first day until cured.
Chas. Correns, P.M. Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks feels like his former self.
J. A. T., Ivy, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. M. G. For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of Impotency. Many such letters on file.

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the trail, some to reach Yambuya and upset the young officers by their tales of awe and war, some to fall sobbing under a spear-thrust, some to wander and stray in the dark mazes of the woods hopelessly lost, and some to be carved for the cannibal feast. And those who remain, compelled to it by fears of greater dangers, mechanically march on, a prey to dread and weakness, the scratch of a thorn, the puncture of a pointed cane, the bite of an ant, or the sting of a wasp. The smallest thing serves to start a ulcer, which presently becomes virulent and eats its way to the bone, and the man dies. These sores rage like an epidemic, and dozens are sufferers. Then the recklessness with which the men eat up their stores of provisions: What might have lasted ten days is eaten up in two or three, and starve the rest of the time, for the between the banana plantations made a day's march, but they may be twice. But it requires a calamity to teach well as whites how to live.

SAVED FROM THE ROBBERS.

A Contractors Forgetfulness Proves of Great Value to Him.

Some years ago a prominent railroad builder of Warsaw, Poland, experienced one of the most remarkable "narrow escapes" on record. He was employing several thousand laborers along the line of a railway then under construction, and as there were banks in the provincial towns of Poland those days, he was compelled to pay him large sums of money from on his regular trips to pay. He usually drew the amount from the bank of the town, but one day he

drawn... An... wh... ki... On...

How to Procure Good Trees for Planting.

BY H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE.

It is not easy to procure young forest trees, worth planting. The trees raised in the nurseries can generally be relied upon and they are sold at moderate prices, but, owing to distance, want of easy communications, delays in forwarding and delivering (which are oft the cause that the trees, when received, are unfit for planting) and to the cost, however moderate, it is very seldom that farmers have recourse to the nurseryman for the forest trees they intend planting (I do not allude, here, to fruit trees.)

They generally go to the woods for them, often a distance of several miles. Those who have tried it know how hard it is to find such trees as they want, how much time and trouble it takes to dig them up, and how impossible it is, even with the greatest care, to avoid wounding and tearing off the roots. They know, too, how little satisfaction they have generally derived from all that work. Trees taken out of the forest and transplanted on the open, are placed at a great disadvantage; they fail so often that people get discouraged and many give up tree planting, as too difficult an undertaking.

Nothing is easier, in the proper season, with soil fit to grow the kind of tree you wish to plant, if the tree is in good order, with a little care you ought to succeed. But the trees young out of the woods are seldom in good order, and they cost you a high price in time, if not in money. If you wish for good trees, in great number, safe to grow, without trouble nor expense, procure them from a nursery, but let that nursery be your own.

Any farmer can start, in a corner of his garden a nursery of forest trees, by sowing the seeds of the trees he wishes to plant. With a little observation, it is easy to find out when the seed is ripe; for instance, towards the end of June, beginning of July, the seed of the elm and of the soft maple (acer rubrum) is ripe; by sowing it at once, it will sprout and the little trees grow nearly one foot in height this summer.

The maple, oak, ash, birch, hickory &c. ripen their seed in autumn; better sow it at once than winter it in the house. Sow in straight rows, with a garden line, leaving a picket at each end, to guide you when weeding. Sow an inch deep for the maple seed, and for other kinds in proportion to the size of the seed, and two or three inches deep, for butternut and walnut. Then after the first year, if needed, and transplant further on the little trees removed in thinning. After three or four years, more or less (the time will depend on the rate of growth of each kind of tree) plant your young trees where they are destined to stay. Choose a cloudy or rainy day in the spring and, without leaving home, with no trouble, without breaking any roots, you will take up and plant at once, without allowing the roots time to dry, one hundred young trees, certain to grow in less time than it would take you to go to the woods, and dig up ten trees, with a poor chance of their taking root and living.

These young trees will cost you nothing, your children will soon learn how to weed them and take care of them, especially if you set them the example. Our own children, from the young, took pleasure in sowing the seeds by me in the growth of the trees, and in dead all up. By sowing, in the spring, or in the fall, any number of seeds, by degrees, the trees will grow up.

of the small roots. Plant them, at once, in your nursery.

It is very difficult to collect pine and spruce seed. Early in the spring, when the ground is still soft and spongy, in the pastures, near where those trees grow, you will see a number of young pines and spruces that you can pull up very easily; plant them at once, for that kind of tree, you must shelter them from the sun, until they are well rooted.

Whenever the ground of a garden has been dug up and worked in the fall, if there are any maple or ash growing in the neighborhood, it will be noticed that the ground in the spring is more or less covered with maple and ash seedlings, grown from the seeds fallen from those trees. It takes a very little time to pull up and replant hundreds of them, and scarcely any of them will fail; of course, they must not be pulled up too roughly or it may damage the delicate roots; if the ground is too hard, use a trowel. As much as practicable, they ought to be pulled up when they have only got their two first leaves, which are easily known by their peculiar shape, long and narrow, from one inch and a half to two inches long and about a quarter of an inch wide.

For several years past I have been seeking the cheapest and, at the same time, most effective mode of restoring the woods, where they have been completely destroyed, many of our old settlements are completely denuded of trees, and I can recommend this simple mode as the best, from my personal experience. Let those who suffer for the want of fuel, of timber for building, of trees for shelter and ornament and those who would look to have a sugar maple grove at their door, let them start their own nurseries this very summer; it will entail no expenditure of money, take but very little time and repay them bountifully. It will be a pleasure for me to give any further information and advice to all those who may apply for it.

Leclercville, P. Q., May, 1890.

Beauties of the Garden.

There is a certain fascination about a little plot of ground all one's own. It becomes invested with dignity; it is a freehold—a miniature world to people and govern as one wills. Just a bare, soft, brown square of friable earth—but with what possibilities! Across it there may move in succession splendid pageants of color and form: purple plumes may wave, golden chalcids be upheld to the sun, azure campanulas ring out the hour; grim monkshood may look solemn, "ardent marigolds" flaunt their gaudy robes, says Good Housekeeping. There will be silver, ruby and amethystine tints, and tenderest greens; and there will be floods of perfume, swiftly darting humming birds, hovering butterflies and mysterious night moths. To evolve these possibilities, it is best to follow the advice of Horace: "Begin; getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey." Undoubtedly this is true, for once having plunged our hands in the moist, warm earth, a sort of magnetic current is established between us and our rugged first mother, and we watch with intense interest the growth of the tiny seedling and its development into the fair, perfect flower.

It is wise not to undertake too much at first. The beds prepared, there are the "collections" which the seedsmen thoughtfully arrange for the benefit of the amateur, and as they are accompanied by explicit directions, with just a little painstaking the most satisfactory results are seen to follow. Once successful with the hardy sorts, the more delicate may be essayed, and then the field is the world.

Among the roses, the beauty of the garden the past year was a bush of Polyantha rose, of the variety Mlle. Cecile Brunner. In color it is of an exquisite salmon pink, deeper in the centre; and while the half-open rose is lovely, nothing can compare with the dainty little buds, which are ideal for the whole bouquets. Little White and Mignonette are also very good. This year we have George Washington half rose, delicately shaded with fawn and white. Du Roche Relatol, shaded with white and pink. Little White and Mignonette are also very good.

been dead a year and a half, though bad men, we were told, would marry before that time. Their domestic arrangements are very peculiar, with a little background of poetic instinct, that shows through all the hard, practical facts of the case the same old human nature that has gradually evolved the love which is stronger than death. To begin with, when a man marries he is supposed to belong no longer to himself, but to his wife's parents. He is not permitted to speak much in their presence, and dares not look on his mother-in-law's face, shielding his eyes from it, as from the sun. The gift they have bestowed upon him in their daughter is supposed to be so valuable that he not only pays for it liberally at the outset, but any service they may ask of him he is obliged to render, so long as their child remains his wife; when she dies he cannot marry again without their consent.

The World We Live In.

The honest man approving conscience bleases, And yet we all from grim experience know He's bound to meet too oft with what distresses, While he's sojourning in this vale of woe. Alas! for what he hath, each rogue contentedeth, He of his substance is by knaves bereft— And, as the touch of time on him descendeth, He's lucky if he has his conscience left.

How to cure dyspepsia. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum after meals. 5 cents.



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By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

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"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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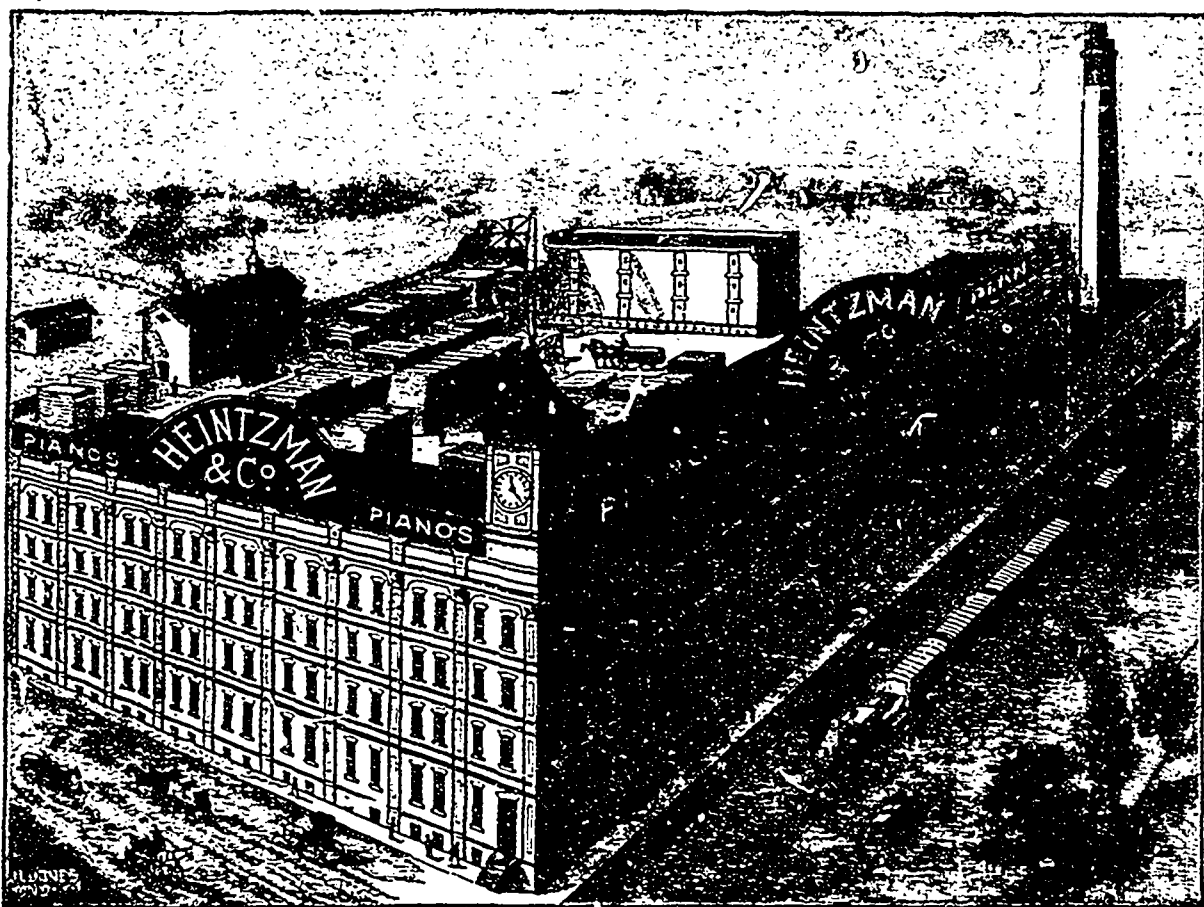
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**TRUSSES. - Treatment of Hernia with Mechanical Appliances**

The newly-invented Steel Spring Truss covered with soft or hard rubber, is one of the best  
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**PRICE - Adults, Single, \$2.00 or \$4.00; Double, \$3.00 or \$6.00. Postage 25 cents.**  
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Result amount and I will forward by Parcel Post.

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**IS STRICTLY PURE,**

Having no Acid, Borax, Soap, Soda, or other Chemicals mixed  
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For the Toilet - Use about 20 to 30 drops to a basin of water.  
For the Bath - About a tablespoonful.  
For Shampooing - A teaspoonful to a quart of water adding a little soap to make a lather.  
For Cleansing Jewelry, Hair Brushes, Combs, etc. - Use a teaspoonful to a pint of water.  
To remove Grease and Stains from Silks, Laces, Woolen Goods, Carpets, etc. - Moisten  
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For General Disinfectant, Wood Work, Walls that are Painted, Crockery, Silver and  
with the care - Dissolve a little soap in a pail of water, then add from two to five tablespoonfuls of  
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Disinfecting and Cleaning Waddy Matted Cloth. Add from two to five tablespoonfuls  
to a pail of water. Soaked wash in the usual way.  
For Carpets and other Woolen Goods - Require but one tablespoonful to a pail of water, and  
rubbed but.  
For Fulling - One full will do an ordinary family washing and can be used either  
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For Stains - Wash with Hartshorn-Ammonia in a quick and healthy  
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The 5:15 p.m. boat calls at Oakville.  
Quick despatch for freight. Book tickets at  
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