



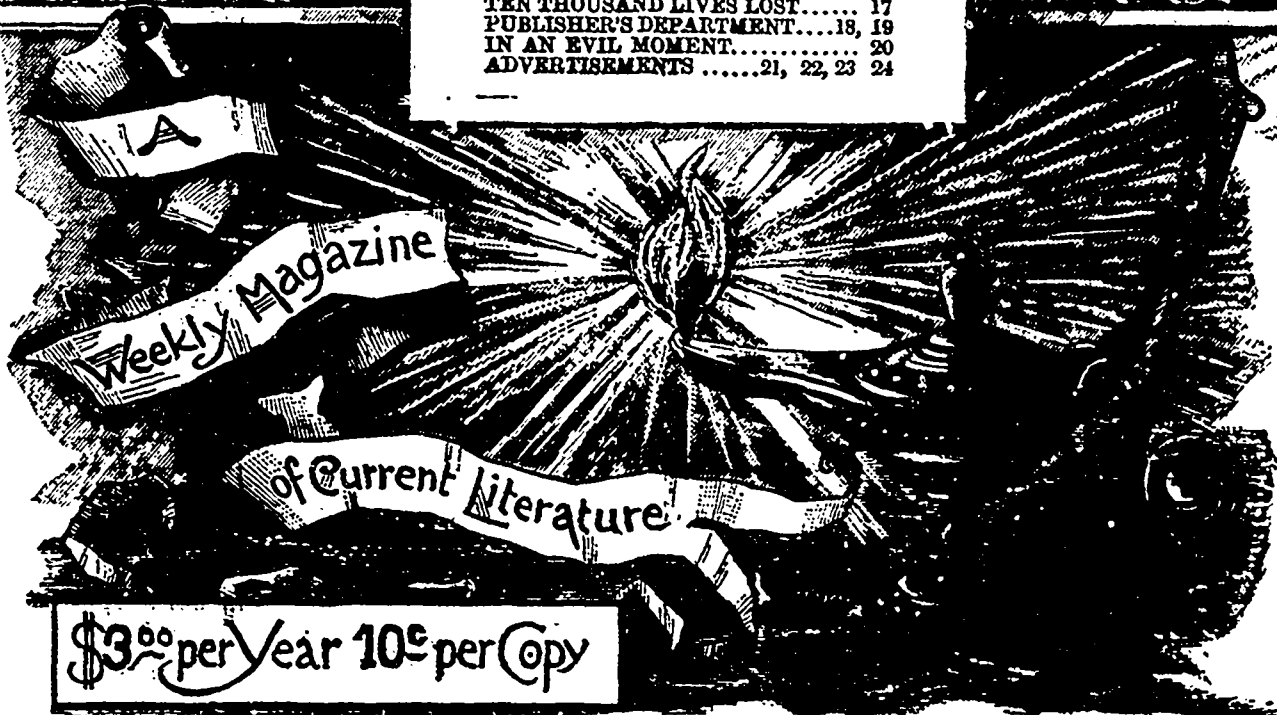
CONTENTS.

SEPTEMBER 26th, 1885.

	PAGE
WHAT TRUTH SAYS	3
Insurance	
Professional Lectures	
Vice-President Emdricks	
The Industrial Exhibition	
BEHIND THE BARS	4
FASHION DEPARTMENT.—(Illustrated)	5
HEALTH DEPARTMENT	6
YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT	7
LOVE THE VICTOR	8
"MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST."—(Music)	9
THE HOUSEHOLD	10
HOW BANKS ARE SWINDLED	11
JOHN REDFERN'S WILL	12
A MYSTERIOUS MARK	13
THE LIME-KILN CLUB	14
ADVERTISEMENTS	15
THE LAST OF THE INGESTYRES	16
TEN THOUSAND LIVES LOST	17
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.....	18, 19
IN AN EVIL MOMENT.....	20
ADVERTISEMENTS	21, 22, 23 24

TORONTO,

CANADA



Common signs of Dyspepsia, or indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic Patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

SEND 10c. for 40 Lovely Satin Finish Chromos. your name on each (40 kinds). Pretty set ever sold. Address Eureka Card Co., Bolton, Que.

PIANO TUNING!

R. H. Dalton, 211 Queen St. West. Leave orders personally or by post card.

BELTING

Manufacturers of Star River, Leather Belting. Large Double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

F. E. DIXON & CO., KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

SPY-GLASSES.

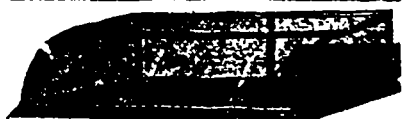
This is an article invaluable to every farmer. With it he can bring up his farthest field and lay it at his feet. It is also useful to the Tourist, at Fairs, at Horse Races, etc. They are made with brass frames, and will last a life time.

Sent, Pre-paid for \$1 each; 3 for \$2.50; Better quality, \$3.00 each. JAMES LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

LADIES

PILLA SOLVENE—Only genuine Solvent. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Particulars, 6 cents. MANAENE—Develops the Weak. Hairless and Certain. Particulars, 6 cents. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINION SHOW CASE MFG. CO.



35 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Canada Printing Ink Co. MANUFACTURERS OF—

NEWS INKS.

ALL GRASSES OF FINE

BLACK & COLORED INKS,

&c., &c., &c.

Toronto, - Ont.



LADIES!

If you want to buy the best style in Laundry Soap, Waves, Sponges, etc., etc., include your shade of hair in letter and amount, and I will send you any style ordered by return mail. If you have also long wavy hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. A. DOREN, 100 St. Patrick St., Toronto, Ont. Send me an application.



CURE SICK HEADACHE

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

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

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

ACHE

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

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials of 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING. GAS FIXTURE. SANITARY PLUMBING. Telephone 42. Bennett & Wright, 75 QUEEN STREET EAST.

97 Per Cent. OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Passenger trains arrived at destination ON TIME. IT HAS THE Finest Passenger Equipment IN THE WORLD.

Facts Worth Remembering. TORONTO CITY TICKET OFFICES: 24 YORK STREET. 26 YONGE STREET. 110 KING STREET WEST.

W. O. VAN HORNE, W. WHYTE, Vice-President, General Supt. D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent.

"Honesty, Industry and Experience are the true principles of Business Success."

WELCH TROWERN, WHOLESALE & RETAIL GOLD AND SILVER

JEWELRY

MANUFACTURERS,

Diamond Setters, Dealers in Diamonds and Precious Stones, Good Time-keeping Watches, Gem Rings, Artistic Designed Jewellery, Silverware, etc., etc.

Our Prices are the Lowest consistent with good workmanship, and our Gold and Silver equal in quality to the highest standard in the world. A Certificate of Quality given with every article sold.

5 FIRST PRIZES MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

at the Industrial Exhibition, and Highest Commendation from His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

SOLE AGENTS

FOR DR. DENNIS

HARDON'S CELEBRATED SPECTACLES, of Paris, France. These spectacles are the favorite spectacles of all who use them.

WELCH TROWERN, PRACTICAL Gold and Silversmiths,

171 YONGE ST., EAST SIDE.

1850 2008 1908 OF QUEEN

ONCE USED ALWAYS USED

PURE GOLD Manufacturing Co. TRY PURE GOLD BAKING POWDER. 31 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO.

PHRENOLOGY. Read this. Careful, accurate, descriptions of character given daily by WALLACE MASON, advising as to marriage and business adaptation, &c. Character described by photographs. "Fowler and Matrimony," mailed 60c. "Amalgamated," 50c. "Self Instruction in Phrenology," 90 cents. 208 YONGE ST., Toronto.

SNOWFLAKE BREAD

CRUMPTON'S BAKERY, 111 King St., East CHARLES WILSON MANUFACTURER OF PRIZE MEDAL

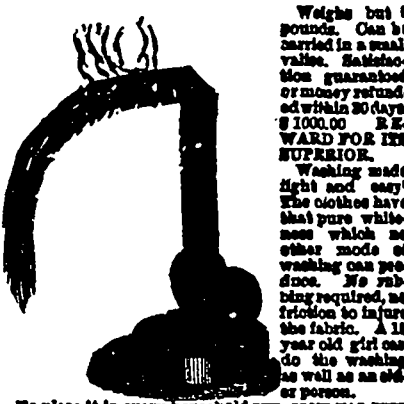
GINGER ALE, Double Soda, and Seltzer Water.

LIST OF GOODS MANUFACTURED.

Ginger Ale, Double Soda Water, Plain Soda, Lemon Soda, Sarsaparilla, Cider, in quarts; Cider, in pints; Seltzer Water, No. 1; Seltzer Water, No. 2; Potass Water, Viokey Water.

481 SHERBOURNE STREET TORONTO.

The Improved Model Washer and Bleacher.



Weights but 8 pounds. Can be carried in a small van. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy! The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 18 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRIZE HAS BEEN PLACED AT \$2.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$2.50. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED. C. W. DENNIS TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE, 213 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS

A guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of all kinds of animals. It gives the right season for trapping; how to make, set, and bait all kinds of traps; traps for minks, weasels, skunks, hawks, owls, gophers, birds, squirrels, muskrats, foxes, rabbits, racoons, etc.; how to make and use bird lime. It gives the English secrets for catching alive all kinds of birds; it tells how to know the true value of skins, as how to skin all animals, deodorize, stretch and cure them; to dress and tan skins, furs, and leather; to tan with or without the wool or hair; to skin and stuff birds; tails and hooks for fishing; how to fish successfully without nets, lines, spears, snares, "bobs," or bait (a great secret) how to choose and clean guns; how to breed minks for their skins (hundreds of dollars can be made by any boy or young man who knows how to breed minks) etc. Sent postpaid for 50c; three for 50c; six for 80c. JAMES LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17th YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 160.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

We have not come to the length of puffing Insurance or any other Companies. But while we leave one and all of those to stand upon their own merits, we hold that the principle of such Insurance is good. A good many folk cry against it, and a good many more protest with horror against the unutterable insurance man, who haunts them like an ill-used ghost, and warningly holds up the finger, while he asks with a voice as from the sepulchre, "Have you insured?" But in spite of all that has been said about the unprofitableness of the investment, and the rascality of the insurance people, multitudes have to bless the day on which life policies were taken out, and many dying beds have been made comparatively comfortable by the thought that, through such insurance, the loved ones left behind would not be altogether destitute. It is, no doubt, quite true that, in this country at any rate, if children get a fair education, they need no more. Nay, they are all the better of being obliged to earn their own living and "paddle their own canoe." Still, is any one sure that he will not leave them when they are babies? And has any husband a right to say that his widow must just take her chance and do the best she can? We scarcely think so, though many do, and have little hesitation about avowing their thoughts. Is it not better, it may be asked, to save, and get the benefit one's self, if needed? Yes, if one were quite sure of living thirty years. But where shall we insure? many ask. Enquire diligently, think carefully, and do the best you can. Is not that good advice? It may or it may not be, but it is the best we can think of.

We should be sorry to say anything offensive or unjust about any class of people who are following an honorable and useful way of making their bread. We are, however, inclined to protest with a good deal of warmth against the whole system of popular lectures as at present managed. The professional lecturer gets up three or four "orations" of more or less flashy description, and with these as his trade for the winters, proceed to enlighten and delight the inhabitants of half a continent. He is even in the most favorable circumstances, half prophet, half play actor, but in the great majority of cases all play actor and no prophet or instructor at all. It is necessary, of course, that the lecture should be what is called brilliant, that is, in shockingly bad taste, with any amount of vulgar rant, and violent gesticulation. Very seldom has the lecturer or his hirers any end in view, but simply to make money. He looks upon it as a nice easy way of raising the wind. He bears no "burden." He has no message to deliver. He has to have a taking if not a grotesque title, and often the funnier and the more absurd he is, so much the more acceptable. He is not necessarily a thinker, or scholar, or doer, not even a dreamer. He is simply a showman, as Barnum is, and like Barnum, he tries to give something for the money he gets.

To talk of people getting any instruction from such lecturing is out of the question. The mischief is, that in many cases, the unfortunate hearers think that they are getting something good, when they are simply like the wild asses, sniffing up the east wind, and with the least possible prospect of thereby getting intellectually fat. That in general lecturers have an idea that they are "called" to that "sphere of usefulness" is not to be thought of. Many have made thereby capital good livings, so that others have been tempted to try their luck, and for no other reason. Somebody realizes a competency, and his "great moral force" is at an end as completely as if he had been a singer or a disciple of Terpsichore. The whole thing, in short, has been run to seed and has been so taken possession of by mean, incapable peripatetics, that the sooner the weary people have a rest and are delivered for a season from the burden of those so called popular and brilliant "efforts" so much the better. We in Canada have not been so utterly leagued to death as the long suffering people of the States. But we have also suffered from this cause considerably. By all means, let us have peace, and let the lecturers be silent. The quarter's investment is often anything but a profitable one.

Although in some sections the promises of a more than average grain crop have not been fulfilled, yet there is no cause for apprehension as to the prospects for the fall and winter's trade. A hopeful feeling is essential to prosperity, and the evidences of increasing business activity which are even now apparent are traceable in no small degree to the hopefulness which business men are displaying. Hard times are often made much harder than they need be by the groundless fears of capitalists and the prevalence of distrust. We advise everybody to be hopeful.

A general disposition to say in seasons of depression, "This cannot last long; we can afford to wait a little, and to draw somewhat on our accumulated earnings in the meantime rather than to live like paupers until the tide of prosperity sets in again," is the best possible palliative in hard times. Hope is the balance-wheel which keeps things moving while the motive power is suspended or sudden resistance is encountered. It furnishes the inertia which is necessary to save organized industry from being wrenched to pieces by irregular motion. Just now business is hopeful, and this hope is carrying us forward in spite of the retarding distrust of some men who are waiting for certain assurance that this, that or the other untoward thing is not going to happen. But what if something should happen? Let no man allow himself to be miserable or miserly through fear. Be economical always, but always be hopeful.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech last week makes it plain that the English Radicals will resist by every possible means the last demand which Davitt has instigated Parnell to make.

The tremendous enthusiasm with which Mr. Chamberlain's declarations have been received will most likely induce the Tory party to compel Lord Churchoill or some other leader to declare definitely for the union. The temper of the country, Englishmen say, will no more permit a separate Parliament in Dublin than the Northern States would allow secession.

Vice-President Hendrick's sympathy with the Irish Nationalists, as expressed in his recent speech, is by no means endorsed by the respectable press of the United States. The New York Post thus "raises up" the matter:—"There is no reason why any English newspaper should be troubled by Mr. Hendrick's utterances on any question of foreign politics, because he knows nothing about foreign politics, and has no interest in it. He is in favor of Irish Independence, just as he would be in favor of Abracadabra, if he thought it would bring him a vote or two. One good post-office or collectorship is of more interest and importance to him than all the foreign nations on the globe. When he went abroad a few years ago he innocently revealed his astonishment at finding parliaments on the European continent. Doubtless he expected to see nothing there but post-offices and custom-houses, carried on by life tenures. He is of vicious noblemen in American politics, we beg to inform the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury, and the British press, simply that he would succeed Mr. Cleveland if the latter were to die—a contingency which makes most intelligent Americans shake in their boots."

The recent races between the English yacht Genesta and the Yankee yacht Puritan have set all the country talking "cutter" and "sloop." Both races were won by the Puritan, and our cousins are jubilant, not so much that they keep the America's cup, but because they take the victory to mean the superiority of the sloop over the "cutter." But we think the races have not demonstrated any such superiority. In the first trial, with a light wind, the Puritan won easily. In the second race, with a good stiff breeze, the Genesta led until within a few miles of the end of the course, when the wind suddenly veered to another point of the compass and rapidly fell. The Puritan then gradually overhauled the cutter, winning by about a minute and a half. The races have proved nothing except that cutter yachts, with their deep draught and excellent sea-going qualities, are the only ones suitable for English waters, where there is nearly always a strong wind and a heavy sea.

The great Industrial Exhibition just closed in this city has again been a most successful affair. Contrasted with the wretched failure of the Provincial show, the success of the Toronto Exhibition is very suggestive. The old Provincial has doubtless done good work, and served its day and generation well, but the utter uselessness of any longer wasting public money upon such a decrepit institution has now been fully demonstrated.

It is too infirm to be rejuvenated by any amount of Government "pap."

The maliciousness of the prosecution of Thomas Stead, editor of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, is made clearly apparent by the full report of the first day's proceedings. The offence charged against Mr. Stead and his co-defendants is nothing more than that of taking the child Eliza Armstrong away from the custody of her parents, of chloroforming her, and of subjecting her to physical examination. It is not pretended by the prosecutors that the girl was injured or ill treated in any way, or that she did not return to her home as pure as she left it. Whatever was done to her was done, it is conceded, without evil intent, and solely for the purpose of showing how easily the ruin of young girls in London might be accomplished. Mr. Stead may, possibly be convicted of a technical crime, but his conviction will involve no disgrace, and will only react upon those who are laboring for it. The ablest counsel are engaged on both sides, and the result will be looked for with interest.

While all England has been discussing the Gladstone manifesto the centre of interest has suddenly changed to eastern Europe. Thus far the revolution in Roumelia has proceeded so peacefully and so successfully as to cause the suspicion that the powers had arranged the whole programme. It is hard to imagine how anybody would interfere to prevent the union of the two Bulgarias, unless the Sultan thinks it worth while to expend vast amounts of money and blood in grasping at the last vestige of his power. That the Roumelian revolution will affect English politics is certain. It is doubtful whether the present Government, even if so inclined, would be allowed to assist Turkey. The Liberals would unanimously oppose such meddling, and if the Tories attempted a good word for Turkey the Liberals would be provided with a splendid election cry, equal to that of 1880. In any event, the Liberals are sure to score a point by reminding the electors that Salisbury supported while Gladstone opposed the splitting of Bulgaria.

Mr. Phipps has laid the city of Toronto under a decided obligation by sketching out a complete plan for the water-front and accompanying drainage of the city. He proposes that, instead of the present system, by which the railway tracks cut off all connection with the bay save at great risk and trouble, that neat iron bridge shall pass from the height of land along Front street to the edge of the esplanade, giving the railways the full space underneath; that the esplanade shall be extended south sufficient to give one broad street, free from railway tracks, along the water side; and that in this street the trunk sewer shall be. This would give the city good drainage, a pure bay, a grand promenade along the front, and full space for both railway and water traffic. Such a result would be worth paying extra taxes for, which is more than can be said of most things city councils do.

BEHIND THE BARS.

Thrilling Incidents of Life in a Great Prison.

Men who have not visited great penitentiaries have little idea of the horrors of prison life. A short time ago a party of men, more or less known in New York, ran up to Sing Sing, for a visit to the famous prison. As an instance of the entire ignorance of the excursionists, it may be stated that every member of the little party thought that women as well as men, were confined "up the river."

It is enough to sadden any man to look at the fifteen hundred desperate looking wretches at Sing Sing. They are close shaven, down-trodden, apparently hopeless, and utterly discouraged. They are not allowed to speak a word to one another under the severest penalties, and they work away with a dogged discontent that a man who has once seen them never forgets. It was rather impressive in itself to be among fifteen hundred men for hours, and not hear a single one of their voices.

The abuses of Sing Sing have often been exposed and investigated, but there is still room for improvement. While I was there, a poor, round-shouldered, sallow, and unhealthy looking convict, was brought in from the iron foundry. He held a cloth, which was liberally stained with blood, to his left eye. The doctor pushed him over by the window, opened the eye, wiped out the spark with a steel instrument, and sent the man out into the yard again. His keeper ordered him off to the foundry.

The convict fairly cried as he begged to be allowed to bathe his eye, or return to his cell for an hour; but he was sternly sent back to his work, as pitiful, bloody, and unfortunate a specimen of mankind as I have ever yet seen.

One old man, with grey hair, bony arms and a bent head, who was carrying some stove patterns from one shop to another, looked familiar. It was Brockway, the king of counterfeiters. He is the very elegant specimen of a crook who lived at the best hotels in New York, while floating his thousand dollar notes. The counterfeiter was only discovered because his work was superior to that of the government.

The most astonishing change I had ever seen in any man, was that in Allen. He is the festive young clerk who spent fifteen thousand a year on a two thousand dollar salary, for some ten years, while in the employ of a dry goods house here, without exciting suspicion. He would probably be doing it yet, if it had not been for a blunder on his part.

He was a placid and easy-going young swell, who drove a dog cart on the avenue, was invariably attired in an evening dress, after six o'clock, had a box at the opera, and was altogether one of the most popular men in town. He had a small, blonde beard, parted in the middle, and his taste in the matter of gloves and handkerchiefs was universally admired.

To men who had been used to seeing him for years, and always in the most fashionable attire, his present appearance was startling. Clean shaven, dirty and dejected, he was the exact opposite of his former self. He was much cast down.

It was very different with the other young swindler of the same age, who was in the room with him. They say that hungry Joe never changes, and he certainly is a man of extraordinary cheerfulness. Even when he was being whipped by Captain Williams, he is reported to have made the Captain smile between his blows; and his demeanor at Sing Sing is no less joyous than on Broadway. A cheerful manner is so rare at Sing Sing, that Hungry Joe has established himself a universal favorite.

"Mothers stand by the prisoners the best," said the warden in a desultory talk. "No matter what the son has been, the mother never forgets him, and every two months, when he is allowed to see her for a little while, she is sure to be here with some fruit, or delicacy, to remind him of her love. Wives are usually devoted for a short time, but if they are young and pretty, and their husbands are in for long terms, they usually drift away after a few visits. Fathers seldom or never come here, for a father is the last one to forgive the disgrace which the son has brought upon him. This is but another illustration of the undying nature of a mother's love."

A back-biter: The mosquito.
A great after-dinner speech—Have a cigar

NEWS ITEMS.

E. Colpitts Robinson, in his new work, "The Geology of Genesis," referring to the creation, speaks of the great deep "hitherto wrapped in total darkness." "Darkness upon the face of the deep!" exclaims Knowledge. "Why, the whole surface (such as it was) of the earth under the conditions postulated must have shone with an effulgence in some sort comparable with that of the sun himself."

Young Duval, who squandered a fortune on Cora Pearl, is a son of the founder of favorite cheap Paris restaurants, and is now settled down, prosperous, and happily married. He long since recovered from his passion for Cora, whose present deplorable state has furnished the occasion for so many sympathetic articles in the Paris press. She became years ago a hideous wreck, and has now fallen into utter poverty.

Shares in the Manchester (Eng.) canal project are in great demand. They are put at £10,000 worth of stock. The expectation is that as soon as the canal is open it will obtain a fourth of the tonnage now entering Liverpool—4,000,000 tons—which, at the low profits of 2s. per ton, would give an annual revenue of £100,000, or 5 per cent. on the capital. The enterprise, therefore, has a very enthusiastic backing.

For several successive days visitors at Block Island, R. I., had numerous examples of the phenomenon of refraction. Vessels have seemed to sail in the air, headlands have appeared to float above the ocean, which could apparently be seen extending directly under them, glassy rivers seemingly ran seaward through the solid wall of the mainland horizon, clusters of small buildings have been magnified into large villages with stately blocks, and all other distant objects have been seen distorted and unreal. At night the lighthouse fires along the coast have seemed to blaze from points far above their true position.

A man died at Montrouge, in France, after a strange reverse of fortune. He was known in the humble society among which he ended his days as Le Pere Fallais, but under the empire, less than twenty years ago, he lived in great luxury. He was the contractor who undertook the work for opening the Boulevard St. Michael, in which millions passed through his hands. He afterward became utterly ruined in unfortunate speculations, and lived for a time on the charity of an old beggar woman, whom he had promised to remunerate when he came into a fortune he expected, but as the fortune did not come she lost patience and turned him into the streets, where he was found lying dead on a heap of rubbish.

The Koh-i-noor, the Queen's celebrated diamond, was committed by the East India Board to the care of John, afterward Lord, Lawrence. He dropped it into his waistcoat pocket and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Some time after a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the diamond to be at once sent home. Lawrence turned to his brother Henry at the Board and said, "Send it at once." "Why, you have it," said his brother. Lawrence was terror-stricken. It was fortunately found still in the pocket. It is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the jewel room of the Tower.

They talk of corruption in our institutions, but the revelations at the great Eastern Hospital in London throw them in the shade. Wines of the finest vintage for sick paupers, banquets on the most luxurious scale for the committee, an enormous liquor bill for the 200 officials of the establishment, of whom only three were entitled to such rations—these are not the most amazing features of the record. The sums paid to laborers for fuel, for uniforms and the like, compel reluctant admiration. It was magnificent, if it was not exactly on the square, and such a time as they had of it—officials, Board of Administration, patients and all! They wallowed in luxury, for otherwise the \$300,000 expended in one year could not be accounted for.

At Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, the sewage of 40,000 people passes from the town, three miles distant, by the action of gravitation. On its way it passes or flows through a straining tank filled with refuse slag from the iron works, by which the coarse parts are intercepted, and it is finally distributed through covered earthenware pipes upon a

field of twenty acres, divided into four plots of equal size, each of which is used six hours at a time, with eighteen hours of rest for aeration. The sewage flows uniformly over each plot, with a fall of one foot in 160 from the conduit to the main under drain, where it is arrested by an embankment. This main under drain is six feet deep, and serves to carry off the effluent to the river; the lateral deep drains are of the same depth, and placed only twelve feet apart. The soil is well adapted to the system, being a light loam with a deep, gravelly subsoil, and the effluent is quite pure. Intermittent downward filtration is also said to be successfully resorted to in other towns.

Some peculiar instances of spontaneous ignition of various substances, with attendant losses of property, would appear to have been due to simple ignorance of the relations of animal, vegetable, and mineral oils to combustion. Prof. Atfield points out that the two former are much safer than the latter, since they do not ignite at low temperatures nor give off vapor which, when mixed with a certain portion of air, explodes in contact with flame; on the other hand, in their liability to spontaneous ignition, when freely exposed to the air, under certain conditions, they possess a dangerous property from which the mineral oils are free. Then, too, the animal and vegetable oils differ considerably among themselves, in the rate at which they cause the generation of heat on being exposed to air, upon the surface of fabrics, shavings, or other materials, though all are more or less liable to this result when spread out in thin films, or in any other state of minute division. What are known as drying oils are particularly susceptible to such atmospheric influences, the drying itself consisting in the conversion of the oil into a kind of resin by the action of the air.

NONSENSE.

A long felt want—A new hat.
No, "Viola," we hardly think it possible that the reason they call them giddy girls is because they are apt to make the young men's heads swim.

The fact that when an elephant has the chills five gallons of rum and whiskey are prescribed, leads one to suspect that the elephant is a native of Hamilton.

The man who breaks in a new set of store teeth may not have the blood of martyrs in him, but he has about everything else needed to insure success in that business.

A writer has discovered that persons in captivity live a very short time. This may be a rule; but we know of some married men who have attained a remarkable age.

"Tell me what the lady has sketched, said Dobyn to a little boy who was carrying an easel on his shoulder and following a lady. "I think, sir, she's sketched the measles."

"What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothing much," was the answer; "he's only hatchin' teeth."

Young housekeeper (looking over the market report)—"Bridget, I shall want you to go to market this morning. I see that beef is much cheaper on the hoof, and I presume it's just as good. Get a nice roast off the hoofs."

The imaginative Smith: "Tark! cow jolly that singing sounds on the river over there. What a difference water does make to the sound of music." The flippant Jones: "Yes, but I find whisky and water make more difference still."

"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing on its bosom white-winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveller, "at first it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything. It sorter emptied me."

One of the most attractive and elaborate exhibits at the late Toronto Industrial Exhibition was that made by Mr. D. Conboy, the well known patentee and manufacturer of finished carriage tops. This business has within the last few years grown to enormous proportions, and by energy and enterprise, and by furnishing a superior article, Mr. Conboy has established an enviable reputation. He supplies almost every carriage builder in the country with his tops, and by the facilities which he has for manufacturing practically controls the Dominion market. The factory is at 407, 409, 411 and 413 King St. West.

Music and Drama.

"A NIGHT OFF."—This most delightful comedy enjoyed a successful run at the Grand last week, and the large patronage it received at the hands of the public was in every way well merited. In the selection of the cast for the piece, Mr. Rhean has displayed his usual faculty for allotting to each performer the part for which the artist is most perfectly adapted. The company includes Miss Helen Leigh, who has previously appeared in Toronto in different characters. As Angelica, Miss Leigh was simply charming, and in her delineation of the young wife who suspects her husband of having a "past," she gave evidence of intellectual culture and mental superiority which few actresses possess. Of the other members of the company it is sufficient to say that they are all artists of more than average ability.

"A Brave Woman" this week. The production recently at Drury Lane theatre of the new melodrama, "Human Nature," is memorable on account of the part taken in its preparation by a British officer whose recent services in the Sudan have made him famous. The play is a blood and thunder composition of lurid type, and its only chance of making a hit comes from its relation to the exploits of the British army in Sudan. Col. Kitchener conceived the idea of dressing a body of men as Arabs to represent the hordes of the Mahdi. He designed the costumes and made the improvised warriors such exact types of the desert fanatics that the effect was absolutely startling. The half naked bodies of the men were painted to imitate the tawny hue of the Sudan, their weapons and equipments were faithful reproductions, and their method of attack was an exact imitation of the onslaught of the Arabs. All the details were personally supervised by Col. Kitchener.

Our Folks.

BY STEEL LYNN.

"Hi! Harry! halt a breath, and tell a comrade just a thing or two; You've been on furlough? been to see how all the folks in Jersey do? It's long ago since I was there,—I and a bullet from Fair Oaks:— When you were home, old comrade, say, did you see any of 'our folks'?"

"You did? Shake hands. That cheers my heart; for if I do look grim and rough, I've got some feeling; people talk a soldier's heart is tough. But, Harry, when the bullets fly, and hot sulphurs flames and smokes, While whole battalions lie a-field, one's apt to think about his 'folks'."

"And so you saw them—when? and where? The old man— is he hearty yet? And mother— does she fade at all? or does she seem to pine and fret? For me? And Sis, has she grown tall? And did you see her friend, you know That Annie Moore— How that pipe chokes! Where did you see her? Tell me, Hal, a lot of news about 'our folks'."

"You saw them in the church? It's likely, for they're always there. Not Sunday? No? A Funeral? Who? Who Harry? How you shake and stare. All well, you say, and all well out— What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax? Why don't you tell me like a man, what is the matter with our folks?"

"I said all well, old comrade— true; I say all well for He knows best Who takes the young ones in His arms before the sun goes to the west. Death deals at random, right and left, and flowers fall, as well as oak; And so— Hal, Annie blooms no more; and that's the matter with 'our folks'."

"But see, this curl was kept for you; and this white blossom from her breast; And look, your sister Bessie wrote this letter telling all the rest. Bear up old friend!— Nobody speaks; only the old camp raven creaks And soldiers whisper:— 'Boys, be still, there's some bad news from Graeger's 'folks'."

He turns his back—the only foe that ever saw it— on his grief. And, as men will, keeps down the tears kind nature sends to Woe's relief; Then answers:— "Thank you, Hal, I'll try; but in my throat there's something chokes. Because, you see, I've thought so long to count her in among 'our folks'."

"I darsay she is happier now; but still, I can't help thinking, too, I might have kept all trouble off, by being tender, kind and true— But maybe not... She's safe up there land when God's hand deals other strokes. She'll stand by Heaven's gate: know, and wait to welcome in 'our folks'."

LINGERIE.

Collars and cuffs of jet beads strung on twist are considered very handsome with black toilettes; small beads are threaded together in a solid manner, with an edge of a larger size. For neck decoration there are also bands of gold and oxidized braid, with little bows of doubled loops in front. Necklets of colored crepe de Chine, studded with pearls corresponding in hue, finished off with a fan-like bow of folded crepe, edged with pearls, are also becoming to thin throats. Many young ladies make for themselves and wear a length of lace insertion about eight to twelve inches wide, gathered up into a ruche round their throats, fastening in front, with the plain long ends tucked into their waist-bands at the side, and falling down almost to the edge of their skirts. Lace scarfs are also tied in a very large bow after being passed round the neck spread out, and fastened across the bust, with the ends tucked into the waistband or bodice.

Figure No. 27 represents a plastron of ecru satin ornamented with loops of gold braid bow of ecru ribbon, jabot on either side of cream lace worked with gold dots, and a row of gold stars around the collar, which is of satin interlined with crinoline and covered plainly with the lace. Any color of satin can be selected, and gold, silver or jet braid used. Figure No. 29 illustrates a wide, high collar of crepe folds and a straight piece of the same pleated in the collar and caught in two loops below, as represented. Gauze ribbon is used for the garniture. Dainty fichus of China crepe are covered with silk embroidery in openwork designs. A saah of the crepe, heavily fringed on the ends, is worn with those fichus, and both are always in contrast with the costume.

Canvas frillings for the neck abound, and also crepe, canvas, lace and tinsel mixtures. There are bands of stiff, folded gold tissue placed in front of a band of red crepe; also white crepe, arranged in points, edged with tiny pearls, and laid against a band of silver tissue folded over net. Another style consists of a plain band of stiff creme batiste, bordered by a narrow Egyptian key pattern in red chenille, and backed by a higher band of crepe lisse. The plain red, blue or creme canvas can be gotten for 50 cents a yard, and cut in bias folds. Colored collars are only worn while travelling, and for the same purpose come bands of linen with a colored border, which are cut in lengths to suit the wearer. Many young ladies prefer a silk kerchief knotted about the neck, as it answers for a collar and protects the skin from dust and chafers. Figure No. 28 illustrates a round cuff, high collar with a cravat bow and chimesette of colored precale, suitable for travelling wear.

Worked initials and monograms are often placed in the centre of handkerchiefs instead of in one corner. Pretty aprons of cream muslin, dotted with red and blue, have the tablier tucked and mounted in kilts; the bib forms a sailor collar and plastron, while the pocket, collar and centre of waist are decorated with rosettes of red and blue ribbon; ties of the same are knotted on the left. Another one is of fine canvas trimmed with Breton embroidery in silver and copper threads, the pocket being formed by a second piece, turned back and caught up at the side by a bow of shaded brown and gold ribbon velvet. A third design is of dark red canvas trimmed with red Angora lace and gold colored bows, the fichu and collar being in one piece; such an apron forms an artistic finish to a black dress. Caps lately seen are like those worn by the Swiss and Russian peasants. They are made of velvet, embroidered in gold or silver, and have two long ends of ribbon hanging to the waist in the back.

Figure No. 28 represents a child's collar made of serim and ornamented with insertion and edging of antique lace. Figure No. 35 illustrates a lingerie pin known as the Directoire brooch, which is formed of satin and nugget gold or silver.

Lace handkerchiefs are seldom worn now, except for quite full dress, and the majority of these included in this, as well as other fashionable trousseaux, are in embroidered linen, with or without an outside frill of inch-wide Valenciennes. When addition is made to this frill, the edges festooned; when omitted, it is hemmed. All sorts of geometric patterns, made by drawing threads, are in favor for the hem itself or as a border to the square of single cambric. Vandyked insertion may be also let in between the latter and the hem, the join being hidden



FIG. 26.

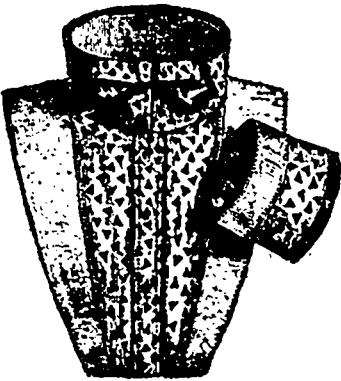


FIG. 28.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 27.

beneath delicate needlework. Garlands of embroidery decorate the plain hems, while the festoons are most varied in form, but always framed in the soft frill of gathered Valenciennes. Such handkerchiefs as these are all white, of course; but for day wear an admixture of color, either in the cambric itself or the embroidery, is permitted. Some are made of palest pink, flax blue, lilac, or ecru linen, and hemmed up with white, and for such the Christian name writ in color is a fanciful addition, pretty enough, and by no means difficult of accomplishment for an expert needlewoman.

Event Names for Children.

A correspondent sends the following interesting clipping from an old country paper:—

In the quarter following the battle of the "Alma," five hundred and nineteen children, males as well as females received "Alma" as a Christian name. Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol also speedily gave their names to English infants, and one "St. Sebastopol" was registered. The acquisition of the Island in the Mediterranean during the year 1878 was the means of introducing Cyprus into English personal nomenclature; and to pass to a later date still, a laborer's boy, born at Sawstone, Cambridgeshire, in September, 1882, was named "Tel-el-Kebir." Political events as well as military, find their reflection in names. "Charter" is a recorded appellation recalling the popular movement of 1848, and "Reform" is also an existing denomination. In a birth register of 1882 appears as the personal designation of a certain Mrs. Thorpe, who became a mother at that time, the startling name "Leviathan." The good lady, it is stated, was born or named at the time of the launching of Brunel's monster steamship, which was at first so called, though it has since been known as the Great Eastern. A little girl, daughter of a hoop-maker, born early in the last named year at Rye, in Sussex, received the name "Jumbo," presumably in commemoration of

the regretted departure of the Zoological favorite from Regent Park to America.

The correspondent adds: Whilst on the subject of names, what do you think of the following, which I well remember appeared for a considerable time in the monthly Army list, some years since, "William Wellington Waterloo Humbly?"

Never Too Late To Learn.

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

CATO, at eighty years of age, learned to speak the Greek language.

PLUTARCH, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

DOCTOR JOHNSON applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

LUDOVICO MOENALDESCO, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

OGILBY, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek until he was past fifty.

FRANKLIN did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

BOCCACCIO was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature, yet he became one of the grandest masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince them that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, "I am too old to learn."

Every succor in the land ought to be put through a "course of sprouts."

Number Thirty-nine.

The main point in Russia's judicial proceedings is frequently not to weigh a prisoner's guilt, and fix upon the consequent penalty, but merely to keep him in duranco vilo. If he is safely in custody, the law shows no further interest as to his case. It can wait, and he, unfortunately, must. The case of "Thirty-nine," a woman who had fallen under the suspicion of the Government, is cited: "Russia Under the Tsars," in illustration of this state of affairs.

She was accused of being in communication with conspirators, and of having been a member of a secret society hostile to the existing Government. These charges she at once denied. She was then accused of other offences, and many searching questions were put touching her supposed connection with the revolutionary movement. All were answered in the negative.

"Very well," said the procurator, at length, "you will have to reflect. Take number Thirty-Nine back to her cell warder."

She went back to her cell, rejoicing at having come so well out of the ordeal, and that the police had so little against her. She was full of hope as to the future.

She was then allowed to reflect at her case; she could not complain that the even tenor of her thoughts was disturbed by too many distractions. A whole week passed; a second and third. An entire month elapsed, and still nothing was said about another examination. The month multiplied by three, by four, by six.

Finally when, at the end of the seventh month, she had almost abandoned hope, she was called before the procurator to undergo still another questioning. The examination was sharp and brief.

"Have you reflected?"

"Yes, I have reflected."

"Have you anything to add to your previous depositions?"

"Nothing."

"Indeed! Go back to your cell, then."

This time she does not return to her cell with a light heart and beaming countenance. She feels crushed and confused, weighed down by a strange, almost agonizing sense of apprehension and despair.

A maniac in number sixty-eight is knocking furiously at the wall.

"Wretched traitress that you have been to denounce me. Here is a man with a sack of rats that he is bringing to devour me. Coward, coward that you are!"

The poor lunatic is in one of her paroxysms.

A horrible fear takes possession of the prisoner's mind.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" she cries. Shall I one day become like her?"

The months come and go; they multiply themselves into years. The captive is undergoing a terrible crisis. Her yearning for air, movement, liberty, has grown intense, becoming almost mania. She has entreated the officials to send her to exile, to Siberian mines, to sentence her to penitence, to sentence her to penitence, to sentence her to penitence.

The procurator has several times visited her cell.

Have you anything to add to your disposition?" has been his invariable question.

"No."

"Very well; I must still leave you to your reflections."

In the meantime the bloom of health has quite vanished from the prisoner's cheeks. Her complexion has assumed that yellow-green tint peculiar to the young who linger long in captivity. Her movements are slow, indolent, automatic. She can remain half an hour in the same position with her eyes fixed on the same object, as if she were buried in deep thought. Her brain has become torpid; she passes the greater part of her time in heavy drowsiness, mental and physical.

What will become of poor Thirty nine?

There are many alternatives for her. I by some shock, her vital energy should be awakened, she may strangle herself with a pocket-handkerchief, or poison herself.

She may go mad, or die of phthisis contracted in prison.

If, however, by reason of abnormal strength of character, and vigor of constitution, she survive until the day of trial, her judges, out of consideration for her tender age and long imprisonment, may let her out her days in Siberia.

The popular definition of cashier—Cash somewhere else.

Health Department.

The Dangers of Narcotics.

The London *Lancet* has delivered certain admonitions with regard to the prevalent use of narcotic poisons for excitability and sleeplessness, in such energetic and fitting terms as these:

"The death of a medical man—Dr. John Middleton, late Surgeon-Major in the 2nd Life Guards, but at the time of his decease a practitioner at Stockton—will again draw attention to the mischievous and, as we believe, wholly indefensible practice of giving and taking such depressing narcotics as chloral and bromide of potassium as a remedy for sleeplessness. Sleeplessness is always wakefulness in one or more of its multitudinous forms, and the recourse to narcotic poisons for its relief is utterly unscientific and deplorable from a therapeutic point of view. It is as clumsy in theory—in so far as it can be said to have a theory—as knocking a man down because he needs rest. What is it that prevents the natural and physiological rest of the body at rhythmic periods? The brain is truly a part of the body as the stomach, and it is as much a fault of the organs of the mind to prevent sleep by mental worry or wakefulness as it is a fault of the stomach to render sleep impossible by bad digestion. No intelligent practitioner dreams of narcotizing the nerves of the gastric organs to promote sleep. Why in the name of common sense should any medical man for an instant think it legitimate to narcotize the brain because it exhibits some disturbing irregularity in its functions?

"Sleep is not a special prerogative of the brain. Every organ sleeps, and general sleep is the aggregate of many sleeps. It is time to protest against this clumsy procedure. If we do so warmly, it is because we feel that the mistake is of common making. It is so much easier to write a prescription or make up a bottle of medicine or a box of pills with one of the rank poisons that mimic sleep, and as they do deprave cerebral and nerve tissue, than it would be to search out the real and active cause of wakefulness. When will the progress of professional enlightenment reach that point at which all those cloaks for ignorance that depend so much for their significance on the negative in are ostracized from our nomenclature? Dr. Clifford Allbutt has just pleaded forcibly and eloquently for the discarding of that wondrously silly word 'indigestion.' Will no spirited scientist help to exorcise the haunting folly that clings to the term 'insomnia'? All terms with in, negative, imply ignorance on the part of those who frame and use them, and, which is worse, are content with the state of knowledge arrived at, or are too indolent to extend and improve it. Who shall sound the depths or measure the range of the stupendous unknown over which the audacity of a specialty and the apathy of a profession conspire to cast the veil of 'insanity'? There are more than a score and a half of known causes or forms of sleeplessness, each one requiring direct and specific treatment, and yet, as by common consent, the profession sanctions the abuse of such drugs as chloral and bromide as 'poisoned sleep' producers. No medical man is justified in undertaking the treatment of his own maladies. It is impossible that he should so far step out of himself as to be able to form reasonable judgment of his case objectively; and no practitioner has the justification of science for the recourse to narcotics as remedies for sleeplessness except when an exceptional pain is the accidental disturber of a sleep function, or a habit of wakefulness may be broken by an occasional dose of the stupefier."

We have known several cases of young men, who by medical advice have taken doses of quinine or chloral, or of a bromide compound, and in the course of a year have broken down with shattered nerves and a mental state bordering on insanity. A rational observance of simple hygienic rule would have saved them the loss and worry incident to such a condition.

Fresh Air for the Brain.

A physician noted for his skill in curing nervous diseases almost invariably separates the patient from her family, her old nurses, and the familiar, anxious, sympathizing circle of friends, and places her in a cheerful atmosphere, among new faces and scenes, where she no longer can believe herself the centre of the universe.

"There is a certain healthy, helpful in-

fluence which naturally comes from human beings to each other," he said, lately, while speaking to one of his patients. "This woman has drained all which her friends had to give years ago. We need occasionally a fresh moral and mental atmosphere, just as much as fresh material air to breathe."

Another physician, visiting in a country house where the mother a delicate, affectionate, self-sacrificing woman, who lived but for her husband and children lay ill, with no disease apparently but extreme weakness and weariness, ordered her to go to the city alone; to spend a month in absolute idleness, mixing as often as possible with crowds of people who were interested and excited, at church, at concerts, even in public meetings. The patient, a shy, diffident woman, obeyed, and came home with color in her cheeks and new life in her heart.

"I once asked," said a well-known lawyer, "the famous backwoods preacher Bacon what was the secret of his power as an orator; how he contrived to sway large numbers of men to his will. 'First,' he answered, 'I bring them close to me and to each other. Leave no empty benches between your audience. The electric spark will not pass across a gap from one man to the other.'"

These ideas may seem fanciful, but there is a solid basis of truth under them all. Physicians usually bring all their skill to bear in curing the ailments of the body. There is a human magnetism which we are all apt to overlook in our *materia medica*.

Hard-working women in the lonely farms or isolated villages of this country often find themselves growing irritable and nervous, and even troubled with religious doubts, in spite of their fervent prayers. They do not need tonics or moral discipline. They need friction with unfamiliar minds, new ideas, novel scenes, just as their lungs, after using up all the oxygen in a close room, need the air out of doors.

Young girls are too apt, voluntarily, to force themselves into this state; disappointed in their natural longings for a congenial companion, they resolve to live alone, and shut themselves into their own souls. The resources are not sufficient to keep off famine. "Only a God or a brute can dwell in solitude," says the wise old German.

Turning Points in Life.

Every now and then, in history, or in the history of literature and science, we find some striking instance of turning-points in life. On such ground we see how a scandal about a bracelet, or the prohibition of a banquet, wrought a revolution, and precipitated a dynasty. Look at literary or scientific biography. Think of Crabbe's timorous calling on Edmund Burke, and inducing him to look at his poetry. I have no doubt but Burke was very busy. But with lightning glance he looked over the lines and satisfied himself that real genius was there. When Crabbe left the statesman he was a made man. Burke, ever generous and enlightened, had made up his mind to take care of him. Or look at Faraday. He was only a poor bookseller's poor boy, working hard and honestly, but dialking his employment, and inspired with a pure thirst for knowledge. He had managed somehow or other to hear the great chemist, Humphry Davy, at the Royal Institution; and with trembling solicitude he sends him a fair copy of the notes which he has made of his lectures. The result is that Michael Faraday receives an appointment at the Royal Institution, and lays the foundation of his splendid and beneficent career. Looking back to the past, that was a great moment in the life of Columbus, when, resting on a sultry day beneath the fierce Spanish sun, he asked for a drink of cold water at a convent door. The prior entered into conversation with him, and—struck by his appearance, and afterwards by the magnificent simplicity of his ideas—gave him the introductions he so sorely needed; and thus Columbus gave to Castile and Arragon a new world.

A rural obituary relates that "the deceased had accumulated a little money and ten children."

Mme. Adam, who edits the *Nouvelle Revue*, is pronounced to be the best-dressed woman in Paris, which is noted as singular, since her journal is not a fashion paper.

J. P. LENNOX, DENTIST
YONGE STREET ARCADE,
BEST SET OF TEETH, \$8.00.

By the Gate.

BY JAMES BARRY BENDEL.

Right over my shoulder I saw the moon,
The thin half-circle was floating there
Like a golden strand of my darling's hair
In the room scented, star-lit air of June;
And, gazing upward, I breathed a prayer.

"Fold her about with happiness, Lord—
My bright-haired, brow-eyed, beautiful maid;
And make me more meet for her love," I prayed;
While the moon like a bit of golden cord
There in the heavens above me stayed.

And that little prayer of my heart—Ah, me!
I think God heard it and gave her the best,
The happiness ward in immortal rest;
She sleeps in her beauty so quietly
With placid palms clasped on her pulseless breast.

Now as I stand here and look at the sky
A lone bird chirps in the tree by the gate,
While I in my solitude pray and wait,
And the night-wind passes me gently by
As the full moon rises up round and late.

Go, wind of the night, unto those who weep!
Bear them, I pray you, the message I send;
Say that the sorrow-touched brows of a friend
Speaks as he stands where the shadows are deep
Here by the gate where the tree-branches bend.

One by one fade out the lights in the town
As we have seen lights in our lives grow dim;
Soft on the air floats the sound of a hymn,
And the snowball flowers drop their petals down,
And the dew drips over the lilac's brim.

Then I turn away from the gate once more,
Away from the brook as it flows and falls,
From the bird that hides in the tree and calls
A faint farewell, when I open the door
And meet the silence that stands in these halls.

The Editor Held the Fort.

A few years ago a large number of railway passenger agents were congregated at Jacksonville, endeavoring to secure business for their respective roads, as the travel of Northern tourists happened to be very large that winter. While the passenger agents were infesting the hotels and making things lively and having a jolly time among themselves, the editor of one of the Jacksonville papers came out in an editorial and called the passenger agents body-snatchers, and declared that they were a nuisance, and stated in positive terms that they should be kept away from the depots by the police. The article aroused the ire of the passenger men, and they held a meeting in a hotel to devise ways and means to be avenged.

Ben Campbell offered a motion, which was adopted, to appoint a committee to be called the retraction committee, who should call on the editor and compel him to apologize. Mr. Campbell, so the joke goes, was made chairman of the committee, and in company with several others started in search of the office of the abusive paper. After some difficulty the office was found, and, ascending a couple of flights of dark, rickety stairs, Mr. Campbell and his committee entered a room and discovered a thin, consumptive-looking little man seated at a pine table, writing by the light of a dirty tallow candle.

"Are you the editor and responsible man of this paper?" said Campbell, becoming very bold as he noted the fact that the editor was a very diminutive man.

"Yes, sir, I am the editor and responsible man."

"Well, sir, did you write this outrageous article?" thundered Campbell, as he put on a look of terrible rage.

"Yes, I wrote that article," calmly replied the small editor.

"Then, sir, we demand that you apologize and retract what you have said, instantly," said Campbell, in a thundering manner.

"I never apologize," replied the editor.

"and I want you to get out of here in very quick style," and he pulled out of a drawer in the table before him a six-shooter as long as a cornstalk and covered the crowd with it. Col. Bob Garrett, who was there to render moral support to the committee, says he reached the bottom of the stairs first, with the rest of the committee galloping close at his heels.

When the committee reached the hotel the other passenger agents were anxious to know what success they had met with. Mr. Campbell, after calming himself, explained that the intention was laudable, but owing to circumstances the execution was faulty. He also remarked that his friends would have to wait until the Gulf was frozen over before he would consent to serve on a retraction committee again.

Col. Garrett says the next morning the editor came out in his paper and ripped the boys up the back, but no one cared to call his attention to the matter.

PEOPLE.

Florence, the actor, got into a street car the other day. He says: "The seats were all full. A lady had her little boy in the seat along side of her. She told him to get up, and let the old gentleman, meaning me, sit down. I came home feeling my 54 years."

A book called "Wieland and Reinhold," which has just appeared in Germany, contains the following extraordinary estimate of one of the greatest German musicians by one of the greatest German poets. In 1793 Wieland wrote to Reinhold: "I should be pleased if your visit could occur on a day when the operetta 'Der Baum der Diana' will be given, the music of which is said to be extraordinarily sweet and charming—whereas, on the other hand, Mozart's 'Figaro' which was to add to the pleasures of our celebration day before yesterday, in the most disagreeable thing I have ever heard in my life."

A good story was told about Mr. Henry Irving at a reception of Harvard alumni at Buffalo. When the English actor visited Boston, President and Mrs. Eliot were among the spectators at his first performance; and in order to do honor to the stranger, he was invited out to Harvard, shown all the college "lions" and finally entertained at a luncheon to which a select party of distinguished ones were bidden. "By the way, Mr. Irving," said the president, with a praise-worthy desire to open the conversation upon a subject of general interest, "Are you a university man?" "No, sir," was the actor's answer; then, as if he felt that the reply might be taken as in some way implying disrespect to the college and colleges in general, he added, "but my business manager here is."

In a new volume by Mr. Read, the veteran reporter, a chapter on "hearing and mis-hearing" gives some amusing illustrations of the mistakes sometimes made by reporters owing to imperfect hearing, caused not infrequently by the imperfect articulation of the speakers they were reporting. Thus "overtax" was once written down for "over act"; "Watching from the Roman eye" for "Watching from their home on high"; "a good Sunday coat" for "a goose and a goat"; and the "Count-as of Ayr" for "county surveyor." A speaker in parliament once said, "What do the Turks want? To be a nation." This was printed "To be in Asia." "Attendees of clubs," in one of Mr. Bright's speeches, was transformed into "vendors of gloves." The latter part of the statement that "all reforms in this country have been brought about by pressure," was reported "brought about by Prussia." "Few rates are the greatest enemies of the Church" was converted into "curates are the greatest enemies of the Church."

Persistence of the Beaver.

The quickness with which a colony discovers a wholesale attempt against their peace is astonishing; yet if their numbers are undisturbed, or diminished but gradually, even the presence of civilization will not drive them from their haunts. To day beaver are returning to streams in Michigan long ago abandoned by their race, simply because they find themselves unmolested, the demand for beaver peltry being slight, and the price paid out of all proportion to the labor entailed in trapping. It has been said that if a dam or house be once injured by the hand of man, the colony at once disappears. But that this is fallacious is proved by the following: Twenty-two miles from Marquette, Michigan, on the Carp River, a beaver colony began the erection of a new dam. Though the embankment of a railway ran nearly parallel with the stream, the trains passed backward and forward daily they seemed in no way disturbed, and worked steadily on until the water had risen a foot or more. The track master, observing that this endangered the line—for the embankment had been utilized as a wing of the dam—ordered the water drawn off. But the following day the beavers had repaired the damage done them, and the water was at its former height. Again and again and again was the dam cut through, and as often would be repaired. All in all, it was cut and repaired some fifteen or twenty times ere the beavers were sufficiently discouraged to abandon their attempts.

Professor Huxley will be forced by impaired health to retire from all his active appointments.

Young Folk's Department.

Blue Eyes

Dainty Baby Blue Eyes, fair from head to feet,
Like a little flower, very, very sweet.
Down the river sailing all the summer's day,
Blue Eyes kept us happy with her merry play.

Naughty grown-up ladies, frowning at the boat,
Snapped to smile at Blue Eyes, singing soft and sweet;
Gentlemen quite weary of the tedious way
Waved a kiss to Blue Eyes, who was good all day.

Dainty Baby Blue Eyes, little blossom sweet,
With the lisp and prattle, with the tripping feet,
Did you dream you taught us, all the summer's day,
That a happy temper cheers the longest way?

The Count's Strange Guest.

BY DAVID KER.

The sky was black as night, the rain fell in torrents, the wind howled through the swaying pines, while clap after clap of thunder awoke all the echoes of the rocky hills which started to view ever and anon in a blinding glare of lightning, only to vanish again in deeper darkness. It was a night when no one who could help it would have cared to be out upon the wild Hungarian mountains between Nagy-Varad and Kolozsvár; and so, evidently, thought the tattered, half-starved man who was struggling up the drenched and slippery hill-side.

"If I had with me half a dozen of the brave lads who lie dead yonder," he growled, "I shouldn't need to slink into the forests like a hunted wolf. Where on earth have I got to I wonder? I must keep clear of the villages, for every one knows me here."

Just then a brighter flash than usual showed him the towers of a castle a little way above him, and his sudden start showed that he recognized them.

"Karolyi Castle? This is running into the lion's mouth indeed. Were the Count to guess that I was within his reach, my head would be on the highest of those turrets in a trice, I'll warrant."

He turned as if to take flight, but in another moment faced round again, and setting his teeth doggedly, went straight up toward the castle gate.

"Let him kill me if he likes," muttered he. "A little more of this would soon make an end of me, and I'd rather die by a brave man's hand than be starved by inches like a homeless dog."

Supper was over in Karolyi Castle, and the guests had retired, but the Count himself and one of his friends stood watching the storm from the shelter of a turret.

"Well, the Gorzi [mountainers] won't trouble us much after this last beating we've given them," said Karolyi, laughing grimly, "especially if Mor [Maurice] Racz himself was killed, as our men say."

"I wish we could have actually seen him dead, though. That fellow has more lives than a cat, or he couldn't have so often escaped the hands of your Excellency, the best swordsman in Hungary."

"Some said Mor Racz was better," growled the Count.

"But although I've often crossed blades with him, one can't judge of a man's swordsmanship in the thick of a battle. If he were alive now, and we could have a quiet half hour together, with no one to disturb us, we'd soon settle which was the better man."

"Done!" said a deep voice out of the darkness below.

"Who's there?" cried Karolyi, peering over the battlements into the gloom.

"Come down and you'll see," answered the unknown.

Down went the Count without hesitation, although, for all he knew, he might find there a band of armed men ready to cut his throat. But all that he found was the ragged stranger already mentioned.

"Come in, man, whoever you are," exclaimed the Count heartily. "I wouldn't shut out a dog on a night like this."

"Before you admit me, hear who I am," answered the stranger, proudly. "My name is Mor Racz."

"What! not dead after all?" cried Karolyi, in a tone of satisfaction which might well have surprised any one who knew that this man was his deadliest enemy. "Come in, I come in! We'll have a chance at last of trying which of us is the better swordsman; but I suppose," he added, with a keen glance at his enemy's haggard face and wasted figure, "that you're hardly in fighting trim just now."

"I have not tasted food," answered the mountain chieftain, "since my comrades fell." "Two whole days, eh? Well, we'll soon put that to rights. Just wait here for one moment."

He ran upstairs, apologized for bidding his friend goodnight, by saying that a man had come to him upon urgent business, and then returned to Racz, whom he led into a small room on the ground-floor, and set such a meal before him as the hunted man had not seen for many a day.

Mor ate like a starved wolf; and when he was at length satisfied (or rather when he could hold no more) the Count, who had watched his performance with considerable amusement, led him up to one of the turret chambers, and taking the key out of the door, placed it in his hand.

A momentary gleam of pleasure lighted up Racz's worn face. He understood that his enemy was too proud to secure him by locking him in, and he felt grateful for the courtesy.

"Sleep well," said the Count, as he closed the door; "and to-morrow at daybreak we'll try which of us can kill the other."

When the Count came to the turret next morning he found his strange guest already astir, and fairly started at the latter's altered appearance. After all his sufferings, one good meal and one night's rest had sufficed to recruit the mountaineer's iron frame; and as he stood there, with the light of battle in his great black eyes, and an elastic quiver of repressed strength in his long, sinewy limbs, he looked a match for any man upon earth.

The Count looked the door inside, and offered the two swords that he had brought with him to Racz, who took one without a word. The next moment the blades met and the combat began.

Karolyi was a splendid swordsman, but this time he had met his match. In vain he tried countless feints and passes which had never failed him before; Mor's blade seemed to play around him like a flash of lightning, meeting and baffling him at every turn. The words shot forth showers of sparks as they rasped together, and the vaulted room echoed with the clash of steel, the stamping of feet, and the hard breathing of the combatants.

Suddenly Mor attacked in his turn, and for a few moments the quickest eyes could not have followed the blades as they darted to and fro, rising, quivering, falling and rising again. All at once a sharp crash was heard, and the Count's sword blade, broken off within an inch of the hilt, fell ringing upon the stone floor.

Any other man would have given himself up for lost; but not so Count Karolyi. Quick as lightning he snatched up his cloak, twisted it round his left arm, and was about to rush upon his adversary with no weapon save the broken sword. But Mor drew back and flung down his weapon.

"We have been enemies," said he, proudly, "but Mor Racz can not strike an unarmed man. Get yourself another sword, and we will begin again."

"Not I, my brave fellow," cried Karolyi, grasping the mountain chieftain's strong brown hand warmly in his own.

"We have been enemies, as you say; but when a man can spare his enemy's life in the heat of battle, as you have just spared mine, any warrior in Hungary may be proud to call him friend; and friends we will be henceforth."

And they were so.

The Cheniere, as well as Grand Isle in the Gulf of Mexico, was once a sugar plantation but the force of constant winds, blowing from one point of the compass, has several times caused the rollers to sweep across it for several days, and this, after a time, made the saccharine juice more salt than sweet. The people are obliged either to use the wood drifted in upon the waves or bring it in luggers from a distance. As the salt in the drift wood rusts the cooking stoves there are none in use on the island. But if the meals are cooked upon an iron frame in a great, wide-mouthed fire place they lose none of their savoriness thereby.

Important.

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

Valid Excuses.

A Scotch professor has made up his mind never again on any consideration whatever to tell his students what a high opinion he has of the "Dead March" in *Saul*. Musio, it should be explained, is the delight of his declining years, and he puts the famous march before everything. "If a student," he explained one unlucky day to his attentive class, "were to tell me that he had absented himself from a lecture in order to hear the 'Dead March' in *Saul*, I would consider the excuse valid." The rash assertion was received with cheers. The next day the class was very thinly attended, and the lecture interrupted by the entrances of the jantors with notes. "Dear sir," these read, "I hope you will excuse my absence to-day, as I am off to hear the 'Dead March' in *Saul*." "Dear sir,—Having heard that the 'Dead March' in *Saul* is to be played to-day at the cemetery, I find myself unable to stay away from it. Hoping you will," etc. "Dear sir,—You will be pleased to hear that, after your remarks of yesterday on the subject of the 'Dead March' in *Saul*, I have bought a flute," etc. The poor man bore up for a time, but the notes of absence went from bad to worse. "Dear sir," they began to read—"I was yesterday so fascinated by the 'Dead March' in *Saul* that I propose making a careful study of this solemn measure. In these circumstances I hope you will overlook my necessary absence from the lectures for the next few days." "Dear sir,—I regret that, on first hearing it, the 'Dead March' in *Saul* made less impression on me than I had expected. As I would be reluctant, however, to judge the piece by such slight acquaintance, I shall, with your permission, attend tomorrow's recital." Worst of all—"Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, have pleasure in informing you that we have joined a music-class for the purpose of practising the 'Dead March' in *Saul*. Unfortunately the practicing takes place during the hours of your lectures, which will prevent our attendance at the latter being as regular as we could have wished."

Extraordinary Case of Hydrophobia.

A singular case of madness in a dog has occurred at Brighton, Eng., which will doubtless engage the attention of the faculty. One day a retired carpenter, Thomas Potten, of Queen's Gardens destroyed himself by cutting his throat, and the evidence pointed to the fact that he was not of sound mind, one of the family being an inmate of the Hayward's Heath County Lunatic Asylum, and his own actions being of a character which induced his friends to keep a watch upon him. On the morning in question he was suddenly seized, and found weltering in his blood, which was being licked by an Italian grey-hound belonging to his son, a gymnast, who was training it for a series of performances. It was with that end in view constantly kept indoors, and could not have been bitten by any rabid animal, and had, previously to the above circumstance, shown no symptoms of rabies. Two days after, however, the dog was found to be ill, foamed at the mouth, was to all appearance going mad. The owner, being of opinion that many dogs were destroyed as rabid that were not so infected, kept the animal confined in the hope that he might benefit science thereby; but, although properly cared for and treated, the animal became so infuriated that it was found necessary for safety's sake to destroy it, the animal being afflicted with hydrophobia in its worst form. No other solution of the dog's condition can be given by its master than that it was infected by the blood of the unfortunate man who, in a fit of insanity, had committed suicide.

"Well Shaken."

Many people are disposed to complain of the inconvenience and discomfort of our railroad sleeping-cars; but what would they think of such a night-rider as Dr. Landsell describes in his "Russian Central Asia"? "About seven o'clock all was in readiness, and Serier and I were to get into our queer sleeping-cages. Let the reader imagine two narrow wooden crates such as earthenware is packed in, each sufficiently large for a man to lie in when twisted to the shape of the letter S; and let him further imagine them suspended on either side of the huge lump of a kneeling camel.

"This I am given to understand is to be my sleeping-place for the night, and I accordingly choose my berth on the port-side of this 'ship of the desert,' first putting into

the cradle for a lining a piece of felt, and then two pillows.

"So far all is well; but inasmuch as my lodging is to be beneath the frosty sky, it seems desirable to multiply my sleeping garments. First I put on, over my ordinary suit, my jacked lined khalat, enveloping me from head to foot, over that my ulster, and on my head a sheepskin hat, to say nothing of fur-lined boots kindly lent by Gen. Grottenhielm; and then, getting into the cradle, I cover my feet with my sheepskin coat.

"And now comes the tug of war! Nazar asks, are we ready; bids us hold on! and says to the camel *Au!* whereupon the animal gets up leisurely, first on its hind legs, and in so doing raises our feet to an angle of sixty degrees, thereby threatening to pitch us out bodily. We hold on, however, for dear life, and then comes a lurch from the fore, lifting our heads once more to the horizontal. The fear of danger now is past; but it is not easy at first to get accustomed to the strange motion caused by the long strides of the camel.

"When the creature was urged to go quickly, the nearest simile for the cradle I can think of is that of a bottle of physic in the process of being well shaken before taken; but when the camel walked leisurely, then one lay as in a boat idly tossed by the billows; and sleep became possible just as it is in the Russian tarantass, when one is dead tired, cramped, and 'used to it!'

"Shortly after the start, Rosy, one of the native attendants, fell off his horse, and was so badly injured that Dr. Landsell felt compelled to give up the cradle to him. Later in the journey, Serier gave up his cradle to the doctor. For a short time all went fairly well. But presently Dr. Landsell heard an ominous cracking of his cradle, and thought it best to get down.

"But how should I make Nazar, the guide, comprehend? Almost the only native word I knew was *yakahi*, meaning, 'all right!' whereas just then I feared things were all wrong, and I vainly called out in Russian, *Stoi!* or stop. Suddenly remembering the word used by the drivers when they wished the camel to kneel, I shouted *Chok! Chok!* whereupon the sapient animal went down suddenly upon its knees with a thud. The jerk broke out the side of my cradle completely, and I descended to *terra firma* with unexpected alacrity.

"My head, however, was pillowed on down, and fortunately I was not hurt. Meanwhile, on the other side of the 'ship,' things had taken a different turn. We had but one china bowl, a very useful article, and fearing to put it into the crate, lest it should be broken, I committed it to Rosy, to carry, as he suggested, in his bosom. Later, however, he transferred it to the interior of his sheepskin hat, and he was enjoying his slumbers when the crash came, and he was pitched out on his head, not to the utter destruction of my china bowl!"

Escape of an English Ship.

The captain of the Duke of Devonshire, which arrived at Sydney on the 9th ult., reports having experienced for five hours the roughest weather he ever met with in the Gulf of Aden. Two steamers were observed to founder at the time, but no assistance could be rendered, as they expected their own steamer to go down every moment. The Duke of Devonshire was chartered by the Government to take troops out to India, but the order was countermanded at the last moment. It was fortunate, as with such a number of men on board the hatches could not have been kept closed, and the steamer must have inevitably foundered. Dr. Edwards, surgeon of the ship, gives a thrilling account of the passage through the cyclone. He says that on the 31 of June, whilst going through the channel, the advance of morning brought signs of atmospheric changes, the weather became squally and unsettled, and the sea rose with marvellous quickness, huge waves rearing themselves perpendicularly, and breaking in a mass in mid air. For nearly two hours no man on board could move for fear of being blown away. The escape was regarded as miraculous.

A citizen of Kansas has in his possession the ballot he cast in voting for General Grant, in 1863. It was printed on silk, and after it had been kept on the file, as the law required, in the office of the clerk, he obtained it, and will hand it down to his children as an heirloom.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Thy mind is torn, thou jaugled as a Jay,
Thy face is turned in a new array."

"An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom."

These words came to Doris as she stands next day at a window, gazing upon the beautiful earth outside. The sun's blazing high in the heavens; whole fields of golden furrows upon the hills yonder are making a mass of color dazzling to behold. She is watching the winding pathway through the fields, by which the Coole people will probably come to her by and by, Monica having openly declared her inability to stay at home during the afternoon in an "upset house."

It is, however, in moored idleness she watches this path as yet, as it is far too early an hour to expect Monica or any of her household.

Doris herself had not gone to bed at all. Some unaccountable feeling of restlessness had kept her awake and had sent her wandering through the dewy gardens on her return from the dance at the Coole. She had plucked some flowers, had fastened some among the laces of her morning gown, had wandered in-doors again, and now, seated in the breakfast room, with all the windows thrown wide to let the happy sun rush freely in, is trifling absently with a huge bunch of orange-eyed togs that lie upon her lap, rendering her almost faint from the excess of their sweetness.

She is looking beautiful,—not fatigued, but daintily languid. Her eyes are larger than usual, and tiny dark circles lie beneath them; her hair is somewhat loosely arranged. She is smiling to herself as she bends over her flowers, and is plainly lost in a happy reverie,—so happy that she starts violently when a voice at her elbow rouses her to the consciousness of some one's nearness.

It is a cold voice, distinctly but politely unfriendly. It is Clontarf's.

"I fancied you still in bed," he says, as though aggrieved at her presence here.

"I have not been in bed at all. The morning was so sweet, I could not bear to lose it."

"And your thoughts, no doubt, so happy."

Something in his tone compels her to look at him. She flushes faintly.

"Do you grudge me a few happy thoughts?" she asks. "You need not, they come to me so seldom."

This reply secretly and most unjustly infuriates him.

"You mean me to understand by that that your life is a miserable one?"

"Oh, no; not miserable."

"At least, then, that you are seldom happy?"

"Few people are often happy."

"You were last night."

If his life had depended upon it, he could not have refrained from making her this speech, with such cruel pertinacity has his mind clung to the belief that her enjoyment of the Coole ball had been solely caused by the presence there of Colonel Bouverie. Not that the faintest suspicion of his wife's honor taints his soul, only an overpowering anger that she should feel light-hearted with another when she will scarcely deign to vouchsafe a smile to him.

After another swift glance at him, Doris says, calmly,—

"Yes. I don't know when I enjoyed myself so much as I did last night."

"So I could see,"—moodyly.

"I thought it was quite the pleasantest dance I was over at in my life."

"I could see that, too,"—with increasing gloom.

"You must have been watching me very closely to see so much. I had no idea that at any time, or under any circumstances, I could be an object of such interest to you."

"Not to me alone. I should think every one was watching you."

"Her color deepens."

"You pay me too high a compliment," she says, haughtily. "I am not altogether so beautiful as you apparently deem me."

Silence.

Having waited for a retort, and been disappointed at its non-arrival, she is naturally irritated, and, woman-like, betrays the irritation.

"Do people find it so strange a thing to see another happy that they must needs stare?" she says, pushing back the loose soft

hair from her forehead with one hand, and glancing at him defiantly.

"If so, I must have roused their curiosity to an unheard of extent last night, because for once I put dull care behind me and enjoyed myself, as I have already said, more than I can tell you."

"I dare say," says Clontarf, wrathfully.

"It is inconvenient to tell some things."

She lifts her eyes quickly to his. Indignation and reproach create a fire in them that might have scorched him, had he looked. He is wise in his generation, however, and refrains from the look.

"You want to say something unkind to me," she says, disdainfully. "Say it. Are you afraid, that you hesitate?"

Thus driven to speech, his anger flames into life.

"I will," he says, turning to her a face as white as death. "I believe, from what I saw last night, that you have a reason for regretting the unfortunate tie that binds you to me."

Again silence falls between them,—this time a terrible silence.

That she has grown deadly pale,—that her large eyes are dilating, that her bosom is rising and falling with passionate irregularity, that her lips are white and parted, is all known to him in a vague, uncertain fashion.

Then suddenly she moves. She clasps her hands together and rises to her feet, letting all her pretty flowers fall to the ground unheeded.

"You are a most cruel man!" she says, in a low, intense voice that vibrates with passion.

Tall, and pale, and trembling, she looks at him and then, without another word, turns and leaves the room.

Subdued by her indignation, but still at heart desperately angry, Clontarf stands steadily eying the fallen tags, and telling himself, with a great show of heat, that if they are to lie there until he picks them up, they are likely to lie till chaos comes again. His hand will not be the one to raise them from their fallen position.

Alas for our sternest determination, before many minutes he is on his knees before those very flowers, and, having lifted each blossom separately and with care, goes even further, and essays to arrange them artistically in a little Etruscan vase he finds on a table near.

Having so far given in to the enemy, it is but a small step more to wish the enemy a friend.

"I have behaved abominably," says the repentant Donat, gazing at the Etruscan vase. "I'll have to apologize. It's awfully hard to apologize successfully to a woman, without giving her something. By Jove! I have it. I heard her say to Brian last night that she would give her eyes—or something or other—for a pug. Callaghan has one for sale at seventeen guineas. I'll go and fetch it. She may not accept the apology, but at all events she is sure to accept the dog, and that will be a step in the right direction."

Meantime, Doris, angry, hurt, quivering in every nerve, has hurried out to the garden once more, and now with hurrying feet is pacing to and fro.

"He is cruel, unjust, and vilely suspicious," she says to herself, her voice broken by dry and angry sobs. "How dare he speak to me like that?—how dare he? I am not of his world, perhaps, but time—time has taught me that I can do him justice in it, and bring no blush of shame to his brow because of my low origin. Can he not see this? His father sees it. 'Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?' I am young,—I am—" she hesitates, then, as though in despite of herself, flings out her arms to the soft air, and cries aloud,— "yes, I am beautiful! Why must this one man of all the world refuse to acknowledge it?"

She is trembling so violently that she stops, and, leaning against a tree, tries hard to recover her composure.

There had been a little shower in the dawning of the day, that had played upon the air and made it cool and sweet. It is still wandering idly over the grasses and the trees. There is indeed something ultra-

pathetic in its music as it rustles through branch and leaf and bough. It strikes as sadly upon Doris's heart as though it were the knell of hopes departed. She had once—a long time since, as now it seems—believed it possible that the day might come in which she should know her husband's heart to be entirely hers, but now that hope seems forever to have flown.

Leaning upon the little rustic bridge to which she now has come, she lets her sad tears fall, to swell the rushing of the tiny river down below, that seems hurrying swiftly onward, as though in cruel haste to bear away from her to the great lonely ocean even the last fond fancy of a happiness that might have been.

Slowly she dries her eyes, and slowly returns to the house. Upon the threshold a servant meets her.

"Miss Costello's love, my lady, and she desired me to say she would be very glad if you would go to her as soon as you came in?"

"She is in her room still?"

"Yes, my lady."

Believing Vera has sent for her to gossip gaily over last night's joys and shortcomings, she goes leisurely upstairs to her room, and tapped lightly at her door.

"Come in," says Vera, and, entering, she is met by a radiant little figure, all smiles and waving looks and beaming eyes, who presses her into a lounging chair and kneels down beside her.

"Truant," says Vera, "where have you been? The moment I woke I wanted you, and you were nowhere. Is that conduct becoming a woman and a sister? Cry *mae culpa* at once, and I will forgive you, because there is something on my mind, something that happened last night, that I must tell you."

Doris glances at her with a sudden flash of interest in her eyes.

"Last night?" she says, quickly. "Ah! I think I can guess what it is."

"Can you?" says Vera. In her usual little kittenish fashion, she curls herself round upon the Persian rug and rubs her cheek against Doris's knee. "Well, yes, I suppose so. He"—the sweet childish voice grows almost plaintive—"he proposed to me last night, in the library, after supper."

"And—?" says Doris, breathlessly.

"And? Oh, I see. I accepted him, of course."

"I am so glad!" says Doris, tears gathering in her eyes. "I knew it would come all right at last, though there were moments when I feared. He was always so devoted to you,—so earnest in his attachment."

"Yes, very devoted, and for such a long time now," says Vera, thoughtfully. She has picked up a big cinder from the grate, and with her dainty fingers lays it on the burning coals. Though May, it is still chilly in-doors.

"I congratulate you with all my heart," says Doris, fondly, alighting her arm round the girl's white neck. "It is just what I wished. He is so desirable in every way."

"That is what I think," says Vera, with some soft enthusiasm.

"And so handsome!"

"Oh, well, as to that," exclaims Vera, laughing a little, "that is as it may be. 'Handsome is as handsome does,' you know. I don't think I should call him exactly handsome."

"Little hypocrite!" says Doris, pinching her cheek. "You want to make me praise him even beyond his deserts."

"Well, money no doubt covers a multitude of sins," says Vera, with a careless shrug, "but perhaps one might be excused in wishing his nose a trifle more pronounced."

"You would make him his trumpeter, for very love of him," continues Doris, still smiling.

"I tell you, I will not accept the situation. I shall only go so far as to say I think you could not have made a worthier choice."

"I am so glad you agree with me about this affair," says Vera, turning up—oh!—such a youthful, lovable face to her sister.

"Others may say disagreeable things, but that I shan't mind, with you on my side. I think I have been sensible all through, and of course, as we both know, a little always counts."

"A little!" As though the word possesses an unbearable sting, Doris shrinks away from the lovely serene face beneath hers, and stares at it in horrified doubt.

"Why, yes, dearest. When I marry him, I shall be Lady Wylde, shall I not?"

"Lady Wylde?" repeats her sister, as if stunned.

"Well, certainly not Lady anything else!"

says Vera, petulantly.

"It can't be true!" exclaims Doris, with intense excitement.

"Vera, say it is not! It is monstrous, unnatural! I will not believe it. It is some hideous jest." Pushing back her chair, she rises, and paces the room in an agitated manner, with a pale face and trembling hand.

Vera, springing noiselessly to her feet, goes to her, and, laying her arms around her neck, brings her to a standstill.

"You are angry with me," she says, with unfeigned regret. "Why?"

"Are you going to tell me you have made up your mind to ruin Gerald Burke's life?"

"That is one way of putting it. I have refused him, it is true; but why should that ruin him?"

"You have refused him?"

"Not in exact words, perhaps, but in reality—Yes."

"You have thrown honest, earnest love behind you for the sake of a paltry title?"

"I do not consider it paltry. It is a very old title, and a rich one."

"I would not have believed it of you!" cries Doris, in a choked voice, refusing to return her caresses.

"But why?—why?" asks Vera, resentfully. "What am I doing that half the world has not done before me,—what you (you yourself, who condemn me) have done? Have you not set me the example? You married for position, thinking it better than love, and you have been sufficiently happy. Why may not I follow in your path?"

"It is a lie!" says Doris, with sudden and terrible vehemence. "I am not happy. I know no single moment that is not with agonizing regret. I speak the truth now—for the first time since my loveless marriage—openly for your sake, in the hope that my miserable experience may induce you to draw back from the abyss that lies before you. I implore you to hesitate before it is too late. Money, rank, position, all are worthless without love."

Her voice sinks to a whisper. She covers her face with her hands.

"And I think love is worthless without all these things you name," returns Vera, calmly. "I do not want to argue with you, Dody, but I will say that I believe you go the wrong way about enjoying life. You are too earnest, too—"

"Forget me," says Lady Clontarf, a little coldly. "Put me out of the question altogether. Think only of yourself. To discuss me and my nature now is waste of time. So you are determined, then, to wed yourself with December, although May is pining for you?"

"But I do not pine for May, if you mean Gerald. I am sorry if I displease you, Dody, but I cannot make myself romantic. I hate scenes, and bursts of emotion, and lover's quarrels, and such like, they make one so uncomfortable. And after all, what crime is it if I am going to commit, that you should look at me like that? Why may I not be happy in my own way?"

"But such a way! It is a sacrifice. You—with your youth—your beauty—to give yourself willingly to that old man, who—"

"Tush," said Vera, interrupting her gaily. "Remember, only a moment since, you were impressing upon me the fact of his great personal beauty. 'Handsome you called my intended—not knowing. And, indeed, I will not listen to a word against him. He has been quite nice to me all through, and his suggestions about settlements have been most delicate and generous. He will suit me down to the ground. I shall be a veritable old man's darling, shall I not?"

She breaks into a soft, mirthful laugh. She looks so pretty, so childish, so endearing, as she asks this cruel question, that Doris bursts into tears.

"Oh, it is horrible!—horrible!" she cries sobbing bitterly.

In a moment Vera's arms are round her.

"Listen to me," she says, earnestly. "Your tears are wasted upon me. I have no heart! I never had one except for you. I love you, and you only. For the rest, as long as I have sunshine, and admiration, and money, and the world at my feet, I shall never know even a passing pang."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I saw say," languidly observed one dude to another; "I saw see that some fellow has invented a machine for looking into the brain." "Yaas," drawled the other, "but that don't interwest us, dontcher know."

MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

1. My moth - or lay up - on her bed, And weeping friends stood by, The
 2. Tho day your fath - or sailed, 'twas then These words you heard him say; My
 3. My jour - ney here is al - most done, Life's troubles near - ly o'er. I'll

col - or from her cheeks had fled, 'Tho end was draw - ing nigh; She
 boy, don't leave your moth - or when Her hair is turn - ing gray; Since
 meet your fath - er soon, my son, To part from him no more; I

clasped mo fond - ly to her breast, And said, "My dar - ling son, Hear
 then you've been my pride and joy, So man - ly, bravo and true; Then
 feel death's dew my up - on my brow, Fare well, my boy and so true, Ho -

now your moth - er's last re - quest, Ere her life's sands have run; Hear
 don't for - get, my dar - ling boy, Tho words I speak to you; Then
 ceive your moth - er's bless - ing now, And keep my words in view; Ho -

ad lib.

now your moth - er's last re - quest, Ere her life's sands have run.
 don't for - get, my dar - ling boy, Tho words I speak to you.
 ceive your moth - er's bless - ing now, And keep my words in view."

colla voce.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line is marked with dynamics such as *p* and *colla voce*. The lyrics are arranged in lines corresponding to the vocal melody. The score includes three numbered verses and a final section marked *ad lib.* and *colla voce*.

The Household.

To a New Bride and Housekeeper.

BY MARGARET M. WHITE.

You little guess the loneliness that's coming o'er my life,
When you have left the farm and me to be Will Johnson's wife;
But I suppose my mother felt just so, when from her side,
Your father came one summer's day to carry home his bride.

Ah, me! how happy had I been! Providence had spared
My good old man to see this day, who all my feelings share;
But, then, I would not bring him back, not even if I might,
Nor change one crook that's in my lot, for what God does is right.

But as I sit alone and think I see some things I'd change;
I might have made him happier; then do not think it strange
If I should speak some warning words to save you, if I may,
From making thoughtless, and mistakes, to bring clouds o'er your way.

So just remember, Hans 'n, dear, that, though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be always right!
Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some other body's sin,
You'll find the fault was all your own if you would look within.

As when we washed the window panes together face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain would find no resting place,
You would insist, however hard to make you see I tried,
That every spot was my fault when 'twas really on your side.

And, Hannah, oh! be patient if you find Will sometimes slow,
Your wife flash out like lightning streaks, as swift to come and go,
Now, lightning is a handy thing in stormy nights, 'tis true,
But, after all, a steady shine is kind o' useful, too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt your good man and you,
Don't stop to ask whose fault it is; the only way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try with all your might,
'Tis love it grows too big to change, to fix it up all right.

You know the dough when first 'tis set, is molded as we will,
But when 'tis baked we cannot change its shape for good or ill;
So now, when you are starting out in your new home, 'tis just
The time to see what ways you'll set to harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no matter how you try;
You'll have to go down on your knees and ask help from on high,
We soap and rub and bell and rinse, but after all, you know,
It takes heaven's sun to make the clothes as white as new fall'n snow.

For Young Housewives.

Clean canister bottles with shot.
To remove ink stains soak in sour milk over night.

To brighten and clean old alpaca, wash in coffee.

Mix stove polish with vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.

When cooking beans add one-half teaspoon of saleratus.

To brighten carpets sprinkle with salt before sweeping.

To polish a stove rub with a newspaper instead of a brush.

To remove tea stains from cups and saucers scour with ashes.

For burns apply flour wet with cold water, as it quickly gives relief.

When sponge-cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

To remove mildew soak in buttermilk and spread on grass in the sun.

If nutmegs are good, when pricked with a pin oil will instantly ooze out.

If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

To prevent mustard plasters from blistering mix with the white of an egg.

To prevent flat-irons from scorching wipe them on a cloth wet with kerosene.

To clean furniture that is not varnished rub with a cloth wet with kerosene.

To brighten or clean silver or nickel plated ware rub with a woolen cloth and flour.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

When clothes are scorched remove the stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.

Starched shirts will iron easier if you let

them dry after starching so you will have to sprinkle them before ironing.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good to wash and clean windows, as they leave no dust nor lint, as cloth.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or teapot fill with water, add a small piece of soap and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

To remove grease from wall paper lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

COOKING RECIPES.

COFFEE CAKE:—Two cups brown sugar, one cup of butter, five eggs, one-half cup molasses, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one-half cup made coffee, three heaping cups flour, one cup currants, one teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in warm water, one quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Cream butter and sugar together, and be sure to flour the fruit before stirring it in; bake in a moderately fast oven.

COCONUT DROPS:—Beat to a froth the whites of two eggs, and add gradually one small cup sugar, one cup coconut grated and one spoonful flour. Butter tin sheets with washed butter, and then cover with letter-paper. Drop on this the mixture in teaspoonfuls about two inches apart. Bake five minutes in a quick oven.

JELLY CAKE:—Three eggs, one cup sugar, butter the size of an egg, one cup flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour, one-half teaspoonful of milk. Bake in jelly cake tins and spread when cold with fruit jelly.

BAKED CUSTARDS:—One quart of milk, four eggs, five tablespoonfuls sugar beaten with the eggs, nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls flavoring extract. Scald the milk, pour upon the other ingredients, stir together well, flavor and pour into stone-china cups. Set these in a pan of hot water, grate nutmeg upon each and bake until firm. Eat cold from the cups.

EGGS A LA TRUFFE:—Hard boil a dozen eggs, and cut them in slices; peel some small pickling onions and fry them gently in butter over a slow fire; dust them with flour, moisten them with equal quantities of stock and cream, add a little salt and pepper, and stew them till quite tender; then add the eggs and give them a warm up; serve as hot as possible.

APPLES MERINGUE:—Prepare six large tart apples for sauce. While hot put in a piece of butter the size of an egg. When cold, and a cup of fine cracker crumbs, the yolks of three eggs well beaten, a cup of milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg and sugar to taste. Bake in a large plate, with an undercrust of rich paste and a rim of puff paste. When done, take the whites of the eggs, half a tea-cup of white sugar, and a few drops of essence of lemon; beat to a stiff froth, pour over and put back into the oven to brown lightly.

WHEAT MUFFINS:—For a dozen muffins there will be required a cupful and a half of entire wheat flour, a cupful of milk, one-third of a cupful of cream, one-third of a cupful of water, an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the dry ingredients and beat them quickly and vigorously. Pour the batter into buttered muffin pans and bake for twenty-five minutes in a rather quick oven. The batter will be thin and will give a moist muffin but that is as it should be.

FRIED POTATOES:—Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they are soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg, and then in the cracker and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently that the color may be uniform; or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case, a cloth should be laid over a plate and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

Beauty in Wives.

Beauty in a wife may or may not be a desirable gift, but it is certainly not a joy forever.

The proverb that beauty is only skin deep may be true, but I have no doubt that it is particularly applicable to married women because (have patience, meadames!) after six months or twelve months of married bliss the young wife may look as handsome as her better favored sister. A beautiful

woman creates a great impression in the beginning but it requires good resources to maintain this first impression, and if she has not the mental traits so essential to command esteem, in time her beauty becomes commonplace. The ordinary looking wife, on the other hand, if she possess these amiable traits, seems to grow handsome with time. The beautiful wife is often too conscious of the charms of her person, and if forgetful of them is flattered by constant admirers into remembering them.

The man generally makes up his mind very soon as to what he admires in the physique of woman, but finds it more difficult to come to a conclusion as to what is essential to his happiness in mental qualities. As a rule the wife should have mind enough to comprehend that of her husband, to share his plans and to sympathize with him in his occupation. Familiarity with the husband's business enables the wife to regulate the expenses of the household to his income, whereby many unpleasant dimensions are avoided. To know when the purse is full and when it is empty is a kind of knowledge that contributes largely to the pleasure of married life. An approximation of the intellect of the man and the woman to the same level appears to be the most conducive to domestic harmony, as too great a difference in quality of mind often engenders a feeling akin to contempt in the superior person, which it is difficult to conceal. Good as the theory of the extremes is in its physiological application it may not be applied to what relates to the mind. If there be not a psychological affinity between husband and wife, married life remains a barren waste. Cleverness or mediocrity once established as a mutual foundation, varieties may be found to consort advantageously together, such as tactfulness with garrulity, vivacity with inertia, etc., but mutual comprehension and appreciation are indispensable.

A Boy's Hunt for Office.

Soon after President Cleveland took possession of the White House a little chap about twelve years of age, named Howard Fairfax Lee, obtained an audience, and earnestly pleaded for an appointment in one of the departments, to assist in supporting his mother and several brothers and sisters. The little fellow pressed his claim in such a manly, straightforward way that the President's interest was excited, and he resolved, if the case proved, on examination to be a worthy one, to assist the young office-seeker. Howard is very small for his age, but is remarkably bright and intelligent, and expresses his ideas of men and things in language that would do credit to a person many years his senior. He lives beyond the city limits, in the vicinity of Brightwood, and is the eldest of four or five children. The President spoke to Secretary Manning about providing a place in the Treasury Department for the boy, but when the latter made his appearance before the Secretary he was pronounced too small to be of any material value to the public service. Thereupon Howard repaired to the White House, and, with tears in his eyes, told the President the result of his interview with Secretary Manning. Some one suggested to the little fellow that he would probably be more successful with Secretary Lamar. Off he went to the Interior Department, where he found the Secretary surrounded by a roomful of politicians and office seekers. He finally got an opportunity to state his case to the kind-hearted Secretary, who at once became interested in his story and promised to help him. Day after day the youthful applicant haunted the corridors of the Interior Department and watched his chance to steal an interview with the Secretary when the vigilant colored messenger was not looking. Finally the boy was taken sick, and the Secretary missed his visits to his office. One afternoon last week the Secretary, upon inquiry, found where the little fellow lived and called to see him. Finding that the case was really a deserving one, he informed the boy's mother that her son should have an appointment as soon as he was able to be absent. The good news quickly restored Howard's health, and a day or two ago he was appointed a messenger in the Pension Office.

It is a curious fact that wasps' nests often take fire, as it is supposed, by the chemical action of the wax upon the material of which the nest is composed. Many of the fires of unknown origin in haystacks and farm buildings may thus be accounted for.

A Hindoo Woman on Hindoo Marriage.

The *Times of India*, commenting on a remarkable contribution to the discussion that has been going on for the last twelve months about the social status of Hindoo women, their position in the household, and their relation with the other sex, says: "The story she has to tell is a sad one, and no doubt all the sadder inasmuch as her letter shows her to be possessed of very unusual natural abilities. The 'wicked practice of early marriage' has, she declares, destroyed the happiness of her life, coming between her and the things she prizes above all others—study and mental cultivation. 'Without the least fault of mine I am doomed to seclusion; every aspiration of mine to rise above my ignorant sisters is looked upon with suspicion, and is interpreted in the most uncharitable manner.' She writes with a good deal of feminine emphasis, but she amply proves her case, that the rich and poor, old and young, of her sex suffer much misery and pain and degradation through the strict observance of social institutions invented by men for their own advantage. Every woman, on the death of her husband, even if he be a child-husband, is condemned to a life of perpetual widowhood. But a man may not only marry a second wife on the death of his first one, but can marry any number of wives at one and the same time. Even if he has only one wife, he continues to live in the bosom of his own family, and has never, under any circumstances, to submit to the tender mercies of a mother-in-law. In India all the boys and girls are betrothed indissolubly almost as soon as they are born. At the age of eight, at latest, a husband must be found for every girl. Girls are generally, perhaps, married at this age, and their parents are still at liberty to send them to school until they are ten years old. But after that the leave of the mother-in-law must be obtained. 'But even in these advanced times,' exclaims our correspondent, 'and even in Bombay—the chief centre of civilization—how many mothers-in-law are there who send their daughters to school after they are ten years old? Thus the girls are taken away from school just when they are beginning to understand and appreciate education. Even girls belonging to the most advanced families are mothers before they are fourteen, and have thenceforth to devote themselves to the hard realities of life. The unfortunate bride may neither sit nor speak in the presence of any elder member of her husband's family. She must work with the servants, rise early, and go to bed late, and be perpetually abused and frequently beaten by her mother-in-law. She must live in the most rigid seclusion. Her husband, who is entirely dependent on his family, can never take her part, and, fresh himself from college is apt to despise her for her ignorance, and to tolerate her as a necessary evil. Our correspondent deliberately declares that 'the treatment which even servants receive from their European masters is far better than falls to the share of us Hindoo women. We are treated worse than beasts.' The strength both of mind and body is sapped by these early marriages. The children either die off like weakly seedlings or grow up without vigor. The women lose their beauty at twenty, are long past their prime at thirty, and old at forty. But a worse fate awaits them if instead of being Hindoo wives they become Hindoo widows. Of this wretched fate our correspondent fortunately knows nothing personally, and so cannot write from experience. But there are 22,000,000 widows in India, many of whom lost their nominal husbands when they were children, and none of whom can ever marry again. For a great of their lives they are deprived of ornaments and colored garments, their heads are shaved, they are condemned to the coarsest cloths and the poorest food, and wear out their days in seclusion as the low-dragged of the household. They have to live like nuns, but amid all the temptations in a little world in which they are regarded as inferior beings, and when they hide their shame they are handed over to the English law for punishment."

Verdi, the composer, has added another item to the long list of his philanthropic deeds by abating fifty per cent. of the rents of his tenants, on account of severe storms which destroyed their crops.

The Duke of Retibor, who presided over the Bismarck Testimonial Funds Committee, reports that the total amount raised was \$685,000, of which \$375,000 went to purchase the Prince's ancestral estate of Schenhausen.

HOW BANKS ARE SWINDLED.

The Trick by which a Bankrupt Merchant Stole Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

"Banks are constantly being imposed upon," said the cashier of a large bank, "and the public know nothing about it. Why, if I was to tell you that the son of one of the largest dry-goods merchants in New York had presented two forged checks to this bank within the past month, got money on both, and escaped arrest and publicity, you would hardly believe it; but it is so. His father made good the amount. Almost every week some one manages to defraud us some way, and it is only once in six months we ever report the case to the authorities."

"Some years ago," continued the cashier, "I was the paying teller of a bank in a large Western city. Among our customers was a wholesale merchant named Henderson, who did a very large business with our bank. He was in the habit of drawing large sums to meet his bills, which were heavy, and all these passed through my hands. Among Mr. Henderson's business associates was a man named Hirtz, who had lately come to that city from the East. He was a commission broker, and sold Mr. Henderson a great many goods, for which he received Mr. Henderson's check on our bank. One day Mr. Hirtz brought to the bank a check for \$15,000. It was the largest check he had ever presented. I hesitated a moment about paying it. I examined the writing carefully. It was evidently Mr. Henderson's signature, and there was no question about the bearer being Mr. Hirtz. I asked the book keeper how much money Mr. Henderson had to his credit. He had \$18,000. So I paid it. Mr. Hirtz took thirty \$500 bills, and left the building with the money carefully concealed in his inside vest pocket. This was on Saturday, just before bank closed. Monday afternoon Mr. Henderson sent a check for \$8,000 to the bank. I sent back word that his account was not large enough to cover that amount. In a few minutes Mr. Henderson appeared at the bank himself. He was evidently very angry."

"What do you mean," said he, "by sending such word to me?"

"I mean," said I, "that you only have \$3,000 to your credit."

"That is not so," said he; "I have \$18,000 here, and if those figures are not correct I shall make this bank some trouble."

"You did have \$18,000 last Saturday, but Mr. Hirtz drew out \$15,000."

"Mr. Hirtz did nothing of the sort," interrupted the merchant hotly. "Mr. Hirtz did not draw one cent on Saturday."

"Is this your writing?" I asked, producing the check Mr. Hirtz had given to me.

"Mr. Henderson was amazed as I laid down the paper before him.

"That certainly does look like my check," he said. "It certainly does. But it is a forgery."

"Now it was my turn to be amazed. If I had paid a forged check of that size I could count my chances of holding my position with a cipher. We took the check to the cashier and examined it together, and then we compared it with his other signatures. It was so nearly like them that we could hardly tell them apart. The only difference was that it was not written in the ink Mr. Henderson usually wrote with. We sent down to Mr. Hirtz's office, but it was closed, and his clerk did not know where he had gone, but believed he had left for New York. He had made his escape. This strengthened Mr. Henderson's statement, and after a few days we made good the amount and my resignation was demanded. I told our President that I thought there was some mystery about the matter, and I had the check lithographed for my own use. A month later Mr. Henderson surprised the business community by failing, and after the settlement with his creditors he came out a bankrupt. I determined to ferret out the mystery, and for considerable time I searched the country for news of Mr. Hirtz, but all to no avail. Finally I came to New York and secured employment in the bank where I am now."

"About a year ago, while I was sitting in my private office, I was surprised to see Mr. Hirtz. I recognized him before he did me."

"How do you do, Mr. Hirtz?" I said.

"The man blushed, stammered, and finally, recognizing me, turned and tried to escape, but I caught him by the coat collar and held him fast. He made no struggle, but sat down."

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Have you been to the penitentiary?"

"If you will let me go I will confess the whole thing."

"What good will that do me?"

"You won't help justice any by convicting me," he replied. "I didn't forge that check."

"Who did then?"

"Mr. Henderson."

"Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes. I was a poor broker in that town when I first met Henderson. He gave me a good many orders, and finally asked me how I would like to make \$1,000. I told I would like it."

"All right," said he. "You present my check for \$15,000 at the bank, draw the money, bring it to me, and I will give you \$1,000. Then you go to Europe for six months. There will be no trouble, no worry, no risk, and you will be \$1,000 better off."

"I did as he suggested, gave him the money, and left that night."

"What did you do with the man?" we asked.

"Nothing. He had papers in his pocket which proved that he had told the truth. Mr. Henderson was dead and Hirtz was a bankrupt, and as he really didn't mean to do wrong I let him go. Henderson had beaten the bank out of that much money, just like robbing it. I have no doubt other similar crimes have been committed, but I never heard of them."

The Scuttle Trick.

You see, Martha got into the habit of sitting up for me at an early age, and she can't break it off. I couldn't persuade her to go to bed and mind her own business, so I studied on the matter. We live in one of the centre houses, of a block of five-story-and-a-half buildings. There are scuttles in the roofs of all of them, and I persuaded Mr. Greenup, who lives in the adjoining house, let me in his house last night, about one o'clock, and I went up through his scuttle over to mine, and so down into our bedroom. I could see Martha from the head of the stairs, sitting in the front room eyeing the clock with a look that was a very tart chromo. But I undressed and quietly got in bed, and there I laid waiting developments. Every now and then I'd hear Martha give a short fidgety cough. Then I'd hear her get up, prance around the room a little, and by and by go to the front window, and slam the shutters. After I had lain there about an hour I heard her get up and go stand on the front stoop for a good ten minutes. Then she came in and slammed the door and locked it and commenced coming up stairs. Every other step she'd say: "Oh the wretch Ob, the villain!" About the time she had nearly got to the landing I think she must have seen the light streaming out of the door that I'd left ajar. I could hear her stop and then I commenced to snore. I was afraid to look, you know, but I could feel her cautiously come to the door and look in. Well, I'd have given my pension from the war of 1776 to have seen her about the time she saw it was me. I'll bet it was fun. But I was afraid to do anything but snore. Then she came into the room, and by the way she breathed and stood around, I had nearly to bite my tongue off to keep a straight face on me. I could feel that she sat in a chair and was dumfounded. I never let on, but kept on snoring like thunder, but when she kicked over a chair I turned and pretended to wake up, kind of dazed, like, and says:

"Why, Martha, dear, ain't you come to bed yet?"

"Jarphly," said she, awful slow and solemn like, "when did you come in?"

"Why, must be four or five hours ago. Don't you remember when I told you not to go to sleep again in the rocker, but to come to bed?" and I turned over and professed to go to sleep again. She never made any reply but acted in a dazed, bewildered sort of way and when she got to bed I could tell she didn't sleep a wink for three hours. In the morning it was fun to watch Martha. I could hardly keep a straight face. At the breakfast table, and all the time I was about the house, she'd eye me when she thought I wasn't looking; then, when I'd notice her, she'd turn away and be awfully busy at something. She caught me kind of grinning once, and, by George, I thought the explosion was about to come. But it didn't though the look of blank, unfathomable suspicion she wore on her face all the time was the greatest show on earth. It nearly broke me up, and I have laughed till my ribs ache ever

since. I know it won't last. I know there is a day of reckoning a coming, and the thermometer is going up to clear out of sight in the Jarphly family, but who's going after trouble! It'll come soon enough without hunting after it, and I'm going to enjoy that scuttle in the roof until the explosion comes.

"Katrina."

One evening, in the far off Fatherland, as she leaned over the gate and waited for the coming of the red-cheeked and flax-haired Fritz, she shyly whispered to herself:

"In a little time we shall be married. My mother will live with us, and Fritz will whistle and I will sing all day long in our happiness. Ah! Fritz! So jolly! So honest! So truthful! Was ever another boy like him?"

Her heart beat faster as she heard the echo of his wooden shoes on the hard path and she threw open the gate and ran half-way down to meet him.

"What! Fritz ill?"

"No."

"In trouble?"

"No."

"But something has happened?"

He led her to the bench under the old pear tree, and with his arm about her he explained that he was going away—across the ocean—to America. He could make a little money in Germany—he could make a fortune in America. The idea of separation grieved him more than he could tell, but it would not be for long. In a couple of years—in three at most—he would come back to claim his bride. And so he talked and argued and pleaded, and with her heart almost choking her, and her eyes so full of tears that she could not see his face in the moonlight, Katrina whispered:

"You shall go, and I shall wait for you. I shall wait two years—three—five—forever I believe in you as in my God."

In a week Fritz was on his way, and if Katrina's blue eyes were never clear of tears his heart was never free from pain. By and by a letter came from him—then another and another; and for a year Katrina was happy. He had found work and was doing well. He loved her with all his soul—he would work and save and return to her.

And the days made weeks and the weeks made months of the second year. The letters did not come so often and there was something in their tenor which provoked anxiety.

"Ah! but he is so busy, and perhaps he was very tired," Katrina's old mother would say. "Fritz is faithful and true—be patient."

When the weeks were running into months of the third year Katrina was an orphan. Letters from Fritz now came only at such long intervals that her soul was sick with the waiting and hoping. He still claimed to love her, and he still hoped to return for her, but he had been ill—was out of work—had met with a loss—always something to put the time further away.

"Why not?" she suddenly asked herself one evening as she sat under the same pear tree. "It is a hard task poor Fritz has taken upon himself. I will lighten his labors. He cannot come to me, but I will go to him. Let the world talk. We love each other—we are to be man and wife."

A month later Katrina was walking the streets of the city in which her Fritz was living. She did not know his abiding place but she would walk and walk—she would inquire of every kind faced man—she would whisper her errand to every woman, and she would find Fritz. He would be so glad—and they would be so happy, and the thought of it brought such smiles to her face that men turned to look and wonder.

One—two—three days of weary and fruitless search, but she was not discouraged. On the fourth day, as she wandered up and down, her heart suddenly stood still. Out from a side street came her Fritz. Yes, she would know him among ten thousand. The same red cheeks—the same flaxen hair—the same smile of good-nature.

"Fritz—oh! Fritz. It is I—it is your Katrina!"

Joy must have blinded her for the moment, for she did not see that he had company—that a woman walked beside him and looked up into his face as only a wife can look.

Katrina stood before them. She looked from one to the other, and her woman's instinct told her the truth. Fritz had played her false. He was married. White faced,

—trampling—heart broken, she looked into his eyes. He was pale but firm.

"Fritz! Oh, Fritz!" she gasped.

"I do not know you!" he replied.

"And this is my Fritz—my lover—my pledged husband!"

"Woman, move out of our path!"

She obeyed. Straight before her was the river. Crushed and dazed and walking as one in her sleep, she walked on and down to the wharf. The swift, deep waters were at her feet.

She turned and looked back to the spot where she had encountered her faithless lover.

"Poor Fritz—perhaps it was best!" she murmured.

Next moment the fierce tide was bearing her body away, and the heart which had kept faith so long and trusted so well was stilled in death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Good Old Winters.

In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over, and in some places the snow rose fifty feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe and others were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen, the crops royally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split, by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1310 the crops wholly failed in Germany. Wheat, which some years before sold at 6s. per quarter, rose to £2. In 1303, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432, 3, and 4, were uncommonly severe. In 1363 the wine distributed to the soldiers, was cut with hatchets. In 1693, it was excessively cold. Most of the Lollies were killed, coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick. In 1809, occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected on the Thames in 1744, and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered, in less than fifteen minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

A Texas Centipede.

The centipede is not a pretty insect. Horus too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of little Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison, and all, I no longer doubted their creation. In the course of my checkered career I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with post whicky—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an armymule—the restant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about 200 little lancets conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lancet is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawl across your body—which he almost likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half-mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail and you'll remember his visit for weeks. No man ever dies from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.

Crocodile farming is rapidly becoming a leading industry in certain localities. The largest animals are killed and skinned, their flesh being used to feed their descendants. One dealer last year supplied a tanner with 5,000 skins.

John Redfern's Will

"Wilfred," she said—and her voice was calm and firm—"he cannot prevent my waiting for you—and I will wait for you."
"My true darling! But, Constance dear, you do not know what your promise implies. I have no prospects—absolutely none. It might be years—"
"Well, I don't mind how many. Five, ten—"

"No, dearest; I see now that it would be utter selfishness in me even to wish to bind your bright young life to so hopeless a prospect as that of waiting for me. Besides, even should I be willing to do so, I have your father's expressed wish to the contrary—expressed in such a way that I could not with honor disregard it. No, Constance, we must part now—ay, now," he repeated almost bitterly, as the clock struck a quarter to one. "Mr. Joyce limited me to half an hour."

How the ensuing few minutes passed Wilfred scarcely knew; his next coherent thought was, as he went down the staircase, amid all the moulding, gilding, stained glass, and rare flowers, that his life-star was set and his future one dark cloud of rayless desolate blackness.

Three weeks had slowly rolled away since the day on which Constance and Wilfred parted. The poor girl had tried to bear her trial bravely; but she found it hard to do so. To Constance Joyce, whose nineteen years had been years of unbroken sunshine, this was her first cross, and it was a heavy one. As day after day dawned and brought no Wilfred, she grew pale and spiritless. Every one remarked that she was not "looking well;" and her father was not blind to the same fact; but with his theory concerning modern arts, he was not much concerned as to the ultimate result.

"Of course she feels it somewhat, poor girl," he would say to himself—"it is natural enough; but in a week or two she will be all right." And on the strength of this conclusion he allowed three to pass in peace; then he began to change his tactics.

It was a bitterly cold morning in December, 1874, and Constance was reclining in a low easy-chair before a bright fire, thinking, as was her wont when alone, of Wilfred, when the opening of her door roused her. For a moment a half-delirious hope possessed her; the next it was stifled by the sound of the measured step that announced Mr. Joyce. "Papa," she cried, rising, "I never expected to see you at this hour of the morning!"

"Perhaps not," smiled the merchant; "but I have come to the conclusion that one may spend an hour profitably elsewhere than in the city."

"So you are going to stay all the forenoon with me? Oh, how kind of you! There, sit down"—pulling forward another easy-chair—"we shall have such a nice time."

Mr. Joyce looked round him rather uneasily, then sat down and gazed into the fire, then at his daughter.

"You are not looking very well, Constance," was his first remark.

"I—I dare say I shall be better by-and-by," she replied quietly, a slight color tinging her cheeks.

"I hope so. I am afraid, Constance, you are thinking too much of—of that unfortunate affair—your young Ainalle's, you know."

Constance did not answer—she could not.

"Very unfortunate affair—very unfortunate indeed," went on her father. "His uncle used him very badly."

Still no remark from the young lady.

"I am really very sorry; but, as it was, of course,"—he paused, evidently hoping for some comment, but none came—"there was no help for it."

"Papa, let us talk of something else."

She felt as if she could bear his remarks no longer.

"Yes, my dear, quite so—in fact, it was of something else that I wanted to speak to you. I have—this is—in short, Constance, this morning I had a proposal from a gentleman for you."

"A proposal!"

"Yes, a proposal of marriage."

"Tell him, papa, that I am very much obliged to him, but I cannot accept it."

"My dear—"

"Papa, it is only three weeks since I was the betrothed of Wilfred Ainalle; how could I think of another?"

"Be reasonable, my child. I have owned that that was a very distressing affair, but now it is past. Wilfred and you have parted; and I am sure that he would be the last in the world to desire that you should ruin your prospects for his sake."

"He would indeed. And do you think that I—"

"And," went on Mr. Joyce, not heeding the interruption, "he would be grieved did he know what a morbid state you have allowed yourself to get into. Why, Constance, you have not even had the curiosity to ask the gentleman's name!"

"It does not matter, papa, as I do not mean to accept him."

"It does matter; and, although you are so ungrateful to him, I shall tell you. He is Mr. Laurence Markham."

"He!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet. "I would accept almost any one in great Britain sooner."

"Constance, I am surprised to hear you speak in such a way of a man against whom the finger of scandal has never been raised—a steady, well-principled young man, handsome—if you wish for beauty—and, last, not least, one who adores you."

"I cannot help it."

"Constance," said her father slowly, "if you are inexorable, I will tell you something that otherwise you should never have known. I foresee great commercial difficulties at hand. You do not understand these things, but I may tell you that, unless some powerful aid is interposed, I shall be ruined; I shall not have more than the miserable beggar who craves alms from door to door."

Constance turned white and trembled. "And my marriage—what can it have to do with this?"

"Everything. With ready money at the time when it will be wanted, I shall be saved; with the owner of four hundred thousands pounds at my back, all will be well; if not—But no—I dare not think of that."

Constance was trembling in every limb; not only the magnitude, but also the indefiniteness of the calamity frightened her.

"And does it all depend upon me?" she faltered.

"All," returned her father solemnly.

"If I marry Laurence Markham?"

"You are going to consent! My own sweet Constance. I knew that I should not appeal to you in vain! Yet, believe me, my beloved child, had the man been other than what he is, never should I have asked you to consent. But you will be the adored wife of an upright, honourable man; you will have saved yourself from sufferings that you cannot imagine; you will have saved your father from a dishonoured grave! My Constance, how can I thank you?"

"But," she protested, with one last effort, "I have not consented yet."

"But you will, my own sweet girl; I know you will! Still I do not wish to appear unreasonable, Constance, neither would Mr. Markham. By his particular and, I will say, most considerate wish you will have three days to think over it; but I know that my darling child will not consign herself and her father to certain misery—ay, and I feel that it would be certain death to me—merely to gratify a feeling—a most natural and laudable feeling, I own, but still—"

"I know, I know," she interrupted, "but, oh, papa, leave me now."

"And what then?"

"I will do my best," she replied.

"My true, noble child—best and most dutiful of daughters!"

Before Mr. Joyce had come into the room, Constance considered that she was the most miserable girl in England; after he had left, her future appeared more unenviable still. Look which way she would, no friendly ray shone upon her. Life without Wilfred had seemed desolate indeed; but she had never quite given up hope, although she had told herself often that she had done so. Only now, when she was brought face to face with the possibility—nay, almost the necessity—of marrying another, did she know how strong that hope has been. Through the long afternoon and evening, through the weary hours of the troubled night, did she do battle with her heart.

Next day the thought of the man who would be her husband came prominently before her, and this by no means lessened her trouble. Constance had never liked Laurence Markham, but she could assign no reason for her dislike; no one had ever by the slightest word assailed his character—even Wilfred himself had sometimes taken his part. Her father had spoken truly of Markham's love for her; she had long known of it and perhaps it would not be such utter wretchedness after all, she thought. Arrived at this stage, she reproached herself bitterly of unfaithfulness to Wilfred in even thinking of ever being happy with another, and went to bed to spend a night more miserable than the preceding one.

Wednesday morning dawned—rainy, foggy, and pitilessly cold; even with great fires in every room, she shivered, then wondered how she could ever bear the hardships of a poverty so great that it would possibly not admit of a fire at all. A man in ragged garments passed, looking blue and wretched; she remembered what her father had said of begging alms from door to door. Another here intruded, and demanded consideration. Wilfred had refused to let her wait for him—had, of his own free will, hidden her farewell for ever; was not that sacrifice of all for him then almost the refinement of romantic devotion? Was it a devotion for which he would thank her? So the battle went on, sometimes one thought being victorious, sometimes another; and thus the forenoon and afternoon passed, bringing the hour for recording her decision nearer and nearer.

Since Monday forenoon Mr. Joyce had never once alluded to that which was uppermost in her mind; but on this evening he said, as she rose from the dinner-table—

"At nine Laurence Markham will be here; my Constance, what answer shall I give him?"

"Send him to me, papa, and I will answer him."

"You will say—" With an expression of painful anxiety he looked into her face.

"I shall not fall you papa; do not ask me to say more."

"My beloved Constance! Was ever man so blessed in his child?"

But no ray of brightness gleamed from the pale still face as Constance went quietly out of the door and up-stairs, past the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, to her own boudoir, where, in darkness, but for the bright fire, in silence, save for the ticking of the clock, she waited with the calmness of despair for the hour of her doom.

Ting, ting, ting—a quarter to nine—footsteps in the passage outside the door. He was before his time. Ah, well, what did it matter? It was only fifteen minutes less of slackening suspense.

The door opened—he was in the room; but she did not turn her head. His steps came nearer, he knelt down beside her—still she did not look; then a bee that was not Laurence Markham's reathed her name.

"Constance!"

She looked now, looked right into the loving brown eyes she knew so well, and

heard the soft tones that were to her the sweetest music in all the world murmur—
"My darling Constance, mine once more; now we shall never part again!"

The three weeks that had been so trying to Constance Joyce had been little less so to Wilfred Ainalle. Mr. Joyce's quotation of "What can you do?" had presented itself to him in many and various forms, if not in actual words. "If you were younger, Mr. Ainalle," "If you had ever had any business training, Mr. Ainalle," were the words which grew too familiar to his ear, and never failed to send a cold chill to his heart. At the end of his three weeks of diligent search for work he had to acknowledge that he was still very far from any tidal wave bearing even the smallest promise of fortune. Only one opening presented itself; through the efforts of Mr. Parker, the family lawyer, he was offered a classical mastership in a school near London. Workham Academy seemed to be his destiny, for nothing else presented itself; so on the evening of the day that Constance had made up her mind to save her father, he slowly wended his way towards Mr. Parker's office, to tell that worthy gentleman to inform Mr. Grindboyl that Mr. Ainalle would accept the responsibility of instructing the youth of Workham Academy in that most useful branch, a knowledge of the tongues of Greece and Rome.

It was not a very brilliant prospect certainly; and Wilfred, with the instinctive putting off of the evil day common to all, let it be rather late in the evening ere he presented himself at Mr. Parker's office. So late was it that he feared as he knocked at the door, lest Mr. Parker—enthusiastic worker though he was—should have gone away. Such however was not the case; nevertheless something wonderful had happened—the old gentleman had fallen asleep! The consequence of this unheard-of event was that, when Wilfred entered the room, all was dark, save for the light of the fire. Mr. Parker started from the depths of his easy-chair as the door opened, and the light was bright enough to enable him to recognise his visitor.

"Ah, Ainalle, it is you! Well, what is it to be?"

"I am come to say that I accept Mr. Grindboyl's offer."

"Very good—I shall write to-night. I don't fancy you will like it, my boy; its only recommendation is the handsome salary. I wish your uncle—But there—it can't be helped; still it was a great pity—a great pity."

"It may be all for the best; and perhaps my cousin will do more good with the money than I should have done."

"No, he won't, nor half as much good. Can't you fancy what your uncle was thinking of. I was looking over his will just before—ahem!—just before you came in, and wondering over it. There it is on the table; sit down while I ring for lights."

Mechanically Wilfred had lifted the sheet of paper as the old gentleman spoke, and sat down with it before the blazing fire. The next moment he had sprung to his feet, with a strange half-articulate exclamation; and as Mr. Parker looked round in surprise, Wilfred put the paper into his hand, and pointed to the middle of the sheet.

Mr. Parker looked, wiped his spectacles and looked again, as if any looking could alter the fact that the paper on which was written the will dated 1863 bore a water-mark of 1874!

As the two looked at each other Laurence Markham, by some strange coincidence, entered the room.

"You here, Wilfred!" he said in an airy manner. "I say, old fellow, what are you going to do?"

"Take possession of his fortune, Mr. Markham," broke in the lawyer suddenly, fixing his eyes on Markham's face—"take possession of his fortune. A clever forgery, this will—very clever—but still a forgery."

Laurence Markham turned white as death.

"What do you mean? The will is properly signed and witnessed!"

"Yes, witnessed—but unfortunately by people who were dead by 1870, and therefore could hardly have signed their names in 1874, before which time the paper on which this valuable document is written was not in existence!"

He pointed to the fatal mark as he spoke; and, carried away by the madness of the moment, Laurence exclaimed—
"How could I ever have been such a fool?"

He saw the slip next moment, but it was too late—both his auditors had heard and nothing remained for him but to throw himself on the clemency of his generous cousin. His suit was not rejected, for Wilfred, when telling first Mr. Joyce and then Constance of his altered prospects, merely said that there had been a mistake, and made no allusion to Mr. Markham's schemes for supplanting him.

As for Laurence Markham, Wilfred's kindness made a deep impression on him, and led him to think that, after all, there was something in the world better worth living for than riches. This reflection too made his disappointment with regard to Constance the less bitter, as the prospect of the merchant-prince's thousand had had its weight with regard to her, although he had also loved her for her own sake. However the wound was not incurable; for—having gone abroad a month or so after his cousin's wedding—he soon yielded his heart captive to the daughter of a settler in Australia, whom he shortly afterwards married.

THE END.

A Story.

The inhabitants of Seymour and vicinity are said to be much exercised in mind over the existence in that town of a veritable haunted house, and those who have occasion to pass the place after night-fall do so with quickened pulses and a fear that they may see something that would cause fright at least. It is believed that in the little brown house where John Sullivan and his wife were found dead last winter, after having been undiscovered for at least 36 hours, there is some strange and terrible secret, and that instead of its being, as some supposed, a case of double suicide, perhaps both Sullivan and his wife were murdered in cold blood. For some time past timid people have hinted that all is not right in the lonely little place. Two or three families have occupied the place since the tragedy, and they at once move out and away, and are reticent as to the causes, only saying that they do not care to live there. Finally it transpired that the first family were annoyed by strange noises. The second family heard all sorts of supernatural sounds, and so did the third family, and it would be extremely difficult now for the owner to get a tenant. Very recently a young man was riding along in company with a young lady, when she suddenly gave a shriek of terror and convulsively seized him by the arm. He hastily asked her what she meant, and as soon as she could regain her composure she said she saw the form of a woman on the roof wildly waving its hands. Her companion tried to make her believe that there was nothing in it, but she insisted, and still insisting, that she saw the startling spectre. He made up his mind that he would sift the mystery to the bottom, and the next night, in company with three or four reliable friends, he visited the spot. While they saw nothing, they assert that they heard many noises that in their opinion must be ascribed to supernatural causes.

What It Would Cost.

It is fearful to think what an enormous expense it would be for Patti to bring up a child. She would have to sing it to sleep every night for about three years, and at the regular rates this would amount to £1,000,000. Then if she should have to sing one or two extra verses to it each night, the amount would rise to £1,500,000, providing that the child was always in good health. Allowing the usual third for sickness, she would have to sing to it all night for 365 days, say five hours at a time. £500 for a few minutes singing is her usual price. One night of sickness would therefore cost £18,000.

A MYSTERIOUS MARK.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!" shouted a cheerful-looking passenger, casting a patronizing glance at a billowy waste on whose heaving bosom our good ship was tossed like a plaything.

"Roll, and be hanged to it, if only it wouldn't roll me!" grumbled I.

It was my first acquaintance with Neptune, and we didn't get on well together. To say the truth, I was in no amiable mood. I had disagreed with the steward about the quality of the steak he had sent me for breakfast, and, finally had disagreed with my breakfast itself, and then had parted company with it. While leaning over the taffrail at this point, my feelings were harrowed by the poetical passenger's quotation.

"You're sea-sick," he remarked.

"I see I am," I replied, gruffly, intending no pun, but a slight criticism on the self-obviousness of the statement.

"I've a sovereign specific for that malady," said the stranger.

"You're a lucky man!" groaned I.

"I would be most happy to furnish you with it," he replied. "I have an abundant supply of it with me."

"Anything! I—I'll take anything—even arsenic, if it's only enough to put me out of my misery," I said.

"Come below," said he, taking my arm.

When we had descended the stairs he inquired, "Where is your state-room?" I led the way to it. "Now lie down, and I'll fix you up directly," he said. I threw off my coat and boots and tumbled into my berth. The benevolent gentleman went out and returned quickly with something which he put into a glass with some water and gave me to drink. I swallowed it without a question. The effect was almost instantaneous. A gentle languor stole over me, and then followed what a little before I should have hailed as the acme of all bliss, complete unconsciousness. Whether it was the effect of the medicine, or because it was the weather—much obliged to the weather, if it was it—had changed, I know not, but when I awoke I found myself, if not recovered, at least convalescent. Next day I gained my sea-legs, and felt no inconvenience.

Mr. Rollickson—by which name I learned to know my Byronic benefactor—and myself grew to be great friends. He was an inexhaustible talker. With men he was an agreeable companion; with ladies he was captivating, fascinating. We had an exquisite young creature on board, scarcely out of her teens, on her way to join an elderly maiden aunt in an English town, said to have testamentary designs upon her, which, if carried out, would place her in the front of matrimonial prizes. To this young lady Mr. Rollickson paid especial court. He read, talked, and quoted poetry to her, till her pretty little head was turned; and before the voyage was over their engagement began to be the talk of the ship. Storms of weather made the passage a slow one. It was more than two weeks after we lost sight of the highlands of Neversink before we landed at Liverpool. I had hardly set foot on shore, and hadn't had time to congratulate myself on the fact, when a hand was laid on my shoulder.

"You must go with me," said a determined voice in my ear. I turned about quickly and found myself confronted by a man who might have sat for a Dickens' portrait of Inspector Bucket.

"The fewer words here the better," he said, as I was about to speak. "Will you come quietly, or shall I summon assistance?" I demanded an explanation.

"You shall have it in due time," was the answer. "Do you intend to come peacefully or not?"

A short staff surmounted by a crown, produced by the speaker, convinced me he had authority to enforce my obedience, and I walked along by his side. "Your name is Roach," said a thin, sharp man, into whose presence I was ushered.

"It is not," I answered.

"Probably you will also deny having three stars tattooed on the back of your left arm, just below the elbow?" he added, sardonically.

"I do deny it; I bear no such mark," I said.

"That is easily tested," was the reply.

"Turn up his sleeve, Jarvis." The assistant obeyed.

"I think we have the right man," said the latter.

"Quite sure of it," replied the sharp man, after glancing at the exposed member. I

twisted my arm so as to get a view of the part in question, and was utterly amazed to find the mark described by the officer.

"I—I never saw it before," I stammered confusedly.

"Such statements will do you but little good," said the officer. "First, you deny your name, and next the existence of a mark, which it is impossible for you to have borne upon your person without knowing it. It so happens that this is the very mark by which we are instructed to identify Roach, the famous bank robber, for whose arrival we have been some time watching. It further happens that your appearance tallies with his description in other respects.

"All this is inexplicable," said I, helplessly.

"Except on the theory that we've got the right man," the other answered.

I was a total stranger, had no friends to call on for assistance. If I could only find Rollickson! A thought flashed upon me. He had gone ashore before me, and I had seen him in private conversation with a man whom I now identified with the one who had arrested me. I remembered, too, that after awakening from the sleep into which I had been cast by the drug with which he had relieved me from sea-sickness, my arm had felt sore and stiff for several days. Might not Rollickson be the real Roach, and might he not have taken advantage of my stupor to place upon me a mark similar to that borne by himself; and had he not on landing pointed me out to the detectives as the object of their search, for the purpose of averting attention from himself? To this conclusion my mind came by one of those sudden intuitions, which oftentimes instantaneously produce deeper conviction than the most careful process of reasoning. Just then a cab passed the window, and in it came Rollickson himself.

"Stop that man!" I exclaimed, starting up, and pointing him out. The exclamation astonished those present.

"Quick, quick, for heaven's sake!" I cried.

Impelled by my earnestness, a couple of policemen darted into the street. The cabman stopped in answer to their call, and soon Rollickson was escorted into the room in which I was a prisoner. He turned pale at the sight of me.

"Strip his arm!" I cried eagerly.

He drew back as an officer approached, and it was only after a struggle, and by main force, that he was compelled to submit to the inspection, which revealed a mark the exact counterpart of that found upon myself. Before I had finished the narrative of my acquaintance with Rollickson, and the circumstances under which it began, an American detective entered the office, and fully identified my late friend as the criminal for whom I had been singularly mistaken. I may add that when the blonde wig and the whiskers were removed, with which he had disguised himself, the likeness between Rollickson and myself was quite marked.

I was released from custody, and the real Roach detained in my stead. The next steamer carried him back to America, to stand his trial for numerous burglaries. And the young lady, it is to be hoped, was cured of the romance of falling in love with strangers at first sight.

A Balloon in the Sea.

A balloon ascension was recently made at London which resulted in a most exciting scene. As soon as the balloon rose it at once drifted off to sea, and was descried on its way to the English Channel by watchers on the cliffs of Dover. Whether it would be blown off toward the German Ocean, or whether the aeronauts could descend before they crossed the land line was the question. They had deferred the descent too long, and when they opened the valve and the collapsing balloon came rushing downward it was seen that the descending curve would throw them well out to sea. It was so. Caught in an eddy of wind below the cliff the balloon was whirled sideways and further out to sea. At length when quite a distance from the shore it struck the water. Then the body of the balloon, still retaining a quantity of gas, fell over the car and almost smothered the unfortunate. While they were struggling to get free a number of craft bore down upon them, and the three occupants were with difficulty dislodged from their perilous position, half suffocated and half drowned.

The balloon, on being relieved of its burden, rose from the water and whirled along in its career between earth and sky.

THE GREAT AFRICAN DIAMOND.

How it was Found and How Carried to London.

An Amsterdam correspondent of *The Manufacturing Jeweler* tells the story of the immense African diamond, weighing 457 carats in the rough, which is in process of being cut by Mr. Jacques Metz, one of the largest diamond-cutters of that city. The stone is said to have a somewhat curious history, and, though its exact birthplace is only a matter of conjecture, it is known that it was found by somebody in one of the four mines of Kimberley, in the Cape colony, South Africa. It is said that in June or July of last year one of the surveillance officers of the Central Mining company of the Kimberley mine found the stone, and, being exempt from search, carried it through the searching-house unperceived, and sold it to four irregular dealers for \$15,000. Before leaving the province the new owners had a night of drinking and gambling, which ended in two of them becoming its owners instead of four. The two owners escaped the secret police and reached Cape Town, where they found a dealer who readily paid them \$95,000 for the stone. There is an export duty on diamonds shipped from Cape colony of 1 per cent., but it appears that this stone was smuggled out of the colony by a passenger on the mail steamer and brought to London, where its presentation at Hatton garden created a great sensation. A former resident at the Cape mines managed to form a company of eight persons, who bought the stone between them for \$225,000 cash, on condition that the seller or sellers should receive a ninth share of the eventual profit. The real value of the stone has been estimated at London at above \$1,000,000. According to the rules of valuation of the famous Taverneir diamond, its value would be \$4,166,980. The correspondent says that the art of diamond-polishing existing in Amsterdam for more than three centuries has been brought to such perfection that it is expected that this stone, weighing in the rough 457 carats and said to be whiter and purer than any of its historical predecessors, will lose in working much less than other famous stones; that it will be more rapidly finished, and it has every chance of remaining the largest and finest diamond of the whole world. "To enter into comparisons," he says, "the Great Mogul, now in the Persian treasury, weighed in the rough 787 carats, but through the incapacity of the Venetian workman, the stone lost in cutting 507 carats. Shah Jehan, instead of paying for the work, made the workman pay him a fine of 10,000 rупes, and would have taken more if he had it. As it is, the stone is yet the largest of all known weighing now 280 carats. The next in size is the Orloff, forming the imperial Russian scepter, and weighs 195 carats. This stone formed one eye of a Brahmin idol, and was stolen by a French soldier who fell in love with the beautiful eyes of the Indian goddess. Next in weight follows the regent, one of the French crown diamonds. In its rough state it weighed 210 carats; it took two years to cut it, and 20,000 francs worth of diamond powder was used in its polishing. Its present weight is 136½ carats. Next we come to the Koh-i-noor, the property of her majesty, the queen of Great Britain. The stone was first cut in India holding 186½ carats, but it missed all the fire that such a magnificent stone ought to possess. Hence the queen had it recut in the brilliant form by the eminent cutter Voorzanger, especially ordered to London for the purpose. The cutting was performed in a masterly manner, and though losing 81½ carats in working, the stone was trebled in value. The Star of the South has also been polished here in Amsterdam, at the mills of the late Mr. Coeter. It is in the shape of an oval brilliant, and now weighs 125.7-16 carats.

A German technical journal tells how wolens may be prevented from shrinking and their color from changing. The fabrics, it says, are first soaked for several hours in a warm, moderately concentrated solution of soda, to which about a half tumber of ammonia water has been added, more or less, according to the quantity of material treated. At this stage the fabrics are washed out, after the addition of some warm water, then rinsed in fresh water. The same result may be reached by adding a tumber of ammonia to a small tub of water, soaking the stuffs for a half hour in this, finally rinsing them in pure water.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"De odder day I received a visit from a cull'd orator who wanted to sot out on a tower," said Brother Gardner as the meeting was called to order. "He had built himself a lektur' an' named it: 'Was the Cull'd Man Left Out e' de Ark?' He wanted to begin at Portland, Me., an' trable to Galveston, Tex., an' delibe dat lektur in eberty town on de way. He believed dat cull'd people war jat dyin' to h'ar it, an' dat white folks would stop work to pat him on de back as a new Cleo. I ar' sorry dat I couldn't lend him \$20 an' give him a certificate of character from our club. He am heah yit, an' Sir Isaac Walpole may pass de hat an' take up a collekshun. Sich of you as feel like chippin' in to start de great orator on his way shall hev de opportunity."

The hat was passed and it came back empty. The President made a thorough search of it and then continued:

"Dis seems to prove dat, fust, a great cull'd orator orter to hev at least \$20 in his pocket, and, second, dat de average cull'd man of to-day doan keer a copper whedder his ancestors got aboard of de ark wid Noah or paddled aroun' on deir own hook. De fock am, our race am no' sufferin' to h'ar de voices of orators half as much as fur fall an' winter undershirts. If our ancestors went along wid Noah dat am all right; if dey war left behind dat doan make to-morrer's job of whatewashin' wurf any de less. I would advise de orator to change his lektur' to: 'How I Got Left in Detroit,' an' go to work an' earn his livin' in an honest manner."

ACCEPTED.

An official communication from Robert E. Towns, Secretary and Treasurer of the branch Lime-Kiln Club at Norwich, Conn., extended an invitation to the Detroit Club to send a delegate to a meeting to be held October 15, at which time the branch will discuss the question: "Should the length of a man's heel make his standing in society?" The branch reported a membership of fifty-six highly respectable members of the community, with \$32 in the treasury and an enthusiasm which would carry it to the 1st of February without any fire in the stove.

Brother Gardner observed that the subject was one he had given much thought, and one which all colored societies and lodges would do well to agitate and discuss. Elder Toots, who has the longest heels of any man in the State of Michigan, would be sent as a delegate. He will not only have a certificate of identity properly signed, but all strangers will recognize him as Toots by a scar on his chin, the absence of all front teeth, and a hesitancy in his speech which sometimes causes him a delay of five minutes in answering a person who wants to borrow fifty cents for a day or two.

IN A BAD WAY.

The Secretary announced an official communication from Montgomery, Ala., reciting the fact that the drug store and branch Lime-Kiln Club in that place was on the point of disbanding. The club started but to do business on a high moral plane, but black sheep had crept in and made their influence felt until the organization had practically ceased to exist. Only two weeks since the club passed a resolution to the effect that it was every member's duty to steal water-melons and chickens.

"I shall send Giveadam Jones down dar' right away," said the President, "I ar' satisfied dat de infloence of half a dozen individuals has brought about dis state of affairs, an' dat as soon as dey kin be got rid of de branch will resume de path to glory. Brudder Jones will be instructed to go down dar' an' seek out de unregenerate an' labor wid 'em. He has a way of laborin' dat am mighty uncomfortable to a pesson who can't be convinced by moral suasion."

FAILED TO PASS.

The Rev. Penstock arose to a question of privilege. During the last three or four years he had suffered dreadful pains in observing the fact that eight out of every ten marriages among colored people took place before a white clergyman. This was in the face of the fact that there were plenty of colored divines in the country who could do the business up in first class style. No white couple ever went to a colored preacher to be married. Why should colored people patronize a white preacher? He hoped the Lime-Kiln Club would instruct the colored population of this country to change its tactics.

Giveadam Jones, Shindig Watkins, Pickles Smith and Col. Cahcots opposed any such business. This was a free country

and if a citizen wanted to be married by a Chinaman no one should dictate. Elder Toots was preparing to sustain Penstock's idea when the President said:

"De cull'd people must be left to deir own disorshun in de matter. While I has no doubt dat Brudder Penstock kin tie de knot wid de best of 'em, it seems to be considered a leetle mo' high-toned to call in a white clergyman."

REPAIRS VOTED.

The librarian reported that during the summer vacation rain, rats and mildew had destroyed over 2,000 of the almanacs and railroad guides on the library shelves and he recommended speedy repairs. The sum of twenty-four cents was voted from the contingent fund to buy tar and shingles to stop the leak.

PASSED OVER.

The Secretary announced a communication from Violaburg, setting forth the fact that the Hon. Baskhold Smith, an honorary member and an orator who rates A1 with Bradstreet, had passed over the river to be known on the shores of earth never again. He ruptured a blood-vessel while lifting on the end of a corn-crib, and as near as could be remembered by his wife he died happy.

The knob of the outer door was ordered draped in mourning for the usual thirty days and after voting down a resolution by Trustees Pullback to permit members to sit with their shoes off during meeting, the audience dispersed and someone stole Prof. Slayback's white plug hat and left an old straw in its place.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

Some of the Objections Britons Have to Living There.

A recent writer on East Indian medical jurisprudence presents the Indian Empire as not a very pleasant country to live in. "Corpses and skeletons may be met anywhere in a district without exciting lively interest. Hindus, who are too poor to afford firewood for the cremation of their relatives, apply a torch for a moment to the mouth and then with an invocation to Hari, hurl the dead body into the nearest stream. It soon rises and floats down to be gnawed by shrimps and fishes, or it is stranded to be eaten by jackals. Travellers are taken ill on the road in a strange province and die without a soul to care for them. All that the residents of the nearest village are anxious for is that the discovery of the corpse within their area of limits shall not give rise to troublesome inquiries and form an admirable basis for an unfounded charge of murder." The processes of an inquiry into the causes of such deaths are embarrassed by the customs of the natives and their hereditary mode of thought. The officials of police are designated as myrmidons and harpies.

In India, as elsewhere, it is possible to pass admirable legal enactments and quite another thing to get them carried out. "Everywhere caste, interest and wealth intervene. The touch of a dead body is pollution to a Hindu. And why should any Brahman care for the disasters of a Sudra, or a Mohammedan for the visitation which has befallen a whole Hindu agricultural caste?" Nobody thinks it a duty to arrest a murderer. It is the interest of many a peaceable, well-disposed and unoffending villager to get rid at once of any trace of crime, or what way be made to have an ugly criminal appearance. The witnesses summoned have peculiar ideas of what their testimony should include. One is recorded, and there are probably more of the same sort, in which the witness candidly admitted that he came to supply the place of a friend who had fallen sick. It was a case of highway robbery, and the substitute declared that the facts alleged were perfectly true "and notorious to the whole village." The verdict in the case is not stated. But the inquiry suggests itself whether the testimony was less conclusive than that on which many a poor wretch is lynched in a community claiming to be civilized.

In some of the public hospitals Japanese paper handkerchiefs, are now used, with much satisfaction for drying wounds.

A man put a large spider on a floating chip in a pond. After walking all about the sides of the chip the spider began to cast a web for the shore. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It caught on some blades of grass. Then turning himself about, the spider began to haul the chip toward shore.

POUNDMAKER'S PRISON LIFE.

He is Allowed to Wear His Hair and Smoke Tobacco.

A gentleman thus writes of Poundmaker and the other Indian and half-breed prisoners incarcerated in the Stony Mountain Penitentiary:—"The warden led the way to the garden, and here we saw the veritable Poundmaker, a trifle thinner it is true than when we saw him first at Battleford, but still "the noblest Indian of them all," and looking quite young considering his forty-four years. He wore the convict dress, but it was hidden in a great measure by the blanket he is allowed to use, and the hideous shoes worn by the ordinary convict do not disfigure the Cree chief's feet, for he still wears moccasins. His long black hair of which he is so proud has been spared by the authorities, and hangs down in a long plait almost to his knees, and is covered with a twisted handkerchief from the vulgar gaze on account of the number of visitors who hanker for a look of his hair by way of relic. He had been strictly cautioned against parting with his hair in this way, as the authorities do not wish to see the great chief Poundmaker go back to his people baldheaded at the end of his three years. When we first saw him he was walking slowly down the centre walk in the garden with the prospective governor of Assiniboia, Alexander Fisher, trotting by his side like an attendant terrier, out on seeing the warden, he approached us and shook hands with a smile. Through his interpreter, Alex. Fisher, of Batoche, a small-sized, sharp-faced little man, with a cunning smile whenever he addressed you, we asked Poundmaker several questions as to how he felt, how he was treated, and what he thought of the place.

"I was in this country when I was a young man," said the chief, "at the stone fort, on the Red River, over twenty summers ago. This place was not here then. It is not a very bad place here, and Mr. Bedson is a good man, but it is not like being out on the prairies where I have my young men to do what I tell them. But I must not complain for the government is very good to me. The walls of that building," said he, pointing to them, "are very thick, and the poor Indian could not get out, but the white chief opens the door for the Indian to walk out and see the trees and sun."

The interpreter said Poundmaker appeared well in health, and never complained. He is allowed the use of tobacco, and we accordingly presented him with a cigar. Several of the rebel half-breed prisoners now came up, all being dressed in convict clothes, with their beards cropped short. We questioned them through the interpreter as to how they felt, and they all complained of ennui. Their bones ached with not having sufficient exercise, and they would all be glad when they got some work to do. So far, they had nothing to complain of either as regards food or treatment, and all appeared to think very highly of Mr. Bedson. Neither Monkman nor Lepine put in an appearance, and those we saw, amongst whom were Parenteau and Champagne, appeared silent and downcast, and declined to talk, and were evidently glad when we ceased questioning them. Alex. Fisher, on the contrary, was brisk and chipper, and talked away at a great rate, and when we turned to leave, wished us good-bye very pleasantly. The last seen of Poundmaker, he was seated inside an arbor in one corner of the garden, puffing away at his cigar and looking contentedly down upon the attendant Fisher, who seems quite contented without his governorship.

Speaking about Poundmaker, Warden Bedson said it was not the intention to treat the chief harshly, or to put in force all the rules and regulations of the penitentiary in his case. He will be allowed to wear his hair, and be given as much liberty as is consistent with safety, and any employment given him will be in the open air. At present he is studying botany under the tuition of Alex. Fisher, and the general impression is that his term of imprisonment will be curtailed considerably. The half-breed rebel prisoners will be put to work this week, and then they will probably not suffer so much from ennui.

The Russian Winter Palace.

The Winter Palace, although constructed by the Empress Elizabeth, was not completed until Peter III ascended the throne, and the square in front of it was still covered with the shops and huts of the workmen. Heaps of stone, bricks and rubbish obstructed the approaches to the palace. In order to clear the place Baron Korff, who then filled the post of chief of police at St. Petersburg, proposed to the Emperor to give permission to the poorer inhabitants to carry away these unused materials. The pleased the Emperor and orders were immediately given to carry it out. The Emperor witnessed from his windows the operation which was completed by the evening. The emperor on installing himself in his new palace occupied the rooms looking on to the square and the corner of the Millionnaia. This portion of the palace bore the name of the King of Prussia's apartments. The occupation of the palace was accompanied by no extraordinary ceremony. The rooms occupied by Peter had been decorated by the architect Tohevakinny, a pupil of Bastrelli, and the flooring and gilded cornices were brought from Italy. Peter III's room was in the extreme wing, and beside it was his library. Above the entrance door he caused a gallery to be constructed which he turned into his working cabinet and furnished at a cost of 3,500 rubles. The Empress Catherine occupied the rooms afterward known by the name of the Empress Marie Feodorovna. The day the court occupied the Winter Palace (7th of April, 1762,) was marked by the consecration of the palace church under the name of the resurrection. Later on, in 1763, on the occasion of an ancient image of Christ being removed to the church, it was consecrated afresh by order of Catherine II. as that of the Saviour. The embellishments of the interior and the furnishing of the palace were continued under Peter and only completed by Catherine. The total outlay up to the year 1768 was estimated at 2,622,020 rubles, or about £400,000. The principal director of the works in the interior was the celebrated amateur Jean Bezky. In 1767 the annex of the palace destined to be the Hermitage was commenced, the architect Delamotte being intrusted with its execution. This building, oblong in shape, extended from the Millionnaia to the Quay. Four years later a second building was erected on a plan of the architect Felton. In 1780 several fresh wings were added, and the Empress ordered the architect Guaranghi to build a theatre which was at the latest to be completed by August, 1784. The same architect erected the arch connecting the Hermitage with the theatre and with the part of the palace containing the Raphael galleries. In 1786 the marble gallery (containing the hall of St. George and Throne room) was connected, and in 1786 a superb throne was placed in the former. This throne was the masterpiece of the architect Starow.

MERIDEN

BRITANNIA
COMPANY.

FINEST

Electro Plate



CAUTION

Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co., are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting those made by the

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

HAMILTON, - ONT

BOSTON BAKERY! LLOYD BROTHERS, 345 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 912.

50 YOUR NAME printed on 50 Lovely Chromo Cards, just out, (no 2 alike) 10c., 7 packs 50c., 15 packs \$1. Big illustrated Premium List Free. Pocket Sample Book 4c. Agents' Outfit 10c. Big Sample Book 25c. CANADA CARD CO. Box 573, St. Thomas, Ont.

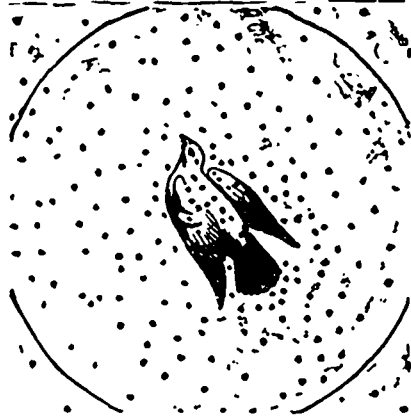
THE REASON WHY

Physio-Medical Physicians cure many who have been abandoned as incurable by the old modes: Because they never use poisons as medicines; for they, in their inherent nature, being harmful, tend to cause and prolong sickness, and often prevent a cure—a usually kill!

Physio-Medicalists use only such remedial means as are known to act in harmony with the life power, and aid nature in her struggles to regain health, thus shortening the duration of disease.

Nervous Debility, and all nervous affections, yield readily to the Physio-Medical treatment. Suffering one, it has helped others, it may help you! Why not try it? Consultation at office, or by letter, FREE.

THOS. W. SPARROW, M.D. 183 Carlton Street, Toronto.



ENGLISH SHOT GUN.

On receipt of \$18 will forward to any part of the Dominion a Double Barrel, Break-Loading Shot Gun, centre fire, side snap, genuine twist barrels, finely bored, with steel case, hardened locks, walnut stock, checked in hand and fore end; weight from seven and a half to ten pounds; 30 or 32-inch barrels, 10 or 12 gauge. Every satisfaction guaranteed. All other grades of guns at correspondingly low prices.

Large shipments of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, and Sporting Goods are arriving weekly, direct from the Manufacturers, which were recently purchased and carefully inspected by our Buyer when in Europe. Kindly write us for prices.

GUN REPAIRING.

Bring your gun just arrived from Europe, which now makes our Gun Repairing Shops replete with all modern machinery. Send in your old guns to be

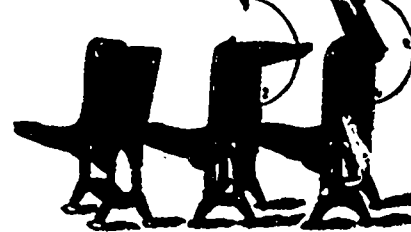
Choke Bored, Re-Bored, Restocked, or Cylinder Bored. Repairing of every description executed in quick time and at lowest prices.

CHAS. STARK, 52 1/2 Church Street, TORONTO.

Agents for the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Colt's Pat. Firearms Manfg. Co., J. Stevens & Co.'s Rifles, Martin, Kennedy, Remington & Whitney Rifles, Baker's Pat. Three-barrel Gun, Smith & Weston Revolvers, Ligowski Clay Pigeon Co., Canada Target Ball Co.

W. STAHLSCHMIDT, PRESTON, ONTARIO.

MANUFACTURER OF SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH & LODGE FURNITURE.



THE "MODEL" SCHOOL DESK. Send for illustrations and price lists. Name this paper

A WANT SUPPLIED!

THE LADIES' Boot & Shoe Store.

The Ladies of Toronto have long felt the need of a Boot and Shoe House, which would deal exclusively in ladies' fine wear. This need has at last been supplied.

L. A. STACKHOUSE

has opened an establishment at 73 King St. West, and stocked it with a large and attractive assortment of Ladies' Fine Boots and Shoes of American, French and English manufacture, and which are not handled by any other house in the city.



A CALL SOLICITED. L. A. STACKHOUSE, 73 King Street West, TORONTO.

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

USE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS AND HYPOPHOSFERINE. The two great specifics in Liver, Bilious and Nervous Diseases, will quickly relieve Nervous Debility, Spasmodic, Neuralgia and Nervous Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Skin and Female Diseases. Price 25 and 50 cents. Send for pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 294 York Street, Toronto.

The Great Corn Remedy. People suffering from corns can be immediately relieved by using Gerrin's Corn Solvent; it soothes the intense pain, and the corn can be removed after a few applications. For sale only by MARIAN & HOAR, Dispensing Chemists, 256 Yonge St., City.

A. MEYER, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, 131 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall.

Orders left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

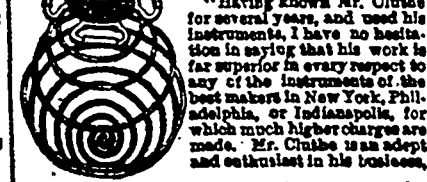
Cabinet Photos \$2.00 PER DOZEN. MICKLETHWAITE'S CORNER KING & JARVIS STREETS TORONTO.

THE HOLT SUSPENSORS

LADIES' PERIODICALLY SUPPERS

CHAS. CLUTHE'S

Perfect Spinal Trusses. Inventor and Manufacturer of Appliances for Relief and Cure of all DEFORMITIES of the Human Frame.



Mr. G. Morgan, Editor Maple Leaf, Fort Dover, says: "Having known Mr. Cluthe for several years, and used his instrument, I have no hesitation in saying that his work is far superior in every respect to any of the instruments of the best makers in New York, Philadelphia, or Indianapolis, for which much higher charges are made. Mr. Cluthe is an adept and enthusiastic in his business, and I possess of it and adaptability for the purpose designed his superior in America is hard to find. As an instrument maker and fitter I can most cordially recommend him to any unfortunately in need of his services. He is thoroughly honest and reliable, and will do what he says."

Send Co. stamp for new Book on Rupture and Deformity of the Human Frame. Eighth edition. Valuable information. Every deformed person should read it. Address CHAS. CLUTHE, 118 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

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

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Olimax Plt., bearing a red (in tag); that Lorillard's Mace Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Summa, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

BRIO-A-BRAO—VOOAY. 48 Full Size Pages of Operatic and other choice songs, 50 cents. BRIO-A-BRAO—INSTRUMENTAL. 48 Pages from most Popular Authors, 50 cents. Both of These Superb Books are Entirely New, containing Latest Popular music of the day. They have Beautifully Illuminated Title Pages Lithographed in three colors. Sent Post-paid for 80 cents. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WM. LLOYD, DECORATIVE PAINTER! Gilder, Glazier, Paper Hanger, Ka'c-miner, and Sign Writer.

Picture Frame Maker! DEALER IN FANCY GOODS. 393 HERRARD ST., EAST, TORONTO. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

New Goods Arrived!

We have to hand a large stock of Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools in all colors at 12 1/2 cts. per oz.

Ice Wool, ounce balls, 12 1/2 cts. per ball. Baldwin's Fingering Wool, all colors, 10c. per skein.

Knitting Silks, best imported, 60 cts. per oz. ball. Embroidery Silks, all colors, 15 cts. per doz. skeins.

Filoselle, very best quality, 8c. per skein, 85c. per doz.

Arrasene, Silk, all colors, 15 cts. per skein. Tinsel, best quality, very thick, all colors, 10c. per ball.

Felt, extra quality, 2 yds wide, \$1.75 per yard. Plush, fine quality, 24 inches wide, \$2.50 per yard.

Plush Petals, for roses, per doz, etc., 50 cts. per doz. Brass Crescent, 13c. and 15c. per doz.

Plush Pompoms, single drop, very pretty, 40c. per doz. Plush Crescent Tassels, all colors, 40c., 50c., and \$1.00 per doz.

Plush Pompoms, large double drop, \$1.00 per doz. Gentlemen's Silk Suspenders, ready for wear, \$1.50 per pair.

Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50c. per yard. Books of Darned Lace, full particulars, 30c. each.

Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work, 500 Illustrations, 60c. each. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Can send goods to any part of Canada. WRITE FOR OUR NEW PRICE LIST AND SAVE 25 PER CENT.

HENRY DAVIS, Direct Importer, 282 Yonge Street, Toronto.

CHOLERA! CHOLERA!! The "Golden Health Pellet," a sure preventative against Cholera and Small-pox. No one need fear taking infectious diseases if they will take a dose of "Health Pellets" once or twice in 10 days. Good in Liver, Dyspepsia and Pile troubles, etc. Price, 25c. Get a box of your druggist, or send to D. L. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 304 Yonge St., Toronto.



GRAND Colonial Exhibition IN LONDON, ENGLAND, 1886.

FIFTY-FOUR THOUSAND FEET RESERVED FOR CANADA. FIRST ROYAL EXHIBITION COMMISSION SINCE 1862.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION to be held in LONDON, England, commencing MAY 1st, 1886, is intended to be on a scale of great magnitude, having for object to mark an epoch in the relations of all the parts of the British Empire with each other.

In order to give becoming significance to the event a Royal Commission is issued for the holding of this Exhibition, for the first time since 1862; and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been appointed President by Her Majesty.

The very large space of 54,000 square feet has been allotted to the Dominion of Canada by command of the President, His Royal Highness.

This Exhibition is to be purely Colonial and Indian and no competition from the United Kingdom or from foreign nations will be permitted, the object being to exhibit to the world at large what the Colonies can do. The grandest opportunity ever offered to Canada is thus afforded to show the distinguished place she occupies, by the progress she has made in AGRICULTURE, in HORTICULTURE, in the INDUSTRIAL and FINE ARTS, in the MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES, in the NEWEST IMPROVEMENTS in MANUFACTURING MACHINERY and IMPLEMENTS, in PUBLIC WORKS by MODELS and DRAWINGS; also in an adequate display of her vast resources in the FORESTS, and in FOREST and MINERAL wealth, and also in SHIPBUILDING.

All Canadians of all parties and classes are invited to come forward and vie with each other in endeavoring on this great occasion to put Canada in her true place as the premier colony of the British Empire, and to establish her proper position before the world. Every farmer, every producer, and every manufacturer, has interests in assisting, it having been already demonstrated that extension of trade always follows such efforts.

By order, JOHN LOWE, Sec. of the Dept. of Agriculture. Ottawa, 1st Sept., 1885.

(ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.) S. D. DOUGLAS & CO. (Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

Our Spring Imp. Nations of WALL PAPERS, BORDERERS

—and DECORATIONS

Are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown. Give us a call and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Also in stock, Prepared Paints, Prepared Kalsomine, in all the latest artistic shades. Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, Turpentine, Gold Leaf, Etc.

PURE WHITE LEAD Wholesale & Retail.

183 King Street East, Toronto.



WHAT A PITY It is to see so many LADIES disfigured from a disagreeable growth of Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms. The discovery of

DORENWEND'S "Eureka" Hair Destroyer

Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$2.00 each, or 3 for \$5.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address,

"Eureka" Mfg. Co., 106 Yonge Street, TORONTO. A. DORENWEND, Manager.

The Last of the Ingestyres.

CHAPTER V.

"He said plenty, I assure you. The Ingestyres are a chivalrous race, Miss Vane, and all the knight-errant blood in the veins of this their last representative was stirred by the thought of beauty in distress. He could not carry your colours in a tourney, or slay a dragon in your service, as one of his Crusading ancestors might have done, so he came, in prosaic nineteenth-century fashion, and tried and tried to move my sympathies on your behalf."

"You say she is charming and companionable?" he said, in his impulsive way, "and you are companionless, and must be often miserably dull. Now it seems to me—"

"He broke off there, stroking his mustache and looking at me with kind, eager deprecating eyes—he is a fearless champion in a general way; but I think his courage failed him on the brink of that daring proposition. He really hardly knows me, and I have the reputation of an ogress in his family. However, ogress or not, I have my likes as well as my dislikes, and that daring venture pleased me—perhaps the sudden breakdown pleased me even more—for I helped him after that."

"You think that two halves make a whole," I finished, with a smile that was intended to and that did reassure him—"that Magdalen Vane and I might bring our double loneliness and double sense of injury together, and manage to make comfort out of the two?"

"The boy's face brightened so absurdly, you would think I had done him some great personal favor."

"I am sure it would be a first-rate plan for both of you," he said gratefully, and I promised him I would see about putting it into execution at once. I have kept my word, and I am here. Will you accept my proposal, Magdalen Vane? Will you exchange Melinda House, with all its warm-hearted hospitality and kindness, with all its attractions, for the society of a crabbed, cross old woman, who has the evil reputation of a witch, who is popularly supposed to be as crooked in spirit as in body, and, because she is incapable of exciting love in others, is set down as having no love to bestow?"

Miss Muffet spoke now, as always, with a serio-comic self-mockery; but to Magdalen there seemed a weird pathos in the words. She came forward, on a sudden passionately grateful impulse, and, hardly knowing what she said or did, flung both her arms about the poor crooked shoulders that had rarely felt such a tender pressure and pressed her fresh young lips to the withered wrinkled face.

"Oh, may I come? Will you have me?" she cried, her voice trembling with a very rapture of delight. "Oh, I shall be so happy, so content—I will work so hard to please you, I can read, and work, and play, and I know so many games with the cards and chess and backgammon. Oh, I think I can please you, if you will let me try!"

The tears of earnest feeling were running down her cheeks before she reached the end of that long speech. There were tears on Miss Muffet's large white face too; but neither the woman nor the girl could have said with any degree of certainty from whose eyes they fell. But, if she had wept, Miss Muffet recovered her serenity with amazing quickness.

"You please me already, child," she said, a little gruffly; "but no more heroics, please. We have serious business to settle. When can you come to me?"

Magdalen gasped for breath; this was coming to the point with a vengeance; she had not prepared for such despatch. She had indeed told Mrs. Talbot of her intention to return to Brussels, and that lady had made no objection; but she had proposed at least to wait for Madame Crescent's answer to her appeal; and now—

Miss Muffet, who had been watching her changing face with curious interest, cut short her meditative musings.

"Shall I cut the Gordian knot, and carry you off at once, child? My carriage is at the door and the thing is easily done!" she said, in half-jesting tones, but with a wholly earnest manner. "Come, your sitting will afford explanations. Come, fetch your hat like a good girl, and let the rest of your possessions follow you!"

She caught Magdalen's hand in a persuasive clasp; but the girl drew back resolutely.

"No; please do not ask me—I could no do that. When Mrs. Talbot returns I will tell her, and then—"

"Then there will be a battle royal," the other interrupted grimly; but though evidently disappointed, she did not seem displeased, and added, after a second's thoughtful pause—"Well, I suppose you are right. At what time do you expect them back?"

"By the five-o'clock train. The carriage has gone already to meet them."

"Then I will stay and meet them here," Miss Muffet said composedly. "No, thank you, my dear; I will not come into the house; the sun will not hurt me, and I would rather get this business over in the open air."

She gathered her short skirts about her, and seated herself upon the stone steps with a total disregard of dignity and comfort. Magdalen vainly offered to fetch stool, shawl, sunshade, or cushion for her eccentric guest; Miss Muffet only laughed, and persisted that she had never been more comfortable or entirely at her ease.

She looked both as she sat gaily chatting and staring down the long tree-shaded avenue with a joyously expectant look—a look that brightened into absolute delight when presently Flora Talbot and Lord Ingestyre came slowly riding under the arched boughs of the tall green elms.

Frank, who kept a little in the rear, was the first to see and call his sister's attention to the odd little figure perched upon the steps. The girl started, stared, then rode quickly up with brilliant vexation-born flush on her handsome haughty face.

"Miss Meredith—you here, and none of us at home to receive you!" she cried, with perfectly sincere vexation and disgust. Miss Meredith of the Hall was at all times worthy of conciliation, but never had Flora Talbot so longed to be on friendly terms with her now that Lord Ingestyre was in her train.

But Miss Meredith received the eager apologetic greeting with an indifferent grace. She nodded coolly, surveying Flora all the while with a critical gaze that the proud girl found intensely exasperating. She bit her lip, and, by way of finding a safe vent for her indignation, turned arrogantly upon the pale and hitherto unnoticed girl who stood in the shadow of the great doorway.

"I think, Miss Vain, that you might have told the children Miss Meredith was here," she said harshly. "Blanche or Kitty would have had the sense to order tea, and not to keep her in the glare of the sun!"

"I would not drink the tea, and had no business with Kitty or Blanche," Miss Meredith answered with an evident enjoyment of the scene that turned the rose on Flora's clear dark cheek to a flush of vivid flame. "I came here solely to see Miss Vane. George, come here; I want to introduce you to my travelling companion of the other day."

Lord Ingestyre came forward with alacrity and bowed low before the troubled girl, thinking, as he did so, that the fair sweet face was even fairer and sweeter in the searching sunlight than it had seemed peeping from its picturesque green frame and lit by the pale uncertain glory of the moon.

Flora Talbot looked at the pretty picture for a second, then turned suddenly away, and, as she did so, the slender toy she carried as a riding-whip snapped with

a sharp crack from its jeweled handle and rolled to Miss Meredith's feet.

The later stooped and raised it, with a face of innocent unconsciousness and good-natured regret.

"Dear me! What an unfortunate accident! How did it happen?" she asked, holding the pretty little silver head with its glittering emerald eyes eagerly between her finger and thumb. "If you often use your whips so roughly, Miss Talbot, I pity them and your horses too."

Feeling a desire to lay the whip in question smartly about the shoulders of her tormentor, Flora muttered some incoherent answer, and snatched the handle rudely from her grasp.

"Misshapen little wretch!" she cried between her sharp white teeth. "How dare she come here only to insult us. Fortunately, that insolent usurper will not be here long."

CHAPTER VI.

Just as Flora reached this point in her meditations, the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Talbot came swiftly past the lodge gate and up the avenue. Magdalen's heart began to throb a little more quickly with the feeling of a battle at hand; and, noticing the sudden pallor of the fair face, the sudden terror in the violet eyes, Lord Ingestyre felt his pulses stir with a quick throb of sympathy, and, stranger though he was, he could not help giving the frightened girl a quick reassuring smile as he drew a little nearer to her side.

Mrs. Talbot was at least as startled as her daughter when she saw Miss Meredith; but she had her feelings under better control, and her still fine eyes expressed only a tender and grateful pleasure as she moved quickly forward, with both hands outstretched in eager welcome.

"Dearest Constance," she cried, with an admirable contrived and executed emotional gasp, and she moved as though she would have gathered her small friend in a warm embrace; but Miss Meredith stepped aside and deftly avoided it, thereby very nearly causing the stately lady to come ignominiously to the ground. Altogether ignoring the rebuff she had received, Mrs. Talbot went on—

"It is so long since you have crossed our threshold—with a languishingly affectionate look—'never since—'"

"Since I heard of the pretty nick-name you gave me, of the plans my weakness had perhaps given you the right to form!" Miss Meredith answered abruptly, and with a savage scorn, a burning indignation, that seemed to transform the poor misshapen little woman and make her dwarfish figure dignified and heroic. "I have never crossed your threshold since that day Mrs. Talbot, and I have not crossed it now—I am only waiting at your gates—"

"For permission to enter?" Mrs. Talbot asked, with an uneasy smile. She too would have liked to give back taunt for taunt and sting for sting; but she too felt the all-important necessity of not quarrelling with Lord Ingestyre's cousin now. "You know how more than welcome you would be. Come, Constance, here, before my husband and children, I am ready to admit that I behaved badly and ungratefully to you. Can you with common generosity ask for more? We are neither of us young women now; is it not almost time to forget and forgive?"

She extended a well-gloved hand as she spoke, and Miss Meredith surveyed that miracle of gray French kid curiously, as though it were some pretty toy submitted for her inspection, but made no attempt to touch it; and, flushing angrily, Mrs. Talbot drew back.

"No! I did not wish to enter," said Miss Meredith indifferently now. "I hardly expected to see you at all; I came to fetch Miss Vane away; but like a scrupulous little goose, she refused to come."

The last sentence was a bombshell, as the speaker perfectly well knew. Her shrewd eyes, sparkling now with malicious enjoyment of the consternation she had

caused, wandered from one face to another, reading the various stories they told with ever-increasing satisfaction. Flora grew suddenly pale, even to her lips, and her large dark eyes dilated in a stare of insolent surprise. Mr. Talbot looked simply astonished, and, after a few seconds' consideration, rather pleased by the idea. His wife frowned, bit her lips sharply, then said, with an uneasy laugh—

"You were always an eccentric unaccountable being, Constance; but I confess that this last caprice puzzles even me. Why you should try to lure Mr. Talbot's little cousin—an absolute stranger to you, by-the-way—from the home we have given her would, I fancy, trouble even you to explain!"

"The home in which she was so happy, in which she was to remain so long" Miss Meredith put in sharply.

"Miss Vane has made good use of her time and a catalogue of our misdeeds—ours, mother!" Flora broke in, her clear bones seeming frozen with scorn. "Melinda House has made an excellent stepping-stone to the Hall for our acute young relation; we were the ladder by which she climbed to fortune, and now, as a matter of course, she is eager to kick us down. Let us congratulate her on the success that has crowned her efforts, and wish her, with all our hearts, 'good-bye.'"

She glanced disdainfully across at Magdalen; but her eyes, blazing with all the roused evil passion of her nature, met Lord Ingestyre's clear, shocked gaze, and for the first time shunned the encounter.

If she could have killed her unconscious rival then and there, she would have done so without hesitation or remorse, for in that moment she realized with an assured certainty of conviction that the game on which, as it seemed to the proud passionate girl, every hope of life was staked, was finally lost. Vanity itself could not misread the contempt and aversion of the young man's eyes.

She broke into a sharp, painful-sounding laugh, and said, with affected levity—

"Our governesses suffer from epidemics of elopement, mother, and we are forever destined to spoil their plans. However, as this one does not propose to carry Frank with her, I suppose she is welcome to go?"

"And the sooner the better," Mrs. Talbot finished, with immense dignity and crushing coldness. She too saw that the fortune of war was against her, and she too grew reckless and defiant in the presence of defeat. "After Miss Vane's display of unparalleled ingratitude, I cannot say that I have the least wish to detain her. I only regret"—she turned to Constance Meredith, shook her head mournfully, and applied her handkerchief ostentatiously to her eyes—"I only regret that your trust should be misplaced, your kindness abused. I warn you that you take a viper to your bosom."

"Oh, thank you!" Miss Meredith rose and shook out her comical short skirts with elaborate care. "I have learned to bear stings with equanimity—as you should know, who gave me a sharp experience. Come, my dear; since your friends are so ready to part with you, I will take you home at once!"

"Oh, go by all means!" Mrs. Talbot said sharply, in answer to Magdalen's half-frightened look of appeal. "I never wished you to come here! I never wish to see your sly pale face again!"

"There—run and put on your bonnet!" Miss Meredith put in, with good-natured imperativeness; but Magdalen was only too thankful to obey.

She was only gone about ten minutes; but, if her absence had lengthened itself out into ten hours, Miss Meredith would have been thoroughly and placidly content. She was a generous, kind-hearted woman, capable on occasions of heroic self-sacrifice, and at one time disposed to think well of all her fellow-creatures. But the circumstances of life had sadly warped and changed her.

Love had been proffered her in plenty—even that love which her own instincts and strong common sense told her was an absolute impossibility in her case; but ever and always the fair words had proved false, the fond professions had rung hollow and untrue.

Perhaps the sharpest blow she had received had been dealt to her by Margaret Talbot—Margaret Penrose in those days—and an absolute dependant on the girl whose trust she cruelly betrayed. The two had been brought up as near neighbours and close friends, though there was a wide difference in position between the daughter of the poorly-paid curate of Graymouth and the orphan lady of the Hall; but Constance Meredith admired and loved and trusted her handsome, clever friend with an absolute and pure devotion, and, when Mr. Penrose died, insisted that she should come to her at once and make the Hall her home.

The offer was immediately and gladly accepted, and Miss Penrose professed a boundless gratitude, an adoring affection for the girl who had rescued her from the miserable monotony of governess life, to which, without her intervention, she must needs have been condemned; and Constance, who was herself absolutely sincere, never dreamed of doubting the truth of these ardent professions.

So the delicate little cripple and her bright ambitious friend lived together in apparently unbroken amity and perfect contentment, until there entered into their lives that element that sooner or later breaks up most female friendships—the presence of a man. Fate drifted Arthur Talbot, then in the very prime of his characterless good looks, and endowed with a power of persuasion that few girls could resist, across their path—and from the day of his appearance things were never quite as they had been at the Hall.

Margaret Penrose determined almost in the first moment of their meeting that in this handsome, well-bred, wealthy young man she had found a fitting spouse. She read admiration in the large blue eyes that interpreted such feelings very eloquently, and, even while she dropped her own beneath that expressive glance, she decided when and where the wedding should take place.

"He admires me already," she thought, exultation giving a carnation glow to her clear dark cheek, and throwing the glossy long dark fringes of her lashes into high relief. "And even his people can hardly object, remembering that I am Constance Meredith's chief friend and probable heiress. Yes; I will be Arthur Talbot's wife. Even with all my advantages, I can hardly hope to do better than that."

And Constance Meredith? Well, her feelings were harder to describe. Even to herself the unhappy girl never admitted that she had dreamed of loving the man who approached her with a dangerous sympathy, a pitying admiration that was perilous because so obviously sincere. Never until then had she dreamed that she could love—that there might throb and ache in the poor distorted frame behind the mask of the white unlovely face a true and tender woman's heart.

But somehow she learned it then—learned, with a shuddering scorn for her own weakness, that the sound of Arthur's voice and step, the touch of his hand, the gentle kindness of his eyes, could make her blush and grow pale by turns, tremble and falter in her speech, almost—almost, the girl thought, with a wild smile contorting her pale lips and a great anguish of shame and horror in her heart—almost as though she were like other women, free to love and to be loved, not a creature branded and cursed of Heaven from her birth.

One thing redeemed her folly even in the hard judgment of her own condemning thoughts. She knew from the very first that she was mad, from first to last not the faintest ray of hope lightened the darkness of her sky. It was a real relief to her when Margaret's hopes were crowned with success, when, with eyes that were radiant rather with triumph than

the light of happy love, the girl told her that she and Arthur Talbot were engaged. The bold black eyes never wandered from the white pinched face; they saw the sudden quiver, and then the look of quick relief.

"Thank Heaven!" Constance cried below her breath, and the bride elect thought that a thanksgiving could on occasion bear a strong resemblance to a wall of agony, but wisely kept the thought to herself and only said, in a soft reproachful tone—

"Are you so glad to lose me then?"
"To lose you?"—Miss Meredith raised her dim eyes as though she hardly understood the question, then went on hurriedly, but with a curious jar in her voice—"to lose you! No. I am glad that you are happy, for you will be happy, Margaret, since Arthur Talbot loves you."

"Well, yes, he certainly does that," the other answered, with a gay confident laugh that was more consciously cruel than Constance Meredith could easily have been brought to believe; "but love is not everything, nor even the prime factor in such a match as this."

"Is it not?" the other asked wistfully.

"Do you not love him?"
Again Margaret Penrose laughed, and shrugged her supple shoulders with gay scorn for the suggested doubt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GHOSTLY VISITOR.

Seen Frequently Along the Railroad Track.

What some say is a ghost is causing great excitement in a Western village. It has appeared at intervals along the railroad just above East Morristown. A short time ago, as the fast train came dashing along, the fireman noticed something white just ahead of the train. It was thought that the train had run over a man. It was stopped but no man could be found. The fireman insisted that the white object he had seen in the track was a man in his shirt sleeves.

A Mrs. Cassidy and her sister met the same white object a few nights later. Since then it has been seen many times. Aaron Burr, the town constable, armed himself with a pistol and went after the ghost one dark night. He saw something and fired at it. He says what appeared to be a tall black figure was suddenly transformed into what looked like a white dog, which vanished in the darkness.

Tom Cassidy, Louis Certain, Tom Morang, and William Budd concluded to ferret out the mystery. On Friday night after coming from their work on the railroad, they visited the haunted spot. Tom Cassidy described the meeting with the ghost thus:

"We were walking along the road not thinking of the ghost just then, when a tall, thin form, too large to be a man, stood in front of us. It wore something on its legs that looked like boots, and its tall form swayed to and fro like the boughs of trees when the wind blows through them, and there was a similar noise. Louis Certain yelled: 'It's that ghost.' Then Bill Budd drew his revolver and he ran forward. He could not get nearer than ten yards to it, and when he thought he was gaining on it the figure suddenly disappeared in the weeds. The strangest part of the affair was that the ghost ran along the sandy road and when we afterward examined the road not a track or trace of a footprint could be found."

Large crowds have gathered to see it, but it generally appears when only three or four are present. Some of the citizens say that just two years ago a similar apparition, clothed in white, was seen at the same place. It manifested itself to a great many in the community, and some think it but a reappearance of the old ghost clothed in black.

William M. Everts fell in love with his wife when she was sixteen, and he a green boy at college. She was the daughter of Treasurer Wardner, of Vermont, and was as pretty as young Everts was homely. They became engaged at her home in Vermont, and Everts went away to New York, promising to come back when he had made enough to warrant his marrying. At twenty-five he had made a name for himself as a lawyer, and was a member of one of the chief New York law firms, one making, it is said, a total of \$60,000 a year. At this time he married, and his wife, after bearing him thirteen children, is still well and happy.

TEN THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

Disastrous Floods Near Canton China.

Details of the destruction in Canton, China, and vicinity by the recent great rain-storm there have been received. The flood was the most serious which has visited Canton in thirty years. More than ten thousand and persons lost their lives and a far greater number are left in a starving condition. Entire villages were engulfed and the rice and silk crops in the vicinity almost ruined. The price of rice advanced 18 per cent. in consequence. Rain fell the latter part of June, filling and overflowing the rivers, and many of the streets of Canton were flooded for over a week. At Si Ni the water broke through the city wall, and it is reported that several thousand people were drowned there. Embankments of rivers were broken in numerous places and the water swept across the surrounding country, carrying everything before it. A foreigner, who was an eyewitness of the scenes of devastation, reports that one night the boat he occupied anchored near a bamboo grove. By the morning the water had risen to the tops of the bamboo, while at the other points it rose as high as forty feet during the night. The inhabitants fled from the villages and camped on the hillsides. At Kun in, a market place near an embankment of one of the streams connected with the river which brings water from the North and West rivers, the majority of the inhabitants were drowned by the water breaking through the embankment. Some escaped to a piece of rising ground in the neighborhood, but the water continued to rise and gradually overtopped the elevation, drowning those who stood upon it. Seventeen Chinese graduates in Canton, hearing of the distress and suffering prevalent in their native villages, took passage on a boat with a view to proceeding home to render what assistance they could. On the way the boat was capsized and all who were in it were drowned. In some places parents tied their children on high branches of trees whilst they instituted measures for their general safety. The trees were washed up by the roots, and the heartrending cries of children were silenced in the surging waters. The body of a bride dressed in her bridal robes was found floating in the river at Canton. A large tub was also seen; it was picked up and found to contain a boy and girl; with them was a paper stating their names, the day and the hour of their birth. The parents had instituted this means to save the lives of their offspring. The writer of the letter from which the above is taken says: "The suffering that is being endured by thousands in this province is simply heartrending. Children are calling to their parents that they are hungry, and their parents can only reply, with their eyes blinded with tears, that they have nothing to give them. These floods will of course bring on other calamities; the subsiding waters will leave an alluvial deposit which will burden the atmosphere with malarial poison. People are obliged to use the filthiest and dirtiest water, which must give them all sorts of disease."

Why He Did Not Win.

The following true incident, though a trifle, has a suggestive meaning for many readers.

It was the day for the public exhibition of athletic sports in Blank College. The grand stand was crowded with matron and pretty maidens. Below the faculty the trustees and fathers of the boys unbent from their grave dignity, and laughed over baseball games, and races of fifty years ago. Around the ring were crowded the students from a rival college. The men who were to take part in the "events" of the day wore a close-fitting flannel suit of the college color, white and blue.

Two brothers stood near each other; the breast of one was covered with silver and gold medals, the other had not one.

"Champion, hundred yards dash." "First prize, L. L. tournament." "First prize Mile Run," said a bystander, reading some of the inscriptions on the medals. "How many of these things have you Joe?" "He has over twenty at home," said his brother, eagerly.

"And you none, Tom? How is that?" "Never could come in first. I think I shall take a gold bar to-day though. There is one thing I can do,—the hurdle race."

"Oh!" cried a child's voice behind him, in a tone of bitter disappointment. Tom turned, and saw a little girl seated by a poorly-dressed woman. Both were look-

ing at him with startled, disappointed faces. "Who are they?" Tom whispered to his friend.

"Bradford's mother and sister. One of the charity students. He's in the hurdle race. I suppose they thought the poor wretch would win the gold medal, and be asked to dinner with the Prox to-night, along with the first prize men."

"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully, as he walked away.

Bradford was a dull fellow, he remembered, and neglected by most of the students who were better clothed and better bred than himself. If the boy won this prize, and appeared at the president's State dinner, it would certainly give him a standing, in future, among the boys. A moment later a lady who knew him called Tom to the grand stand. "This will be victor in the hurdle race," she said to the ladies near her, who smiled while Tom blushed and laughed.

The sports began. One event succeeded another. The hurdle race was called; Tom and Bradford started together, but Tom passed him easily. All of the hurdles were passed but one. Tom glanced aside, saw the stained face of the shabby woman, and the child's tearful eyes, and the next instant tripped and fell, while Bradford leaped past him.

The president himself gave the prizes. The band played, and the men shouted as he handed the gold medal to Bradford. Joe had, as usual, half-a-dozen prizes. Tom stood by, without any.

But the president said to a looker-on, "There was nothing to trip that boy. He fell purposely, that Bradford might win."

"Shall not you let him know that you know it?"

"No. The man who can conquer himself, even in a trifle, needs no other reward."

The Olivier Pain Episode.

The story about the death of Olivier Pain, which has furnished the less reputable portion of the Paris press with an excuse for the sort of writing it loves, is of a kind which always proves more or less embarrassing. The natural impulse of honest and honourable men when charged with disgraceful conduct is to treat the matter with indifference, or to content themselves with calling upon their calumniators to furnish proof of their assertions. They rightly judge that people who think them capable of base actions will not hesitate also to charge them with mendacity, and that it is consequently little more than waste of breath to deny the accusations brought against them. When any kind of serious evidence is brought forward they are ready to sit and examine it, to clear away misconceptions and to place facts in their true light. But there is something inconsistent with personal dignity in bandying assertions with any chance assailant, and issuing general disclaimers in answer to unsupported accusations. In some cases, however, it seems necessary to depart from this natural and proper attitude. The old calculation that if mud enough be thrown some of it will stick is still sufficiently sound for the purpose of persons like M. Rochefort, especially when their scurrilous charges are brought against men of another nation and dexterously made to appeal to patriotic jealousy. The difficulty of getting personal character fairly appraised in such cases, and the evil that may be done by stirring up popular resentments in France against our supposed misdeeds, constitute reasons for departing from the sound rule of paying no attention to accusations, until at least a good *prima facie* case has been made out by appeal to facts or alleged facts. It is probably on grounds of this kind that the British Government has taken the trouble to deny the wild charges brought against it and English officers in Egypt.

Once in a while the question is heard: "What has become of Mrs. Tilton?" The little woman who was a few years ago the most widely-known American woman in the world, lives with her aged mother, Mrs. Morse, on Pacific street, in Brooklyn, in comfort and quiet. Ever since the remarkable scandal trial she has lived in the same way. The home of Mrs. Tilton with her mother is one of taste, refinement and elegance. Many of the pictures at were made famous by the repeated yarns in the courtroom, of how Theodore, his nightshirt, used to go around the house robbing them, at all hours of the night, are to be seen on the walls of her present brown-stone home

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 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.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter.

DISCOUNT. Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent.

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 30th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 154 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

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

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

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. E. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 25 Adelaide St. W. Toronto

Waistcoats, which are a feature in fall frocks, are narrow and frequently in a point at the waist line.

Mr. Jobb Scales, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, sour stomach and lame back; in fact I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain."

New woollens woven to simulate lace over grounds of contrasting color are termed Henri II. guipure.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer.

Motifs of cork cut in fanciful designs are introduced into dress trimmings by English dress tailors.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions.

Small bonnets, with strings, are worn by matrons, but not by young girls, on the other side.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used.

Young girls wear sailor hats this fall; but they are very easy to blow off in a high wind.

Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he has not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS.

In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in six events as follows:—

- FIRST REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Hinch, Toronto.....1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....500
14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....540
19 to 20.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....800
21 to 24.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400
25.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
26 to 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....730
31 to 50.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....900
51.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

SECOND REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....200
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos.....\$1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....800
8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....750
16 to 23.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....170
24 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....700
41 to 70.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....600
71 to 90.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....75
100.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
101 to 125.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns.....635
126 to 205.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
206 to 508.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....510
510 to 715.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives.....206
716.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

THIRD REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,500
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches.....400
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....540
18 to 26.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set).....500
27 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....700
29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
30 to 31.—Fifty-one solid gold gem rings.....500
32 to 121.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
122 to 200.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445
201 to 408.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450
409.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA,

A fine, well-situated dwelling house, No. 12 Nass Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble washstand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences.

FOURTH REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hinch, Toronto.....1,500
5 and 6.—Two fine ten-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....500
7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....200
10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....800
16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
21 to 22.—Nine renowned sewing machines.....800
23.—Ten Dollars in Gold.....10

- 24 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches.....800
41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....300
51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 210.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....800
211 to 310.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....50
311.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100
10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
21 to 22.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000
23 to 30.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,140
31 to 70.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breech loading shot guns.....2,700
71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedia.....2,000
111 to 133.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600
134.—Twenty Dollars in Gold.....20
135.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
136 to 151.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....540
152 to 200.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....900
201 to 300.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....200

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright pianos.....1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....750
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....300
11 to 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800
16 to 24.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500
25 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....440
31 to 151.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....300
152.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
153 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Olographs.....500
201 to 251.—One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND.

Don't lose a day about looking up the bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good any time between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months.

The competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 24-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion De-

partment, Illustrated. In the Contributors' pages may be found during the course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D.D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others; In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady's or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publisher of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.
You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Can.

A Sure Thing.

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
—Procure from your druggist one 37-cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

The days of flounces are no more.

CAUTION.—Now that the warm weather has set in it would be well to have your hair mattresses thoroughly renovated and purified by a new process that has given satisfaction. The cost is reasonable only \$2.50. Send a postcard to T. F. CUMMING & Co., the upholsterers, 349 Yonge St.

Plush will be very fashionable again.

A Fruitful Season.

The fruitful season of the year is prolific with many forms of Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhoea Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c., as a safe-guard and positive cure for those distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

English styles are more popular than ever.

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

The shelf-like bustle is no longer in fashion.

Poisoned.

Scarcely a family exists but that some member is suffering with bad blood and poisoned secretions from constipation giving rise to Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eruptions, Catarrh and other complaints indicating, lurking blood poison which a few bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters would eradicate from the system.

The tailor-made suit is the popular fall frock.

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

Braid is again in fashion, but for cloth dresses only.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers. The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word **LEVEE** in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word **DEATH** in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$100
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos.....1,550
- 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs.....\$10
- 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services.....500
- 14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches.....\$40
- 20 to 26.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches.....250
- 27 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches.....400
- 31 to 35.—One hundred dollars in gold.....100
- 36 to 40.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons.....750
- 41 to 50.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers.....125
- 50L.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520
- 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches.....400
- 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches.....400
- 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services.....\$40
- 18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500
- 24 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....300
- 29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
- 30 to 35.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches.....1,000
- 36 to 41.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate, case baskets, elegant designs.....400
- 42 to 50.—Twenty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons.....415
- 50L to 400.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers.....400
- 40L.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold.....150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$ 200
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos.....1,500
- 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....750
- 8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....300
- 11 to 18.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....300
- 19 to 23.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500
- 24 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....415
- 31 to 35.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....300
- 36.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
- 37 to 40.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches.....\$60
- 41 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers.....60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES'

JOURNAL Office from all points. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 30 large and well-filled pages of choice reading, matter, interesting to everyone, but especially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The above Bible Competition will finally close the 30th of September. All parties competing will kindly bear this date in mind. Fifteen days will be allowed after date of closing for letters to reach this office from distant points. All letters must, however, bear post mark of 30th September.

Turbans are the correct hats for windy days.

There is no Excuse.

There is no excuse for the many pale, sallow, weary looking females throughout our land, when Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate their troubles and renew their health, strength and vigor at so small a cost.

We are to have another velvet and velveteen season.

Rev. J. McLaurin, Canadian Baptist Missionary to India, writes: during our stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

Mollers fronts are seen only on house dresses.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

Children's frocks are made with waists again.

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

Scarlet and dark navy blue are introduced in combination costumes and carriage jackets. Large flat buttons are the style for street jackets, newmarkets, and long ulsters.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Rupture, Breach or Hernia

permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases guaranteed! Pamphlet and references, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Children will wear a great deal of navy blue combined with scarlet.

"Consumption Cure"

would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

Capes, shawls, and short mantles will all be worn for early fall wraps.

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men do not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite prescription," which, as a tonic and nerve for debilitated women, is certain safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

The bustle is moribund. It is sinking lower, and is less pronounced in form.

To The Rescue

"When all other remedies fail" for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crocker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

Large rosary beads are used in dress ornamentation.

No means have been taken by the manufacturers to push the sale of their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco except giving from time to time a simple statement of the facts connected with it in the public press. The large and rapidly increasing demand for it has been the result of the experience of smokers which these statements suggested. Their advice to business men is to advertise largely if they have the right article to back up the advertisement with.

Thibet cloth, with boucle borders, appears among light wools for fall wear.

A Dangerous Condition.

One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected Kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary aching back, weakness and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels.

Even little girls' dresses are made with plain skirts bordered, not flounced.

Every observer who walks the streets of a great city, and scans with intelligent eye the colorless faces of more than fifty per cent. of the people he meets, can easily agree with us in the statement, that this age, which makes such drafts upon the working energies of the greater part of men in the intense pursuit of business, has destroyed in a proportionate degree the animal health and robust constitution. Nature, in this state of exhaustion, cannot be restored of itself, but requires some stimulating tonic, to strengthen and keep the system in regular order, and in Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine we have the exact remedy required. The peculiar operation of this medicine, in cases of general debility and nervous prostration, has undergone long and close observation, and it is believed it will never fail, if properly and judiciously administered. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and sold by all druggists.

Bustles are worn lower down.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NORRIS, 112 FORTA'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[Copyright.—Now First Published.]

IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Moments," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

It was a good thing for the poor girl that she had Jane Scaton to occupy her time and take up her thoughts. It prevented her from dwelling too much upon her own misery, and it made her dreary, rayless days pass more quickly.

No wedding ring graced Jane Scaton's finger, and they were unable to discover whether she had ever been married. In all her ravings she never spoke of her husband. But this went for nothing, for it frequently happens in cases of insanity that the past is never alluded to. The attack appears to have swept the mind of all recollection. Now that she was better she had steadily refused to tell Lily whether she had ever had a husband; perhaps the poor thing could not tell her.

About Gregory, too, she would say but little. When she did speak of him it was generally to the effect that he had been wrongfully punished—that he had died an innocent man—which proved conclusively that her weak mind was again wandering.

During the time that Gregory was maturing his little scheme for depriving Mr. Barr of all he possessed, a great change came over Dodder's man—poor Mary Hope's brother.

He was frequently away from the asylum for days together, and when he returned he was moody, sullen; evidently weighed down by a great grief.

The doctor knew the man's nature, and he neither questioned nor chided him.

"In a little time," Dr. Dodder said, "he will tell me what it is that has grieved him."

One day he came to his master and said, helplessly, dolefully:

"I am going to London. I do not know when I shall return."

The doctor eyed him keenly.

"You must be careful," he said.

"I will be very careful," was the answer.

"No violence—no violence to yourself," Dodder continued, in a commanding tone.

"No—no violence to myself," as the man answered he hung his head.

"Do you promise me?"

It was a long time before he answered.

"I promise you," he said at length.

"I believe you, and I can trust you. You may go."

The unfortunate man did not remain away long. On the second day he returned, but in a wretched plight. His clothes are torn and his face was badly cut and bruised. He volunteered no explanation as to how he had met with his injuries.

The doctor dressed his wounds, and allowed him to remain undisturbed in his room.

"What can have happened to him?" Lily asked wonderingly.

"I am afraid," the doctor answered,

"that he has seen his sister."

"His sister! But surely she has not illuded him so frightfully?"

"I fear he owes his wounds to her. She is a violent, reckless woman—and I fear, beyond all reformation. I expect that he has been striving to wean her from her evil ways, and so has infuriated her. Some day you shall hear her sad history. Poor fellow! her cruel blows will not alter his love for her."

"Sometimes in my selfishness," Lily murmured, "I fancy that I alone have a heavy sorrow. Alas! each one seems to carry a weighty burden."

"Mine will not leave me," the doctor muttered sadly "until I die."

Two days after this Lily in a great state of excitement, sought her kind friend.

"At last," she cried, her face all ablaze with the grand tidings, "we can break Gregory Axon's power."

He saw her flushed cheek, and her wild, starting eyes, and a sudden fear seized him.

"Has her trouble and have her surroundings made her mad?"

There can be no doubt that insanity is contagious. Did anyone yet ever meet a man who had passed years in the society of lunatics that was quite right in his head? Mad-doctor," is the best of all terms to use when speaking of the proprietor of a lunatic asy-

lum. Ten to one he is a little bit touched himself.

"Are you sure? Do not deceive yourself."

The doctor spoke warningly.

"I do not," Lily cried, wildly. "All is now clear; our trouble is at an end. You, too, at last will be able to strike Gregory through your patient."

The doctor still regarded her doubtfully.

"Do not be frightened—do not fear that I am deceived. Come with me now and see Jane Scaton. A gleam of reason—perhaps brief—has been vouchsafed her, and she can tell us wonderful—glorious things!"

"How did this come about?" he inquired, as he followed the excited girl.

"You know," Lily went on, leading the way, "that I talk to the poor thing about everything that happens—I am glad of a subject sometimes. To-day I told her about Mary Hope, and the cruel way that she had treated her brother. At the mention of Mary Hope's name it seemed as though a mist had fallen from her eyes—as if she had awakened from a dream: Hush! She is coming to the door to greet us."

When Dr. Dodder and Lily Barr left Jane Scaton's room they left it with a glad smile on both their faces.

Lily immediately wrote a letter to Mr. Wicks, and, as she closed the envelope, she cried:

"Thank God! I shall see my father now."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. BLEND AS THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Mr. Wicks sat at his table with an open letter before him. As he read it he rubbed his hands; and his manner and the expression of his face evinced the most lively satisfaction.

"Well, well," he muttered. "So we shall catch the fox after all. Thank goodness! Providence does not always let rogues have altogether their own way. After all, little Lily Barr has done more than all of us. 'Gad, I always thought her a brave, clever little woman, but I never expected that she would alone be able to defeat Gregory Axon. Hullo, Tom, is that you? Come in, my boy! Come in!"

Mr. Wicks rose from his chair and greeted the young surgeon heartily.

Tom was excited; two hectic spots glowed on his pale cheeks.

"I've had a letter," he cried.

"Of course you have," responded the lawyer with great gaiety.

"But I do not understand it," Westall went on; "and I do not dare to hope."

"Then you haven't half the pluck I thought you had. Show your letter to me. Ah, just so! From Miss Barr. All your trouble is now at an end, she says, and she bids you call at once upon me and do exactly as I direct. Now, sir, do you mean to tell me you are afraid to hope after reading that?"

As he spoke he handed the letter back to Tom Westall.

"Mr Barr has had one too," said Tom.

"And how did he take it?"

"It seemed as though he had been suddenly aroused from a deep sleep. He is all excitement, and he is waiting with the utmost anxiety for my return. I can see by your manner that you have some important news. Pray do not keep me any longer in suspense—surely we have all had sufficient of that."

"What I know I will tell you briefly. Miss Barr has, in some unaccountable manner, made a grand discovery concerning Gregory Axon. She declares that her father has now no need to fear him, and that she can punish him with a long term of imprisonment for his past extortion. She adds that soon I shall know the whole strange particulars. Meanwhile, I am to give her an exact account of how matters stand at this present moment. This I did yesterday. She received my letter in the afternoon, and here is her reply. You see it is her wish that when Axon meets Marl to receive the proceeds of Mr. Barr's cheque, we all be present. She will appear upon the scene, accompanied by Dr. Dodder and another, to

denounce Gregory, and make her father free for ever. The scheme has not my entire approval. I should prefer the business to be done in a quieter way, but in a case of this kind I must not interfere. All the glory belongs to Miss Barr, and we must let her carry the thing through in the manner she thinks best."

"I trust that she's not deceived—"

"Why, man, instead of hopping about this office with joy as I expected to see you, you look as glum as a mute, and apparently anxious to throw cold water on the whole thing."

"No, no," said Tom, "I am overjoyed; but the good news has come so suddenly that I can scarcely realize it yet. I can't help feeling nervous too about poor Mr. Barr. If you had seen his awful excitement as I saw it this morning, you would dread to contemplate a disappointment."

"So much would I dread it that I wouldn't contemplate it," said Mr. Wicks, smilingly.

"And where are we to meet to-morrow?"

"That is undecided. I expect Marl here every minute. It will rest of course with him."

"Well, Marl, and what's the news?" Mr. Wicks asked, when at length his clerk walked gingerly into the office. Since the improvement in his raiment, Mr. Marl had assumed a jaunty and a juvenescent air.

"Everything is going on tip-top. I'm to draw the money out of the bank to-morrow, and then, if I may so express myself, the band will play, the curtain will fall, and the little farce will be over."

"Where is Gregory Axon now?"

"Well, Gregory," said Marl, shaking his head solemnly, "is a bit of a puzzle. I can't make him out at all. What's come over him the last few days is more than I can understand. He's as nervous as a cat—starts at the slightest noise; and if he takes a nap, he wakes up from it gnashing his teeth and with wild cries."

"Conscience," Mr. Wicks suggested.

"No, sir; brandy, I think, sir—for he does nothing but pour that stuff down him all day long. He seems frightened to move out too. He's taken a room in the Holloway-road, and he says he's not going out of it till he meets me to receive the money. Directly he gets it, he's going to take the train for Dover and then on to France."

"Where do you propose meeting him?"

"He says Charing-cross Railway station. It will be handy for the train."

"Precisely. A spot that will suit us remarkably well also. I suppose there will be no difficulty in engaging a private room in the Charing-cross Hotel for the afternoon?"

"None in the world."

"Very well then. You see to that. You can easily persuade Gregory to have a parting dinner with you, and so arrange with him to meet you in the hotel instead of at the station."

"That will be simple enough. What time shall we say, sir?"

"Three o'clock."

"Three o'clock it shall be."

"By the way, Marl, does Mr. Axon carry any weapon?"

"No, sir," Marl replied with a significant smile; "he does not. I took particular care to make the inquiry. If he went on slowly, he was in the habit of carrying a revolver, I should be now out to-morrow; he'd put a bullet through me as soon as look at me when he discovers how he's been done."

"I wouldn't get too near him as it is, said Mr. Wicks with a smile.

"I won't. With all that brandy in him, he will be like an enraged tiger."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Tom.

"It's my belief that he'll show the white feather."

"To-morrow then, at three o'clock, you and Mr. Barr will meet us at the Charing Cross Hotel. God bless you, my boy!"

As Mr. Wicks shook the surgeon's hand, there was a suspicious hushiness in his throat, and for a moment his sight grew dim.

Tom's heart beat quickly, as he hastened home to convey the good news to Walter Barr.

Mr. Stivey Blend passed that evening in the company of Gregory Axon in his dreary room in the Holloway-road. As he was walking home, in the early hours of the morning, he was stopped by a woman in the Goswell-road, who very piteously begged a trifle from him to secure a night's shelter. The wind was keen, and the poor creature was woefully badly clad. She looked weak and hungry, and pinched with the cold.

Stivey had naturally a tender heart; on occasions like the present, when he had imbibed a considerable quantity of liquor, his generosity was boundless. It unfortunately happened that he had only half-a-crown in his pocket, for he had taken the rare precaution to leave the bulk of his money at home.

"There," he said, "that will make you all right for to-night, and, if you happen to be in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross Station to-morrow afternoon, about half-past three, I'll see if I can't find you a trifle more."

The woman thanked him. It was not often she met with such considerate, unselfish charity, and she resolved that on the following day she would be at the place he had named.

"He ain't the sort," she muttered as she drew her shawl closer round her shivering body, "to give me a journey for nothing."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PROULIAR THINGS.

Dr. J. B. Lawes thinks that plants "probably derive the whole of their organic substance from the air—90 per cent. to 95 per cent. of dry matter."

M. Henri Vivarey states in *Cosmos* that he finds in silicious bronze an electric conductivity equal to that of copper and a mechanical resistance greater than that of iron. He recommends its use in telegraphy.

M. Witz, who has for a considerable time been making observations on atmospheric ozone, says that the proportion of ozone in the air of Paris last year was in the inverse ratio of the mortality from cholera.

The notion that dogs are more liable to go mad in hot weather than at other times is fallacious, says a recent authority. Genuine rabies is exceedingly rare, but veterinary statistics show that it prevails at all seasons. It is very doubtful whether the weather has anything to do with the disease.

Experiments reported by M. Guignet to the French Academy of Sciences confirm the views of M. Fremy that the behavior of chlorophyll, or the coloring matter of leaves, is usually like that of an acid. Mr. Guignet has obtained chlorophyllate of soda, and from it by double decomposition, salts of lime, baryta and lead.

A process has recently been patented for manufacturing a gum from the *Eucalyptus globulus*, which has the effect of thoroughly removing the scales which form on steam engine boilers, and preventing rust and gritting. The use of this preparation, it is expected, will extend the period of usefulness of the boilers 100 per cent. to 150 per cent. besides insuring a considerable saving of fuel, as scale is a non conductor of heat.

Many of the inhabitants of the Congo basin cherish the singular belief that the white people live at the bottom of the sea. In proof of this theory they adduce the fact that when a foreign vessel appears off the coast the top of her masts first appear, then her sails and finally her hull. When she sails away the same phenomenon occurs, only in the reverse manner. Plainly, therefore, European ships come up from the bottom of the sea, and it that be the case it follows that their crews and passengers must do the same.

On July 10 at about noon, a wonderful mirage was seen on Lake Wetter, in Sweden, by a number of people between the villages of Fogelsta and Vadstena. A small island in the lake appeared as if covered with the most gorgeous flora and tall, gigantic trees, forming great groves, between which buildings having the appearance of the most splendid palaces were seen. The Sando, another little island, seemed to rise out of the sea, many times its actual height, its sandy shores looking like lofty, castellated walls. It had the exact appearance of a mediæval fortress enclosed by four walls. Two other little islands, Aholmen and Rison appeared also as lofty towers above the water. The mirage lasted for nearly a half hour, when it disappeared somewhat rapidly.

When a very mad woman begins practicing with a revolver the wise man always dodges in front of her.

Stepniak, the Russian revolutionist, who has lived in London for eighteen months and is very popular there, has acquired the English language quite perfectly, and he also speaks most of the Continental languages, which is not at all remarkable for a Russian.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mankato, Minn., has had a shower of live clams.

Salida, Col., has sixteen saloons and no church.

The Cherokee Nation have no laws for the collection of debts.

Iberia, Africa's colored republic, is on the verge of bankruptcy.

A learned physician says that a hydrophobic dog never froths at the mouth.

"Globe trotters" is one of the terms for the tourists who take the beaten track round the world.

The winters in Iceland are milder than those in Iowa. This modification is due to the Gulf Stream.

Dr. Jaeger of Munich maintains that those people who wear wool, and nothing but wool, winter and summer, never catch cold.

The earliest cannon are said to have been breech-loaders, and hammerless guns were known long before the days of percussion locks.

A farmer without hands, and who does all the work on his land, is one of the successful cultivators of the soil living near Newell, Ga.

Two companies are to be added to each infantry battalion and one squadron to each cavalry regiment in England's native English Army.

The Red Sea is the hottest place on the globe. Three of the passengers on the steamer Siguria died from the heat on her last trip.

An English authority states that unless swine fever is absolutely exterminated from the United Kingdom the disease will exterminate the pigs.

A Venetian gondolier makes on an average four francs, about eighty cents, a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear the family, and put some money away.

The bark of the tree from which quinine is obtained is useless unless grown in a malarial region. Homeopaths point to the fact as an example of their motto that like cures like.

There are no newsboys in Munich. Some of the papers are sold at round little houses or stands in the street, others are carried about the cafes and restaurants in baskets by old men and women.

The *Lancet* says that the pain of neuralgic headache experienced by women is caused by hairpins. The nerves of the scalp are irritated by the hair being drawn tightly back, and put on the strain.

Beecher drew a \$4,000 house in Chicago, at fifty and seventy-five cents a head. He is the most profitable lecturer. Mark Twain cleared \$27,000 in sixteen weeks last season, after playing Cable \$500 a week.

A Brooklyn maiden lady has an arm chair which she claims came over in the Mayflower and she will not speak to a friend who asked her if she came over in it.

In the novels produced during the past year, it is estimated that three hundred and seventy-two of the heroines have been blondes, and only one hundred brunettes.

A plant which grows in dry upland soil in Arizona is said to be a valuable tanning agent. Its tanning qualities are three times as great as oak bark, and it can be produced cheaper.

THE MODEL WASHER.—The old adage "that nothing succeeds like success" was never more fully exemplified than it has been in the history of "the Model Washer and Bleacher. This device is constructed upon strictly scientific principles, and the inventor has discovered the only true method by which fabrics of every description can be thoroughly cleansed without injuring them. Wherever the "Model" has been introduced it has given unqualified satisfaction, where instructions for use are followed. A friend of ours in the city of Montreal speaks in glowing terms of its excellence and superiority, and describes how his house, and that of a neighbor's (who is also the fortunate possessor of a Washer) is thronged every washing day by an eager multitude who have been attracted thither by the wonderful stories told of its achievements, in cleansing the most obstinately dirty articles. In every instance the "Model Washer" more than realizes the expectations of the purchaser and more than fulfils the claims of the inventor.

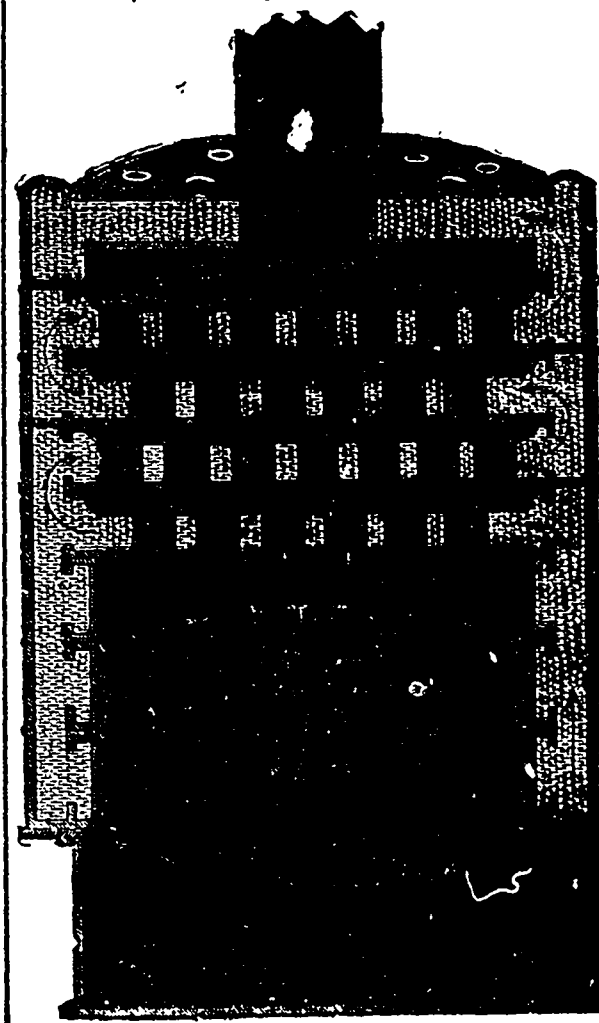
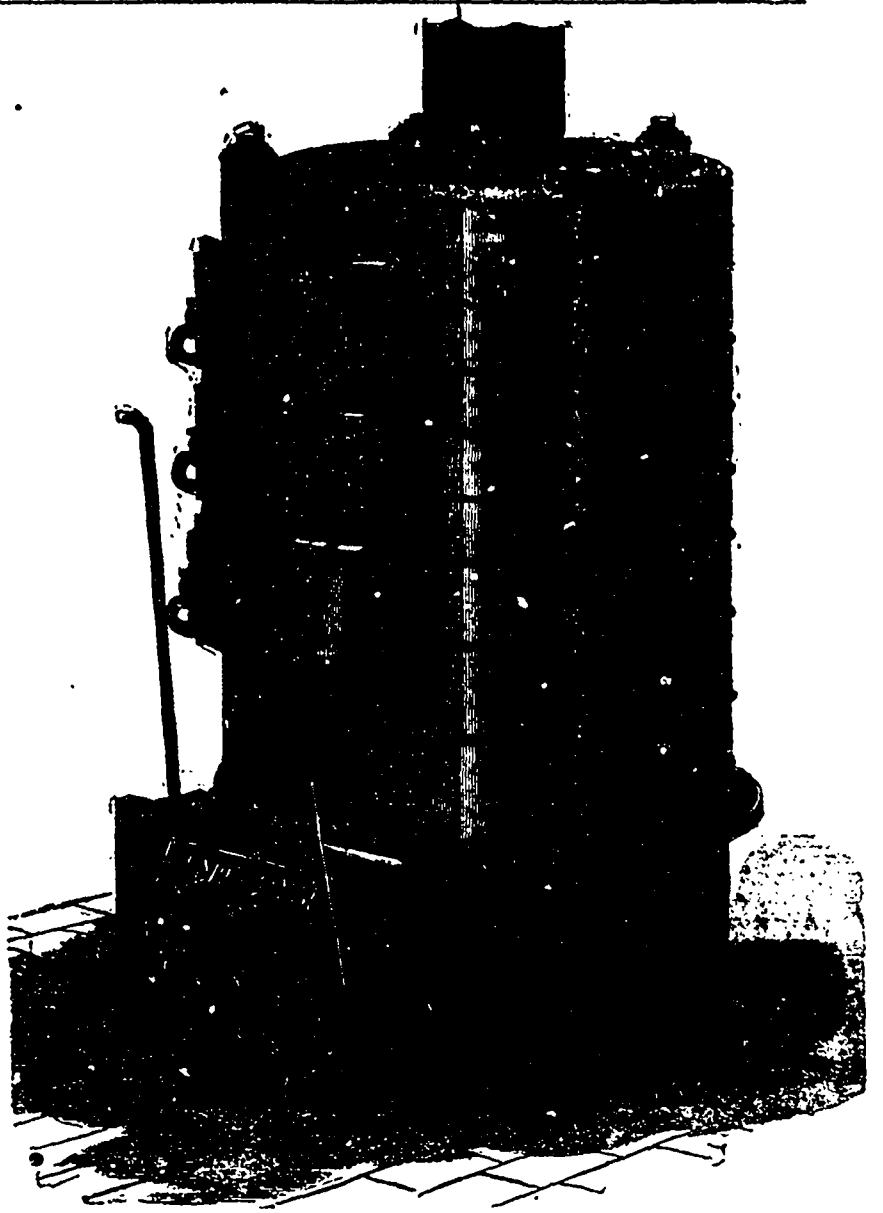
HOT WATER HEATING BOILER

THE

E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG



These Heaters

Are not only the Cheapest Manufactured, they are also the simplest being easily operated by any one competent to care for a *Hot Stove*.

WE SOLICIT EXAMINATION BY THE TRADE.

It will be noted that the proceeds of combustion, after passing through the first row of tubes, pass into a combustion chamber, when after expanding they pass through a second set of tubes, and so on to the exit to chimney flue.

The Stone Time Comes.

Once more the golden rods hang out their jeweled panicles to announce the mid-afternoon of summer, and the aster begins to see its "pale image" in the brook.

Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont., has full staff and complete courses in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, and Commercial Science.

"Sir," exclaimed the orator, "has the Indian any rights?" "He has," said the chairman, "but he gets left when he tries to assert them."

Prevention Better Than Cure.

Many of the diseases so prevalent in these days are caused by using soap containing impure and infectious matter. Avoid all risk by using FEVERGON Laundry Soap, which is absolutely pure.

Another season of lace is predicted, and indicated by the first importations of dresses hats, and bonnets.

WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day... P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

BOOK COLLECTION No. 6

The titles are as follows: Manual of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Standard Letter Writer, for Ladies and Gentlemen, a complete guide to correspondence.

Genuine Sugar-Cured Hams, BACON, PORK SAUSAGE AND CHOICE ROLL BUTTER.

LEWIS, 42 Queen St. W. TOMBSTONES

R. SHEPPARD & SON, 181 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

Send for Designs and Prices



trial and territory given. Ladies make and agents to wear a cloth, and every lady will try it, warranted to wash clean in five minutes, cotton goods in 20, bedclothes 10, or no sale. Address, FERRIS & CO., Patentees and Manufacturers, 78 Jarvis Street, TORONTO, Canada

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results."

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists: \$1, six bottles for \$5.

DENTAL.

FRANK M. SEPTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S., DENTIST—OFFICE 248 Yonge Street, entrance on Elm Street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL.

D. E. T. ADAMS, SURGEON AND HOMOPATHIST, 450 YONGE ST., COR. COLLEGE AVE. Speciality—Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. Office Hours:—9 to 10 a.m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m. Sunday:—9 to 4 p.m.

THOMSON & HENDERSON BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS, &c. Office, 18 Wellington Street East, Toronto. D. E. THOMPSON DAVID HENDERSON

Wilton Avenue Meat Market; W. J. CALGHEY, 183 WILTON AVE.

Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables &c., &c., always on hand.

183 WILTON AVE. Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships

Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, sailing at Le Gosport to land mails and passengers for St. John's, Ireland. Also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's N.F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Bohmacker & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N.F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John's, N.B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourdier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co. Quebec; Wm. Brodie, Philadelphia; H. & Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

\$11.90 EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN! FOR 35c.

On receipt of only 35c. we will mail, post-paid, 34 pieces, comprising 48 pages of full size sheet music, bound together in one volume. Names of Vocal pieces:—An account of Eliza; A Warrior Bold; The Country Lad; Nancy Lee; Chorus of Charity Girls; Drummer's Song; The Judge's Song; The Love-Sick Boy; Woe Emma; Two Bad Men; Man in the Moon; Johnny Morgan; The Gleason; Torpedo and the Whale; I Saw Her in the Violet Time; Five O'clock in the Morning; My Love She's but a Lassie Yet; Adieu, dear Home Dams Babe! and 15 pieces of Instrumental Music, comprising new and popular dance music, selections from different Operas, Marches, &c., &c. All the above and our handsome new Chromo Lithograph in colors of The Lord's Prayer and 10 Commandments, sent, post-paid, for 35c. As a holiday offer we will also send free 10 Chromo Cards, 50 money making receipts and a pack of Age cards. Order quick. You get all the above for 35c, or 5 lots for \$1.50; 1 doz. for \$2.50. Out this out and return with order.

J. LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.,

—Miners and Shippers of Coal, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE: 20 KING-ST. W.

Branch Offices—413 Yonge St. and 536 Queen St. W. Offices & Yard—Carter Esplanade & Princess; Esplanade St. near Berkley St.; Cor. Niagara and Dours St.

Collars and Cuffs, TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY, G. P. SHARPE, 25c. Per Dozen Pieces, 54 & 58 WELLINGTON ST. W., 65 King St. West.

\$10,500 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE Canada Pacific Trading and Importing Co.,

120 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Offer to every purchaser of a 5 lb. Daddy of their Famous JOHNG WO at 50c., and other Pure Blends of INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN TEAS at 40c. per lb. and upwards, one of the following Magnificent Presents:—

Table listing prizes and their values: 1 Cash Gift \$500, 10 Gent's Gold Watches \$450, 10 Ladies' or Gent's Diamond Rings 800, 100 Elegant Photograph Albums 200, 500 Autograph Albums 200, 500 Ladies' and Gent's Pocket Knives 200, 10 Boy's Silver Watches 50, 10 Ladies' Watches 80, 10 Beautiful Alarm Clocks 200, 500 Silver Fruit Knives 200, 500 Silver-plated Teaspoons 100, 500 Bone Table Forks 200, 1,000 Oil Pictures 500, 1,000 Engravings 300, 1,000 Ladies' Pocket Books 500, 1,000 Gent's Pocket Books 500, 100 Organettes 500.

Together with 12,627 useful and valuable articles, making a total of 20,000 valuable and useful presents to be given to our customers free of charge, on Sept. 15, 1885. The prizes will be awarded September 16th, 1885. Full particulars given hereafter. Remember we make no charge for this offer. You not only get 5 lb. pure, unadulterated Tea or Coffee, but likely a grand gift in Cash of \$500. See posters and illustrated streamers for full particulars.

AGENTS WANTED! This is a Bonanza for live agents to make money. Send for our printed circular matter giving you full particulars. Agents visiting Toronto are cordially invited to call or correspond with us for terms and territory.

THE CANADA PACIFIC TRADING AND IMPORTING COMPANY

Telephone No. 923. 120 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONT. J. A. McMURRY, Manager.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER. Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and disinfected by Marchant & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly as a mere nominal charge by contract. H. W. MARCHMENT & CO., City Contractors 9 Queen Street, East.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. ONLY \$1 BY MAIL POST-PAYED.



KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in man, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretions or excess. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French marbled, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for \$1.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1.00 by mail, post-paid. Illustrative samples 6 cents. Send now. Gold medals awarded by the National Medical Association, to the President of which, the Hon. P. A. Bessell, and associated officers of the Board, the reader is respectfully referred.

This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Letter. There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—A. G. GOSSETT. Address the People's Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill, and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases, having baffled the skill of all other physicians, are treated successfully with this HEAL THYSELF. out an instance of HEAL THYSELF.

WM. BARBER & BRO. Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT. NEWS, BOOK & FINE PAPERS

IMBRIE'S PRICE TICKETS, 28 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO. Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prizes.

FOR PERFECT FITTING BOOTS & SHOES, Elegant, Comfortable, Durable, call at

W. PICKLES' NOTED SHOE STORE, 328 YONGE STREET. BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

Starch Polish.

For polishing Collars, Shirt Bosoms, Lace Curtains, Cuffs, etc. Putting on the same gives and hard pearl finish as when bought at the store when new, at a cost of only 1 cent per week. Everybody wants it and anyone can tell it. Reasons why: 1st. It enables any woman to polish linen equal to a Chinaman. 2nd. It causes the iron to run smoothly and prevents iron rust. 3rd. It makes old linen look like new. 4th. It gives the linen such a smooth glossy finish, that dust and dirt will not stick to it. 5th. It saves a woman from two to four hours' hard work each week. The polish is packed in a slide box containing 24 lozenges, which will last an ordinary family six months. Terms to agents: Sample by mail, 25c; 1 doz. by express, \$1.25; 6 doz. by express, \$7.12 doz. by express, \$12 JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal, P. Q.

A. P. 2474

FARMS FOR SALE, OHRAF.—A. H. HINDS.—JOHN J. DALRY, Geoloph.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IMPERIAL FRENCH SHOE BLACKING PURE BRIDAYSHES for sale; two cows, two yearling heifers and one bull. Write for description, price and pedigree to G. F. BAKER, Trafalgar.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, 3 miles east of the city of St. Thomas. For particulars address J. J. LEWIS, New Barron, Ont. It is conceded by all that the Dominion Business College, Kingston, is deservedly the most popular business training school in Canada.

MRS. N. G. GREENWOOD Has resumed her business as Ladies' Nurse. Comfortable homes for ladies during convalescence. Residence, No. 5 Bond St., Toronto. Strictly Private.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE—Temperance St., Toronto. Patronage, Gov. Gen. of Canada, Lieut. Gov. of Ontario. The most successful Veterinary Institution in America. Over five hundred graduates in successful practice. All experienced teachers. Session begins Oct. 31st. Fees Fifty Dollars. Principal, PROFESSOR SMITH, V.S.

WATER STAR AUGER WELL BORING has no superior; 30 feet per hour, hand or horse-power combined boring and rock drilling machines; grand cut steel pipes and dipoms. Send for Catalogue. 68 MARY STREET, HAMILTON CANADA

FOR PLEASANT SEWING —USE ONLY—

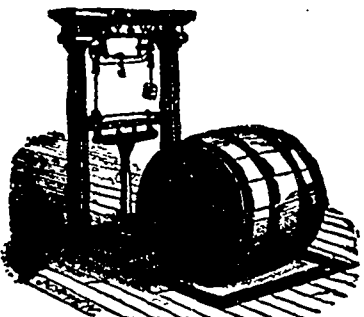
Clapperton's Spool Cotton! Warranted FULL Length, and to run smoothly on an sewing machine. See that CLAPPERTON'S name is on the label. For sale by all Dry-Goods Dealers.

JAMES PARK & SON, Fork Packers, Toronto.

L. O. Bacon, Rolled Spice Bacon, C. O. Bacon, Glasgow Beef Ham, Sugar Cured Ham, Dried Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tongues, Meats, Pickled Tongues, Cheese, Family or Navy Pork, Lard in Tubs and Pails. The Best Brands of English Fine Dairy Salt in Stock.

DEBUMPED DISINFECTANT SACCHARS, placed in Drawers, Trunks, Wardrobes, etc.—They drive away and destroy Moths and other insects, imparting a delightful and delicate perfume to the clothing, carried or worn upon the person they are by their powerful concentrated disinfectant properties, a perfect means of protection against infection of disease, giving off at the same time a most delightful odor; made entirely of satin in assorted colors, very pretty, unique, and neat. Every one should have them. Price 10c. each—three for 25c. Thymo-Oresol Soap, the great English disinfectant toilet soap, awarded the gold medal, London, Eng., 1884. Large cakes, price 15c., or 35c. per box of 3 cakes, sent postage paid to any address upon receipt of price. Address: THYMO-ORESOL COMPANY, 789 Craig St., Montreal. Circulars and descriptions of our English Thymo-Oresol preparations mailed free on application. Agents wanted. Write for terms.

GURNEY & WARE'S STANDARD SCALES



Are the Best. Attended by 11 Fair Exhibitions. In use in the Dominion, than of all other makes combined. Hay, Stock and Coal Scales, Farmers' Grains and Dairy Scales, Grocers' and Butchers' Scales, Scales for Domestic Use.

Housekeepers, Consult Your Best Interests

By purchasing a scale, and in buying one be sure to get the best. Our scales are fully warranted in every particular. All sizes Railroad, Warehouse and Mill Trucks, Alarm Money Drawers. For sale by the Hardware Trade generally. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List forwarded upon application.

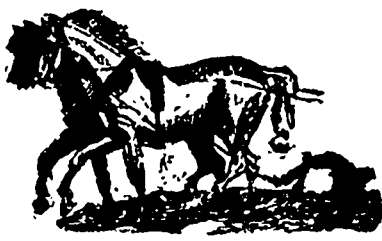
GURNEY & WARE HAMILTON. Warehouses—Montreal and Winnipeg.

MRS. DR. L. K. SHAW'S WONDERFUL Moth and Fleckle Lotion, removes Fleckles, Moth Patches, Saltiness, &c., in 10 Days; Cures Pimples, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, all Skin Diseases and Faulty Complexion; removes and prevents Premature Wrinkles, renders the skin extremely youthful like—perfect in purity and true loveliness, not equalled in the world. Warranted free from every injurious ingredient; has stood the test for over 30 years. Particulars, So. Mrs. Dr. L. K. Shaw's Canadian Depository, Toronto, Canada.

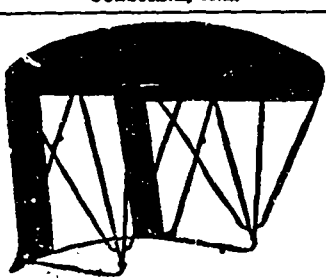
CUT THIS OUT! The New Co-Operative Sewing Machine!

—IS THE— BEST IN THE MARKET. NEW STAND! NEW FURNITURE! Latest Improved Attachments Agents price for similar machine \$80 Our price only \$25 each.

Before buying send us stamp for our elegant photo and sample of sewing. Machines guaranteed for three years and sent or Any lady who as a machine will do well to write to The Co-Operative Sewing Machine Co., 22 JAMES ST. SOUTH, HAMILTON.



Coleman's Improved Plough Harness ADAPTED TO ORCHARD WORK. No whiffletrees to injure trees. Easy on man and team. Working qualities guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Price, \$10 without collars and bridles. DEWEY & CO., COLBORNE, ONT.



BUY THE IMPROVED CONBOY Carriage Tops AS THEY ARE THE MOST STYLISH, CONVENIENT, AND MOST DURABLE TOP IN THE MARKET.

There are over Twenty Thousand of these Tops now in use, and are giving better satisfaction than any other. The manufacturer of these Celebrated Carriage Tops, owns more patents for improvements, and makes a greater variety than any other firm in Canada or the United States.

THEY ARE FOR SALE BY ALL THE LEADING CARRIAGE BUILDERS AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED BY ANY THAT IN ANY WAY APPROACH THEM IN QUALITY.

FACTORY & SALEMROOM, 407 to 413 King St. West, TORONTO.

A SUCCESS AGAINST ALL PREJUDICE Williams' Eye Water has proved itself a success by all who have used it; according to directions, if their eyes were curable, as will be seen by the undoubted certificates. It cured me, 8 years blind, could not see; Alexander Ward; 6 years blind; Jas. A. McKel; 4 years blind; John Duffour; 33 years blind and now I see, John Leonard. Ask your druggist for it. Wholesale—Lorain Ross & Co., 204 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Rupture Cured By CHAS. OLIVIER'S PREPARED SPIRIT TRUSS. Send 6c. Stamp for Book on Rupture and Human Frame. This truss, without doubt, the best ever offered to the public, and its increasing sales over all others prove this fact. Do not be misled by parties offering inferior articles but send direct to CHAS. OLIVIER. I send my Truss all over the continent. CHAS. OLIVIER, Surgical Machine, 218 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE.

QUEEN CITY OIL WORKS AGAIN VICTORIOUS! HIGHEST HONORS AND GOLD MEDAL FOR Peerless Oil

At Toronto. Every Barrel Guaranteed. This Oil was used on all the Machinery during the Exhibition. It has been awarded SIX GOLD MEDALS during the last three years. See that you get PEERLESS. It is only made by

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.

\$10 Reward for the Conviction

Of Dealers who Sell in McCOLL'S Superior Oil of Other Manufacture for

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

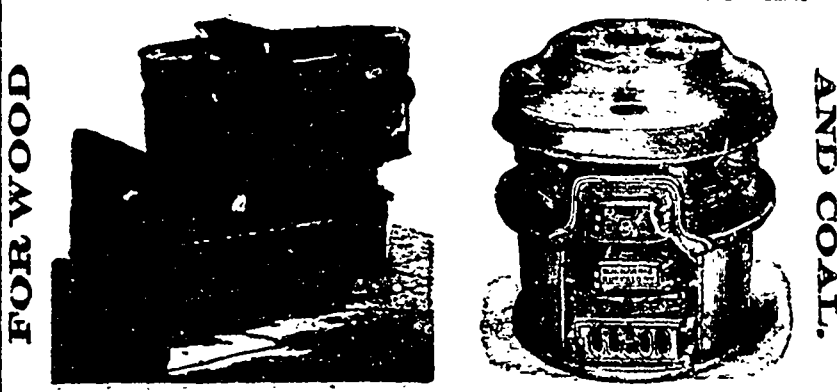
Eureka, Cylinder, Bolt Cutting & Wool Oils. For sale by all leading dealers. McColl Bros. & Co. Toronto.

THE "SUN BEAM" WRINGER! ONLY \$3.00.

THE CHEAPEST IN THE MARKET. Warranted first-class, or money refunded. Send direct to manufacturers, or procure from your Hardware or House-Furnishing dealer. ONLY \$3.00. CLOTHES WRINGERS OF ALL KINDS. "Royal Canadian," "Imperial," "King," also Mangles, Two Roller and Three Roller. Write for particulars.

Hamilton Industrial Works Co., Manufacturers, Hamilton, Can.

Examine Their Superior Merit!! GURNEY'S NEW HARRIS HOT AIR FURNACES



The Most Effective, Clean, Durable and Economical Heaters in the Market for warming and ventilating Churches, Schools, Public Buildings, Stores and Private Residences. Simple in construction and easily managed, capable of giving more heat with less consumption of fuel than any other heating apparatus. Absolutely Gas Tight. Ten sizes are made and can be set either in Brick or Portable Form. Correspondence solicited. For Catalogues and further information address,

THE E. & C. GURNEY CO. (LIMITED.) HAMILTON.

LADIES,

\$6 Will buy a **Black Gros Grain Silk Dress** at **PETLEYS'**.

\$9 Will buy a **Colored Gros Grain Silk Dress** at **PETLEYS'**.

\$9 Will buy a **Superior, Heavy, Black Gros Grain Silk Dress** at **PETLEYS'**.

\$12 Will buy a very **Superior and Extra Heavy Black Gros Grain Silk Dress** at **PETLEYS'**.

High Class Dress and Mantle Making a Specialty.

Petley & Petley,

KING ST. EAST, OPPOSITE THE MARKET,

T O R O N T O.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

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

THE OINTMENT

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

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,

75 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON.

And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

SIMPLE,

STRONG,

SILENT.



SWIFT,

SURE,

PERFECT.

The Best Sewing Machine in the world—the Light-running

N E W H O M E

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

The Light Running NEW HOME is acknowledged by all to be the best machine in the market. Why is this? Because it never gets out of order—consequently it is a pleasure for a lady to work it.

FACTORY AT ORANGE, MASS. THE NEW HOME CO., 29 Union Square, N.Y.

O. GENTLEMAN, General Agent,

545 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

\$ 9 . 0 0 .

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCH

Men's Size, in 5-1/2 Coin Silver Open Face Dust Proof Cases—same movement in Hunting Cases, \$10.00.

INDIAN CLOCK.



PALACE JEWELLERY ESTABLISHMENT.

Sent per mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, or will send by express, C. O. D., on receipt of Fifty Cents, allowing the privilege of examining the Watch before paying. Accompanying each watch will be our full guarantee for Twelve Months.

Kent Bros., Wholesale & Retail Jewellers, 168 Yonge Street, Toronto.

REVERSIBLE WOVEN

WIRE DOOR MATS!



(Patented April, 1894.)

MANUFACTURED BY THE **TORONTO WIRE MAT CO., LIMITED.**

FACTORY, 38 SCOTT STREET.

SALE ROOM, 34 KING STREET EAST.

} TORONTO.

Our Mats are specially adapted for Railways, Street Cars, Steamboats, Hotels, Offices, Stores, Jewellers' Shops, Private Residences, and, in fact, any place where cleanliness is desired.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that our REVERSIBLE WOVEN WIRE MATS are far more durable, cleaner, and answer the purpose better than any other Mat in the Market.

No more dirty Mats to shake, thereby filling lungs with dust. Our WIRE MATS clean themselves.

No more muddy carpets to make the wife cross, as mud will not adhere to the feet while passing over our WIRE MATS.

No more dirty snowballs dropping off the heels on the parlor carpet, as the hardest ice or snowball can be easily removed by using our WIRE MAT. In fact it is impossible to give an idea of the great benefit to be derived by all that secure our WIRE MATS, as the thousands of purchasers already will testify.

The only drawback, from our standpoint, is that our WIRE MATS will not wear out, so it stands without a rival as to Cleanliness, Durability, Beauty and Cheapness.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

34 KING ST. EAST.