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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 6, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 244.

WHO WILL GET IT?

The beautiful city residences which is to be awarded to the sender of the middle correct answer of the competition now running, is situated on Ross Street, in this city. The number is 12, not 22, as was stated in error last week. Ross Street is one of the most desirable residence streets in the city; it is boulevarded, block-paved, well lighted, well drained, etc., and the buildings in the street are exceptionally fine. No. 12 is one of the finest houses in the locality; it is well-built, is supplied with water, gas, and all modern conveniences, and is at present let at a rental of \$22 per month.

In the present competition there are also a number of other valuable and costly presents offered, and which are given as a premium to those who will subscribe at once for TRUTH.

One dollar only required for a four months' subscription, with the possibility of securing at least one of the handsome premiums.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Inoculation for cholera will soon become as common as inoculation for small-pox. May it prove equally as successful! It may yet turn out that the late discoveries in regard to cholera microbes can be turned to such excellent advantage that a cholera visitation will give little cause of alarm. In some parts of Europe thousands are being inoculated this year, and it is therefore quite probable that the practical value of what is yet but an experiment will soon be put to the test. The whole world has an interest in these experiments, and the whole world will have reason to rejoice if they prove anything like as successful as their advocates expect.

The discoverer, Dr. Forran, has inoculated over four thousand persons, and the process has thus far proved a complete protection against the disease. One inoculation gives immunity from the disease for three months, and a second within a week insures efficacy for a longer period. A commission has been sent from England to Valencia, the province mentioned, to test the efficiency of the new discovery, and will be looked for with very great interest.

The Franchise Bill is being advanced step by step through the House. At present the indications are that it will be passed. Whilst it is perhaps true that a good deal of the opposition which the introduction of this measure has looked is traceable to partisan zeal, there is not a shadow of doubt but that to a large section of the people of both political parties the Bill is exceedingly obnoxious. Standing, as TRUTH does, free and untrammelled amid the roar and din of party strife, there are plainly discernable through the smoke of the conflict several very objectionable fea-

tures. The Bill may not be the "enormous iniquity" and "atrocious outrage" which the Opposition press describe it, yet in some of its clauses it is a retrograde measure.

In Ontario the new Bill would certainly disfranchise a large number who can now vote under the Provincial Act. The raising of the property qualification is a grievous error, and it is to be hoped the Government will amend this clause before passing the measure. A genuine extension of the franchise is much to be desired, and if Sir John is sincere in his expressed intentions he will not push the Bill through the House without making the qualification at least as low as that of the Ontario Act.

Dr. Charles Pelham Mulvaney, of Toronto, breathed his last on Sunday evening last. His name was well known in Canadian literary circles, and TRUTH readers have been supplied almost weekly with his poems or essays for some time past. A much respected correspondent writes:—"On May 20th Dr. Mulvaney invited in a few of his friends, myself among the number, to share his kind hospitality. It was the evening of his fiftieth birthday. Little did we think, as we listened to his rich conversation, that the speaker would be soon silent—silent forever. Dr. Mulvaney was an Irishman by birth, but he used to say, a Canadian by adoption. He studied and graduated at Dublin University, taking there the degrees of M. A. and M. D. He possessed an extraordinary power of conversation, a very retentive memory, and an endless scope of brilliant poetic fancies—woman-hearted, kindly and genial. He had a large circle of kindly acquaintances. He was an industrious and versatile writer, with a very fine literary taste. Several published volumes of his writings, in prose and poetry, will tend to long keep his memory green."

A melancholy but apposite quotation from modern lyric poetry begins with the words: "When the enterprising burglar is aburging." The burglar business is being boomed in this city. The police and detectives indulge in a gay and festive indifference to their proceedings; indeed, if it were not for the comic effect produced, we shall be forced to regard its maintenance as a superfluous luxury. Brave, yet not incurably foolhardy, is the citizen who beholds the blank, dark circle of a revolver's mouth aimed at his left eye, which the burglar plagiarizes from the oft-repeated quotation, "Your money or your life." The enterprising burglar is like Scott's Melrose Abbey, to appreciate him aright you must "see him by the pale moonlight." You may see burglars, or, at least, equally dishonest persons, who prey on society, in plenty by daylight. You may see them in the City Council, and at the Board of Trade, and yet you shall know no fear. But at 3 a.m. the abhorrence of the character of one who confounds the grand distinction between *meum et tuum*, is heightened by the thought that the finger on the

revolver's trigger may be a nervous finger; that some slight reflex action may hasten it, perhaps, fatal pressure. It is much to be wished that the enterprising burglar should be subjected to, at least, some of the restrictions which conventional decency imposes on the no less enterprising banker.

Matters in our Canadian House of Parliament drag drearily along, and none can tell what the present session may bring forth. It is nearly five months since the present session opened, and it looks as though another five months may pass before it closes. Of course all the fighting and delay is over the new Government Franchise Bill. The Government appears determined to put that Bill through this session in spite of all opposition and all expostulations to the contrary. Of course it is well enough aware that it has at its back a well-trained and well-trying majority strong enough for the purpose. The Opposition is determined to put every possible obstruction in the way of the passage, hoping that something may turn up in its favor in the meantime. Whether such a policy is a wise or successful one, time will demonstrate. There can be no doubt but the Bill is strongly disapproved of by a large portion of the people as an unnecessary measure, and dangerous in some of its most important provisions. The independent press of Canada appears to be unanimously against it. As the debate goes on the Government have yielded in some of the most objectionable features, but they evidently will not yield to the plea that no such measure is required at all, and that it will be well enough to go on using the Provincial voters' lists in the Dominion elections, just as has been done ever since we had a Dominion. TRUTH's decided conviction is that it is unfortunate the Bill was ever introduced at all, and that the time and wisdom of Parliament could be well spent on measures of more importance to the well being of the people than in providing the second entire set of machinery in preparing a second list of electors every year.

The Senate, on Wednesday of last week, did all it could to destroy the efficiency of the Scott Act as a real prohibitory measure by inserting an amendment authorizing the sale of wine and beer where the Act may be in force. This is about the only thing the Senate has done during the entire year to attract public attention, and for the public good this act of theirs must be undone again by the House of Commons. Of course this amendment must be adopted by the Commons before it can become law, and TRUTH has no idea whatever that the Commons will do anything of the kind. The Commons is amenable to public opinion, and that public opinion is in favour of the Scott Act as it stands, prohibiting the sale of all intoxicants, the most undoubted evidence has been given by the result of the many votes taken regarding its adoption. The test vote in the Senate on the amendment stood 31 to 20. A parliamentary correspondent says of the 20 favouring the integrity of

the Act, eleven were Reformers and nine Tories, and the 31 voting the other way consisted of two Reformers and twenty-nine Tories. The only member of the Government voting on the question in the Senate is the Hon. Minister of Justice, Sir Alexander Campbell,—a decided opponent to the Act as it now stands.

TRUTH is frequently receiving letters and criticisms for publication without the authors' names, or any guarantee from whom they came. It is simply a waste of time and postage stamps to send such to this office, as they are sure to find their way into the waste basket. Writers need hardly expect TRUTH to father their brats when they are so reluctant to father them themselves. So long as correspondents express their own convictions in a courteous way, and are willing to do so over their own signature, a good deal of latitude in discussion and in expression of even unpopular views is allowed, but unless these conditions are observed TRUTH would rather be excused than give them publicity in its pages. This note of explanation may be of interest to a good many correspondents who see or hear nothing about what has been sent here for publication. Will all concerned please make note of it!

Matters appear to be getting down to a dead level. Democratic basis in the United States. Mind and muscle appear to be nearly equally honored, but muscle has the best of it a good many times. The prize-fighter is said to be able to command more money, wear bigger diamonds, drive faster horses, and command a larger array of admirers than the prizemen of the best universities. A Boston authority says that the President of time-honored Harvard University gets about the same salary as the head cook in the Parker House restaurant. It is a well known fact that the champion base ball player goes to the front in point of salary and compliments before the leading editor or minister. Of course there is "a moral" in all this, as there should be in all good stories, and it is this: skill in almost every department of life, good or bad, is held in high estimation. TRUTH readers will please note the fact.

The indications are that it will require a good deal of able statesmanship and a good deal of skilful diplomacy to prevent a war between England and Russia even yet. It is evident enough that Russia has very covetous designs on India, and extension in that direction, and with its proverbial disregard to treaty obligations and solemn promises, not much reliance can be placed in any arrangements she may enter into, whenever it may suit her purpose to break faith. Dealing with such a nation, regarding such a matter, is a serious and difficult task. A less cautious and peace-loving Premier than Gladstone would soon have our nation involved in a great war, but whether even he will be able to avert it seems still a matter of a good deal of uncertainty.

Truth's Contributors.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH RIEL?

BY EDWARD COLLINS.

Since the date of the capture of this murderous crank every one has been asking: What is to be done with him? At first the question was answered in this way: "He will be declared insane." Then some wiseacre in the editorial columns of a Toronto newspaper said that owing to lack of evidence the rebel will more than likely find a loop-hole for escape. Some declare that "Sir John has him now and does not know what to do with him." One and all seem to be pretty generally agreed that the arch-traitor will escape the tolls.

Now with due deference to all these wise people, I do not think that he will escape. I know of nothing more humanly probable than that this man will die the death of a felon and traitor. It must be remembered that his escape after the first rebellion was due to a technical difficulty arising out of plenipotential powers claimed by Monseigneur Tache. That gentleman had been called home from the Ecumenical Council in Rome, and dispatched to Red River, delegated with authority by the Canadian Government to grant an unconditional pardon to one and all, Riel included, concerned in the uprising. When these powers were conferred the murder of Scott had not been perpetrated; and, with strange short-sightedness, Sir John Macdonald and Joseph Howe, neglected to impress Monseigneur that it was possible some crimes had been committed of which they had not heard, or might be committed, for which they could not offer an unconditional pardon. While the bishop was on his way to Red River, Riel caused Thomas Scott to be taken out on the snow and shot like a dog. The Bishop felt disposed to be shocked at the occurrence on arriving at his Riviere Range, but *perce* Richot, a very violent clergyman, assured him that shooting served the rowdy Scott just right. His Lordship at once proclaimed an amnesty. Subsequently the Fenians threatened an invasion of Manitoba, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Adams Archibald, became terribly alarmed and lost his head. Riel promptly offered to call out the whilome rebellious Metis to assist His Honor in repelling the invaders. "I accept your offer *avec le plus grand plaisir*," replied the Lieutenant-Governor. And when the panic was ended his Honor went out in front of the rebel lines and shook hands with Riel and with his bloody Lieutenant, Lepine. In the face of the amnesty then, and of the acceptance of the man's aid by an executive officer of the crown, it was found impossible to proceed to the end of the law against the traitor.

The case is very different now. He has been once again guilty of high treason, and without amnesty or promise of amnesty has fallen into the hands of our officers. Various foolish surmises have been published as to how the man is to be tried. He will simply be tried for high treason. It has been said that it may be difficult to prove that he incited to revolt, or had any part in leadership; and that, therefore, it may be impossible to regard him as a prime offender. This is nonsense. In high treason everyone concerned is a principal. His presence among Dumont's men, or among rebellious Indians, with the function of powder-monkey, would make him as amenable to the vengeance of the law as if he had been proclaimed president of the whole gang of blood-hounds. But there will be very little difficulty in proving virtual leadership against him, should evidence of formal

leadership fail. Contemporaneous with his prowling through Prince Albert last summer were the first mutterings of revolt. And the other day when news reached the painted savages that Riel was captive, terms of capitulation at once came from the insurgents, and the war whoop ceased. Within a few hours after the skulking chief had been placed in Middleton's camp, there was not a half-breed—save the few under Dumont—who was not scurrying off to surrender himself. No; it will be impossible for Mr. Landry, M.P., or *Le Metis*, or the expert in Beauport to wipe out these facts.

Once more, it may be asked, does this man's offense constitute high treason? Treason consists in this: "If a man do levy war against our King in his realm. This may be done under pretense to reform religion or the laws or to remove evil councillors or other grievances whether real or pretended." It is war against the sovereign, even though no designs be entertained against his person.

As to the plea of insanity, this Dominion is not going to tolerate any such subterfuge. It is provided, in case of a plea for insanity, that, in order to establish innocence, there must be "a total deprivation of reason." Riel is a deep, wily villain, whose intellect is perfectly sound, save for a diseased vanity which, among other things, is always seeking for notoriety. Let justice, now, dispose of its business as quickly as possible.

THE CANADIAN HOME OF ROBERT DE LA SALLE.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

NO. IX.

Sometime between the years 1609 and 1615, Champlain, then Governor of French Canada, established three fur trading posts, one at Tadoussac, one at Three Rivers, the other at the head or the Rapids, at Lower Lachine, eight miles above Montreal. This was done thirty years before the foundation of Montreal in 1642, by Maisonneuve, and a dozen to fifteen years previous to the formation of the company of the "One Hundred Associates."

The post at Lachine, being just below the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, became the most important trading post in the colony, and was periodically visited, spring and fall, by the various tribes of Indians living on the shores of the Upper Ottawa and the Lakes emptying into the St. Lawrence, to sell or to exchange their furs.

About fifty years after the establishment of the post at Lachine, there landed, sometime during the year 1668, on the spot where the foundation of Montreal had been laid some twenty-five years previous, a youth from Old France, in his 24th year, of manly form and noble bearing, whose calm exterior bespoke one who would shrink from no danger, and who would cling with unflinching tenacity to any course he might espouse. This youth was Robert de La Salle, who for twenty-one years acted a most conspicuous part in the early history of Canada, and of this whole northern continent of America.

La Salle, in quest of new discoveries and with the hope of finding a Water Way through Canada to China, travelled and re-travelled over the then unbroken forests of the great west, and traversed and re-traversed—or rather coasted—in his frail Indian canoe, all of our vast inland lakes, and westward and southward by the Ohio, the Mississippi and the then other unknown rivers, in search of the great object of his ambition, until he met his death, in March, 1687, somewhere, we believe, on the banks of the Missouri.

The present article is not to deal with La Salle's discoveries or explorations—these are matters of history—but simply to point out a spot, an old-landmark, nearer our own home, of which few, probably not one in a thousand of the inhabitants of Montreal, is aware. It is the Canadian home of Robert de La Salle—the home in which he had lived for some four years of his early Canadian life, and in which he planned and matured the great schemes which engrossed the last sixteen years of his life.

Champlain died in 1635, and about the year 1644, the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice acquired, or had granted to them, the Island of Montreal as Seigneurs. La Salle, shortly after his arrival, acquired from the Seminary of St. Sulpice a grant of land at Lower Lachine, as Seigneur, which included the trading post established by Champlain; this served him for the purpose of a Seignior house, a trading post and a fort. On the Lower Lachine Road, two miles above the Lachine rapids, just at the head of the "New Inland Cut" of the Montreal water works, on the "Fraser Homestead Farm," adjoining the old "English King's Posts," (which was also part of the La Salle estate) stands an old stone building, sixty feet fronting on the road, and some thirty feet deep, one storey and a half high.

The inside has a cellar, two floors and a garret, the walls are pierced for over thirty gun or loop holes, which are quite perfect inside, but the outside of them (the gun holes) has, from time to time, been plastered over to keep out the cold, to protect it for the uses to which this old building has been turned in later years. The first floor is a good deal broken up, having been used for many years as a cider house; the old mill and cider presses are still there. The outside walls still present a fair appearance, except the east gable end which is a little separated at the top from the main building. The inside timbers are nearly as sound today as when built, except where rain has reached them.

This was the home of Robert de La Salle! A name dear to all Canadians. How few now know of its existence, and fewer still of its whereabouts! Its walls have withstood the rough blasts of nearly three centuries. The waters of the St. Lawrence still glide quietly by it as of old—but the rich furladen fleets of Indian canoes no longer visit that spot—nor is the merry song of the Canadian voyageur now heard there. Those days are gone!

This post at Lachine was the semi-annual resort of the Indian tribes from their far distant hunting grounds to exchange their furs with La Salle, and it is on record that a band of Seneca Indians, with their chief, spent a whole winter with him at his home.

The tread of passing armies, French or English, with their contingents of Indian warriors, "all painted and feathered," on their march westwards or homewards to Montreal, was a familiar sound there, and of frequent occurrence in the olden time. This was the point of embarkation by batteau or canoe westward, before the building of the Lachine canal, and resulted in the establishment of the English "King's Posts" there shortly after the cession of Canada.

Connected with his home La Salle reserved 420 acres of land as a homestead for himself. This comprised the present Fraser Homestead and the two adjoining farms, which also, until lately, belonged to the Fraser Homestead. He also reserved a common of 200 acres. This common remained intact until the year 1835. When it was parcelled out and divided among the neighboring farmers.

As a protection from the Indians, La

Salle built, or possibly in the days of Champlain, there was built a stone wall ten to twelve feet high, three acres in front, fronting on the road, and about five acres, running north, on the east side of his home. The remains of this old wall may still be seen. Within this enclosure was planted an orchard of the choicest pears, apples, and other fruits from old France. This old orchard only fell into decay within the past fifty years; its final destruction occurred in 1859, during the intense cold of that winter.

The foregoing is a short description of one of the most interesting landmarks of Canada. It is the oldest building now standing in Canada. The writer's grandfather visited this old place over one hundred years ago, and some twenty-five years later became the purchaser of the Fraser Homestead farm, on which the Canadian home of Robert de La Salle still stands and may be seen.

This old building has a history stretching far into and over the bygone centuries of early Canadian days. Long before the foundation stone was laid in the queenly city of Montreal, with its now noble structures and princely mansions basking under the shade of our stately Mount Royal—long before a parish church bell was heard in the ancient town of Ville Marie, summoning the little bands of devout worshippers to their early matins—long before those early days of Canadian history, did this old building stand, as it now stands, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the Lachine rapids.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY TIMES—NOVA SCOTIA.

BY DR. J. W. HANFORD, QUEBEC.

The fall of Louisburg was the last throes in the struggle which gave birth to New Scotland. And contemporaneous history shows what a terrible time it was all over the world, when the first efforts were being put forth by the French to make something permanent of Acadia. Perhaps there is no period in the history of modern times so full of historical phenomena as the first half of the seventeenth century—the epoch during which the pioneers of New France were undertaking the severe task of laying the foundations of a new principality in the west. For instance, in England there was to be witnessed the great contest between liberty and prerogative, ending with a scene the darkest in English history—the execution of a king of England on the public scaffold. In France, the assassination of Henry IV. by the fanatic Ravalliac opened the way for the ambitions of Richelieu and the terrible wars which they excite. In Germany, the thirty years' war, in ruin the trade of the country and in crushing the people under a burden of taxation, crippled the already debilitated power of the emperor and cut up the empire into a multitude of petty states. And so it was in other countries. Spain was in an unsettled state from the cruel eccentricities of Philip II. Sweden was all excitement, under the brave Adolphus, who had need of all his bravery in checking the simultaneous aggressions of three powerful states: Russia was convulsed by the murder of the Czar, by the appearance of several pretenders to the throne and by the horrible outrages of the invading Tartars; Poland was being overwhelmed by the united attack of six of her most dangerous enemies, and saw her king forced to flee to a neighboring state for protection: an even little Denmark, who hardly dared call her mind her own, in the midst of such turmoil all over Europe, was violently disturbed by the unseemly strife between her nobles and the common people. Nor is this all. The commotion did not confine itself

to the quarrels of kings and nations and the ambitious cruelties of men. The whole earth seemed to be convulsed in some strange manner, as if nature herself had joined in the turmoil, or as if Providence was violently regulating the affairs of the world at this period more than at any other. Hardly a country escaped the various plagues which continued for a time to decimate the people. Fierce tempests swept over England, attended with such destruction to life and property that men began to think events were foreshadowing a final dissolution of all things. Some of the phenomena can only be explained by a reference to the prevailing ignorance and superstition of the period. Marvellous appearances were said to have filled the heavens. One day the sun hid his face, when neither earth nor moon could be the cause of the eclipse, and at another time it appeared accompanied by two twin-like suns, halved by no less than three rainbows. The apparition of an armed host was said to have been seen in the sky, while earthquakes shook to their foundations many of the towns in England and Scotland, and noises were heard rumbling through the air as of armies on the march.

Such were some of the events and appearances contemporaneous with the troubles attending the infancy of Acadia. The cruelties of the New Englanders, in their exterminating attacks upon the Acadian settlements, and the still more cruel reprisals by the Indians make up a chapter of violence which might have been read at the time in every other part of the world. What we may now wonder at is how the country ever developed to the point to which the Acadians brought it. Farming and fighting were than all the time paying an antagonistic game, and when we read the whole story of the contest, and look at the impress the French really left upon Nova Scotia, we cannot but praise the industry, patience and long suffering patriotism which manifested themselves at this early period in the country's history.

In June of the year 1749, and in May of the year 1783, there occurred, however, two events which have had a most remarkable influence in developing the Canadian provinces by the sea as flourishing English colonies. These involved the founding of what are now their two largest cities, Halifax and St. John. After the consummation of the treaty of Aux-la-Chapelle, the colonial policy underwent a change. The expense of defending a country in which there was only a handful of English-speaking subjects, led British statesmen to consider what steps ought to be taken to improve the country, so as to make it more attractive to immigrants. The capturing and dismantling of the French forts had brought some glory to British arms, but everybody felt that conquest should be followed by colonization. Up to this time the English communities in Nova Scotia had made little or no progress. From the time when James I. had granted to his favourite, Sir William Alexander, the greater portion of the Maritime Provinces, the policy had been one of subjugation and subsequent restoration. The country had been no sooner reduced by British arms than it was restored to the French, whenever the two mother-lands had settled their disputes and European quarrels. One year the English settler became the privileged party, and next year all his privileges were set aside by the French, once more dominant. Indeed, in England there never had been any well-defined policy in regard to the future of Nova Scotia. Englishmen knew of Nova Scotia only as a French colony—a part of New France adjacent to New England.

But in 1749, the colony of Nova Scotia

which included at the time the territory now comprised within the Maritime Provinces, or rather all Acadia except Cape Breton, was finally secured to Britain. There was to be no more ceding of the country to France. A scheme to encourage immigration was set on foot, and readily received the sanction of the British ministry, though perhaps even yet their readiness in accepting the scheme could be traced to another cause than the interests of Nova Scotia. David Hume thus refers to the movement:—"As the public generally suffers at the end of a war, by the sudden dismissal of a great number of soldiers and seamen, who have contracted a habit of idleness and finding themselves without employment and the means of subsistence, engage in desperate courses and prey upon the community, it was judged expedient to provide an opening through which these unquiet spirits might exhale, without damage to the commonwealth. The most natural was that of encouraging them to become members of a new colony in North America, which by being properly regulated, supported and improved, might be the source of great advantage to the mother country." Be this as it may, a better prospect was before the young colony. The evils under which the Nova Scotian farmers and fishermen had labored for a hundred years were soon to be attended to. The affairs of the country were thrown into the hands of the Board of Trade and Plantations, which in 1748 was presided over by the Earl of Halifax. An advertisement appeared at this time, under the sanction of George II., in which it was declared that proper encouragement would be given to such of the officers and privates lately dismissed from the land and sea service as were willing to settle in the colony of Nova Scotia. This had the desired effect. The tide of immigration began to flow. Cornwallis arrived in Chebucto Harbor in 1749, and was accompanied or followed by nearly three thousand families the first season. Halifax became the successful rival of Annapolis. New companies of immigrants arrived every year. Dartmouth, situated on the opposite side of the harbor from Halifax, sprang up as a thriving village, and English and Irish settlers spread over the adjacent districts. A district judiciary was established for the province, including a supreme court, a county court, and the court of general sessions, and in 1758 the first meeting of the Legislature took place in Halifax.

In 1759 a proclamation was issued inviting the people of New England to take possession of the farms of the expatriated Acadians, and the invitation was responded to by a large number of farmers who laid the foundation of the towns or villages on the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy. Thus were established the towns of Liverpool, Horton, Amherst, Truro, Newport, and Falmouth. Large numbers of Germans came to Halifax, and an English settlement was formed at Margerville on the River St. John. People from the neighborhood of Boston took farms near the marsh lands of Sackville and Cumberland. In a word, over the whole province, there sprang up little communities, which in later times have developed into places of some importance. A new and cheering chapter in the history of colonial progress was opened. Nova Scotia had at last become an English colony in more than name. The epoch of ever-recurring change and appeal to arms had passed. And what improved matters all the more rapidly lay in the fact that very many of the settlers were farmers of experience. The most of them had the characteristics of useful and respectable members of society. They knew already what it was to struggle with a will against difficulties and dangers. The New England

immigrant knew what it was to reduce the wildest forest land to a state of order and cultivation; and around their new homes, on the hillside of some Nova Scotian valley, by the shore of some New Brunswick river, or in full view of the golden sand of a Prince Edward Island bay, their industry in time has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

THE COMING EPIDEMIC.

BY ISAIAH BYDER, M. D.

In view of the approach of the hot weather, cholera is almost certain to prevail as an epidemic. Certain precautions in reference to sanitation would lessen the severity of such a visitation very much. The council should make no delay in passing a by-law compelling all house-holders who at present have cess-pool closets to substitute the dryash system therefor; and the Commissioner's men and the police should be authorized to inspect premises, and leave printed instructions for improvising and properly managing this system of closet management.

A paragraph from *Graphic* relates how a devoted sister saved her brother, who was a medical student, after he had been given up by his physician, and life flickered for many hours before any change for the better was apparent. In this case it would appear that no medicine was given. This is a most important point in the treatment of this disease, as they tend to divert the circulation to the already disturbed alimentary passage; while friction and hot applications to the surface tend to relieve the under pressure upon this as well as the liver and other internal organs.

Arrangements are being made for furnishing trained nurses who will attend such as desire to be treated on this much safer plan of surface-rubbing and hot applications so advantageously carried out by Mr. Smedley, of Millbank, England.

His plan consists in withholding all medicines and stimulants, and substituting them for copious and frequent draughts of warm water which operates as both emetic and cathartic, freeing the system from all excessive accumulation of bilious and fecal matter; accompanied by the application of heavy woolen blankets wrung out of hot water, followed by a momentary application of cold sponge, champooing and vigorous rubbing with linen or hair mitts, followed by the warm hand.

As an illustration of the importance of rapid depuration by rapid breathing and perspiration combined, I mention the case of a gentleman from Birmingham, Eng., a Mr. Arnold, who was exposed to small-pox by visiting a friend who was suffering from that disease. He had all the symptoms of small-pox that usually present themselves before the pimples appear. And, though he felt quite indisposed, put on an overcoat, and ran a mile and a-half, inducing thorough perspiration, and, on returning, drank largely of warm drink, and took his bed with several extra quilts to induce further perspiration. He slept, and on awaking an attendant shampooed and bathed him before retiring for the night. He slept well, and had no further symptoms of the disease.

A short time since a gentleman in Parkdale was prostrated with inflammation of the lungs. The family doctor was called, and the case got worse, when a more experienced doctor was called, and both gave him up to die. At this stage two elder brothers took the case in hand. A boiler of hot water was taken to the room, heavy blankets were run through a clothes-wringer adjusted on the side of a wash-tub, and applied. These were frequently changed, and

very soon he was better, and a perfect recovery rewarded them for their work.

Some nine or ten years ago the writer was in Hull, opposite Ottawa, and was exposed to small-pox three times in a single forenoon. Entering a house each time in which was a fully developed case, the last of which the patient had died that morning. No other precaution was taken except to run vigorously for a half mile after each exposure, and no further results followed; the weather being warm rapid perspiration ensued each time.

When epidemics of cholera appear, there are always many persons who are so loaded with impurities that they are almost certain to succumb to an attack. Those who are past middle age, with purple noses, soft, flabby muscles, a heavy deposit of adipose tissue in the region of the abdomen, etc., are very likely to succumb, as their tissues are so poorly vitalized that it is impossible for them to accomplish the work of purification.

The safe plan is for all such to confine themselves to a water-diet, consisting of thin porridge, lemonade, canned fruits, etc., and to take as much exercise as will induce fatigue and sound sleep at night. A few weeks of such discipline will so renovate their systems and blood as to exempt them from all danger of an attack of cholera.

ABOUT BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. THOMAS HADDON, WELLINGTON, N. C.

As I have been requested to give some information respecting this Province, I need not make any apology for the appearance of this in TRUTH.

ation in 1871. It is the most westerly Pro-

British Columbia entered the Confederation—bordering on the Pacific ocean and having a coast line of 600 miles in a straight line, but were the many indentations and bays taken into consideration it would extend to several thousands of miles. It is generally admitted that no other member of our great Confederation has resources so rich, varied and inexhaustible, and of its size none need be ashamed. According to the census measurement it contains about 341,305 square miles, and is divided into two parts, viz.: the Islands and the Mainland. Of these islands, Vancouver and Queen Charlotte are the principal.

Vancouver is about 300 miles long, with an average breadth of 60 miles, therefore it is nearly half the size of England. The province is five times larger than England. It is one hundred and thirty-eight square miles larger than France, and more than the same number larger than the German Empire. A large portion of this vast area is mountainous and not suited to agriculture, but these mountains are not worthless, as rich mineral deposits are found therein.

British Columbia may be called the Golden Province, as it has been noted from its earliest history for gold mining. Silver is found on the Fraser River, Cherry Creek, Omenica, and Prof. Selwyn states that there is every reason to believe that rich mines of silver will be opened in the province. On Lexada Island there is a mountainous mass of iron ore traceable for miles.

In fact, iron is found in many localities, but little attention has been paid to it. Coal is also abundant, both on Vancouver and the mainland. Several mines are being worked on Vancouver Island, and this coal brings the best price in San Francisco market. There are also other minerals, such as copper, galena, mercury, platinum, and bismuth, and even salt is found on some of the small rivers, and on one of the islands.

With capital this Province is capable of

arising to a great manufacturing country, and of becoming a second England. Dr. Dawson, than whom there can be no higher authority on the subject, says: "Mining has been from the first and is likely to continue to be the main industry of British Columbia, around which all others group themselves. In this Province there is about 500 miles in length, with a width of about 400 miles, of the same mountainous and plateau region, which yields all the ores of the Western States and Territories, and has given them such prominence as metalliferous regions. British Columbia as yet can scarcely be said to have more than begun the development of its mining industries."

But although mining will probably be the great industry of the future, agriculture will also take a front rank. There are some fine lands on the flats and in the valleys. Some of these lands produce enormous crops. It is not unusual to get 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, and three and four tons of hay. Of course much labor is necessary to bring these lands under cultivation, but the laborer is well rewarded for his toil in excellent crops, and, in many places, good prices and increase of value of land. For land here is more valuable, and always will be, than in any other part of the Dominion, for several reasons.

As a cattle raising country it can hardly be surpassed. Many have gone into that business, and are coining money nearly as fast as some coal-owners and the hotel-keepers. The great advantage the cattle-owner possesses over the eastern raiser is, that he need not feed his cattle long in winter. Many do not feed at all, but allow them to take their chance. Dr. Dawson says on this subject: "I cannot speak too highly of the grasses and grazing land of the southern part of British Columbia. They are not excelled, if they are even equalled, by any grazing land I know."

THE FISHERIES.

It is also conceded that the fisheries of this country are among the richest in the world. The most important are the salmon—there being five species, which make their way up the Great Fraser for 1,000 miles, many of which weigh from 20 to 45 lbs. There are also oulachans, cod, sturgeon, herring, anchovies, haddock, dog-fish, trout, oysters, seals, and whales.

The settler in British Columbia need never be at a loss for wood for any necessary use, as there is a great variety of the best quality, such as the pine, cedar, tamarac, maple, alder, birch, oak, dogwood, arbutus, poplar, cottonwood, juniper and the mountain ash, and some of them are trees that are trees, there is nothing stingy about them. There is on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, a section of one of these trees 3 feet 4 inches in diameter, cut 20 feet above the ground. The tree from which it was taken was 305 feet high.

THE POPULATION

is made up of several nationalities, and although as a rule they are hardly up to the average in morals, they are a law-abiding people. There is more dissatisfaction respecting the number of Chinese. It is thought by many that the country would not suffer a heavy loss were it to lose a few hundred of the Celestials. And as to the Indians they are remarkable for their peaceable and law-abiding character—though they have grievances which should be attended to by the Government at once. They are largely employed in the salmon fisheries and in seal hunting. Some of them are farmers and cattle raisers, and others are miners. Lord Lorne said of them, when at Victoria: "I believe I have seen the In-

dians of almost every tribe throughout the Dominion, and nowhere can you find any who are so trustworthy in regard to conduct, so willing to assist the white settlers by their labour, so independent and anxious to learn the secret of the white man's power." I believe much of this is due to the labours of the missionaries, especially those employed by the Methodist Missionary Society."

THE CITIES AND TOWNS

are few, but they are growing. Victoria is quite a nice place, having a population of 7,000, and Nanaimo and New Westminster will number about 3,000 each. Steamboats run to these places all the year round and there will be railway communication between Victoria and Nanaimo in less than ten years, and a branch of the Canadian Pacific will run to New Westminster about the same time. The cost of living is higher here than in the East, but it is expected in a year or two it will be much cheaper, as the farming population is increasing rapidly and the necessary supplies for the people will be produced in the Province, and then it is also expected the Canadian Pacific will bring in freight cheaper than the American routes.

However the great permanent attraction of this country is

THE CLIMATE.

Everybody here, excepting the incorrigible grumblers, is in love with it. When coming over the Northern Pacific Railway last summer nearly all with whom I spoke, on hearing I was coming here, said: "It is the best climate in the world." I wondered and doubted, but the more I see of the climate the more I am confirmed in that opinion. I speak particularly of the coast climate. In the interior it is cold and the winters longer. But on the islands and west of the Cascade Range on the mainland no one need wish for a lovelier climate. For two or three months there is a good deal of rain; they cannot, however, be called cold rains, and they are no worse than the fall and spring rains of the east, and thunder is seldom heard. The mercury seldom goes below zero in winter and above 90° in summer. Winter sets in usually about Christmas and spring opens in February or March. Snow fell in December last year and lay three weeks when it was rather cold, but most of January was very mild, with a few light falls of snow.

All February was spring-like. A person in Nanaimo, six miles from here, plucked flowers in the open air on the 5th of that month, and I plucked flowers out of the garden on the 25th.

All March was like June in the east. Roads dry, vegetables growing, and everything spring-like and lovely. April was a little cooler and we had a few light frosts at night, but none to do any serious damage, and beautiful summer weather is being continued during this month (May). Of wild flowers, which are seen everywhere, I never saw such a lovely variety; the children bring them in large bunches nearly every day, which adorn the table, and they appear about as well as the cultivated ones of the east. Respecting the climate of Vancouver Island, Captain Vancouver, its discoverer, gave in 1790 the following general description:—

"The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth, requires only to be enriched by the industry of man, with villages, mansions, cottages and other buildings to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined; while the labor of the inhabitants would be amply rewarded by the bounties

which nature seems ready to bestow on civilization."

Prof Macoun stated before a Committee of Parliament some time ago:—

"The climate of British Columbia west of the Cascades, including Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands, is wonderfully like that of Great Britain, except that the summers are very much drier."

Such a climate and such scenery must attract a large number of people from the east, both as visitors and residents, as soon as railway communication is opened, and that will be next year. They are coming even now. Some may be seen from all the provinces, even from Manitoba, the North-West Territories, the United States and Europe.

The fine climate is already directing the attention of some to an industry that will, I believe, in the near future, rival the leading industries of the present time, viz:

FRUIT GROWING.

This may be made the fruit garden of the Dominion, as fruit ripens earlier here than in any other part of Canada, and as soon as the Canadian Pacific is opened a good market will be opened in the North-West and in the towns and cities of both Ontario and Quebec on the line of that great railway, as well as in the villages and towns that are springing up in this Province, and as fruit can be placed on the market earlier than that of the other provinces, better prices will be obtained, and fruit growing and vegetable raising will be made a grand success. To show how early fruit ripens I need only say that my boy brought in wild strawberries on the 9th of May, and a minister in Nanaimo had in his garden as early as April, peaches as large as a hazel nut.

In consideration of such bright prospects a party here is about to adopt a plan similar to that pretty generally adopted in California, viz.: of securing a quantity of land in a block suitable for fruit-raising, and favorably located, and divide it into ten acre lots and sell them, on time if necessary, to those wishing to go into the business, and enter into arrangements with non-residents to prepare the land and plant fruit trees on reasonable terms, so that comfortable and beautiful homes can be made ready for those who are not prepared to come at once. A lot of that size secured near a town and along with the fruit, a cow or two kept by each family and the milk sold at the rate of ten cents a quart, which is the lowest price charged at present, ought to bring handsome returns. I believe there is no pleasanter and easier way of making a living than that just mentioned and I believe there are several that will avail themselves of such a chance as is here offered. By this plan there is nothing to hinder a poor man from getting a home, for if he cannot pay down anything at the time of purchase, all he need do is to pay the interest in advance—and a person with means, but who is not in a position to come immediately, may have his home made ready. As fruit growing as a business has not yet received much attention there is room for hundreds of families just now to enter upon such an undertaking.

The evidence of Prof. Macoun, the botanist of the Pacific Railway, may be given on the subject:—

"Perhaps there is no better place in the world for raising fruit than in the neighborhood of Victoria. Apples and pears of a very large size are produced in such abundance that the former can hardly be sold at any price. After the railway is built Vancouver will send immense quantities of fruit into the interior, as it can be raised to any extent and of every kind," and Lord Lorne says:—

"There is no reason why British Columbia should not be for the North-West what California is to the States in the supply afforded of fruits. The perfection attained by small fruits is unrivalled, and it is only with the peninsula of Ontario that you would have to compete for the supplies of grapes, peaches, pears, apples, cherries, plums, apricots and currants."

I am not an immigration agent, nor am I paid by any one to give a one-sided account of the country; but if there are any in the east who wish to escape the rigors of a severe winter climate, and who wish to go to a country where health abounds and where life may be enjoyed, I know of no place that I could better recommend than British Columbia, and if I can help anyone in any way, I am willing to do it.

OUR DOG SHOW.

If there is one thing more than another for which Toronto is distinguished over other cities, it is its dog show. I do not refer to the exhibition of a few hundred over-fed dogs at the Horticultural Gardens, but to the much larger exhibition on the streets of Toronto, open all the year round. They are said to number ten to twelve thousand, but only twenty-four hundred are respectable, honest dogs, wearing O. T. P. (city taxes paid) tags. The rest of them represent the exempted classes, such as ministers, judges, and lunatics, who pay no taxes. It may seem very rural and country-like to see the city council paying for sheep-worrying, but they do it every year. Last year they paid \$192 for sheep worried in the city. But this is not the only inconvenience our dog show inflicts on us. Over fifty cases of dog bites occurred in six months, the sufferers being mostly helpless little children. It is impossible to drive through a single street in Toronto without two or three yelping dogs rushing after you. If you mount a bicycle you may still count on a large amount of canine attention in all parts of the city, and many a cyclist has come to grief by running over or trying to avoid this ever-present nuisance.

When windows are open during the warm summer nights the barking and howling of a thousand dogs banishes sleep. This is the true reason why citizens flee from the city as from the plague, and seek rest and quietness at the Island, Niagara, Oakville, etc., where tax collectors and dog catchers do their duty and suppress this nuisance. A friend of the writer's was much disturbed by the nightly barking of a dog. A certain official was consulted as to how to abate the nuisance. The official said he had suffered a similar annoyance. "What did you do?" said the inquirer. "Waited till the dog died," said the official in significant tones, with a twinkle in his eye. The hint was adopted, and the troublesome canine died that night. This is practically the only remedy available. Speaking seriously, the dog nuisance in Toronto is intolerable, and the small sum paid for dog taxes shows gross neglect on the part of assessors or collectors. The solitary dog-catcher wagon is wholly inadequate to cope with the evil, and on the rare occasions when it makes a raid, every loafer in town hoots and pelts it under the nose of the police, who afford the drivers no protection whatever.

"Good morning, Mr. Undertaker. How's business with you?" "Well, it's pickin' up some, thank God."

Pall-bearers were walking away from the grave in which they had deposited a neighbor, when one said to the other, "Well, Mr. Morse, here's where we'll all have to come if we live."

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

In order that we may secure for our Poetry Page the very best productions, and as an incentive to increased interest in this department of TRUTH, we will give each week a prize of FIVE (\$5) DOLLARS to the person sending us the best piece of poetry, either selected or original. No conditions are attached to the offer whatever. Any reader of TRUTH may compete. No money is required, and the prize will be awarded to the sender of the best poem, irrespective of person or place. Address, "Editor Poet's Page, TRUTH Office, Toronto, Canada." Be sure to note carefully the above address, as contributions for this page not so addressed will be liable to be overlooked. Anyone can compete, as a selection, possessing the necessary merit, will stand equally as good a chance of securing the prize as anything original. Let our readers show their appreciation of this liberal offer by a good lively competition each week.

SPECIAL OFFER.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a special prize of ten dollars for the best original poem for "Dominion Day" (July 1st). The contributions are not to exceed 100 lines each, and to be sent in, addressed to Publisher of TRUTH, not later than June 15th.

THE AWARD.

The following touching poem sent by Miss Ella Brock, Bloomfield, Ont., is awarded the prize this week, and \$5 will be paid on application to TRUTH office.

My Lambs.

I loved them so,
That, when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to look,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet—
A little, foedling thing that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best;
And yet, and yet

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms with bitter tears,
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief or fear
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint;
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

At last I turned away!
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam,
I knelt to pray.

"Is it thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh, Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in Heaven!"
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hearted, thou hast given;
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child?
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band,
Like a pale specter there he took his stand
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh, let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint I could not see my darling go;
He had not hidden me farewell, but oh;
I felt farewell.

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame;
Though, could I but have heard him call my name,
"Dear mother!" but in Heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes, thank God I no grief that time shall keep;
No weary years.

Ah! it is well;
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide.
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ah! it is well!

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers they do come to me,
Heaven is not far away.

—For Truth.

Speak Gently.

BY LAURA S. MILLER.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear,
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently; live doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best we may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently; kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have sinned in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
O! win them back again.

Speak gently; He who gave His life,
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, "Peace! be still."

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

A LESSON.

BY SUSAN M. DAY.

Three children to their mother's side had pressed,
And eager voices made their loud acclaim,
Conflicting prayers, imperious request,
Wide differing tastes, that could not be the same.

I marked with wonder, how with patience wise,
Untroubled brow, and loving, gentle smile,
She hears each one, to each she soft replies,
And all their varying wants does reconcile.

One wish she grants, another must deny,
Yet gives the pleader something in its place;
Loves all alike, sees with impartial eye,
And measures gifts to meet each suitor's case.

And thus, when once you said to me, dear friend,
That you believed in God, but not that He
To individual prayers his ear would bend,
Since oft conflicting man's desires must be—

I thought of this sweet mother, and her plan,
How she the children's wants did satisfy,
And learned how God's far wider wisdom can
Most loving grant, and tenderly deny!

Spring Triumphant.

A long farewell to winter,
With all her savage train,
The rattling hail, the driving sleet,
And the howling hurricane;
Spring waves around her magic wand,
And lo! how changed the scene;
The Heaven is bright, the air is bland,
And the earth again is green.

Look forth, ye smiling blossoms,
And greet the wild bees hum;
Awake, ye birds, to love and song,
Your jubilee is come!
Bound on, bound on, thou merry brook,
Nor fear that frosty crown,
Who lately turned her parting look,
And chilled thee into stone.

The Drummer's Baby.

BY HAL REID, IN "CINCINNATI DRUMMER."

He sat in the end of a parlor car,
With his hat pushed back in a careless way,
Thinking, and smoking a good cigar,
On the fast mail train the other day.
When, like a sunbeam, a happy smile
Lit up the lines of his handsome face.
(He knew I'd been watching him quite a while)
And said: "I live at the very next place."
"I was thinking just then of my little girl,
I've been on this trip some time and I'm glad
That I'm going to see my pet, little pearl;
Oh! my, how she'll laugh when shoes her dad,
"Why she"—Good God! 'twas a terrible crash
That our car then made as she jumped the track.
It threw him against the door like a flash,
Crushing his head and breaking his back.
I raised him up, as he whispered to me,
With a tender look in his eyes so mild,
"Kiss me, old fellow; I want you, you see,
To take it from me to my little child."
"Right on your lips," he muttered; "now swear
That nothing shall touch them until its given.
Tell my wife 'twas my latest prayer
That we meet again—as you hope for Heaven!"
I kept my oath, as I kissed his pet.
She said: "Why didn't my papa come, too,
(Her little red cheeks with tears were wet)
And kiss Peary himself, 'stead of sendin' oo'?"
I tried to reply, but wept instead;
The knowledge from her I tried to keep,
As we went by the room where lay the dead,
Reposing there in his final sleep.
"Only one killed," the papers say;
Yes, but one with a heart of gold,
And widow and child he wail to-day
The loss of a love that can ne'er grow cold.
Some call the drummer a butterfly ray,
Who carelessly of every pleasure slips.
He lives, sometimes as the people say,
As the dice with a wife's loved name on his lips.

How Easy It Is.

How easy it is to spoil a day
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And lo! the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home-light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day a too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high
And life is too short to spoil like this;
If only a prelude it may be sweet,
Let us bind together our thread of bliss
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

My Sheaves.

The time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eyes;
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves,
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with the heaviness of heart and brain;
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

"I'll well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered
leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless, yet their trifling weight,
Through all my frame a weary aching leave;
For long I struggled with my helpless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gathered strength and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives,
Nor what I did, but what I strive to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Daniel Webster's only Poem.

[Webster, it is said, during his whole literary life, wrote but one poem, and that was upon the death of his infant son. This son was born on Summer street, in Boston, Dec. 31, 1822, and died Dec., 1824. The poem has not appeared in print for some years. It bears the title:

LINES ON CHARLES' DEATH.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and obtray,
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But, ah! thy little life is done:
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which thy years should lean,
Broken ere those years came o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou raisest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessors past—
Earl or eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st at the skies,
And leave'st thy teacher learning here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And, ah, to thy world welcome me
As erst I welcomed thee to this!

Thy father, I believe thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son, my father, guide me there!

—For Truth.

Lieut. Fitch.

[Killed in the battle of Batocho, and buried with military honors at Toronto on Wednesday, May 27th].

BY W. A. SHERWOOD, TORONTO.

The bells slowly peal o'er our dear native city,
And sad is the wall of its numbers for thee;
Kind hearts throb, suffering sweet solace and pity,
The loved ones are weeping o'er one they'll ne'er see.

'Tis but yesterday when thy mother caress'd thee,
And press'd a fond kiss on thy love-lighted brow,
And the prayers of thy household ascending then
bleas'd thee—
A young patriot fell, and we weep o'er him now.

The dear names scribbled on our proud patriot scroll,
'Tis writ in thy life-blood, so youthful and rich;
Thy own guardian angel receive thy soul,
As we bow by the grave of our Lieutenant Fitch.

—For Truth.

The Two Soldiers.

BY A. M. JONES.

Just before the last fierce charge,
Two soldiers drew their reins,
With parting words and clasp of hand—
They ne'er might meet again.

The one he was a blue-eyed boy,
Nineten but a month ago;
With red on his cheek and down on his chin,
He was only a boy, tall man,
The other was a dark, tall man,
Whose fat, in this world was dim;
He trusted all the more in one,
Who was all the world to him.

They rode together on many a raid,
And marched for many a mile;
And now, before they met the foe,
With a calm and peaceful smile,
They looked into each other's eyes,
With a dark and death-like gloom;
The tall dark man was the first to speak,
Saying, "Charlie, my hour has come.

"We will ride together up the hill,
But you will ride back alone,
So promise a little of trouble to take
For me, when I am gone.
There is a fair face on my breast—
I will wear it in the light—
With bright blue eyes and curling hair
And a face like the morning light.

"Like morning light was her love to me,
To gladden my lonely life;
And little cared I for the frowns of fate,
She has promised to be my wife.
Oh, write to her, Charlie, when I am gone,
Send back that fair fond face;
And tell her tenderly how I died,
And where is my resting place."

Tears filled the eyes of the blue-eyed boy,
His voice was low with pain;
"I will do your bidding, comrade mine,
If I ride back again.
But if you ride back and I am left,
You must do as much for me;
I have a mother who waits at home
Her darling boy to see.

"She prays at home, like a waiting saint,
Her hair two white with woe;
Her heart will be broken when I am gone,
But I'll meet her soon, I know."
Just then the order came to charge,
And fight them hand to hand;
And unto a field of blood and death
Rode a bold, undaunted band.

They rode together up the hill,
Amid the shot and shell;
The rebels poured death in their tralling ranks,
And cheered them as they fell.
They all rode on with a terrific yell,
Skill the heights they could not gain;
A few whom death and carnage spared
Rode slowly back again.

But among the ones that were left behind
Was the boy with the curly hair;
And the tall dark man that rode by his side
Lay dying beside him there.

There is no one to write to that blue-eyed girl
The words her lover had said;
And the mother, too, who waits at home,
Will learn that her boy is dead.
But the last fond thought she will never know
Which curled his lip with pain;
Until she crosses the River of Death,
And stands by his side again.

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IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom o' the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," etc.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

"What's the matter?" Walter demanded. "I didn't think the place was as rough as it is," Tom explained, "and I was saying we had better get out of it. The noise and bustle affects you, does it not?"

Like many other nervous people, Walter Barr picked up wonderfully in a crowd. He was at his worst in his own quiet home.

"On the contrary," he replied briskly, "I like it very much. All this activity cheers me up. A man couldn't very well be startled in such a noise as this," he added, with a smile.

Tom slightly elevated his eyebrows to express to Lily his surprise at the improvement in her father. Perhaps the young surgeon did not understand his patient quite as well as he imagined.

"I suppose its scarcely the thing to be seen amongst this motley gang!"

They had left their conveyance at the hotel, and as Tom spoke they were standing on the bridge that crossed the river, looking at the compact collection of caravans and stalls which were arranged, circle within circle, on a piece of ground, called by such of the inhabitants that possessed an exuberant imagination—"the Green."

A lofty clock tower—erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort—crowned with gilt and an opulence of decoration, stood at one end of this grassless enclosure. The river and promenade confined the space on another side, and picturesque old-fashioned houses completed its boundaries. Far away were purple tipped hills; close at hand the running stream danced and sparkled.—It was a charming spot, and the yelling, unclean crowd seemed sadly out of place in it. "I don't care who sees me," said Walter, a little defiantly, in response to Tom's remark.

"I'm sure," said Lily, with a laugh in her eyes, "Tom need not dread meeting any of his patients."

"We'll walk through the Fair at any rate," Tom declared, leading them across the road into the surging crowd.

They had scarcely passed through the outer fringe of pleasure seekers when Walter Barr, with a little cry, stopped short, and stood as one suddenly deprived of power and speech.

They were standing before a small show, rubbed grandiloquently, and in mammoth letters:

THE WORLD'S MUSEUM OF LIVING CURIOSITIES!

There was a grotesqueness about the entire erection that had at once appealed to Lily's strong sense of humor. It was so clumsily put together; so very small; and the letters that described it were so absurdly big! The man too who stood on the rickety platform outside had such funny red spiky hair; such a quaint face—such gaunt, knotty hands!

As she watched this man, and listened to him, Lily could not restrain her laughter. She did not notice the ashy pallor that had overspread her father's face.

"This 'ere," yelled the man with the red, spiky hair, and the queer hands, beating a deafening gong after every second word, "is the World's Museum of Living Curiosities!"—here he pointed to the flaming letters—"and the best show in the fair, bar none. We have inside, ladies and gentlemen, the giant rat from India; the raging jackal from the trackless wilds of Abyssinia; the learnedest pony in the world from the stables of the greatest monarch on earth; the Boss of all the Chinias; the intelligent cobra that can drink rum like a Christian, and says his prayers regular every night. Then there's the greatest wonder of the universe, the Zulu maiden and the African chief, brought over in their war paint—all alive, bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, all alive, alive, alive! This, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Blend continued in a semi-confidential tone, "is what I call my double event—the instruction and elevation of the educational museum combined with the armless hilarity of the circus; and all for one penny, ladies and gentlemen, all for one— Well, I'm d—"

Mr. Blend stopped suddenly and fell back as though he had been shot. The energy with which he uttered the oath brought a roar from the gaping bumpkins.

Mr. Blend's agitation is easily explained. His eye had caught Walter Barr's white and panic-stricken face.

"Quick, quick," Walter gasped, almost throwing himself upon Tom for protection. "Take me away. Quick, quick; do not waste an instant."

Lily turned round, and saw for the first time the agitation of her father. They both hurried him from the spot as rapidly as possible.

Before Mr. Blend recovered himself they had disappeared in the crowd. He called lustily after them, but at this moment the shows on each side of him commenced to sound their gongs and drums, and he could not hear his own voice.

"Tom," said Mr. Barr, as they helped him into his conveyance—his agitation had made him very feeble—"you said that I wanted change—complete change?"

"Yes," Tom allowed a little dubiously, wondering what was coming next.

"I will have change—complete change. Is it possible to catch the last London train to-night?"

"It is possible," Tom began slowly, (Lily, much alarmed, was watching her father earnestly), "but—"

"If it's possible we can do it," Walter declared with a decision scarcely to be expected in his present state, "We will go to London to-night."

"My dear fellow," Tom protested, "I cannot leave my—"

"You must get Doctor Jones to look after your patients until you can find a substitute," Mr. Barr laid his hand on Tom's arm. "Tom," he said gently, "I feel that the crisis of my life is at hand. do not desert me: I cannot do without you now. You must come."

Lily pleaded with her eyes, and Tom forgot all the difficulties in the way, and made up his mind to accompany them, wondering whether this last freak of Mr. Barr's was due to incipient insanity, or had its foundation in an attempt to elude tangible danger.

CHAPTER XI.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

A few mornings after the interview (faithfully chronicled in the ninth chapter of this veracious record) between Mr. Gregory Axon and Stivey Blend had occurred, the first-named gentleman sat in his dusty office, bearing every outward trace of anxiety and agitation.

Before him were some open letters. He had thrown himself back in his chair; his hat was so far from his forehead, that it threatened each moment to fall upon the dirty floor. His hands were plunged deeply into his pockets, as though he were determined to fill the said pockets with something; and his great red face had a sullen, helpless expression not easily described.

"Well," he muttered to himself, "the whole three of them"—he nodded at the open letters—"should have remitted to-day, and not one has sent."

He rose from his stool, pressed his hat savagely on his head, and walked up and down his office—it took him exactly six steps to accomplish the last feat.

"I made sure that one of them would have sent," he continued disconsolately. Then shrugging his shoulders, he added:

"But it's no use bothering. I'm in a mess, and there's an end of it."

He opened the drawer wherein, on the last occasion on which we saw him, he had concealed his money, and drew from it a small spirit-flask. The flask contained brandy—perhaps half a tumblerful; this he swallowed neat, and, replacing the bottle, he resumed his stool by the table.

"There's nothing to be done," he soliloquized, placing his hat upon his desk, and running his fingers through his hair, "nothing. Matters must take their course."

Then his eyes fell upon a letter that still lay unopened upon the table.

"From Stivey Blend," he said indifferently, as he examined the superscription and the post-mark. "I wonder how the deuce he managed to get into Devonshire. I'm getting rather tired of that fellow," he went on with a half yawn. "I'll get rid of him."

He played with the letter for a few minutes, dwelling the while on his own difficulties; then he lazily opened it.

At first it seemed almost too much trouble to read the ugly scrawl; but suddenly Mr. Axon's features assumed an expression of the keenest interest. He eagerly bent over the letter, and his hands shook as he perused it. It was impossible to make out every word of the missive, for it was written on several small pieces of dirty tattered paper. In some parts these were so greasy as to make the lines quite illegible. Mr. Axon's eyes had caught sight of one name, and that name made his faculties so amazingly sharp that in a few seconds he had gathered the gist of the slovenly, puzzling epistle.

The few lines heading the first scrap of paper were tolerably distinct. They were composed of large, straggling, irregular characters, formed by the knotty hand of Mr. Blend himself, and were to this effect:

"Dear Boss,

"The following has been popped down in between whiles by the Zulu maiden. Pardon her spelling, Boss; edekashun wasn't thought much of in the part of London she come from. More when we meet.

Your ever faithful friend,

Prince of Showmen,

STIVEY BLEND.

It had apparently not occurred to Mr. Blend that while he was penning the above unimportant lines he might himself have written the startling news he had to impart. Perhaps the showman was rather proud of having an amanuensis; it was quiet easy to detect that though the calligraphy might be that of the "Zulu maiden" the language was his own.

We need not reproduce the precious document here.

In a peculiarly diffuse and ornate style (Mr. Blend had more than once been heard to declare that he had a taste for literature) it described the unexpected discovery of Walter Barr at the Fair, and how, when Stivey Blend called after him, that gentleman had vanished in the crowd. It concluded by begging Mr. Axon to immediately take the train for Barnsbarn and make an effort to discover Walter Barr's home. Stivey would do this himself, but it was impossible for him to leave the show either day or night.

Of late years, Gregory Axon had grown very excitable, and very slight occurrences were wont to occasion him considerable agitation. It was curious to watch his unnatural calmness after he had read the letter. For fully ten minutes he remained motionless in his chair, gazing vacantly at the disfigured wall before him. Presently he murmured:

"At last! at last!" Then he again became silent and thoughtful.

"If I play the game well," he soliloquized, "I am a made man, and the past poverty will be at an end. I will play well," he went on, an evil expression creeping over his face, "and I will win."

He buttoned his frayed frock coat across his chest and drew himself up proudly. "Unless," he added after a moment, the perspiration oozing from his forehead, and his face growing pale, "unless Stivey Blend speaks to him before I arrive. But no, no, it isn't likely—it isn't likely;" and the old cruel triumphant expression returned.

Some of the lower drawers of the office table were open, and Mr. Axon, in his excessive complacency, closed them with a rough kick. They were of the slightest description, and as he struck them with his boot they cracked or broke inwards. He smiled grimly at the damage, and cried:

"I shan't want you any more. I retire from business to-day, and drop the auctioneer and become the gentleman." Then he locked the place up, and proceeded to the dingy public house at the corner of the street, where he ordered more brandy, and begged the loan of a London and South-Western Time Table.

"There's a mid day train," he said, running his finger down the narrow column. "I'll catch it."

He suddenly remembered that he had no money. It chanced that to-day his watch

and chain were in his own possession—a not very usual occurrence in those days, and he lost no time in "creating a mortgage," as he facetiously termed it, upon them.

"I'll get plenty of money when I'm down there," he reflected. "If the worst happens, there's Stivey."

Poor Stivey! So long as you have a few pounds and can be of any use, Mr. Gregory Axon will not be far from you!

Like that evening, when the people were leaving the fair ground at Barnsbarn, and Mr. Blend was making the wildest efforts to coax another "house" into his show, a broad-shouldered, sullen man entered the crazy erection, and, with an oath, saluted the proprietor.

"Hullo, Boss!" Stivey cried, with considerable animation; "I thought you'd come. Get inside for a moment. Alive, bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, alive. The last time to-night, and ALIVE!"

"Shut up that row," Gregory growled; "I want to speak to you."

"Whatever's the matter?" Stivey asked, in amazement, following Gregory submissively behind the piece of canvas that screened the living curiosities from the public gaze until the time for the performance came round, and leaving the doorman to continue the harangue.

"Quite enough's the matter;" was the ungracious response. "I was as enough to pay attention to your scoundrelled letter, and I've come all these miles on a fool's errand; I had to pawn my watch to pay my fare."

Mr. Blend's face expressed the most lively concern.

"It can't be a fool's errand, Gregory," he ventured; "Mr. Barr must be in the neighborhood."

"This neighborhood is just where he is not. He is in London—the very place I have come from!"

"Impossible!" Mr. Blend declared.

"Why it's only yesterday that I saw him here with my own eyes."

Gregory gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"What was to prevent him taking the night train, as it turns out he did? Poo! he might be in France by this time."

"I don't matter," Blend declared cheerfully. "I was asking a chap last night if he knew Mr. Barr, and he told me that he had a large house somewhere down Sawton way. They'll tell you where's he's gone to."

"That's where you're wrong again," Gregory replied, with a sneer. "He left hurriedly, and has not given a soul his address. All letters for him are to be sent to his lawyer's—"

"Then write to him," the showman broke in with the triumphant air of a man making a brilliant suggestion. "He'll make a point of seeing you at once."

"Blend, you're a fool," Axon exclaimed.

"No," he went on, half to himself, "we're done. He's escaped me again; and, as for finding him in London—bah!" and he laughed a hard, bitter, angry laugh.

Seeing the dangerous humour his friend was in, it occurred to Mr. Blend that it would be wise to attend to business, and postpone all further converse until the show was cleared for the night.

When he rejoined Axon that gentleman said to him decisively:

"Blend, I must return to London by the first train, and you must find me money."

The showman looked dubious.

"You must have plenty," Gregory declared.

"As for money," Stivey allowed, slowly; "of course I've got a tidy bit in hand, but it isn't exactly mine you see until I've cleared off the mortgage on the Institution—"

"Hang the mortgage!" Axon cried savagely, and, as had happened numberless times before, Mr. Blend's engagements were thrust aside and the needs of Gregory Axon administered to.

On the second morning following this interview, Gregory Axon again sat in his shabby office, ruefully contemplating the broken drawers and inwardly cursing the perverseness of his fate.

Suddenly the door opened and a young man entered.

"Do you happen to have a house on your books about—?" he commenced. He did not get any farther. An older gentleman, on whose arm was a bright-eyed, golden-haired girl, followed him into the office. The moment Gregory caught sight of the second gentleman's face, he started from his stool and sprang towards him.

"Walter Barr!" he cried; "thank God for this!"

And he seized Mr. Barr's hand.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. DODDER.

To many minds it is more terrible to contemplate danger at a distance than to be brought face to face with it. The prospect of ever meeting Gregory Axon had always occasioned Walter Barr the most intense and painful agitation; but now that he stood before him, his hand in the grip of his old school-fellow's, he was curiously calm. His face, it is true, had become pale, dull, and expressionless like that of a corpse; his forehead was damp, and his bloodless lips had separated, but he spoke without obvious emotion, and he even managed to smile now and again, albeit in a ghastly way.

"We were old schoolfellows," Gregory explained, growing boisterous in his excitement, "and the best friends in the world. It's many years now since we met. This is a happy day for both of us, isn't it, Walter?"

And the elated auctioneer wrung his friend's hand with renewed fervor.

An unconscious sigh escaped Mr. Barr as he answered, with an effort at earnestness: "I am very glad to meet you again, Gregory, very!"

Again the vigorous hand-shaking was renewed.

Tom and Lily watched this unexpected recognition with different feelings.

Tom was a simple-minded fellow, not very observant, and anything except suspicious. For the moment Gregory's hearty manner and good humored face impressed him very favorably. He did not notice that his bloated, bloated cheeks were due to dissipation, or that his frayed frock coat was beer-stained. Walter Barr sadly needed a congenial companion to lift him from the morbid state he had recently fallen into. Here was an old friend of his, evidently good-humored and much attached to him. The meeting, thought Tom, was a most fortunate one for Lily's father, and he said:

"Nothing could have been better," he declared. "Your friend," he went on to Gregory, "has been very much depressed lately. I want you to rouse him up—make him more like himself. A long chat about the old days must do him good."

"I'll rouse him up," Gregory cried, slapping Mr. Barr on the shoulder, "won't I, Walter?"

Gregory had just then a scheme in his mind calculated to effectually rouse his intended victim; but scarcely in the way desired by Walter.

Lily was standing a little back, near to the door. She had watched the two men shake hands with a sinking heart. She keenly studied her father's face, and with a woman's quickness detected how deceptive the outward calm was. Mr. Barr had never spoken about his early days; the subject had always been a closed one; and reference to it had as long as she could remember occasioned him much distress, and here he was, confronted, as it were, by the very Past he had striven so desperately to evade. Instinct told Lily they were in danger; instinct bade her to distrust Gregory Axon.

"Who is this?" he asked. "How is it you have you not introduced me, Walter?"

Mr. Barr mumbled something about "forgetting it in the excitement," and drew Lily forward.

"My daughter," he said; "my daughter Lily."

"A pretty name," Axon declared, "and a beautiful face."

He looked at her in a way that made her cheeks tingle. She withdrew her hand in some confusion.

"This is your son, I suppose," he went on, jerking his head in Tom's direction.

"Not yet, Gregory, not yet."

Gregory looked from Tom to Lily, and then back from Lily to Tom. A slight frown clouded his face.

"This is Dr. Westall," Walter continued, "and I shall soon call him a son of mine—very soon, I hope."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Give it up—unless it be that he has humbugged his wife into thinking there isn't another man in the world like him.

Mamma (dining out)—"It isn't polite, Bobby to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home." Bobby—"Cause we never have any thing worth smacking over."

—For Truth,
GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The days are hot, and sunshine is too glaring to be pleasant. The sudden change in temperature affects one's temper and appetite, and in both respects something cooling is needed.

Dust and drouth, and all the enemies of good housekeeping crowd upon us, until we are really weary of well doing. Early morning hours are sultry, and though all through this month the "fumes with the roses are straying," yet we have so much to do, so many little cares, we have no time for the roses. For the first thought is breakfast, and happy is that housewife who can look forward in placid expectancy and know she will not be disappointed. One of Marion Harland's recipes in her common sense calendar for May is "Ramakins," and it proved a refreshing dish for the first meal of the day when the stomach rebels against meat, after the first part of the repast, which should be porridge made of some of the grains, and of coarse oatmeal is the best. Take lightly toasted bread, three table spoonfuls of grated cheese, two eggs, beaten light, one table spoonful of melted butter, one of anchovy sauce, one teaspoonful of flour, wet with cream—a little salt, and cayenne. Beat the eggs, batter and seasoning together, then the cheese, lastly the flour. Work all to a cream, spread thickly upon the bread and brown lightly. It looks a little complicated but really does not take many minutes to prepare. Poached eggs are light and many people enjoy them cooked in this way better than if boiled or fried, while it is really the easiest method.

As strawberries become plentiful they are eaten with a relish for breakfast and are best served on their stems, and each person allowed to prepare them according to their own sweet will. I remember many a dish of this fruit that has been thoroughly spoiled for my eating by being saturated with sugar, and stirred into a mush that takes away all the flavor and substance.

No matter what the hurry let us have flowers on the table if possible, even if it is only a handful of grasses or wild flowers, that the children have gathered. It is better to please the eye, than just to gratify the palate and both can be accomplished with a little loving attention. Lettuce is cooling both in appearance, and in effect on the system, and is a cheap adjunct to the breakfast table. Let us study what is suitable for the season, avoid heating food, and endeavor to keep a cheerful mind in a healthful body, if we would have the days peaceful and happy as they glide along.

Profits of Grape Culture.

It may surprise many people to learn that the proper cultivation of 5 to 10 acres of grapes is more profitable than an ordinary 100 acre farm. The first year after planting produces nothing. The second year a small crop can be gathered and afterwards paying crops may be looked for. To plant an acre 300 vines are required; costing \$3 per 100 is \$24. Posts, wires, etc. cost about \$50 per acre. After the vines are in full bearing, they produce about five tons per acre, and an experienced grower at Oakville stated before the Agricultural Commission that he raised 12 tons of Concord grapes on an acre and a half, which he sold for 4½ cents per pound, being \$720 per acre. If the vine grower makes his crops into wine he will get 150 gallons from a ton of grapes he will get \$1 per gallon wholesale. At this rate the owner of a five-acre vineyard in full bearing should market over \$3,000 worth of produce annually, with little or no help outside his own family and only one horse. What 100 acre farm will do better than this? Although grapes will thrive in almost any part of Ontario, certain localities seem specially adapted for the successful cultivation of grapes. Owing to the summer heat and absence of early frosts the Niagara district and counties on Lake Erie are considered most suitable for vineyards,

A TRUE COURAGE.

TO YOUNG WIVES.

We were sitting in a dry goods store one day recently, when my attention was called to a young woman who was standing near me. She was examining lace curtains.

"I will not purchase this morning," she said. "I wanted to examine them and obtain the prices, but I am not prepared to buy just yet."

"I am sure, madam, you will never have such an opportunity again," said the dealer. "We have marked them down ridiculously low, and now is your chance if you ever want any."

The young woman looked longingly at the pretty mass before her, but answered, "No, I guess I must wait till another day."

Just at that instant a middle-aged lady with a bland smile on her face approached and said:

"Why, Mrs. W—, this is quite a coincidence, really, that we should meet here for the same purpose, for I too am after lace curtains."

The young woman then explained that she did not intend to purchase just then, she was merely obtaining the prices.

"But then I should think you would take advantage of this great mark-down and get them now. Really, Mrs. W—, if you knew what was to your interest you would," said the elder one.

She then examined the curtains and went into ecstasies over their beauty and cheapness; then, turning to the younger, she continued: "Now Mrs. W—, I am going to have mine from this pattern, and it would be so nice if you had the same. They are such a bargain, and how beautiful they would make your little parlor look."

"I would like them very much," said the other; "but I don't think I had better take them. You know we are just commencing housekeeping, and we can't have everything at the start."

"Oh! I know; your husband has been talking economy to you. But you take my advice, and if you want the curtains get them. I have been married ten years and you not half as many weeks, and I tell you you will come out just as well if you get what you want as though you denied yourself of everything. And it is such a comfort to a woman to have a parlor she is not ashamed to ask her friends into."

"That's sensible advice," said the crafty dealer. "You have your friend's interest in view when you talk that way."

We watched the face of the young woman. A pretty, fresh face it was, but it plainly showed that a conflict was going on in her mind. We had a mental panorama of the whole situation. A young couple just starting in life with very limited means. Their house perhaps was small, their furniture simple. But the young wife had looked longingly at the lace curtains of her richer neighbors, and while she knew simple shades would be more consistent with their means, she could not resist the temptation to just look at the curtains. We waited intently, eagerly hoping that she would do right and give her friend and the dealer a positive refusal. But no. After much impertinence on their part she said very hesitatingly:

"Well, I guess I will take them."

"How much?" said the dealer.

"Let me see, three windows, six yards to each. Eighteen yards is the amount."

The lace was measured off, and the young woman took from her purse a roll of bills, quite a number of dollars, and almost the whole amount was passed to the dealer. Perhaps John had that morning handed her the money to purchase a number of useful things, saying:

"We will have to practice economy at first, Alice. Times are hard and wages have been cut down. If we are prudent in spending now, perhaps sometime we will be able to gratify our fancies. But I want us to commence on a sure foundation and live within our means."

But in her desire to have things like others, Alice had forgotten John's sensible advice, and almost the entire sum had gone into three lace curtains. This young wife

is not alone in her desire to make a showy commencement in her new home. There are many others who will do the same, even though serious sacrifices must be endured by the husband in order to gratify such extravagance. In their pride and ambition to have things like their richer acquaintances they commence an extravagant expenditure of money that many times results in penury and unhappiness to them in after life.

The young wife is indeed a true heroine who has the courage and independence to look the world in the face and say: "It is not the foolish opinions of an outside world that we look for enjoyment. We have joined hearts and hands, not for the sake of making a display and pleasing others, but for our own good and happiness. And by our economy, our good management, our just and kind consideration for the feelings, and wishes of each other, by our mutual interest in each other's affairs, we hope to build a sure foundation in our home for future prosperity and happiness."

This desire for making a show on the part of young wives is the shoal on which the conjugal happiness of many a family has been wrecked. If the hard working young husband finds that all his earnings must go toward paying extravagant bills, he loses courage for work, and all hope of getting ahead in the world dies out of his heart. The young wife is indeed sensible who is willing to adopt her circumstances to her means, spending wisely and judiciously the fruits of her husband's labor.

A Child's Wish.

"She was one of those unfortunates," said the old gentleman, "she was a cripple. She never walked after she was five years old—spine was injured by a fall. But she was so sweet-tempered, and patient, 'twas a pleasure to see her, sitting there in her wheel carriage, all propped up with her blue cushions, so smiling and cheerful; though the doctors said the poor child never knew what 'twas to be out of pain. But, bless you, you wouldn't have known it, for she always had a pleasant word for a body, and was ready with some bright remark which made all the folk about smile, and she had lots of friends."

"But after she turned 18 she began to fail, and there was something in her smile that made you feel sad, and her sweet face grew thinner and paler every day."

"And when we called to take her out in that little carriage she had some excuse about feeling not very well that day, but she'd be better next."

"It wasn't very long before she didn't go out at all, but just lay there so patient in her room, all propped up with the pillows, and with a face more like an angel's than a human being."

"Mother," said she one day, kind o' grave and sad-like. "There's something I want to tell you that I've been thinking a good deal about lately. There are lots of poor ones in the world like me, who never can be better, and who haven't any dear friends to take care of them and love them, as I have. I feel sorry for them."

"And, mother," here the poor girl's voice broke a little, "I begin to feel that I sha'n't be here with you much longer, and I wanted to tell you about it. Oh, if there could only be a nice home for such unfortunate ones to go to! In my purse here there is some money, and I want it to go toward making a home for people like me, so that they can be cared for."

Here the old gentleman wiped his eyes and then went on. "That very night the child died. And when they looked in that little silk purse how much do you suppose they found. Only \$3. Such a pitiful little sum!"

"But some of her friends heard about it, and 'twasn't long, I assure you, before 'twas way up in the thousands."

"And so that's the way our home for incurables was founded."

Doctor—"You say your wife is not feeling well. What are her symptoms? Is her tongue coated?" Bass—"Toll you the truth, doctor, I didn't think it was safe to meddle with that. I didn't want to ask her to put her tongue out, you know, for the very last time we had a little chat her tongue put me out."

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT NOTES.

FRONTENAC COUNTY.—The County of Frontenac adjoins the city of Kingston, and a vote took place there the same day. The majority in favor of the adoption of the Act in Frontenac was 536, every municipality, with two exceptions, giving handsome majorities.

PENDING VOTES.—The Government have ordered votes for the adoption of the Act in the following counties in Ontario:—Lincoln, Middlesex, Perth, June 18th; Hastings, July 2nd; and Guyaboro, Nova Scotia, June 25th. The Scott Act has now been adopted in fifty-six counties and four cities in the Dominion, and rejected in three counties and three cities. The total aggregate majority in favor of its adoption is 45,432.

KINGSTON.—The voting on the adoption of the Scott Act in Kingston on the 14th of May turned out disappointing to the temperance people, as the majority was small against it—about fifty. There was a strong fight and a thorough canvass, but in Kingston, as in nearly all our other large cities, the liquor interests are strong and it will require a good deal of agitation to educate the electorate up to the point of voting them down. This is the second vote of this character in Kingston within a few years, and it is a pretty significant fact that the anti-majority this time was not one quarter as great as it was before. Probably another such a victory would be more than the liquor men of Kingston could stand.

The indignation roused among the temperance people by the attempt of the Senate to mutilate the Scott Act of its real prohibitory provisions is very great. Nearly everywhere strong resolutions are being adopted against the matter, but, of course, the Senate is out of harms way so far as public opinion is concerned, and its members can, therefore, venture to act according to their own sweet will, or their own sweet interest either, in defiance of the will and the interests of the people. Happily it is otherwise with the House of Commons, and the chances are that the Commons will not venture to adopt the Senate amendments. The various church conferences are unanimously adopting resolutions against the Senate amendments, and probably two-thirds of the Protestant ministers of the Dominion are raising their voices in that direction. On the other hand Senator Frank Smith—himself a liquor seller—and several others, are presenting petitions in favor of the wine and beer clause. It is simply absurd, however, to say that these petitions voice public opinion on this question.

GOOD TEMPLARS

R. W. G. LODGE.—The Annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars was held in Toronto last week, and the session was largely attended and pleasant and harmonious throughout. We intend in next week's TRUTH to give a report of the entire proceedings.

GRAND LODGE SESSION.—The Annual session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T. of this Province will be held in the hall of Reliance Lodge, city of Hamilton, commencing Tuesday, June 23rd. Arrangements have been made for reduced railway fares and hotel rates for all members desiring to attend. The name and address of all such should be sent to the G. W. Secretary as early as possible.

From Annapolis, N. S.

The Canada Temperance Act has been in operation in this county for about four years, but owing to technical objections being raised, and the vexatious delay of the law in relation thereto, it has almost been a dead letter until within the last year or so. A branch of the Dominion Alliance has been formed, and they have instituted proceedings against those engaged in the illicit sale of the contraband article, in which they have had the sympathy of the clergy. The result has been that almost altogether the

sale has ceased, and our county is nearly free from the vice and crime which exist in counties where the Act is not in operation. The temperance people were very much surprised at the action of the Senate in passing the amendments of Dr. Aimon, but have faith in the members of the House of Commons (who are responsible to the people) that they will preserve the Act intact, thereby preventing the amendments from becoming law.

Fraternally yours, W. H. WELDON.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Medical testimony on the injurious effects of intoxicants is always valuable. Prof. M'Kendrick, M. D., L. L. D., President of the Glasgow University Total Abstinence Society, recently gave his reasons for adopting total abstinence principles. There was he said, first, the physiological argument.—There could not be the slightest doubt that habit indulgence in alcoholic stimulants beyond a certain minimum was after a time invariably injurious. It had been proved that a perfect state of health and vigor could be maintained without their use. The question, too, was a moral one. When a man or woman indulged immoderately in alcoholic drink, there was a degradation of the moral character. They became untruthful and dishonest. The character of the nervous and brain tissue deteriorated, and there was less ability to withstand temptation.

CARDINAL MANNING.—In answer to a letter recently received Cardinal Manning expresses himself as follows: "The statement 'that men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament' is none of mine, but a silly saying of the opponents of the temperance movement. I have often answered it by a saying almost as silly, though capable of being drawn out into very grave truth, namely, 'that men may be made drunk by Act of Parliament'; that is to say, that the present state of the law in respect to the drink traffic gives such enormous facilities to cover the whole face of the country with direct and glaring temptations to intemperance, that Parliament is responsible and culpable in a large measure for the drunkenness that is destroying our people. In my belief the only just and adequate remedy for this is Local Option, or Local Veto; that is to say, the people have a right of self-defence. You may make any use you like of this reply."

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from lodges during May: FOR TAX.

Table listing receipts from various lodges during May, including Evening Star Lodge, Albion, Toronto, Meridian, Amberley, Dominion, Toronto, No Surrender, Ottawa, Star of Peace, Mar., St. Lawrence, Pitts Ferry, Northern Star, Avon, Florence, Florence, Ebenezer, Haley's Station, Crown Hill, Crown Hill, Petherton Star, Petherton, New Hope, Guthrie, Beacon, Ingersoll, Kossabeta, Longford Mills, Kempenfeldt, Shanty Bay, Elmvale, Elmvale, Safe Guard, Welland, Victory, Newburg, Blooming Rose, Avonton, St. John's, Toronto, May Flower, Greenock, Bruce, Tiverton, Water Lily, Ripley, Manotick, Manotick, Leamington, Leamington, Erie, Ruthven, Hope of Rochester, South Woodale, Hampden, Hampden, Napcan Enterprise, Hall's Corners, Rising Hope, Newcastle, Superior, New Saram, Bowesville, Bowesville, Pride of Moore, Collinville, Silver Hill, Springfield, No Surrender, Renfrew, Carlton Union, Davesport, Hope of Parkdale, Parkdale, Water Lily, Kingsville, Poole, Poole.

Table listing various locations and their associated values, including Selwyn, Selwyn, Gloucester, South Gloucester, Northern Star, Avon, Crown Hill, Crown Hill, New Hope, Guthrie, St. Johns, Toronto, Rising Hope, Newcastle, Pride of Moore, Collinville, Evening Star, Galt, Salamander, Kara, Gordon, Peterboro, Union, Rosbuck, Mt. Hebron, North Buxton, Huron, Seaforth, Winthrop, Winthrop, Brooklin, Brooklin, Unity, Peterboro, Metcalfe Star, Metcalfe, Lone Star, Barrie, North Star, Londesborough, Moscow, Moscow, Palmerston, Bath, Bethel, Drayton, Scotia, Comet, Fortress, Mitchell, Hammond, London West, New Glasgow, Stewartville, Cheltenham, Cheltenham, Polar Star, Churchville, Gloucester, South Gloucester, Mountain Village, Ancaster, Rose of Huron, Pine River, Redempt'on, Hay Bay, Centreville, Centreville, Hope of Brampton, Brampton, Conqueror, Hope Ness, Forest, Messalon, Maple Leaf, Little Rapids, Huron Hope, Amberley, Enterprise, Enterprise, Pine Grove, Inverary, Pedouon, Cape Croker, Holstein, Holstein, Maple Leaf, Orwell, Forest Home, Inwood, Wellington, Lang, Railway, Toronto, Toronto, Toronto, Gordon, Peterboro, Port Ryerse, Port Ryerse, Lakelet, Lakelet, Evening Star, Galt, Selwyn, Selwyn, Pine River, Reform, Lurgan, Royal, Fordwich, Rescue, Greystock, Union, Carlisle, Mount Zion, Violet Hill, Star of Essex, Cottam, Comet, Rothay, Hope of Maidstone, Essex Centre, Ramsey, Skeads Mills, Reliance, Hamilton, Woodbridge, Woodbridge, Cookstown, Cookstown, Col. Hickman, Selby, Lambton Star, Lambton Mills, Evergreen, Rutherford, Victoria, Fowlers Corners, Humberstone, Humberstone, Union Rose, New Park, Refuge, Varney, Rising Sun, Pickering, Cape Croker, Cape Croker, Sylvan, Elford, Union, Peterboro, Blooming Rose, Newmarket, Harmony, Merrickville, Maple Leaf, Blyth, Providence, Little Britain, Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth, Star, Moorfield, Clinton, Clinton, Excelsior, Grahamsville, Maple Grove, Escott, Stillville Star, Stillville, South Cayuga, South Cayuga, Mount Brydges, Mount Brydges, Claude, Claude, Progression, West Winchester, Omamee, Omamee, Star, Newmarket, Derry Star, Derry West, Salamander, Kara, Golden Star, Windsor, Excelsior, Petrolia, Sydenham Valley, Alvinaton, Ambition City, Hamilton, Victoria, Bishop's Mills, Royal Oak, Glen Williams, Paris, Brant, Maitland, Auburn, Never Surrender, Nicholson, Rising Star, Newton Robinson, Life Boat, Shannonville, Kenmore, Metcalfe, Lowell, King, Island City, Brockville, Magnum Bonum, Craighurst, Young Canadian, Mount Forest, Pride of the County, Harrow.

Table listing various locations and their associated values, including Selwyn, Selwyn, Gloucester, South Gloucester, Northern Star, Avon, Crown Hill, Crown Hill, New Hope, Guthrie, St. Johns, Toronto, Rising Hope, Newcastle, Pride of Moore, Collinville, Evening Star, Galt, Salamander, Kara, Gordon, Peterboro.

The Liberal Temperance Creed.

BY J. S. DUNBAR. Scott Act law and Prohibition— Oh what silly, senseless cries, What a puerile position, What a scandalous imposition On our rights and liberties. We have no need of restriction, Save regarding kinds of drinks; Then from there let each make selection, And all drink to their satisfaction, Despite what this or that one think. This would preserve the people's freedom; And swell the nation's revenue, Make plenty work to clothe and feed 'em, And plenty drinks to all who need 'em, To gulp and guzzle as they choose. Let them drink then, freely, fully, When or where they have occasion, And go at it calmly, coolly, Till appetite becomes surly, And then restrict by moral suasion. Such the creed so proudly vaunted By the Liberal Temperance band; Though played out long since, yet undaunted, They hold 'tis just the thing that's wanted And all that's needed in our land.

The Story of a Ring.

Many stories have been related of the recognition of persons by a ring. The following instance has been recorded by De Thou and other French historians. In 1562 Rouen was besieged by the Protestants, and the Governor of the city, Montgomery, having observed the dauntless bravery of an officer under his command, Francois de Cville, intrusted him with the defense of a fortified gate.

While thus engaged he was shot through the head by an arquebuiser and rendered insensible. Falling from the rampart and considered dead, he was thrown into a ditch and some earth was lightly thrown over him. He lay thus from ten in the morning until six in the evening. His faithful servant, named Barrc, hearing of the sad fate of his master, obtained permission to search for the body and have it buried. All his care seemed fruitless, for the body was disfigured and covered with mud. He was about to return disconsolate, when he observed, by the light of the moon, something shining brilliantly, and, stooping down, he found that it proceeded from a diamond which his master wore in a ring.

On touching the finger he fancied there was some warmth in it, and he conveyed the body tenderly to the garrison, where the body was examined and pronounced lifeless. The servant, however, was not satisfied with this opinion, and remained watching with his master until, after four days of insensibility, Cville regained his senses and was restored to consciousness. This remarkable man, who was born in 1537, and died in 1614, was the hero of numerous adventures and critical escapes. D'Aubigne, the historian relates: "I saw him at the National Assemblies, a Deputy from Normandy, forty two years after his wound, and I observed that when we signed our depositions he always added, Francois de Cville, three times dead, three times buried, and three times, by God's grace, restored to life."

A young lawyer is the smartest thing in the world, except a young widow.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition! I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better rest," was the reply.

Miss Fisher—"I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals. I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself." Pilkins (who always says the wrong thing;—"Oh, everybody thinks that."

CANOE IN FT. The b... couriya... six feet... and gen... of Dun... in the co... their ow... Antonio... dogs, ag... with the... The e... a sweet, b... surface... and still... a sheet... only th... almost j... through... water a... Bysun... and at... arrived... which f... south, t... Oppo... the ban... remains... support... neath, l... hunters... roof and... and Da... musquit... Alfredo... twisted... swarms... slept. The... devoto... Acoyms... the sou... the mo... fast all... the cou... smaller... and sel... they w... finding... this del... chase s... A fe... Acoyms... creek s... appear... on each... For... the bar... vines, s... the edg... in the... in roa... keenly... waiting... a tangl... distanc... a foot... speed. The... barking... was a... Then... bushes... spring... animal... from a... deep w... "Ch... the lea... Yes... two lig... out in... where t... to res... come up...

Our Young Folks.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.— (Continued.)

A DANGEROUS EXPEDITION.

The hammocks came down directly; the couriyara grande, a leaky old craft twenty-six feet long, was loaded with the eatables and general luggage. The party consisted of Don Francisco, Don Alfredo, and Pedro in the couriyara grande, Ben and David in their own small canoe, Senor Sanchez and Antonio in another canoe, with part of the dogs, and Jose Perez and Manuel in another, with the remainder.

The early morning air was balmy and sweet, but not a breath disturbed the placid surface of the great river, which lay white and still under the bright moonbeams, like a sheet of silver. No one cared to talk, and only the dip of the paddles broke the almost perfect silence, as the canoes glided through the dark shadows that lay upon the water along the shores.

By sunrise they were miles from Sacupana, and at four o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the mouth of the Cano del Toro, which flows into the main stream from the south, twenty-five miles from the sea.

Opposite the mouth of the Cano, where the bank was high and dry, they found the remains of an Indian house, merely a roof supported on poles and bare ground underneath, but an excellent camping-place. The hunters hung their hammocks under the roof and made themselves comfortable. Ben and David were now each provided with mosquitos, made at Sacupana under Don Alfredo's direction, which effectually protected them from the mosquitoes which swarmed and sang around them as they slept.

The next morning they determined to devote the day to a trip up the Cano del Acoyma, which flows into the Orinoco from the south-east, at a short distance only from the mouth of the Toro. After a hasty breakfast all, except Pedro, who was left to watch the couriyara grande embarked in the three smaller canoes, taking the dogs with them, and set out. There was no telling what they would find, but they felt certain of finding game of some kind. It is, after all, this delicious uncertainty which makes the chase so interesting.

A few miles above the mouth of the Acoyma, which is a narrow but very deep creek about twenty miles long, the banks appeared and the dogs were put ashore, three on each side of the stream.

For half an hour they scrambled along the banks through grass, roots and tangled vines, sometimes picking their way along at the edge of the water and again disappearing in the underbrush for a considerable time. The occupants of the canoes held themselves in readiness for instant action, and were keenly on the alert. Nor were they kept waiting long. A wild uproar coming from a tangled thicket on the right bank a short distance ahead told them there was game afoot, and they peddled forward with all speed.

A CAPYBARA.

The dogs were attacking something, barking furiously all the while, and there was a shrill squeal from the thing attacked. Then something came tearing through the bushes at desperate speed; there was a spring from the top of the bank, and a large animal shot through the air, as if thrown from a catapult, and landed far out in the deep water with a booming plunge.

"Chiguiri! Chiguiri!" was the cry from the leading canoe (pronounced chig-wi-ree-ee). Yes, it was a capybara (water hog). The two light canoes quickly took up positions out in the middle of the stream close to where the animal dived, and waited for it to reappear. They knew it would come up to breathe. Antonio stood up in

his canoe and poised his spear for a throw, while Senor Sanchez in the other boat was also ready.

"There he is, senor! There he is!" shouted the eager spectators in the other canoe.

The top of the capybara's head was seen at the surface, just the nostrils and forehead and the large eyes.

As the canoes started for him, he turned and swam rapidly away. But they gained on him very fast; and realizing his danger, he dived, but on coming to the surface, saw his dreaded pursuers close upon him and immediately dived again.

By this time, however, he was quite exhausted with continued diving, and rose again almost immediately. Antonio was within ten feet of him now; but the creature was powerless to dive again, and now started to swim for the shore.

At this juncture Antonio gave his spear a light toss upward. It fell fair upon the capybara's back, the point pierced through the skin, and the barb held it fast. Instantly the doomed animal dived, and the iron spear-head came out of the handle; but the two were held together by a stout cord, the light reed floated like a cork, and the capybara had not the power to drag it under.

The canoe glided forward, and Antonio now seized the floating spear-handle; next moment he had the chiguiri by the hind legs, and with Don Francisco's assistance drew it into the boat, when a few taps on the head with a club secured him.

The capybara is the largest of all the rodents, often weighing a hundred and forty pounds. It has teeth and lips like a squirrel, feet peculiar to itself, and in general appearance it very much resembles a tailless hog, thinly covered with rather long, bristly hair of a brownish gray color. Its flesh is tender, juicy and sweet, with a flavor quite peculiar to itself, and is so much in demand that the Sacupana people salt down all they can procure to sell at Las Tablas and Bolivar.

On the way up the Acoyma, the dogs started nine capabaras, of which Antonio and Senor Sanchez speared three. David killed one with his rifle, and the remainder escaped by hiding amongst the lily-pads and aquatic grass, which grew thickly in many places.

The river narrowed rapidly as they proceeded, and after a time the dense forest gave place to beautiful grassy savannas and quiet lagoons. About twelve miles from the mouth they found themselves beyond the range of capybara, and halted to skin and cut up the animals already taken.

ELECTRIC KEELS.

On the return down the caño, Ben expressed a determination to spear some of the large electric eels which they had seen on the way up. Don Francisco, therefore, exchanged places with him; he was duly installed in the bow of Antonio's canoe, with a paddle and a capybara spear, and told to take care.

As the canoe glided down stream, everybody kept a sharp watch for eels, and it was not long before Antonio's keen eyes espied one. He pointed it out to Ben, who was ready for it directly.

The water was perfectly clear, and the eel lay motionless near the surface, straight as an iron rod, looking precisely like a smooth six-foot handspike. But for Antonio's assurance, Ben would not have believed it was a dreaded tremblador, with electrical power enough to paralyze an elephant.

Antonio steered the canoe close up to it, and as soon as he came within reach, Ben drove his spear into it just back of the head. Instantly the huge eel darted forward, writhing and wriggling, turning and twisting, and making a great commotion in the quiet water. Instead of throwing the spear Ben held to the handle, but almost instantly dropped it with a howl, and with his face screwed all out of shape, began to rub his right arm, which had been almost paralyzed with the shock.

A loud laugh went up at his expense from all except Antonio, who seemed to consider that cooling with a tremblador was no laughing matter.

Very gingerly Ben now recovered the spear-handle which floated on the water, and endeavored to steer the troublesome eel up to the side of the boat. As soon as he succeeded in doing so, he struck it over the head with the capybara killer, which caused the struggling eel to accidentally strike its tail against the bottom of the boat, when a very perceptible shock was inflicted on both its occupants.

After half-a-dozen violent strokes on the

head the tremblador was pronounced dead, and as a special favor to Antonio, David received it in his canoe. A few minutes later, Don Francisco chanced accidentally to hit it with his foot, and instantly broke out in a torrent of expletives. All now understood Antonio's aversion to having an electric eel which was not quite dead in close proximity to his bare feet.

By way of experiment David now touched the head of the eel with the tip of his finger, and instantly received a shock which quite satisfied him.

Another large tremblador was speared on the way down and taken aboard to be preserved. The largest one was six feet eight inches long, and of a bluish slate color.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Stolen Ride.

Two, or three years ago, when I was a little boy than I am now, I thought nothing was much nicer than a ride on the horse-cars, especially if I was sent off somewhere alone on an errand. That made me feel very big and old.

One day, when I was sent down to Aunt Phebe's to get a pattern for mamma, the conductor forgot to take my five cents. I had it all ready in my hand, but he never looked my way at all.

I didn't get five cents to spend as often as I wanted it, and it popped into my head (I s'pose old Satan put it there) that I could have that money for candy.

"The conductor ought to look out for his fare, and if he doesn't, I guess I've a good right to keep it," I said to myself. Oh, of course I knew better, but you see I wanted the candy so!

There was a boy I knew on the car. At least, I knew him a little. He had just come to live on our street. His name was Willy Loring. He was some bigger than I, a nice boy. I wondered if he saw the conductor pass me by, and what he would think about it.

Pretty soon I got off of the car. Willy got off at the same place. I wanted to get acquainted and be good friends with him, so I said, "Come in the store with me, and I'll treat. I got my ride for nothing this time."

"You did? How's that?" Willy asked, staring hard at me.

"The conductor didn't see me. Come on, and we'll have some candy."

I shan't forget very soon how Willy looked at me.

"Sold yourself cheap, didn't you? I wouldn't be a thief for only five cents. No, I thank you, I don't care for any of your candy," he said.

He turned and ran down the next street, and left me standing there, oh, how shamed and mortified!

"A thief for only five cents!" "Sold myself cheap!" Who bought me? It couldn't be anybody but Satan. I kept thinking it over all the way home, and all the evening till I went to bed, so that I couldn't play worth a cent, and my little sister Helen beat me at fox-and-geese every time.

"Mamma, what is stealing?" I asked, while she was tucking me up in bed.

"Don't you know?" she asked.

"But I want you to tell me exactly what you think it is," I said.

"I think it is taking what doesn't belong to you," mamma said.

The ride on the horse-car certainly didn't belong to me till I paid for it. I didn't put down the track, nor buy the horses, nor make the car. Then I stole. I was just what Willy Loring said: "A thief for only five cents."

I wasn't at all comfortable; I thought I should never get to sleep. I laid awake, tumbling and tossing about five or six hours. At any rate, it seemed as long as that. But I dropped off at last, and slept till broad daylight.

I woke with a bad feeling. I hated to meet papa at breakfast, though I knew he didn't think of such a thing as his boy being a thief. I didn't get rid of my miserable feelings that day or the next. I was kind of sick at my stomach every time I thought of what Willy Loring said.

Thursday night papa got home early, and we were sitting alone by the parlor fire. He looked so kind and good, that I gathered up all my courage, and asked,—

"Papa, what would you do, if you wanted to find a car-conductor, and didn't know his name, nor anything about him only that he had a scar on his face close to the corner of his eye?"

Of course papa asked what I wanted to see the conductor for, and finally got the whole story. I was rather glad to tell him, for I thought he would help me out of my trouble.

And he did. He didn't scold, or even stare at me, as Willy Loring did, as if he'd never think of me as a decent kind of a boy again. He put his arm round me, and wiped my tears, for I couldn't keep from crying some, and just said, "I'm very sure my dear boy will never do such a thing again."

Then he gave me ten cents, and told me to ride down next day at just the same hour I did that other day, and most likely I should see the same conductor, and then I could give him the five cents (for I had kept it; I didn't buy any candy after all). If I didn't see that conductor, he told me to go on to the station at the end of the road, and give it to the man in the little office there for that conductor. He said the office man would know which was the right man by the scar.

So I rode down next day, and the conductor was the very same, so I didn't have to go to the office. I was glad of that.

But Willy Loring never saw me when I passed him for a good many days after that. At last I went up to him one day, and said, "You needn't keep thinking I'm a thief, Willy Loring. I carried that five cents and paid it to the conductor, and I ain't ever going to steal a ride again."

Willy didn't speak for a minute. Then he said, "Let's go down by the park and have a game of marbles. Will you?"

And ever since then we've been ever so good friends. JOY ALLISON.

A Baby Eskimo Sharp-Shooter.

One of the first toys that a little Eskimo has is a small bow of whalebone or light wood; and sitting on the end of the snow-bud he shoots his toy arrows, under the direction of his father or mother, or someone who cares to play with him, at something on the other side of the snow-house. This is usually a small piece of boiled meat, of which he is very fond, stuck in a crack between the snow blocks; and if he hits it, he is entitled to eat it as a reward, although the little fellow seldom needs such encouragement to stimulate him in his plays, so lonesome and so long are the dreary winter days in which he lives buried beneath the snow.

These toy arrows are pointed with pins; but he is also furnished with blunt arrows, and whenever some inquisitive dog pokes his head in the igloo door, looking around for a stray piece of meat or blubber to steal, the little Eskimo, if he shoots straight will hit him upon the nose or head with one of the blunt arrows, and the dog will beat a hasty retreat.

In this sense, the little Eskimo has plenty of targets to shoot at, for the igloo door is nearly always filled with the heads of two or three dogs watching the baby's mother closely; and if she turns her head or back for a moment, they will make a rush to steal something, and to get out as soon as possible before she can pound them on the head.

In these exciting raids of a half-dozen hungry dogs, the little marksman is liable to get, by all odds, the worst of the encounter. He is too small to be noticed, and the first big dog that rushes by him knocks him over; the next probably rolls him off the bed onto the floor; still another upsets the lamp full of oil on him; and while he is reeking with oil, another big dog, taking him for a sealskin full of blubber, tries to drag him out, when his mother happens to rescue him after she has accidentally hit him two or three times with the club with which she is striking at the dogs; and if it were not for his hideous yelling and crying, one would hardly know what he is, so covered is he with dirt, grease and snow. Thus the dogs occasionally have their revenge on the young sharp shooter.

"A little girl wanted more buttered toast but was told that she had enough, and that more would make her ill. 'Well,' said she, 'give me another piece and send for the doctor.'"

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 28.

One lady or gentleman's Fine Solid Gold Watch offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, so long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must be a subscriber for Truth for at least four months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at Truth office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address.—Editor's Prize Street, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

The following attractive and well-written story has been chosen as our prize story for the present week. The sender can obtain the Watch offered as the prize, by forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

THE STORY OF A TRANCE.

SENT BY MINNIE M. CARB, CHATHAM, N. B.

In August, 187-, I was surgeon of the E. N. Company's steamer *Racehorse*, and we were lying at Madras on our homeward voyage, when, the evening before we sailed, a gentleman named Talbot, a young fellow in the Civil Service, came on board to see the captain. They walked up and down the deck for some time, and then the captain sent for me, and introducing me to the stranger, said: "Mr. Talbot has come to ask me to take charge of his wife, doctor, who is going to honor us with her presence on our voyage out next time; and as he says she is very young and delicate, I thought he might like to speak to you about her."

I found Mr. Talbot very gentlemanly and agreeable, and we spent a pleasant hour together. He told me he had been married about a year; but on account of his wife's health, he had been obliged to leave her behind when he came to India a few months ago; that the doctors at home thought her well enough now to undertake the journey; and that, as he was very anxious to see her again, he wished her to come out at once, in preference to waiting till later in the year, especially as at that time the steamers were more crowded, and she would not be so well attended to. I assured him we should be very happy to do all we could to make his wife comfortable, and that we had an excellent stewardess, to whom I introduced him. He thanked us very warmly, and slipped a handsome present into the stewardess's hand as he went over the side.

We sailed from Madras next day, and arrived safely in London.

I had almost forgotten my meeting with Mr. Talbot, when one morning, a few days before we were due to leave London again, as I was writing in my cabin, the captain being on shore, the quartermaster brought me a card inscribed "Mr. G. Morris, Ledborough," and said the gentleman was waiting on the quarter deck to see me. I at once went out; and found a fine looking old parson, one of the old school, between sixty and seventy years of age, I should think, who addressed me in a very courteous manner, apologized for disturbing me, but said he had heard from his son-in-law, Mr. Talbot, of Madras, that I had kindly promised to take charge of his daughter, who was going out to Madras in the *Racehorse*, to join her husband.

I said how pleased I should be to do all I could for the young lady, but trusted that my service would not be required professionally. I showed the old gentleman round the ship and down into the saloons and cabins; and I assured him I would do my best to get Mrs. Talbot one of the latter to herself, which, I thought, would not be difficult, as we were rarely crowded with passengers so early in the season; and after half an hour's conversation, we parted, mutually pleased with each other. He left a card for the captain, with a pressing invitation for us both to dine with him that evening at his hotel in the Strand, when he would have the pleasure of introducing us to his daughter.

The captain returned on board shortly afterwards, and I gave him the card and message. He said how sorry he was he had an engagement that evening, but that I must go alone, and make his apologies; which I accordingly did, arriving at the hotel a few minutes before seven, the hour named for dinner. On inquiring for Mr. Morris, I was shown by the waiter into a large and handsomely furnished private sitting-room, where a round table was ready

laid for dinner. As the door opened, a young lady, who was seated at a piano at the other end of the room, rose and came towards me, and I found myself face to face with Mrs. Talbot. I am not good at describing female beauty, but I should like to give you some idea of this lady, with whom I was destined to go through such startling experiences hereafter. She was about eighteen years of age, but looked a year or two older, tall, above the average height of women, with a most perfect figure, which was well set off by the plain, dark-colored, close-fitting dress she wore. Her hands and feet were small and beautifully formed. Her fair brood forehead was set off by wavy braids of rich brown hair, and hazel eyes, beautifully softened in their brightness by dark silken lashes. Her face was not strictly beautiful, maybe, from a classical point of view; but I can only say that when she smiled and showed two rows of pearly teeth, and a bewitching dimple in either cheek, I thought I had never seen a more lovely creature.

I had just shaken hands with Mrs. Talbot, and was apologizing for the non-appearance of Captain G—, when her father came in, and shortly afterwards we sat down to dinner. A capital one it was too, with very good wine.

The conversation during dinner naturally turned upon our coming voyage, and I learned that this was the first time Mrs. Talbot had ever been out of England, or had in fact been separated from her parents—to whom she was evidently devotedly attached—for more than a few weeks at a time. She told me, with tears in her lovely eyes, that she had said good-bye to her mother the day before, as Mrs. Morris was not strong enough to travel up to town from their home in the west of England, and that she dreaded the parting with her father very much.

"Only natural, my dear May," said he; "but think of poor Will in his lonely bungalow at Madras, eagerly expecting your arrival; and cheer up."

"So I do, papa," she replied; "but I dread the parting all the same, and only wish Will would give up that horrid India, and come home, so that we could all be together."

I thought of the many young, fresh-looking, pretty English girls that I had seen going out to that country, whom I had met only a few years afterwards, looking pale-faced, worn, and quite old, and how much better it would be for her to remain in England; but of course I did not say so.

When dinner was over, we had music; and I found Mrs. Talbot played and sang most delightfully; and I thought we had cause to congratulate ourselves upon such an acquisition during our long voyage.

After giving them all sorts of advice about sending their luggage on board and their own embarkation, I took my leave; and as I wended my way eastward, I confided to my cheroot what a charming creature I thought Mrs. Talbot, and how much I considered Talbot was to be envied.

The day passed on, and the morning of our departure arrived; and about noon I saw the small steamer that brings off the passengers coming alongside the *Racehorse*, where she was lying in the river off Gravesend. I was called away just at the moment, and on returning shortly afterwards, found Mr. Morris and his daughter on the quarter-deck talking to the captain. I was rather vexed at not having been the first to

welcome them on board; but this feeling soon passed away, and I set myself to work to assist them in getting their traps down into the cabin, which, as I thought, I had been able to secure for Mrs. Talbot alone. I must pass over the parting between father and daughter—it was too sacred to be lightly touched upon; and though one in my position sees so much of that sort of thing, I was very much affected by it. As the old man went over the side to return to the shore, leaving his child behind him, whom he might never see in this world again, the tears stood in his eyes, and I think also in mine, as he pressed my hand, bade God bless me, and whispered: "Take care of her; she is very sensitive, and will, I know, feel these partings very much."

I was still gazing at the small steamer, which was now at some distance from the *Racehorse*, thinking how many sad hearts were on board her, and especially of the brave old man who was returning to his childless home, when I was interrupted by the stewardess, who informed me that Mrs. Talbot, after parting from her father, had retired to her cabin, where she had had a succession of fainting-fits, followed by an hysterical burst of tears. I gave Mrs. Abbott directions what to do, said she was to be kept perfectly quiet, and that I would come and see her later on, but that at present I thought the fewer people she saw, the better. By this time we were under way; and as the good ship threaded her course down the crowded river, I turned to have a look at the other passengers, who were nearly all at the time on deck. They were the usual sort we have before the really busy season commences, mostly Civil Service and other government officials returning from their three months' leave, with very few ladies. But one, I may as well say a few words about now, as she plays an important part in my story, though I did not make her acquaintance till some time later. She was a Mrs. Johns, a very handsome Eurasian, (or "half-caste," as we call them), wife of a government pleader in Calcutta, who, though not in society there, yet gave herself no end of airs, on the strength, I suppose, of the many rupees her husband was making. She was a tall, fine woman of about thirty, I believe, but looked some years older, with flashing black eyes, and, like all those people, dressed in the most magnificent style. At first sight, she gave me the impression of being a supercilious and disagreeable woman; but I afterwards found that beneath the layer of affectation, she possessed a warm and kind heart. She travelled with her ayah and kitmutghar (native table servant) and quite looked down on those who were not similarly accompanied.

Some hours afterwards, as I walked up and down the deck with a young fellow in the P. W. D., who had taken a former trip with us, I noticed Mrs. Abbott, the stewardess, standing by the companion hatchway, evidently wishing to speak to me. I went forward, and asked her how Mrs. Talbot was. She told me that she had at last fallen asleep, but not before she had completely worn herself out with crying. Even now, she was not quiet, but moaning and sighing in her sleep. The stewardess then whispered something in my ear, at which I started, and exclaimed: "Impossible! The doctors would never have allowed her to make the voyage if such were the case."

"You will find I am right," replied Mrs. Abbott. "But I wish, sir, you would come and see her."

I at once went below with the stewardess, thinking what a complication this would make, if true. As I entered the cabin where Mrs. Talbot was lying on a sofa, looking, I thought, very pale and exhausted, she opened her eyes, showing how light her sleep had been, and holding out her hand, said with a slight blush: "You little thought I should so soon be in your hands professionally, Dr. Weston; but I told you how I dreaded the parting with my father; and you see my instincts were true. I fell asleep just now, and oh!"—she shuddered—"what horrid dreams I had. I dreamt that I died on the voyage, and was buried in the Red Sea, and"—

"Hush, my dear young lady," said I, seeing how excited she was becoming. "Try and compose yourself by looking forward to your happy meeting with your husband."

"Ah! Will, poor Will," she cried, "I shall never see you again, either;" and

she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

Seeing my presence had only the effect of exciting her more, I quitted the cabin, telling the stewardess not to allow her to talk, but to give her the medicine I would send, at once. As soon as I had despatched one of the stewards with the draught, I went to my cabin to dress for dinner. While dressing, I thought a good deal about my fair patient. She was, I could see, of a very excitable temperament, one of those highly and sensitively organized creatures, who feel pain and pleasure far more acutely than more phlegmatic ones can imagine. I trusted a night's rest would do her great good, and that before we reached Malta, she would be quite herself again. Vain hope; but I must not anticipate.

Next morning, I was delighted to hear that Mrs. Talbot had passed a quiet night, and felt well enough to come on deck. She continued to improve, but did not seem to recover her spirits, and more than once I found her in tears. "Do not sulk me," she said on one occasion; "I know how foolish it is; but I can't help it, when I think of those two dear old things at home, to whom I was all in all, and how they will get on without me. I feel so miserable, and half inclined to return home from Gibraltar."

I tried to soothe her by again saying she should try to look forward, instead of back; but it seemed of no use; she appeared to shrink from all mention of her husband's name, and I began to wonder why. I knew she had been married very young—when barely seventeen, in fact; but I understood it to be a love match, and—Well, you see, being a bachelor myself, I suppose I couldn't make it out.

We chatted away on different subjects for some time, and I was glad to see her getting into a more cheerful frame of mind. She told me, among other things, that she had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Johns, who, though vulgar, was yet amusing in her intense conceit.

We had a smooth passage to Gibraltar; the much-maligned Bay of Biscay, that all seem so much to dread, was as calm as a millpond; and on anchoring there, I went for a run on shore with young Moscrieff, the P. W. D. man I spoke of. We were to sail again at 5 p.m., so in good time we drove down to the *Ragged Staff* and returned to the ship.

On arriving on board, I was shocked to hear from Mrs. Abbott, that shortly after I had gone ashore, the mail-boat came off, and that Mrs. Talbot got a letter, which she took to her cabin, where the stewardess found her shortly afterwards in a dead faint, from which she had some difficulty in reviving her.

I went down at once, and found Mrs. Talbot still sobbing hysterically. She told me all had happened as she expected—that the letter was from her father, who wrote that on his return home he had found her dear mother ill in bed, evidently overcome by the shock of her daughter's departure.

I was sure she was making the worst of matters, and exaggerating what her father had written, as I felt certain he was too sensible to write such a thing, even if it were the case; but all I could say was of no avail, so I left her to the care of the stewardess.

I will not weary you with accounts of Mrs. Talbot's health from day to day; suffice it to say she was again getting better, when a fearful shock awaited her at Malta. Among the letters brought on board there was one for her with a deep black border, addressed in a man's hand. Not knowing Mr. Morris's handwriting, I thought at first it was from him, containing the news of her mother's death; but on looking again I saw the postmark was "Glasgow;" and smiling to myself to think how nervous I was getting on Mrs. Talbot's behalf, I took the letter down to her, forgetting that she might very likely jump to the same conclusion, which, unfortunately, proved to be the case; for, not finding her in the saloon, I knocked at her cabin door, which she opened, and seeing the black-edged letter in my hand, shrieked out: "She is dead! and you have come to break the news to me. Oh, my poor mother!" and fell fainting into my arms.

I laid her on the sofa and called loudly for the stewardess. Mrs. Johns was in her cabin opposite, and hearing me calling, rushed in to see what was the matter, and assisted me in restoring her to consciousness. This took a long time, which rather

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alarmed me, especially as I felt how feeble her pulse was; but at last we succeeded, and Mrs. Johns kindly assisted the stewardess to undress and put her to bed. I went to the surgery to get her some medicine, inwardly anathematizing myself for having behaved so foolishly as to take down the letter as I did; but who could have foreseen the consequences?

On my return, I found her lying with her eyes wide open, but noticing nothing; and it was a long time before I could make her understand the letter was not from her father at all, but from Glasgow. When she did at last comprehend it, she exclaimed: "From my uncle! Oh, thank God! My dear mother!" and burst into tears.

I am afraid you will think my patient a regular Niobe; but you must remember what I have told you of her excitable disposition, her present state, and all she had gone through.

When I saw her next morning, I thought she seemed a little better, but alas! I was mistaken; the shock had been too much for her, and she became worse and worse until we arrived at Suez.

I was terribly anxious then as to what effect the heat of the Red Sea in September would have upon her, but at the same time knew it was out of the question thinking of landing her in her present state, so determined to do the best I could for her, hoping that, once the terrible sea was passed in safety, the refreshing breezes of the Indian Ocean would pull her round a bit before we reached Colombo.

The heat of the Red Sea was truly fearful, the little wind there was being after us, so that the smoke from our funnels ascended in a perfectly straight column; and confess that more than once I thought of her dream, and how fearfully probable it seemed that it would come true.

The captain gave up his cabin on deck to her, which, being fitted with a punkah and jalouses that opened all round, was by far the coolest place on the ship, especially as we had the roof covered with canvas kept wet, which somewhat tempered the rays of the fierce sun, which seemed to burn right through our double awnings. With some trouble, we succeeded in moving her, bed and all, up here; and Mrs. Johns, who was kindness itself, and the stewardess watched by her in turn. But she seemed to get lower and lower, and at last one Saturday night, as Mrs. Johns and myself were sitting by her, she gave one sigh, and all was over!

I went to report the fact to the captain, who was terribly cut up. Just imagine our feelings. Putting aside our grief for her who was gone, how could we meet the young husband at Madras, who was now probably counting the hours until his beloved wife would be with him, and tell him we had left his darling in the Red Sea, that terrible Sea, where so many of England's loved ones lie sleeping till the day when the "sea shall give up her dead!" Of course we could break the news by telegram from Aden, but even then there were all the sorrowful details to be given.

We went together to look at her. Mrs. Johns and the stewardess had done what was necessary; and as we gazed on her, she appeared more like one in a quiet sleep than a dead creature.

"How beautiful she looks!" said the captain.

"Yes," replied I; "so young and lovely to be taken, while the old and haggard are left. What a mystery it all is!"

Day was now breaking, and the captain arranged that she should be buried that evening. The forenoon passed on, and each of the passengers having visited and taken a silent farewell of the dead, nothing now remained but to provide the shroud, before committing the body to the sepulchre, so I sent for the old sailmaker to perform his melancholy part of the business. He had taken the measure and again left the cabin, and all was still, when, as I was leaning over the side, looking at the water and thinking of her who was gone, I was startled by the captain rushing with staring eyes from the cabin, shouting:

"Doctor, doctor! she's not dead. Come and see; she moved just now."

I hastened with him to the cabin, and saw at once what he said was true. Her hands, which had been folded across her body, were now apart; and the captain explained, that having wished to take a last look at her before the sailmaker completed his work, he had gone into the cabin, and that, as he was leaving, he had stooped to

press a kiss on her hands, when they had moved to the position I saw them

My yarn is already longer than I intended, so I will not trouble you with a description of how we brought her round, but tell you that in a few hours' time she was able to speak, when, to our horror, she told us that she had never lost consciousness, but had heard all we had said from first to last, though unable to move, or of course to see, as her eyes were closed—that she had actually felt the sailmaker taking her measure; and was quite aware that in a few hours, unless she made some sign, her burial would take place; and it was only at the last moment, by a supreme effort, she had been able to move her hands as described.

Can you imagine anything more awful! And yet, strange to say, it had no ill effect on her mind, though one would almost have thought it would have driven her mad.

From that day, she seemed to recover, and by the time we arrived at Colombo, was able to sit on deck, and, on our reaching Madras, to welcome the husband she never expected to see more.

By her own earnest wish, no one told him the whole facts of the case, only that she had been very ill, as she wished to tell him all herself when they were alone.

My story is rather a melancholy one; but it is true in every respect, except that names, dates, and places are altered, for the lady is still alive, and the happy mother of a family.

Preventive Trees.

Ezekiel, the Hebrew prophet, speaks (47: 12) of trees whose leaf shall be "for medicine." John, in the Revelation (22: 2) writes of the tree of life, whose leaves "were for the healing of the nations." Whatever may be the interpretation of these expressions, it is evident that the words are based upon the ancient opinion that the leaves of certain trees possess a healing energy.

But apart from this remedial virtue, it is certain that trees play an important part in preventing disease. The Eucalyptus of Australia, vulgarly known as the gum-tree, is said to prevent malaria. Its efficacy is ascribed to its thirst, whereby its roots are made to drain the soil for yards beyond that in which they extend themselves. But its preventive power may also be due to its large leathery leaves. These exhale a volatile aromatic oil, and often extend their edges, instead of their sides, towards the sky and the earth, thus exposing each side to the light, and, it may be, intercepting the malarious germs.

Be this as it may, a fact recorded by an English officer, who served many years in India, shows that trees do prevent malaria.

The troops at a certain station in Bengal were so often attacked by sickness that it was determined to remove them to a more healthy locality. The officer referred to was ordered to select a suitable site for a camp. As he was unable to find a more healthy site in the neighborhood, he thought that a re-arrangement of the Sepoys' barracks might secure their health.

He had noticed that between the officers' quarters and a large swamp there were several large trees. He also observed that there was no sickness among the officers or their servants except in the case of the inmates of one house, which, being unprotected by the foliage, was exposed to the wind that blew over the swamp.

Some little distance from the parade-ground there was a belt of trees. To the rear of this belt he removed the Sepoys' huts, so as to shelter them from the miasma of the swamp. The regiment thus located remained free from fever for several years. Then the trees were cut down, and malaria immediately attacked the men.

The officer also records that at Prome, Burmah, one company of soldiers were free from malarial fever, whilst their comrades suffered severely from its attacks. Investigation showed that the healthy company were sheltered from the miasma by a mound covered with trees, which interposed between their barracks and the neighboring swamp. The sick soldiers lived in barracks which were unsheltered from the wind when it blew across the malarial swamp.

Old age is a tyrant that forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 133.—A PHONETIC CHARADE.

(A Word of Five Syllables Having More Vowels than Consonants.)

By sounding my first you will mentally see, That I really belong to geography, For if you remove to a far distant state, 'Twill be found that I'm useful the fact to relate.

My second is that which in every home— No matter if over the world you may roam, You will constantly think of, and love, and adore,

Though many by it have been made very sore.

And my third stands for wealth, and affluence power, Or misery, disaster and poverty sour; Or shrewdness, ability, greatness, success; Or the most criminal waste, and sad want-onness.

Whilst my fifth is a plant that is relished as food, And many who eat it pronounce it real good.

Now my last is a word that is frequently used

By Africans, Yankees, and Frenchmen, and Jews,

Though an orthoepist would say, 'tis the English abused;

It is certainly ne'er found in able reviews.

Now my whole is a work that has taxed many a mind, And I will leave it to all, my name out to find.

Toronto. S. J. B.

NO. 134.—AN ANAGRAM.

"Crape Cages" is the name of one Who no good deed has ever done; Reckless, wild and fond of riot, He needs a cage to keep him quiet.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 135.—ABSURDITIES

1. Take five hundred from a fool and leave what all are anxious to get.

2. When is a ballet dancer like a circus chariot?

3. On taking a chair that a dog has just vacated—what surgical operation might it suggest?

S. J. B.

NO. 136.—A STUDENT'S QUIZ.

Are you a student of conchology? If so, come walk upon the beach with me; Let us inspect a certain small crustacean, A charming subject for your contemplation. It has fine eyes, though round enough to burst—

An apron wears—it is a lady first.

A fine example for our human maids!

'Tis not progressive—no! It retrogrades.

And are you fond, my friend, of botany? I hope you are. Come see my last with me, A plant the vulgar have entitled all.

Can you its scientific name recall? O fie, for shame! The question strikes you dumb!

The plant is *Panicum Profliferum!*

That youth alone his fellow far surpasses, Who knows the names and natures of the grasses!

J. A.

NO. 137.—AN ENIGMA.

My first and last great numbers are, My whole is least of all;

I sometimes dwell in harmony, Or mean a person small;

Whilst many a faint and fleeting breath I've helped to snatch from cruel death.

S. J. B.

NO. 138.—A BRACE OF QUERIES.

1.

What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world—the swiftest, and yet the slowest—the most divisible and the most extended—the least valued and the most regretted—without which nothing can be done

—which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirits to every object, however great!

11.

What is that we receive without being thankful for—which we enjoy without knowing how we received it—which we give away to others, without knowing where it is to be found—and which we lose without being conscious of our loss?

MRS. LAYLAND.

NO. 139.—A SELECTION.

A man once launched a vessel large, And live atock, too, he took in charge; He did not barter, buy, nor sell; Whichever wind blew, pleased as well; He sailed at random, was to no port bound, His only wish was to run aground.

MRS. LAYLAND.

FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.

2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

THE PRIZE FOR JUNE.

To the reader forwarding the best lot of answers to the Sphinx of June will be presented a copy of Chambers' Dictionary.

Each week's solutions should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 119.—Cat.
- 120.—1. Maquerader. 2. Troublecame.
- 3. Tremando.
- 121.—Red-head.
- 122.—The letter E.
- 123.—The imagination.
- 124.—Box wood wood box.
- 125.—M-isle-d.

In Spite of Surroundings.

All along the history of humanity there are great epochs, where some upward step marks a new era of civilization, such as the invention of the printing press. Yet the envioning circumstances did not encourage such inventions. Every adventurer into the realms of the unfamiliar met at once with opposition. It was a square issue with such men whether their inward light or their outward environment was to prevail; and the greater the opposition the firmer their determination. Had Livingstone surrendered to circumstances he would have remained a factory hand all his life; it was because he defied his surroundings and conquered them that he rose to eminence. It is a doctrine of fatalism that we are what our forefathers, our climate and other influences have made us. One might say: "How can I be better? I am a child of godless parents, surrounded by thoughtless people, driven by business, worldly-minded,—such is the atmosphere in which I live." But such was the atmosphere in which John Lawrence Governor General of India, found himself when he first trod the streets of Calcutta. He set his face like a flint against luxury, intrigue, profligacy. He took up the challenge of circumstances. With indomitable will he fought, crushing mutiny to day and righting an injustice tomorrow, until his patient heroism won him the title of the saviour of India.

In delicate souls love never presents itself but under the veil of cateem.

Give freely to him that deserveth well and asketh nothing; and that is the way of giving to thyself.

A wife and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well.

I have seldom known anyone that deserted truth in trifles who could be trusted in matters of importance.

Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you, and both in your necessity will serve you.

Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

\$10.00, \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power.

Every week four prizes, aggregating twenty dollars in gold, will be given to actual subscribers sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected.

The choicest of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number is his or her favorite.

The four numbers receiving the highest vote will be awarded premiums as follows: First, \$10.00; second, \$5.00; third, \$3.00; fourth, \$2.00.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 2 of this issue.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count. You are invited to send in your vote.

THE AWARD.

May 16th.

FIRST

Number 438, "Light Kids all the Rage Again," sent by Emma Parker, Barrie, Ont., having the greatest number of votes takes the first prize, of \$10.

SECOND.

Number 495, "The Art of Love Making," sent by J. C. Murphy, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, comes second on the list, and consequently the prize of \$5 is awarded to him.

THIRD.

Number 415, "On the Rollers," sent by W. C. Boyle, Delhi, Ont., received the third largest number of votes, and will receive the \$3—the third prize.

FOURTH.

Number 433, "Underselling the Fellow Next Door," sent by Allie Arthurs, Rosedale, city, stands next on the list, and is therefore awarded the \$2—being the fourth prize.

All the above prizes will be paid on application.

Numbers 430, 426, 421, 420, 412 and 411, all had a number of admirers.

We should have a very much larger vote, and a very much greater number of competitors than we do, for the prizes offered. \$10, \$5, \$3, or \$2 can't be made as easily or pleasantly in any other way.

THE COMMITTEE.

(501)

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

Weakly, aimlessly, drifting through life. What was I for? For somebody's wife, I'm told by my mother.

—Selected

(501)



Lord! for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work And duly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to obey; Help me to mortify my flesh, Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinkingly say; Set Thou a seal upon my lips, Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave, In season gay; Let me be faithful to Thy grace, Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life Should ebb away, Give me Thy Sacrament divine, Sweet Lord, to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to-day.

Mrs. A. B. CAMPBELL.

137 Duval Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

(502)

What is It?

It was whispered in Heaven, it was muttered in Hell, And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell; On the confines of earth it was permitted to rest, And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.

Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder; 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath, Attends at his birth and awaits him in death; It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health, Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.

'Twill not scathe the heart, and though dial to the ear, 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear; Not in shade, let it rest like a delicate flower, Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

Ans.—The letter H.

Mrs. E. ROBERTSON

323 Front St. West, Toronto.

(503)

Spring.

"A bursting into greenness, A waking as from sleep, A twitter, and a warble, That make the peepers leap; A sense of renovation, Of freshness and of health, A casting off of sordid feet, A carelessness of wealth, A watching, as in childhood, For flowers that, one by one, Open their golden petals, To woo the fifeled sun; A gush, a flash, a gurgle, A wish to shout and sing, As fill'd with hope and gladness, We hail the vernal spring."

Sarnia, Ont.

JAMES THORNTON.

(504)

The Rumseller's Sign.

A gentleman was passing by A shop where hung the sign, "Here's where you buy your lager beer, Cigars, and ale and wine."

And saw upon the cellar flap A drunken woman lie, Just as she fell, a bear of rage, Remained unconsciously.

He hastened to the bar and said: "Good sir, please open this way; One of thy signs has fallen down, 'Tis going to decay."

The publican was stiff with gout, His pot boy limp with wine, And both came hobbling quickly out, To raise the fallen sign.

"You fool!" they cried, "you must be mad! What sign do you mean, and where?" He pointed to the heap of rage, And answered, "It is there."

"That is the sign that sends abroad, The pacific daily cry— The finest article that makes, Lost for eternity."

"Why don't they place it where 'Twill show, Within thy wind-rw there, As all respected tradesmen do, Who show their finest ware,

"And label it, 'To order made, Our manufacture fine,' In order of leaving it down there, As though ashamed 'twas thine?"

Durochers St., Montreal.

G. RUSSELL.

—Selected.

(505)

In Church—During the Litany.

"I'm glad we got here early, Nell; We're not obliged to sit to-day Behind those horrid Smith girls—well, I'm glad they go so soon away. How does this cushion match my dress? I think it looks quite charmingly." Bow'd sweetly to the Smiths? "Oh! yes—"

Responds—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy. Good Lord, deliver us.

II.

"I hate those haughty Courtenays! I'm sure they needn't feel so fine Above us all, for mamma says Their dresses aren't as nice as mine. And one's engaged, so, just for fun, To make her jealous—try to win Her lover—show her how 'tis done."

Responds.—From her red, envy, mischief, sin, Good Lord, deliver us.

III.

"To-day the Rector is to preach In aid of missionary work; He'll say he hopes and trusts that each Will nobly give nor duty shirk. I hate to give, but then one must, You know we have a forward seat; People can see—they will, I trust."

Responds.—From want of charity, deceit, Good Lord, deliver us.

IV.

"Did you know Mr. Gray had gone? That handsome Mr. Rogers, too? Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn If all the men leave—and so few! I trust that we with cupid's darts May capture some—let them beware."

Responds.—Behold the sorrow of our hearts, And, Lord, with mercy, Hear our prayers!

253 Simcoe St., Toronto

LOUISA A. JONES.

(506)

The Better Part.

A king for earthly wisdom prayed; God gave the boon he sought. That king God's laws still disobeyed; he knew, but did it not. Ask thou, my child, a better boon; the wisdom from above; Nor think thy days life too soon to learn a Saviour's love. Pray for what passeth human skill, the power God's will to do. Read thou that thou mayst do His will; and thou shalt know it too.

And what of men be still unknown, thy Lord shall teach thee that. When thou shalt stand before His throne, or at as may set. Wait till He shall Himself disclose things now beyond thy reach. But listen not, my child, to those who the Lord's secrets teach; Who teach thee more than He has taught; tell more than he reveal'd; Preached tidings which He never brought, and read what he left seal'd.

Killgarr, Ireland.

MARY E. GILBY.

(507)

"The Child's Way to Heaven."

"Oh, I am weary of earth," said the child, As it gazed with tearful eye On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand, "For whate'er I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower, It came, and looked abroad, And it said, "I am going this very hour: I am going to Heaven and God."

There was golden light where the sun had set, And red and purple, too, And it seemed as if earth and Heaven met All round in the distant blue.

The light streamed through from the cloud's dark face It seemed as if 'twere risen; Said the child, "I will go to that very place, For it must be the gate of Heaven."

So off it set to follow the sun, But the Heavens would not stay; And always, the faster it tried to run, They seemed to go faster away.

Then evening shades fell heavily, And night drew cold and damp, And each little star in the dark blue sky, Lit up its silvery lamp.

It could not see before it well, For the sun had sunk too low; And at last it cried, for it could not tell The way it wished to go.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod To say its evening prayer, And it said to the good and holy God, "Oh take me to Thy care."

Sweetly it slept, and long as sweet, And the child forgot its pain; In the place where earth and Heaven meet We shall find that child again.

Battersea Park, Eng.

G. SACRE.

(508)

Woman's Will.

Men dying make their wills—but wives Escape a work so mad, Why should they make a hat all their lives The gentle dames had?

POULOCK, N. B.

—Selected.

(509)

The Lesson of the Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill! Through the long long day, How the clicking of its wheel! Wears the hours away! Languidly the autumn wind Stirs the green wood leaves; From the fields the reapers sing, Blending up the aboveas. And a proverb haunts my mind As a spell is cast— "The mill cannot grind With the water that is past."

Autumn leaves revive no more, Leaves that once are shed; And the sickle cannot reap Corn once gathered. And the ruffled stream flows on, Tranquil, deep, and still, Never gliding back again To the water-mill Truly speaks the proverb old, With a meaning vast: "The mill can't grind With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself, Loving heart and true; Golden years are fleeting by, Youth is passing too. Learn to make the most of life; Less no happy day; Time will never bring thee back Chances swept away. Leave no tender word unaid, Love while life shall last; "The mill cannot grind With the water that is past"

Work while yet the day's light shines, Man of strength and will; Never does the streamlet glide Useless by the mill; Wait not till the morrow's sun Ecams upon thy way; All that thou canst call thine own Lies in thy "to-day." Power and intellect and health May not always last; "The mill cannot grind With the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life That have d lit-d by! Oh, the good that might have been! Lost without a sigh, Love that we might once have saved By a single word, Thoughts conceived, but never peened, Ferleaving unbest. Take the proverb to thine heart, Take and hold it fast! "The mill cannot grind With the water that is past."

Stonona, Minn., U.S.

Mrs. E. K. RACKT.

(510)

The two Pictures.

A young Alexandrian miss Was asked by her beau for a kiss Demurely contented, She sweetly consented, And their lips locked exactly like this:

But her pa interrupted the bliss, And said, "Who's this young fellow, sis? And without more ado The young fellow flew And his eyes looked exactly like this:

Rale Verte, N. B.

GILBERT WALLS.

(511)

An old Man in a Stylish Church.

Well, w'e, I've been to church to-day; It was a stylish one; And since you cannot go from home I'll tell you what was done You would have been surprised to see The things I saw to-day; The air-ers all were dressed so fine, They hardly knelt to pray.

My clothes were coarse, and so they knew At once that I was poor; They led the old man to a seat, Circumlocuted by the door. A stranger came, a man of wealth, In costly robes arrayed; Gold rings he wore, and room for him, Was near the altar made.

I could not help but think it wrong That he should sit so near, For he was young, and I was old, And very hard to hear. But, then, I thought in yonder world So pure, and free from sin, How riches at the gate would beg, While poverty goes in.

Too far to catch the preacher's voice, I prayed for those about, That God would make pure within, As they were clean without. "The true, I am old and childish now; Eat, then, I love to see A Christmas wear the simple garb Of meek humility.

O, why should man look down on man?
How many a noble breast
May make sweet music, though it thrub
Beneath a faded vest.
Our Saviour loved and blessed the poor;
And when to him we rise,
The rich and poor will share alike
His temple in the skies.
Cowanville, P. Q. Mrs. C. HARRIS.

(612) —Selected.
Contentment.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all."
The mother said.
"My good, kind husband, as you see,
And those three children at my knee,
Who look to us so trustfully
For daily bread."

"For their sweet sakes, who love me so,
I keep the firelight in a glow
In our dear home,
That, though the tempest roar outside,
And fiercely threaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam."

"And as the merry kettle boils,
We welcome him who daily toils
For us each day.
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more,
When fond ones meet him at the door,
At twilight gray."

"One rats the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his chair—
The big arm-chair—
And while the children round him slog,
And make the dear old fathers ring,
One little daughter crowns him king
With blossoms fair."

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owners of a vast estate,"
The mother said;
"But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as it can hold,
With daily bread."

Merino, Cal. Miss A. McMILLAN.

(513) —Selected.
A Fi by Story.

Four gentlemen—a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic—met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed himself with knife and fork, and, taking about one-third of the fish, comprising the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming, as he sat down, with great satisfaction, "Papa cat caput accetur." (The Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself and said—"Finis coronat opus." (The end crowns the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was about time for him to move, and, taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed—"In media est veritas." (Truth lies between two extremes.) Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of melted butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming—"Ego baptizo vos." (I baptize you all.)

Welland, Ont. Mrs. J. H. PHILLIPS.

(514) —Selected.
A Baby's Soliloquy.

I am here, and if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sideways like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea.

I'll tell you who I am. I found out today. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's an-

other one—that's "gamma." "It was gamma's baby, so it was."
I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuff with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go when I want them to?

O. H. FOSTER.
St. John-st., Hamilton, Ont.

(615) —Selected.
Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was
gaping wide; the
rosy wine had
ebbed away,
and left
its crys-
talside; and the wind
went humming,
humming—
up and
down the
sides it flew,
and through the
reed-like,
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. "They tell me—puny con-
querors—the Plague has slain his ten,
and War his hundred thousands of the
very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
quered more than all your famous con-
querors, so feared and famed of yore.
Then come, ye youth and maidens,
come drink, from out my cup, the
beverage that dulls the brain and
burns the spirit up; that puts to
shame the conquerors that slay their
scores below; for this has deluged
millions with the lava tide of woe.
Though in the path of battle
darkest waves of blood may roll;
yet while I killed the body,
I have damned the very soul.
The cholera, the sword, such
ruin never wrought, as I,
in mirth or malice, on the
innocent have brought.
And still I breathe
upon them, and
they shrink before my breath;
and year by year my thou-
sands tread the dismal road to Death."

Byron, Ont. WARREN ELSON.

(516) —Selected.
Only Six Months Dead.

A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter; "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc."

He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secreting his friends about the room he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears, he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back; "it is a good likeness, then, it affects you so much?"

"No," said the man; "poor mother, to think she has been only dead six months and looks like that!"

Detroit. Mr. MUCKLE.

(517) —Selected.
The Impressive Question of a Faintly Man.

A distinguished Boston divine, of unusually solemn and impressive appearance, went out to a country town not long ago to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town, of course, "spotted" him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man.

He went into a drug store, and, in tones that froze the young blood of the clerk behind the counter, said:

"Young—man—do—you—smoke?"
"Y—yes, sir," said the trembling clerk;
"I'm sorry, but I learned the habit young, and haven't been able to quit it yet."
"Then," said the great divine, without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "can you tell me where I can get a good cigar?"
Winnipeg, Man. M. M. MARKS.

(518) —Selected.
The Troubles of a Post.

While Col. Bange, editor of the *Argus* (American) was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B; it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Sam'l H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that is what I want to see you fix. The way that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am a fool. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it, read in this manner:

'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.'

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that. Made it read this way—

'Lying to a weeping widow, to induce her to elope. That is too much—it's enough to drive a man crazy!'

"I am sorry," said the Colonel; "but—"

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight—

'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.'

A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate up-stairs there—do you know what he did? He made it read—

'Take away the jeering monkeys, on a secretly glandered horse.'

By George! I felt like braining him with a shovel! I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

'I am weary with the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.'

It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into—

'I am wearing out my trousers, till they're open at the knees.'

That is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder the compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote—

'I swell the flying echoes as they roam along the hills,
And I feel my soul mistaken in the ecstasy that thrills.'

Now what do you suppose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why into this—

'I swell the flying shoes as they roam along the hills,
And I feel my soul mistaken in the ecstasy that whirrs.'

Gibberish, sir, awful gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out now," said the Colonel, "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."
Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off down stairs.

Mrs. BERRY.
Moulton P. O., Brunfield Co., Ohio.

(619) —Selected.
The Bashful Young Man.

If there is any defect more striking than another in the American character it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a bashful young fellow who was desired by his aunt to go to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds.

"Mr. Shaw," says he, "was blessed with a number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse I arrived just as the family were seated for dinner. Stopping in the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out:

"Mr. Straw, can you spare enough Shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but I can; how many will you need?"

"Before I could recover, those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I returned to my excellent aunt."

Kowence, Ill. LYDIA V. HART.

(520) —Selected.
Getting Her Theology Slightly Mixed.

The little girl in a family of my acquaintance has been in the habit of attending a Presbyterian Sunday-school; but recently the family moved into another neighborhood where the nearest Sunday-school was of the Episcopal persuasion.

"With economic liberality of belief they straightway sent her to this Episcopal Sunday-school; but the result was a strange jangling of theological methods in the little one's brain. A few days ago she overheard the chambermaid call the coachman a "fool."

"O-o-o-h!" exclaimed the child.

"But he is," retorted the angry servant.

"Don't you know what the Bible says, Annie? 'Who so calleth his brother a fool, shall—shall—suffer under Pontius Pilate.'"

St. Louis, Mo. MARY LISTER.

(521) —Selected.
The Poor Woman Nearly Went Into Hieroglyphics.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Smith, "the poor man suffered awful pains. He was in a tomatoes state for three long days, caused from suspension. The doctor said that he was troubled with animation of the stomach and also a slight confusion of the bowels, which at first seemed like an attack of sporadic colic. But the poor man's time had come and I suppose his death could not be helped, so at exactly five o'clock his soul passed to that home from which no man returneth. I felt sorry for his wife. The poor woman nearly went into hieroglyphics."

Batavia, N. Y. ARTHUR MANSFIELD.

(522) —Selected.
For the Sake of Others.

Dr. Coulter, in a work detailing his adventures in a sail over the Pacific, narrates an anecdote of one Terence Connel, an Irish convict, who escaped from Australia. He had become chief of a tribe of Morroforas in New Guinea. After rendering some service to an exploring party, he made a farewell visit on board ship. Asked by the captain whether he would take brandy or wine, good Terry replied, "No, thankee, sir; it's long since I tasted the likes, and it might bother me. I often had a notion of making a drop here for myself out of them sugar canes growing wild along the banks of the river; but, jec see, if I did, the rest of the tribe might learn the trade, and then I would have a purty throuble to dale with, so I said to myself I'll do no such thing; they're wild and mad enough without that, and that's the rasin, captain, I takes none myself." Here is a lesson wemight well take to heart. Half the wisdom, even without the personal abstinence of this ruler of a savage tribe, would rid our beloved Canada of its greatest curse.

McIntyre, Ont. Mrs. F. LANG.

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The sale in our Jersey Department this year has been something immense. Ladies' Union Jerseys, in Black, \$1.00 each; Ladies' Black Braided Jerseys, full back, \$1.65; Ladies' Black Braided coat-tail back, \$3.00; Ladies' Black Braided Scooped Bottom, \$3.00; other in Black at \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.25, \$3.50. All leading colors, in same makes, in Black, \$1.50 up.

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The sales in our Carpet Department have surprised even ourselves, the increase over last year being so large. The Union Carpets at 35, 40, 45, and 50c. a yard. The All-Wools at 65, 70, 75, 85, 90 and \$1.00. The goods all full 36 inches wide and all reversible patterns. Tapestry Carpets, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 65, 75c.; Brussels, special line at 75c. a yd.; Brussels at \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.25.

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THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

1 Cor. 2: 9.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy, For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can do - stroy.
 2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than an - y earth-ly throng, And sweet-er is the tho't of Theo Than an - y love - ly song.
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With-out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 4. O Sa-viour, pre-cious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free; The half has never yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, yet been told, yet been told, cleanseth me.

Rit.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

Matt. 25: 6.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you read-y for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you read-y for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes; Be-hold! he com-eth! Ho
 2. Have your lamps trim'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes, Have your lamps trim'd and burn-ing When he comes, when he comes; Ho quick - ly com-eth! he
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; Ho sure - ly com-eth! he
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he com-eth! Lo!

hold! he com-eth! No rebel and read-y, for the Bride-groom comes. CHORUS.
 quick - ly com-eth, O soul! be read-y, when the Bride-groom comes. Be - hold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Do
 sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him when the Bride-groom comes. hold! he com-eth! he
 now he com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ias for the Bride-groom comes. hold! he com-eth! No rebel and read-y, for the Bridegroom cometh.

hold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Do - hold! he com-eth! he - hold! he com-eth! No rebel and read-y, for the Bridegroom cometh.

Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondence on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.]

The Medical Craze.

A correspondent sends the following humorous rendering of what is only too true of the millions who support the patent medicine dealer. It is from a well known Southern paper, and there is more earnest than jest in it:—

"There was a time in the history of the world when men died without the aid of medicine and physicians.

"The early history of the art of medicine is entirely legendary, but it is believed that as an art it was first cultivated in Egypt. There the office of priest and physician were combined. Chiron, the Centaur, is credited with having introduced the art of medicine amongst the Greeks. Then, as great discoverers in medicine, there was Pythagoras, Democritus, and Hippocrates; afterward came Galen, Aristotle, Harvey, and others. The early physicians had everything their own way. In performing cures they used prayers, incantations, charms, and noisome drugs. The laity were ignorant of their own internal structure. There were no stethoscopes, sphygmometers, or ophthalmoscopes in those days. When a man felt gloomy he did not know whether it was his conscience, or his liver, that was out of plumb, or whether it was soft corns or Bright's disease of the kidney, that was gnawing at his vitals; so he would go to an Astrologer, who would probably tell him to wear the decayed tooth of some animal around his neck, and to avoid sitting with his back to the engine when he rode in a railroad train, and he would soon get well.

"Possibly the cause of the ignorance of the common people in that age arose from the fact that they did not find in the daily papers any warnings to avoid delay in attending to their hacking coughs; no admonitions regarding what should speedily be done for pains in their backs; and no description of golden remedies for the opium habit, or sure cure for catarrh. In fact they did not have any papers to read, and could not have read them if they had had them.

"The progress and discoveries in medicine during the present century have produced a different order of things. Now every one can be his own doctor, and can consign himself to an early grave as speedily as if he was in the hands of a licensed physician.

"The man who reads the daily and weekly papers will discover that he is now—and has been for some time, unknown to himself suffering from dreadful ills, and he will learn how to speedily cure them. He will find that if he will only try a certain remedy, put up in \$1 bottles, he will never suffer from heart-burn, cold feet, or painters' colic; and if he takes another remedy, sold everywhere, he 'will not die in the house.'

"To read these exhortations to the sick and suffering—some of them romantic narratives, woven around an incident that points a moral suggests the use of somebody's only genuine Wormwood Bitters—one would suppose that every one who could read nonpareil type would diagnose his own case, find in the newspapers the remedy to fit it, and would soon be so burdened with health, that he would have it to sell, to invest, and to give to the poor, but the supposition would not be borne out by actual facts.

"There is Major Handy for instance, who fought all through the war, and came home without a scratch and in good health. Six months ago he read an article in a newspaper that told how men were every day going down to the silent tomb accompanied by Bright's disease, and they did not know The writer said that symptoms differed

in cases. Sometimes it was a headache next morning. At other times it was a dizziness in the head and weakness in the legs, felt when one was out late at night. Again, it was a continual desire to drink something. The Major recognized the symptoms; he had not only suffered from one but from all of them. He became alarmed. Fortunately, in the very same article that so clearly described his symptoms, he found Wungie's Wonderful Remedy recommended as a sure cure. He bought a bottle, and as directed, used it, abstaining, as also directed, from the use of stimulants while under treatment. Bright's disease disappeared in a night, as if some one had stolen it. Perhaps Bright himself came and got it. But no sooner did the Major get rid of it than the cramps took possession of him. (Glancing over his newspaper he found that Rough on Cramps was the name of a simple remedy guaranteed to scatter a whole collection of cramps in fifteen minutes, Greenwich time. He tried a box of it. Instant relief. But no sooner was he rid of the cramps than his liver refused to oscillate. He again had recourse to his paper, where he had choice of eleven liver lubricators, each one highly recommended by a prominent clergyman and mayors of cities who had been saved from untimely ends by its use. He tried some of these remedies, and soon had his striking liver working ten hours a day; but no sooner did he get rid of one thing than he found himself in possession of another. This time it was neuralgia, or he thought it was. He soon got a neuralgia eradicator that was to be used in connection with cold baths. The eradicator knocked the neuralgia, but the cold baths brought on rheumatism. And so it has gone on. The Major has had, or imagined he had, about twenty-seven different diseases. The last we saw of him, about a week ago, gout had claimed him for its own, and he was going around on crutches. Doubtless by this time he has got a gout cure that has done its work, and left in its trail a new disease to make inroads on his constitution and imagination, and to give him an opportunity to hunt for a new remedy."—*Phrenological Journal.*

Poisons and their Antidotes.

"Poison may be defined as any substance which when introduced into the system or applied externally injures health or destroys life irrespective of mechanical means or direct thermal changes." Such is the concise and apt definition of poison laid down in Dr. Quain's *Medical Dictionary*. The action of poisons is twofold, being either local or remote, or both. The local action is generally one of a corrosive or inflammatory nature, or is characterized by its effects upon the nerves and sensations. Although it is impossible to deal with so vast a subject in detail, yet nevertheless it cannot be denied that a general knowledge of some of the most virulent poisons and their antidotes is not only a subject of great interest to the public, but at times a matter of life and death. By a fair insight into poisons and their antidotes, life indeed may often be saved, when the delay caused by seeking for medical advice would probably be fatal. The purpose of this paper, therefore, will be to deal as clearly as possible with the most general poisons and their symptoms, and to point out such antidotes as in cases of emergency may be most readily employed.

An acquaintance with the leading symptoms produced by certain poisons is an important factor, for thereby we may hope more readily to recognize the especial destructive agency at work, and thus to arrest its further progress. Great care, however, is requisite never to draw a hasty conclusion from one symptom alone, but to bear in mind other signs upon which a correct diagnosis can alone be based. Many attempts have from time to time been made with a view to classify poisons; but the most rational classification is obviously that which is in accordance with their special action. They may therefore be divided generally under the following heads:—(1) Corrosives; (2) Irritants; and (3) Neurotics.

Under the head of corrosives, corrosive sublimate stands foremost in importance, being the most typical of this class. The effects are rapid in their development, being well marked by a burning sensation felt in the mouth and throat, followed by agonising pain in the stomach. The tongue and throat have a white appearance, and excessive tenderness and swelling of the abdomen is noticable. All authorities agree in recommending albumen in the form of raw eggs—both yolk and white—swatched up with a little water, as the best antidote in cases of acute poisoning from corrosive sublimate. The albumen combines with the corrosive sublimate to form an insoluble and comparatively inert compound. Should eggs not be immediately obtainable, gluten obtained from flour, or wheat flour alone mixed with milk or water, may be given until the most reliable antidote is ready. The chief of the corrosive poisons are the mineral acids, sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric; the vegetable acids, oxalic, binoxalate of potash (commonly called salt of lemon and salt of sorrel), and occasionally in large doses tartaric acid; the alkalies, potash, soda, and ammonia, with certain of their salts, such as pearl-ash (commonly called salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (commonly called washing soda), and carbonate of ammonia; also various metallic compounds, including salts of zinc, tin, silver, and antimony, &c. Poisoning by oxalic acid is a very common method chosen by would-be suicides, probably owing to the fact that it is a substance much used in household operations, and therefore readily obtainable by any one bent on committing suicide. In speaking of the action of this poison, that renowned authority, the late Sir Robert Christison, observes in his splendid work on Toxicology: "If a person immediately after swallowing a solution of a crystalline salt which tasted purely and strongly acid, is attacked with burning in the throat, then with burning in the stomach, vomiting, particularly of bloody matter, imperceptible pulse, and excessive languor, and dies in half an hour or twenty minutes, or still more in ten or fifteen minutes, I do not know any fallacy which can interfere with the conclusion that oxalic acid was the cause of death."

It is obvious in such cases that the chances of success in applying antidotes depend very much upon their immediate employment. For the mineral acids, alkaline bicarbonates, such as bicarbonates of potash or soda (baking-soda), chalk, or magnesia should at once be given, followed by milk; whilst oxalic acid is best treated by the administration of chalk, or magnesia either plain or in the form of carbonate, whereby the insoluble and almost inert oxalates of lime and magnesia are formed.

When poisoning is occasioned by the alkalies potash, soda, or ammonia, or their carbonates, carbonate of potash (also known as pearl-ash or salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia, a strong burning sensation is experienced in swallowing, followed by severe pain and great tenderness at the pit of the stomach, increased by pressure. There are frequent vomits of a brownish matter, swelling of the stomach, and hoarseness of the voice. When seeking to counteract the disastrous effects resulting from this variety of poisons, the great object aimed at is to neutralize the caustic alkalies. This may be best accomplished by means of well diluted acid drinks copiously imbibed, as advised by Stevenson, who, further, is of opinion that the prompt use of an emetic is never inadmissible. Vinegar and water, lemon juice with water, als; oil, are recommended by Dr. Russell under such circumstances. The oil forms a saponaceous compound with the alkali, whilst acid drinks neutralise the alkaline action.

Unequal Vision.

An invalid states that as he lives far from an oculist, he would like to know how glasses are fitted when one eye is weaker than the other. Is it by having the lens for the weaker eye more powerful than the other? Or is a peculiar kind of lens needed? We would say that this inequality between

the two eyes is a common defect, especially with persons beyond the age of middle life. Near-sighted people are likely, sooner or later to be troubled by it.

Either through the over strain or the normal change of age, the tiny "muscles of accommodation" lose somewhat of their power to adapt the eyes to different distances, and the change in one eye, as people grow older, is apt to be more rapid in than the other. This is caused, probably, by the use of one eye more than its mate is used. Indeed, very many persons would find, on trial, that they unconsciously use but one eye, and that always the same.

Such a person adapts the printed page to his best eye, while the brain disregards the visual images.

Now if this use of one eye more than the other is not absolutely the cause of the unequal rate of change in sight, it must certainly strengthen the tendency in this direction.

For this reason we say to our correspondent, and to all others, in fitting glasses to the eyes, let each eye always be tested separately, and let each eye have its own lens. Let this be repeated as often as it is necessary to change the power of the glasses.

It is sometimes the case, however, that there is some other defect of vision, which calls for an exceptionally formed lens. Of this an oculist alone can judge. In ordinary cases, one can himself select the lens he needs. If he has one adapted to his best eye, let him choose for the other a lens which will enable him to see with his weak eye a given object as distinctly and at the same distance as he sees it with his stronger eye. But in all cases it is better, when possible, to let an expert optician do the fitting.

It is by no means a wise thing to disregard the first intimations of weakness of sight, or any of the usual symptoms of disease in the visual organs. To attend in time may save the natural sight for years, while a few months of neglect and straining of the eyes may cause irreparable injury.

Sleep and Ruin.

I think the moral and intellectual of sleeping have not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for burning the "midnight oil." Now, this "midnight oil" is a delusion and a snare. The student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night, and wide awake at seven o'clock every morning, is going to surpass another student of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five. In sleep, the plate on which the picture is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation; and it is plain that that which is best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep, are the widest awake when they are awake. Great workers must be great resters. Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what his sleeping habits are. The young man that is up till two, three, and four o'clock in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep, and is losing his strength and grace.

Here is the outline of the history of a suicide within my knowledge. A young man, a stranger in New York, in a good situation, in a large boarding house, has pleasant young companions; spends his evenings out; goes to midnight parties; his nerves become disturbed, then a little drink; a little mistake in business, another drink; reproof from employer, more drink; mere mistakes; loss of situation; no hope from frivolous companions; money all gone; then credit all gone; then turned out of the boarding-house; wandering the street; mortification; desperation; shoots himself.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XX.

"Said I not well? Can I not speak in terms But well I wot, thou dost mine heart to rime That I have almost caught a cardiacle."

"Ah! is it you? A happy Christmas to you," says Lady Clontarf, with her friendliest smile, as Brian Desmond enters her drawing-room three hours later. "It is quite an idea! Christmas, is it not—with all this frost and snow and ice, and a sun that is almost warm?"

"It is a charming day."
"You want Donat? He is out, I think, somewhere about the grounds. But a messenger can find him. I dare say he is—"

As she speaks, the door opens, and Donat himself enters, and after a few minutes is in full possession of all that has taken place.

"You will come and help us?" says Brian.
"Yes, of course I shall. What an adventure! What a sell it will prove for those brutes!"

"If all goes well, and our plans do not transpire. But we shall have to be very cautious. The Squire, I need hardly say, is in a sort of seventh heaven of pleasurable excitement. But what of Burke and Brabazon?"

"Gerald Burke is to dine here to-day. I can bring him with me to Coole, without creating any comment."

"And Brabazon?"

"I'll secure him for you, too. It is better I should go to him than you. This Land League business is such a universal affair that your movements are sure to be watched. Leave Brabazon to me."

"It is fourteen miles there, and fourteen back," says Brian. "It is very good of you to make the offer."

"My dear fellow, you have provided me with a positive excitement! What reward do you not deserve? Pray, consider we are quits, whatever I may do for you. And now, is there anything else?"

"We are rather short of revolvers," says Brian. "Dicky Browne has one, but his man hasn't, and we have only two altogether. Can you bring, or let me take, one or two?"

"Three, if you like. You will find two in my own den downstairs, and—can you tell me where the other is?" asks Clontarf, turning suddenly toward his wife.

"I do not know, indeed." When Brian had commenced his story, she had stood and listened to him, but when it was over, and Clontarf had pledged himself to help him, she had turned abruptly away, and had withdrawn herself within the folds of the window-curtains. Her voice now sounds strained, and purposely indifferent.

"Well, it must be upstairs," says Clontarf. Run down to my room, Brian, and see about the other two, whilst I hunt up the third; it wouldn't do, of course, to send the servants in quest of any of them."

Before he has finished speaking, Brian is sped on his mission, leaving him standing in the middle of the room, thoughtfully frowning over the whereabouts of the missing weapon. He has almost forgotten the silent figure behind the curtains, until her voice strikes upon his ear.

"You will not go?" she says.

She has come out from the curtains now, and is standing opposite to him, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and her hand upon the back of a chair, as though to support herself. She is, indeed, so deadly pale as to suggest the idea of support being necessary; her lips are trembling and apart; yet her voice is steady, and her glance unwavering.

"Not go! Of course I shall go," says Clontarf, very much amazed by her manner, and in truth rather at sea as to the meaning of it.

"You shall not!" she says, with increasing vehemence, coming closer to him. "You—you cannot."

"But why? I do not—"

"There will be danger there, perhaps death?" interrupts she, with growing agitation.

"It is because there will, no doubt, be danger, that I am going; why should I go if there wasn't danger? As for death, I don't believe in that."

"I do! See how determined these peasants have been up to this,—how many lives they have taken. There will be bad work at Coole to-night."

"And is that why I should refuse to go there?" asks he, contemptuously. "Is that your idea of the rights of friendship? To

give assistance in time of need to one's friends should be a sacred duty."

"There are even higher duties than those imposed by friendship. And why should they demand your help at Coole? Where are the police? What are they for, but to protect the landlords, and keep order, and—"

"You heard what Desmond said about that: his uncle will have nothing to do with the police. He will not give his tenants the satisfaction of saying they drove him to procure extraneous assistance."

"And is it right that he should so decide?" demands she, coming even nearer to him, with her beautiful face the color of death, and her eyes aflame. "Is it just? How does he dare endanger the lives of his so-called friends for the sake of a whim—a mere caprice—an affectation of bravery?"

"Right or wrong, I shall of course go," says Clontarf, but without looking at her.

"Your mind is quite made up!"

"Quite."
For a second after this she remains motionless, still with her hand upon the chair. Then she turns away from him, and goes back to the window, and stands there gazing out upon the wintry landscape.

Prompted by some hidden impulse, Clontarf follows her.

"Your manner," he says, with an uneasy laugh, "leads me to imagine that you think I am about to do you some actual injury. It would, indeed, almost compel me (were I any one else) to believe you are—are—anxious for my safety."

The suppressed astonishment in his tone wounds her deeply. Her face is turned from him, but something in the way she had walked to the window—something in the abruptness of her haste to avoid his glance—had led him to the belief that her eyes might be full of tears.

Now, as she moves her position and faces him again, he sees he was mistaken in his conjecture. The eyes that look at him—with something that is very like anger in their clear depths—are dry and bright and fearless. Her face, too, though still colorless, is now calm, and without passion.

"One is bound to feel some natural anxiety, about any case in which life is threatened," she says, coldly.

"Life threatened is not life destroyed. Your 'natural anxiety' need not be much exercised on this occasion, as I believe there will be little or no danger."

"There you must let me disagree with you."

"At least there will be an equal chance for life and death. And equality is as much as any man can desire."

"To-night the chances will not be equal."

"Nonsense! as if four or five of us would not be equal to a small regiment of those untrained curs. But even if it weren't so, if"—he glances at her curiously—"my death should be the result of to-night's work—would that distress you?"

"Yes, it would distress me." There is no quaver in her voice as she says this, and her eyes do not droop before his. Clontarf laughs.

"I should have thought it would be a relief to you," he says, with a light sneer.

"Then you wronged me," returns she, icily.

"Why should I not think it?" exclaims he, with sudden animation. "My death would restore to you your freedom, and sweep from your path an incubus."

He smiles indifferently as he says this, though he is in truth regarding her very keenly.

They are cruel words—purposely cruel—and a hot and painful flush springing to her pale cheeks dyes them crimson. She shrinks from him. Then the color fades again, and her lips take a disdainful curve.

"Is that how you would feel about my death?" she says, slowly.

Something in her face shocks him, and wakens him to the enormity of the words he has just uttered.

"No, no! How could you think it! How could you accuse me of such a horrible thing?" he says, with vehement denial.

"You accused me of it," returned she, gently.

Then, Brian Desmond returning to the room, she leaves the window, and goes to meet him. The sweetness of her manner is,

perhaps, a little premeditated, as she lays her hand upon his arm and looks up smiling into his face.

"Donat is going to you. But—but you have not yet asked me?" she says, oh, so graciously! "May I not, too, be a witness of to-night's triumph?"

"It is impossible," says Clontarf, with a frown, coming quickly forward. The frown is born of fear, not of anger.

"Nothing is impossible: there is no such word, is there, Mr. Desmond?" says Doris, still with her hand on Brian's arm, and still smiling. "You will accept me as your guest for to-night—is it not?"

"There is no real danger, I am sure," says Brian, stammering a little, not knowing how to decide between the two. "I should not let Monica remain with me, if I honestly believed there was—and—"

"Monica will stay at Coole to-night?" asks Doris, quickly.

"Yes; and Kit."

"Ah! and add me too."

"If you will come, and if Clontarf does not object," says Brian, looking at Donat.

"Never mind who objects. I offer myself to you as a guest. You cannot be inhospitable enough to refuse me shelter," says Doris, playfully, though her eyes are singularly devoid of mirth.

"Is it arranged, Clontarf?" asks Brian, laughing.

"So it seems," returns Donat, with a slight shrug.

"I shan't bring Vera, or—or that old man, Sir Watkyn," says Doris, who now seems to have entered, with an eagerness that borders on excitement, into the spirit of the adventure. "We can explain all that by saying some one should remain at home to look after my aunt. Vera and Sir Watkyn can minister to her," with a faint smile.

"I'm afraid you don't like the arrangement," says Brian, seeing Clontarf's face is still moody. "But, indeed, there will be no danger. Would I keep Monica at Coole, if I had a doubt as to the successful termination of this little affair? and if Lady Clontarf will come it will be a great help to us. Don't you see, if you came to us on Christmas night without her, they would either smell a rat as regards our plans, or else"—laughing gayly—"would imagine you and she were not living on very affectionate terms!"

Tableau! Desmond's playful remark fails to call forth any mirth in his listeners. Dismal silence follows on it. If, indeed, a small thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, Lord and Lady Clontarf could not have looked more disconcerted.

"Yes, yes; I shall certainly go," says Doris, confusedly, whilst her husband, muttering something about the third revolver, makes his escape from the room.

Their plans are, so far, successful. Clontarf's long ride to Gerald Burke's house, and from that to Lisloe, where Neil Brabazon is staying, produce the desired results, so that at seven o'clock the Kilmaloda carriage brings to Coole all those I have just named, and with them Lady Clontarf. Vera had been easily persuaded to stay at home and look after Sir Watkyn and Mrs. Costello.

A little hint had been given her as to the real meaning of the Coole dinner-party, after which no persuasion had been necessary at all.

Doris, running up to Monica's room on her arrival, and there falling into a little whispered conversation with her, that presently lengthens into a settled discussion, is devoutly blessed by Kit, who has been dressed for fully half an hour, and has been standing at her window, that overlooks the avenue, with her pretty nose cruelly flattened against the pane, waiting for somebody.

When at last "somebody" comes, she is in the hall to meet him, with a face full of radiant happiness, and without the slightest attempt to hide the joy with which she is positively brimming over.

"There isn't anybody in the morning-room just now," says Brian, mischievously, as he passes them both to welcome Lady Clontarf, and take her up to his wife's room.

Kit laughs and blushes; but presently she and Brabazon find themselves in the room so good naturedly pointed out. There they have a charming five minutes all to themselves, which they employ most profitably, in rushing into each other's arms, and liberally embracing each other, and generally making much of each other all round.

"So you see I am here again, after all," says Brabazon; "though I almost swore I wouldn't come unless your sister asked me

in person. The fact is, I couldn't resist the chance of so soon seeing you again."

"That was so sweet of you. There is nobody so nice as you, Neil, I do think, in all the world; of course you gave in. I like that so much in a man,—the being able to give in, I mean. I hate noble Brutuses, and that kind of person."

"Well, but I suppose I should not have come, for all that."

"Nonsense! It was your positive duty to come. What! were you thinking of leaving me here all alone, to be blown into fine dust, or burned in my bed, or cut into small bits, by a lot of hopeless savages? Oh, Neil!"

"There were others to help you. It wasn't that that brought me. It was simply"—laughing, and embracing her again—"that I couldn't keep away." (At this Kit tells herself he is the most satisfactory lover upon earth). "It was such a good opportunity of coming to you," he says.

"And such an unexpected one, Neil!" solemnly. "The others may abuse it as they like, but for my part I feel that I adore the Land League. See what it has done for us. It has given you back to me. I should be ungrateful if I didn't own myself its debtor for life."

Then they are obliged to make a move toward the drawing-room, feeling Monica and Lady Clontarf must already be there.

"I hope Monica won't be cold to me," says Neil, anxiously.

"Monica loves you in her heart; she only lost her head a little over that poor man's thousands," says Kit; and then, the hall being reached, they separate, to enter the drawing-room presently, a careful three minutes after each other, and with an abstracted air that they might have saved themselves, as it doesn't impose upon anybody.

Monica, just as dinner is announced, whispers a word to Neil.

"You will take in Kit," she says to him; and then, in a low voice and very sweetly, "It was so good of you to come."

It must be confessed she sighs as she says this, and casts a regretful thought after the Mannerer supplies; but Brabazon is jubilant, and, seeing him a few minutes later seated by Kit, and looking at her with such an honest worship in his eyes as should touch the heart of any one, her sighs grow less, and it occurs to her that perhaps no Mannerer born could ever look like that, and that there are better things than thousands.

The dinner is a great success. Everyone, strange to say, is in the wildest spirits. Never has The Desmond been so full of joyous repartee; never has Lady Clontarf shown herself so altogether gay and girlish and light-hearted. Whether it is the knowledge of a coming excitement, and the being unable to discuss it publicly, or the dear delight that lies in the possession of an important secret, who can say? But certain it is that their mirth is augmented rather than checked by the fact that a dangerous adventure lies before them, in which they must, perform, bear a part.

Brian is, perhaps, a little thoughtful. He does not talk much and, indeed, seems rapt in a mild contemplation of the footman (Connor), whose every expression and movement seems to afford him a subdued pleasure. It is so subdued that the footman himself is unaware of it.

And Gerald Burke, too, is rather silent. But, then, Vera's absence is sufficient to account for that; and, besides, is he not always a silent man? Once, however, during dinner he comes out of his abstraction and betrays life enough. He has happened to fix his eyes on Lady Clontarf,—dark, melancholy, but very beautiful eyes,—when it so happens that a break occurs in the general conversation.

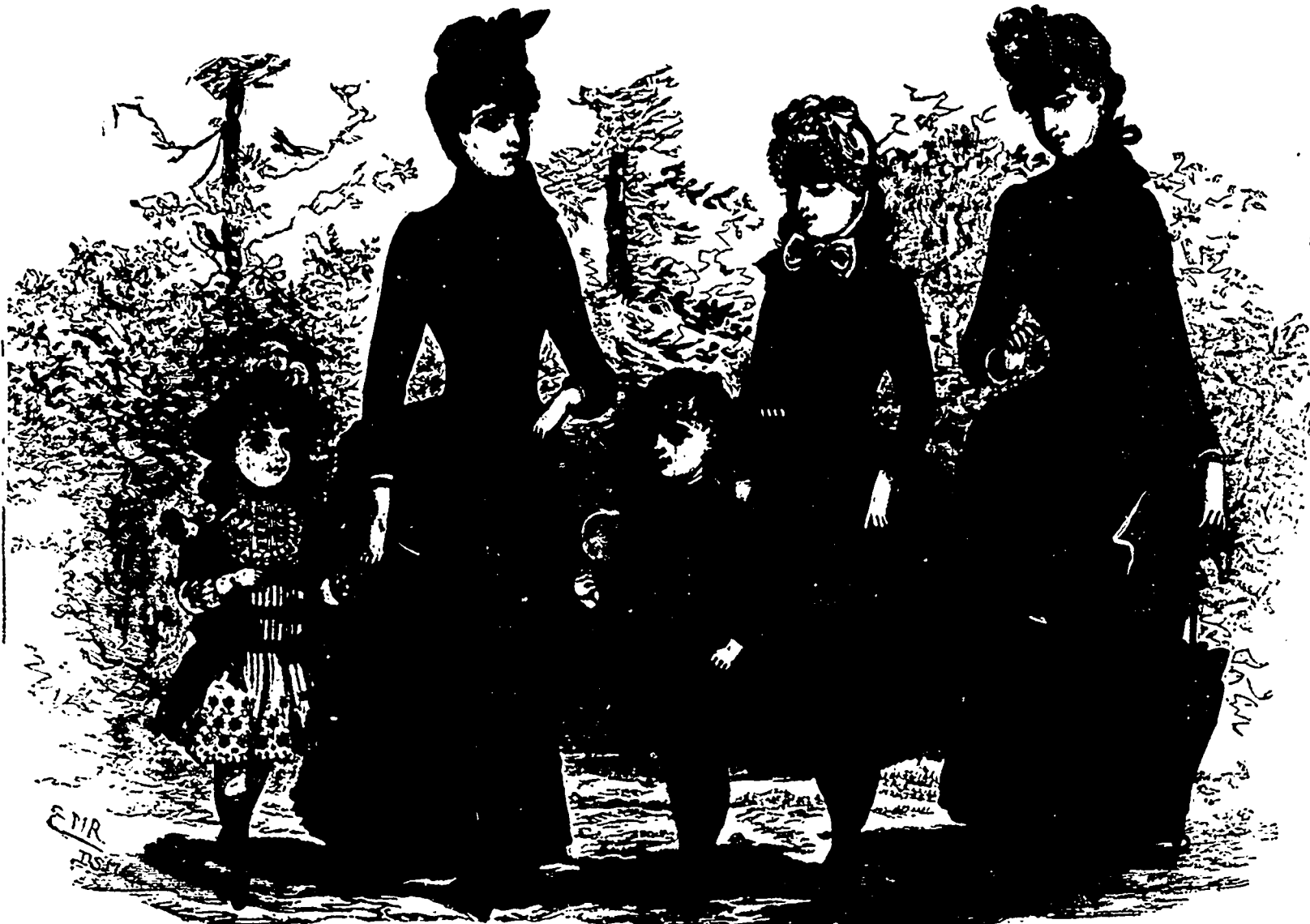
"I wonder what Vera is doing now," says Lady Clontarf, suddenly, the non-existent silence making her voice distinctly heard by all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Why is it called the honey-moon?" asks an exchange. Honey because it is full of cells, and moon because it "comes high."

Did you ever notice how much more you walk on the foot with the corn on it than on the other one? You hardly notice the other one at all.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar, we will not lose it on our way home."



No. 3245.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 yards; 44 inches,
 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 3/8 yards.
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 38 inches, 1 7/8 yards;
 40 inches, 2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches,
 2 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 3/8 yards.
 No. 3214.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 24 inches,
 9 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 9 1/2 yards;
 30 inches, 9 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 24 inches,
 6 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/2 yards;
 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards.
 No. 3239.—MISSIE'S TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 10 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 11 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 12 inches,
 5 1/8 yards; 13 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 14 inches, 5 1/2 yards;
 15 inches, 6 yards.
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 10 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 11 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 12 inches,
 3 1/2 yards; 13 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 14 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 15 inches, 4 yards.
 Cambric for underskirt, medium size (27 inches
 wide, 3 5/8 yards.

No. 3240.—MISSIE'S BASQUE. PRICE, 20 CENTS
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 28 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 29 inches,
 2 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards.
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 29 inches,
 1 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 1 1/2 yards;
 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards.
 No. 3241.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 21 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 22 inches,
 2 1/2 yards; 23 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 3 yards;
 25 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 29 inches,
 1 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 2 yards; 31 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards.
 No. 3248.—BOYS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 19 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 20 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 21 inches,
 2 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 23 inches, 2 1/2 yards.
 No. 3250.—LADIES' SKIRT. PRICE, 35 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 13 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 13 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 13 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 14 yards; 38 inches, 14
 yards; 40 inches, 14 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 14 1/2 yards.
 Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 9 yards; 36 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 9 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 9 1/2 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our plate for the month shows a group of five costumes appropriate for ladies, misses and small children. Pattern No. 3214, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the trimmed skirt on the first figure. The under part hangs plainly and may be trimmed according to the taste, the protective pleating finishing the lower edge; the back drapery is long, rounded and bouffant, while the apron is of the latest form, pointed in front, laid in lengthwise pleats high on the left side near the belt and in longer, crosswise folds on the right. The trimming usually extends down the left side only. The basque is taken from pattern No. 3245, price 25 cents, and is suitable (like the skirt) for any silk or woollen fabric. The fronts are double-breasted and fitted with a perfectly-curved seam up the middle; the tiny plastron above is fitted in the shoulders with the basque proper; the side-form seams are left open a short distance and large buttons placed below the waist, matching the buttons on the double front. The fashionable short length is observed, and the coat design

for sleeves. The high collar, cuffs and rounding revers are handsomely made of contrasting velvet. The miss is attired in a trimmed skirt illustrated by pattern No. 3239, price 25 cents, which consists of a tiny pleating headed by side pleatings across the front and sides; panels cut in long leaf points break the monotony of the pleating, a round apron showing above; the back drapery is full over the tournure and falls in pleats below. Stitching forms a handsome finish for wool materials made after this design. Pattern No. 3240, price 20 cents, furnishes the model for the basque. The front is slightly pointed, usual high collar, coat sleeves with turn-over cuffs, and the back cut in two leaf points resting upon a side-pleating. Velvet or braid will form the garniture around the collar, cuffs and (if of braid) outlining a straight vest where it turns before ending at the side-form seam. The boy is costumed in a suit simple, stylish and appropriate for flannel, tweed, chevrot, etc. The blouse fits snugly in the back, has a double-breasted front, and is joined to the kilt-pleated skirt cut with the so-called apron effect; the joining is hidden by a leather belt. Coat sleeves with a vandyke cuff and a modified sailor collar complete the suit. Self-colored bone

buttons on cuffs and blouse front. Pattern No. 3248, price 20 cents. The stylish costume shown on the fourth figure is suitable for any combination of materials or may be fashioned of one fabric, with straps of braid across the vest, collar, sleeves and edge of apron. The jacket may be omitted if desired, as the suit is complete without it. Stitching, fancy buttons and a wash of moire in the back are the only trimmings shown. The skirt is box-pleated and finished with an apron pointed toward the left, then draped high with close, overlapping pleats hidden under the sash. The vest is pointed in front and fitted like a round waist in the back; the sleeves are attached to the vest and completed by turn-over cuffs. The separate jacket is of the Eton design, reaching the waist only, with the seams opened up about two inches, fitted with one dart in either side; a stylish, cut-off look is given the fronts as illustrated; high collar fastened on the jacket. Pattern No. 3250, price 35 cents. The charming little dress (pattern No. 3241, price 20 cents) shown on the fifth figure is one of the many styles called Gretchen or peasant. White goods are represented on the plate, though the design can be prettily made of any wash or woollen fabric, the latter combining well with Surah. The gimpes of tucks and insertion is sewed to the full sleeves of piece embroidery ending

in a ruffle, though the sleeves can be plain and finished with a Hamburg ruffle, if preferred. This part of the dress is entirely separate from the plain-fitting waist, with a pleated plastron strapped with ribbon; round neck and armholes finished with edging. The full skirt is made of a wide flounce of embroidery gathered on the waist, and a sash of ribbon or the material sewed in the side-seams ties in the back.

How to Live Well.

To live well, economy is necessary. No matter if persons are rich or have large incomes, they should be economical; for to waste is wicked. Many people would be economical if they knew how, but the practice of economy is an art. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating table-expenses is there great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount of nutritive matter they contain, the wants of the human system, and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table-expenses is favorable to health, and thus prevents doctor's bills and conduces to strength and happiness.

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FIG. 47.



FIG. 42.

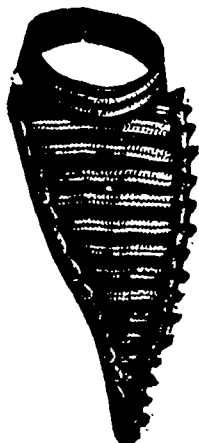


FIG. 41.

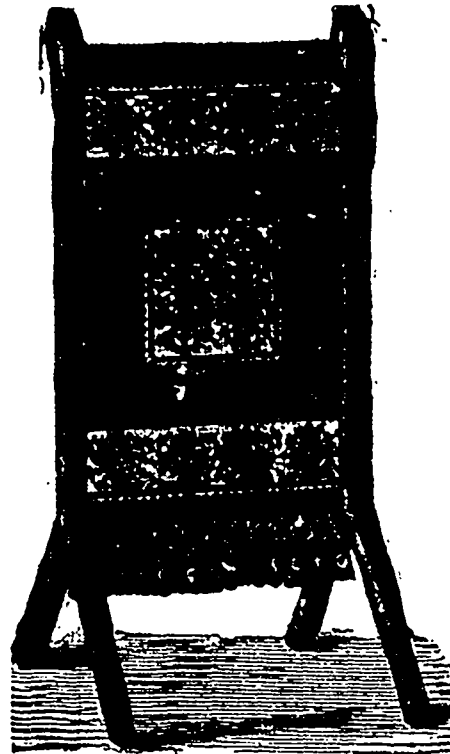


FIG. 39.



FIG. 44.



FIG. 40.

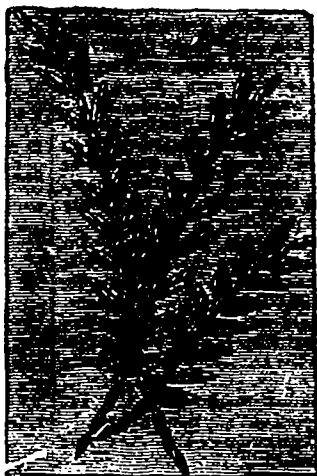


FIG. 46.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 48.

DOMESTIC ART.

pts in the beautiful art of embroidery by their skill on the collars, cuffs, and vests of woolen and silk costumes. pattern should be stamped on satteen, ly covered, and each article outlined—equo patterns are preferred; the work- done in tinsel threads entirely, or a mixture of dark red, blue, brown, or silk is allowed, and sets the gold and threads off to better advantage. The aster, and point lance stitches are

at shall we do with the various cards h nearly every one has a collection? ingenous young woman answers: as splasher. Cut the shape required cardboard; bind and cover it at the with dark paper, gum the cards on the and press the whole under a heavy to make it flat. Pierce holes at end, pass ribbons through, and sus- with a bow over the nails. The er must, however, be nailed to the with brass tacks or it will not rest flat at it.

ornamental stitchery shown in Figure 46 is suitable for a variety of purposes. done in stem and point lance stitches. No. 39 illustrates a screen that can be accomplished by the amateur. The frame is made of pine and covered with red, blue or olive plush green; the embroidery is done in silk and silk canvas, and the lower end ed with a fringe of the colors used; ing is of satteen. The pretty bag re- sioned in Figure No. 44 is fashioned out of satin worked over with gold stars; the

upper part is of garnet velvet shaped as illus- trated on the lower part, the joining hidden by a band of gilt galloon and three mixed gilt and silk tassels hung on either side; the bag is lined with gold colored satin, a drawing-string run in near the top, and suspended by garnet $\frac{3}{4}$ ribbons.

Photographs accumu... so fast that one can hardly provide them with a safe place. They give a social look to a sitting-room if disposed about the walls as represented in Figure No. 47. A very large fan is required, which is covered smoothly with satin, and little straps arranged so as to support the pictures. Two oval pieces are cut out of card-board and lined; one of velvet has the initials, the other can be embroidered or made of brocade and finished with a thick cord, which trims the entire fan, the outer rim having a fine gold cord wound around the larger one; a bow of shaded ribbon decorates the handle, and the whole affair should be hung on invisible nails. Plush mats for lamps are made nine inches square, edged with narrow gold cord, and finished off at each end with a silk tassel matching the mat; red, olive, old gold, blue, and moss-green are the popular shades; lining of satteen.

Figure No. 29 represents a comfortable bedroom slipper, which is made in a variety of tricoot. The required materials to make as illustrated are: four skeins of double Berlin wool or fine Germantown yarn, in black, cardinal, brown, or blue; six small skeins of single Berlin to match; one skein of pale gold thick Decca silk, filocelle or nar- row silk braid. Straight hook as for tricoot, to fit the wool, not too large, as this stitch, if for slippers, must be worked close and firm. The stitch is a kind of double tricoot, and is worked in the same way; but the wool is always put round the hook before taking up 2 loops, and again to draw it

through these 2 loops; in going back it is always drawn through three loops.

THE TOE.—1st bar. Make 10 chain, miss 1, wool round the hook, draw through the next, wool round the hook; take up in this way nine stitches from the chain; there will be 10 with the first loop on the hook. Go back, wool round the hook, draw through 3 loops every time.—2nd bar. Wool round the hook, take up 2 stitches, the straight one and the slanting one beyond it; draw the wool through these two, repeat from*. The last stitch must be taken up double, through to the back of it to make the edge firm. Go back, draw through 3 loops.—3rd bar. In- crease, wool round the hook, take up the little slanting stitch close to the loop on the hook. At the end of the bar, with the wool round the hook, take up a second time the slanting stitch of the one worked the last but 1 before the end. Go back, draw through three loops.—4th bar, plain. In- crease at both ends every other bar till 11 bars are worked, then do 2 plain bars be- tween each increasing. There will be 24 stitches across the foot. In the 18th bar, work to 6 from the end and go back to 8 from the beginning; then work 8 and go back to the beginning of the bar.

Now work the side of the shoe upon 8 stitches. There will be 8 left for the front and 8 for the other side. Work from 45 to 50 bars, according to the length of the sole, taking care always to work the last stitch through to the back. Join this piece to the shoe with a large wool needle, taking the edge stitch singly, then 2 stitches, first from one edge, then from the other.

With the silk, work looped stars according to fancy, one on the toe, one on each side of this a little above, one in the middle below the rosette, and 3 continued at each side.

Sew the shoe to a double sole to the inside leather, hold the fluffy part nearest to you,

and take up the inside edge; stitch together with the loop above it. Work one tight row of D. C. on the side piece (not across the front), taking up the inside loop at the edge.

The rosette is made of the single Berlin wool. Upon the end of the wool held in the left hand work 60 long crochet, turn, and between each of these do 3 chain, a single; turn, and do 3 chain and a single in the three chain of the last row; draw this up tight to form an irregular rosette and sew it to the shoe.

Figure No. 48 illustrates a buckle of plain and oxidized silver, after designs of the time of Louis XIV. Dress bows will be fancied of the revived moire ribbons, having an inch-wide edging of velvet on one side and a mere line on the other, showing a satin lining under the velvet when reversed. Sashes are made of the moire ribbon, six inches wide, or the variety with a satin surface dotted with cut and uncut blocks of velvet.

LINGERIE.

Satteen folds for the neck are embroidered with cotton, silk muslin ones are dotted with chenille. Figure No. 41 illustrates a stylish vest, to be made separate and worn with any dress; the cuffs are straight bands to match; the shape is cut out of crinoline, covered with red, blue or black velvet, and decorated with gold or silver braid, as re- presented. The long scarf shown in Figure No. 42 is made of cream, pink or blue silk muslin, embroidered in colors. Such articles are passed loosely around the neck and knotted in front. Figure No. 40 illustrates a handsome jabot made of Pompadour lace and Ottoman ribbon. The foundation is a tiny vest of millinette, which has two rows of lace sewed plainly down the right side, and jabot on the left, caught at the waist and neck with a cluster of ribbon loops.

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

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The Arabs.

The customs of the Arabs are very singular. On entering a house he removes his shoes but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side; his wife milks the cows on the left side.

Worth Seeing.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. R. Walker & Son we have been able to place on exhibition in their window, the beautiful silver tea-set awarded James Watt, Esq., of the Globe Printing Co., in the recent LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition.

\$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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos by Mason & Hirsch, 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-cases or open-face watches.....540
19 to 20.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-cases or open-face watches.....530
21 to 25.—Twenty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400
26.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
27 to 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....780
31 to 50.—Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....800
51.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....200
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos.....\$1,800
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....900
8 to 15. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....780
16 to 20.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....370
21 to 40.—Twenty solid quadruple plate silver hunting-cases or open-face watches.....900
41 to 50.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting-cases or open-face watches.....800
51 to 59.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings.....780
60.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
61 to 131.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns.....825
132 to 135.—One hundred and seventy half-dozn sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
136 to 150.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....510
151 to 175.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives.....536
176.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,530
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 20.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500
21 to 25.—Nine solid coin silver hunting-cases or open-face watches.....300
26.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
27 to 30.—Fifty one solid gold gem rings.....800
31 to 131.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....450
132 to 150.—Eighty-one half-dozn solid silver-plated tea spoons.....445
151 to 160.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....450
161.—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 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto.....1,500
5 and 6. Two fine toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....500
7, 8 and 9. Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....500
10 to 15. Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....300
16 to 20. Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
21 to 25. Nine engraved sewing machines.....600
26. Ten Dollars in Gold.....10
27 to 30. Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-cases or open-faced, coin silver watches.....800

- 31 to 50. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....300
51 to 100. Fifty half-dozn sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 210. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....200
211 to 310. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....50
311. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100

- 1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos, 10 to 20. Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
21 to 25. Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches.....1,000
26 to 30. Fifteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
31 to 40. Thirty Goubie-barrel twist, breech loading shot guns.....2,700
41 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000
111 to 132. Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting-cases or open face watches.....600
133. Twenty dollars in gold.....20
134. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
135 to 137. Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....30
138 to 150. One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozn sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons.....200
151 to 200. Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper).....300

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.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three grand upright pianos, 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....780
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....540
11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-cases watches.....540
14 to 15. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....440
16 to 20. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....440
21 to 150. Sixty half-dozn sets silver-plated tea spoons.....200
151. One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
152 to 200. One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Oleographs.....780
201 to 301. One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author.....300

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 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 anytime 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.

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

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, printed and carefully edited. A full page of newest music each week, two three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Post's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during

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Wise Advice to Young Men.

What are you shooting at—something or nothing? Are you wanting powder as well as time for naught, or are you aiming at a target with a will and purpose to hit it? See the marksman as with steady poise he holds the rifle, and with keen glance sights the centre of the target. That shot piercing the very centre, is the result of skill acquired through long and patient practice. He aimed straight for the mark with a purpose to hit it full and square.

Rifle shots in business, aiming at something and hitting it, are the only effective work in this age of keen, close competition. Too many men scatter powder and shot in trade, with but little purpose. They want a wide mark to aim at, and if they can corner the entire business of a community or neighborhood, are seemingly happy. Their motto is, for all the grit to go to their mill and to take liberal toll. They aim at almost everything in the way of business, and would monopolize it if they could.

They become merchant, manufacturer, farmer, speculator, money lender, but usually are greater borrowers than lenders. They do nothing thoroughly and systematically, but gradually allow their affairs to go at loose ends until at last come failure and bankruptcy.

Double-barreled shot-guns may do effective work in duck shooting, but this sort of scattering fire in business has caused too many lame ducks in all the marts of trade.

Successful business-men have a keen eye for the one pursuit in which they are engaged. The target is ever before them and they aim straight at it. That mark is their chief object in life, and with strenuous effort they seek to win the prize.

Rifled cannon are more effective than smooth-bore, the ball goes truer and pierces deeper. The shot hits hard and with penetrating power. The powder is not wasted. Just so with business-men that have a distinct purpose in view; they aim to accomplish something and they do it.

Many a merchant has been successful up to the point where he engaged in outside speculations. As long as he concentrated his aims on his business it prospered, but as soon as he attempted to cover too much ground his profits lessened. Outside speculations have proved the sliceways of disaster to many a hitherto well-to-do merchant, who, in the eagerness to grasp more, lost all.

A man who dabbles in everything never amounts to much in business or professional pursuits. Inventors whose heads are full of all sorts of appliances and devices never make any headway. They give their time and mind up to trifles instead of incarnating some grand idea in solid, substantial form that would benefit the world. The lawyer or doctor who would become each by turns lowers the professional tone of both, as well as lowers himself in public opinion.

In nature there is an appropriateness of means to the end, and consequently permanence and stability. Business conducted under similar conditions is liable to less fluctuations than when exposed to haphazard control. Men must understand their business, cultivate it, attend to it, if they would have it prosper and grow. The means employed must be adequate to the end hoped for, otherwise there will be disappointment and failure.

The great lesson to learn is application. Too much haste is attended with too much danger. A mere surface knowledge of business is like a thin veneer to furniture, it will not stand the rub and friction of active wear. A trained marksman does not shoot at random. That glance along the gun-barrel, although swift, is well measured and the aim is deliberate before the trigger is pulled. Long practice and steady application has given the necessary skill to drive the centre.

The same rule holds good in business. Experience and application are all important. Success is not through luck and chance, but through patient and systematic effort. The plodder reaps while the prodigal falls. It is the diligent hand that waxeth rich and strong.

There is a sublime heroism in carving one's own way through the world. Success gained through honest endeavor is a matter for honest pride. It is far more manly to boast of one's own pedigree of moral worth and success than to boast of the distinction of a father's name.

True nobility of character is to aim to be somebody in the world and to go get there honorably. Weaklings and pigmies fall to the rear, but men brave of will and single of purpose march at the head of columns.

When the Angel Smiled.

A child found an Angel grieving, and being asked the cause of her woes the Angel replied:—

"The funeral bell calls me to the bedside of a youth. Vice had already found lodgment in his heart, and I weep because I cannot purify his soul before it enters the presence of its Maker."

Again the child found the Angel sorrowing, and again she made inquiry.

"Death beckons me to the bedside of a man in his prime," replied the Angel, "and I fear for his soul's salvation. He had a heart of stone, and his deeds of kindness were never heard of in Heaven."

The child walked forth once more, and again the Angel sat in tearful meditation.

"And will you never smile?" softly asked the child as she came nearer.

"This time I am called to the dying bed of an old man. He has lived his three score years and ten, and the wickedness of the world may have often tempted him."

The child fell ill and walked forth no more. Fever-burned and pain-racked, she tossed on her bed for many days, but one evening as the summer sun was sinking away in the great blue ocean the fever went away, and the pains came no more. Then the child heard the rustle of wings, and the angel stood beside her—not weeping and lamenting as before, but smiling and radiant.

"Why are you here?" asked the child.

"Because Death will soon claim you."

"But you wept for the youth, the man in his prime and the old man."

"Aye! but a soul without sin will be carried in my arms to Heaven's gates this night, and the echoes of the rejoicing will be heard on earth."

Superstition at Home.

One of the religious teachers in New Mexico is inclined to think that her lot has been cast among a peculiar people, or at least among a people entertaining peculiar ideas and observing odd religious rites. She furnishes the following brief account of what she recently saw: "The penitents performed their revolting rites in the avenue just opposite my room, so that I could not do otherwise than see and hear them.— They erected a cross about half a mile from the house, and to this each one in turn made a pilgrimage. They were masked, nude to the waist, and upon their ankles were iron chains so heavy that they could not lift their feet. Their backs were covered with wounds and blood, while on the shoulders of each was born a cross, ten by five feet, the arms of which were not less than six inches in diameter. When they were about a rod from their destination their burden was lifted, and the remainder of the distance was made by their knees with their faces in the dust. At the cross stood a man dressed in black from head to foot, holding a small crucifix in his hand. He bent and spoke to the penitent, the purport of which I imagined was absolution and blessing. They went backwards, and again took up the cross, but when they reached the house they acted as if they were more dead than alive. I could not sleep for the singing of the women, the clanking of chains, and, above all, the notes of the flute constantly ringing in my ears." She thinks she has a great work before her to convert these people, but having the true courage of a missionary and the faith and love of the Master to comfort her, she says she is not laboring without hope.

It is not generally known that Charles Kingsley's son, Maurice Kingsley, has made a fortune in Colorado. He intends to make his home in New Haven, and to send his boys to Yale.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries appear to be yearly growing into more general favor. They may be made pleasant festivals if it only be understood that etiquette and good breeding do not demand the acknowledgment of an invitation to these weddings by presentations of valuable gifts. Members of the family or very intimate friends are the only persons from whom such gifts may be received. Invited guests need not absent themselves from such agreeable entertainments because a false conception requires them to contribute costly presents. For amusement or sociability, trifles in paper, tin or wood may be offered by casual as well as personal friends on the occasion of the commemorated weddings.

The paper wedding, the first anniversary of the marriage is honored but by few. Invitations have been issued on peculiar styles of gray paper resembling thin pasteboard. The presents in keeping are paper, books, portfolios, engravings, etc.

The wooden wedding is the fifth anniversary. The invitations are printed on thin cards of wood about as thick as four sheets of Bristol board.

The tin wedding is the tenth anniversary. Invitations have been issued on tin, but the most artistic style is printed on oxidized tin bronze, or in black on large unglazed card or note sheet, with monogram in dull silver on invitation or envelope. A field of tin bronze on the lower half of the note sheet, with letters in black, produces a pleasing effect.

The crystal wedding is the fifteenth anniversary. It has not been frequently observed in this country. Cards have been printed on crystallized paper, with envelope to match and the monogram has been in silver relief.

The linen wedding has been inaugurated for the twentieth anniversary and should any be observed, an invitation on linen would be appropriate.

The silver wedding is the twenty fifth anniversary. It is very popular and has at times been observed with a representation of the marriage ceremony. The invitations are on the finest note paper, printed in silver.

The golden wedding is the fiftieth anniversary. The invitations are on paper, printed in gold.

Frightening Children.

With painful frequency we hear of cruel "practical jokes" perpetrated upon little children. Again and again comes to us the old story of a child frightened into convulsions by a playfellow who "only wanted to have a little fun." One would think that incidents like this had been enacted and told with ghastly iteration often enough from generation to generation to warn off the most incorrigible fun-lovers and fools from the dangerous ground. The progress of the witless plot is generally the same up to a certain point. There is neither originality nor variety in the favorite mode of execution. It sounds trite in the telling. A figure wrapped in the conventional sheet lurking in the dark corner; a spring upon the unsuspecting victim, selected because he is the most timorous or delicate of the family or school; dismay, shrieks of anguish blent with goblin laughter—then a difference in the ending. Sometimes no apparent harm is done, unless that one child is made more timid, another more cruel. Again, the nervous system is unbalanced so far that a swoon, or, as in the case before us, convulsions ensue. Once in a while the innocent subject of the practical joke pays for his tormentor's prank with his reason or his life. In a less flagrant manner incalculable mischief is done in many nurseries by tales of ghosts, bogies, the black man who comes down the chimney to catch children who will not go to sleep quietly, etc. The mother is culpable who, when she finds her child unduly timid, does not watch narrowly for indications that the nervous organism of her offspring has been tampered with, and who, should her suspicions be confirmed, does not follow the clue to its source and banish the criminal from the household.

Dangers of Delay.

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

Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.

Depend Upon it.

You can depend upon Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia, and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

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

Only two people can afford to close their ears to the truth; the perfect man and the perfect fool.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron. Its control over scrofulous diseases is unequalled by any other medicine.

There are three ways of getting out of a scrape—first, write out, second, back out and third, and best way, keep out.

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

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: "I have equired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

Those who without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

Why is a horse like an onion? Because it does not know its own strength.

This is Reliable.

R. N. Wheeler, Merchant, of Everton, was cured of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. This great throat and lung healer cures weak lungs, coughs, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all pectoral complaints.

"Moses was the meekest man," says an exchange. Moses may have been the meekest man, but that was years ago. The meekest man alive to-day is the manager of the woman with the iron jaw. He is also her husband.

Nervous old invalid—"Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time the passage walls going up stairs were repapered." Landlady—"Pardoning me, air, but I am awfully to see how your health goes on. Coffins is such things to knock the paper off a coffin down."

PERSONAL NOTES.

Professor Huxley was sixty years old last Monday.

Mr. Matthew Arnold will be in this country, probably, during the early winter.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has been lucky enough to fall heir to twenty-five thousand dollars.

A prize exhibition of water-colors will be shown next autumn at the American art galleries.

The Prince of Wales saw Mrs. Langtry on the stage for the first time just before he left London. He seemed to enjoy her performance in Paris.

At the welcome-home dinner given last week in London to Mr. Henry Irving, the actor intimated that if Miss Ellen Terry were not a staunch patriot she would have been tempted to remain in America.

French newspapers find fault with General Von Moltke for having availed himself while in the Riviera of an opportunity to visit the mountain passes in the neighborhood and note their topographical features.

Lord Palmerston said, twenty years ago: "The Russians shall never have Caucasus. Remember, young man, it is Old Pam that tells you so." The famous statesman would be astonished if he were alive to-day.

The dress makers of Paris are to bring the colors that were most popular last century into fashion again. These colors will also bear the odd, often mythological, names by which they were formerly designated.

Colonel Lamont, who has been for a long time Mr. Cleveland's most faithful friend and assistant, will make his home for the present, at the invitation of the President, in the White House. Colonel Lamont's health broke down under the severe burden of his new duties.

One of the most remarkable "masters" of the rifle in California is a woman, Miss Lillian C. Smith. Her aim is unerring, and she fires from either the right or left shoulder. Her aim is equally sure when the sights are obscured by a card placed on the muzzle of a rifle. She shoots backward with deadly precision.

When the Princess of Wales received the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Dublin, she wore a gown of white brocade satin, lined and trimmed with crimson satin, with full sleeves, and an academic hood. She wore also a velvet college cap trimmed with gold lace. The effect was quite doctoral.

George Sand once lived in lodgings at Paris for which she paid sixty dollars a year. She had no servant, and got her food from an eating-house close by for two francs a day. She did her own washing and needle-work. She was twenty-five years old when, for the sake of economy, she put on the dress of men. Her friends were naturally shocked by her eccentricities!

Miss Greenwood, of the Women's Temperance Union, said publicly the other day: "In a Brooklyn street car I saw two richly dressed ladies. Their faces bore evidence of culture. They were from the best society on the hill. One fell to the right, and then to the left, and then forward. Presently there was such a disgraceful scene that the car was soon empty. They had been to a champagne dinner. There are just such scenes enacted in Fifth Avenue, on the Heights, and elsewhere."

General Grant's birthday message was brief and simple: "To the various army posts, societies, cities, public schools, States, corporations and individuals, North and South, who have been so kind as to send their congratulations on my sixty-third birthday, I wish to offer my grateful acknowledgment. The despatches have been so numerous and touching in tone that it would have been impossible to answer them if I had been in perfect health."

Mr. Charles Villiers, member for Wolverhampton, the colleague of Peel and Bright and Cobden in the anti-Corn-Law struggles, is now eighty-three years old, with snowy hair and whiskers, but hale and vigorous. He has represented Wolverhampton in Parliament for half a century without a break. But he seldom is seen in the House now, except on the most important occasions, and still more rarely does he speak. One evening recently he made a speech on the Reform bill, and it was his first after eight years of silence.

Warning and Comfort!!!

"If you are suffering from poor health or indulging on a bed of sickness, take cheer, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters tolling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, cooling or stimulating, without intoxicating; if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you a new life, health and vigor."

If you are constive, or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to—Hop Bitters,

"If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a 'Balm in Gilead' in Hop Bitters!!!"

—If you are a frequenter, or a resident of, —a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the source of all countries —Malaria, Epidemic, Billous and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish!!!

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear, fair and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How? Inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and brings health and beauty. It did it for me, as you observe."!!!

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

Next to sound judgment, diamonds and pearls are the rarest things to be met with.

Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be promptly and thoroughly corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. As dinner pills, and as aids to digestion, they have no equal. They cure constipation.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

An Ex-Alderman Tried it.

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Haggard's Yellow Oil for rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

People who read and reflect, after reading, upon the many published testimonials regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so positive and concurrent could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts proven by such evidence are that it roots out impurities of the blood, restores digestion, enriches the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters.

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 LIFE 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 Coin.....\$100
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, 810
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services..... 500
14 to 16.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
20 to 22.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
23 to 25.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches.. 400
26.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
27 to 30.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 750
31 to 33.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
34.—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.....\$1,500
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 640
18 to 22.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
23 to 25.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 306
26.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
27 to 30.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
31 to 33.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
34 to 36.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 415
37 to 40.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
401.—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 Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,600
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 13.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 500
14 to 22.—Eleven heavy black-silk dress patterns..... 590
23 to 25.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442
26 to 30.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
31.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
32 to 36.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 600
37 to 40.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 00

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for those consolation rewards. 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 that may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 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.

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 suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming the city, W. A. RORER, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A short absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.

After Twenty-three Years' Suffering.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Warton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the system.

Work with all the speed and ease you can without breaking your head.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial ensures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a badly swelled neck and sore throat on my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no man ever reached it yet.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the palid cheek.

Did a person know the value of an enemy he would purchase him with pure gold.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Promptness.

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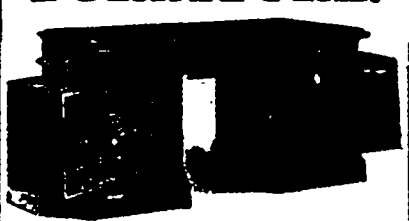
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