

Grain

Contents

TORONTO, NOV. 29, 1884.

POETRY.

Oriental and Modern

MUSIC.

Dear Nelly! (Ballad of Happy Barel)

SONNETS.

Mrs. Ward's Niece.

Peter Henry No. 3. — Y. Was I a King.

The Light of Cold-House Pond.

EDITORIAL.

Imperial Federation.

Men of Genius.

Unpleasant Obituary No. 1

Free Speech in Montreal.

Charity. (Ballad)

JACOB FAITHFUL.

THE FASHIONS.

Fashion Design.

GUY YOUNG POLKE.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Falacious Diseases.

COOKERY DEPARTMENT.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"Compendium on the Theatre."

"WHORL, A STORY BY THE EDITOR."

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF CURRENT LITERATURE

\$1.00 Per Year 5 Cts. Per Copy.

Reprints

TORONTO

738

YONGE ST. NORTH.

738

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Dry Goods

DRESS GOODS, 9, 10, 12, 15, 200

Ottoman Cards, 25. All Wool Frock Coats, 24, 30. Beautiful Check Dress Goods, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25. Coloured Cashmeres, Black Velvet, etc., Coloured Veilings, etc. All Wool Flannels for Children's Use, 10, 12, 15.

FINE ALL WOOL FRENCH TWILL FLANNELS, ALL COLOURS

Grey Flannels, white Flannels, Carlet Flannels, etc., and Unbleached Cotton Flannels, Coloured Canton Flannels

WINCEYS, 5, 8, 10, 12, C.

Checked winceys, white Cottons, 10, 12, 15, 17, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 200, bleached and unbleached, Tulle, Net, Table Linens, Tickings, sheetings, Shirtings, Towellings, Towels, Cravattes, white Muslins, and Honeycomb Quilts, Coloured Quilts.

BLANKETS, COMFORTERS.

Cloths for Jacks, 1 Boy's 5 lbs., 2 Boys 10 lbs., 3 Boys 15 lbs., 4 Boys 20 lbs., 5 Boys 25 lbs., 6 Boys 30 lbs., 7 Boys 35 lbs., 8 Boys 40 lbs., 9 Boys 45 lbs., 10 Boys 50 lbs., 11 Boys 55 lbs., 12 Boys 60 lbs., 13 Boys 65 lbs., 14 Boys 70 lbs., 15 Boys 75 lbs., 16 Boys 80 lbs., 17 Boys 85 lbs., 18 Boys 90 lbs., 19 Boys 95 lbs., 20 Boys 100 lbs., 21 Boys 105 lbs., 22 Boys 110 lbs., 23 Boys 115 lbs., 24 Boys 120 lbs., 25 Boys 125 lbs., 26 Boys 130 lbs., 27 Boys 135 lbs., 28 Boys 140 lbs., 29 Boys 145 lbs., 30 Boys 150 lbs., 31 Boys 155 lbs., 32 Boys 160 lbs., 33 Boys 165 lbs., 34 Boys 170 lbs., 35 Boys 175 lbs., 36 Boys 180 lbs., 37 Boys 185 lbs., 38 Boys 190 lbs., 39 Boys 195 lbs., 40 Boys 200 lbs., 41 Boys 205 lbs., 42 Boys 210 lbs., 43 Boys 215 lbs., 44 Boys 220 lbs., 45 Boys 225 lbs., 46 Boys 230 lbs., 47 Boys 235 lbs., 48 Boys 240 lbs., 49 Boys 245 lbs., 50 Boys 250 lbs., 51 Boys 255 lbs., 52 Boys 260 lbs., 53 Boys 265 lbs., 54 Boys 270 lbs., 55 Boys 275 lbs., 56 Boys 280 lbs., 57 Boys 285 lbs., 58 Boys 290 lbs., 59 Boys 295 lbs., 60 Boys 300 lbs., 61 Boys 305 lbs., 62 Boys 310 lbs., 63 Boys 315 lbs., 64 Boys 320 lbs., 65 Boys 325 lbs., 66 Boys 330 lbs., 67 Boys 335 lbs., 68 Boys 340 lbs., 69 Boys 345 lbs., 70 Boys 350 lbs., 71 Boys 355 lbs., 72 Boys 360 lbs., 73 Boys 365 lbs., 74 Boys 370 lbs., 75 Boys 375 lbs., 76 Boys 380 lbs., 77 Boys 385 lbs., 78 Boys 390 lbs., 79 Boys 395 lbs., 80 Boys 400 lbs., 81 Boys 405 lbs., 82 Boys 410 lbs., 83 Boys 415 lbs., 84 Boys 420 lbs., 85 Boys 425 lbs., 86 Boys 430 lbs., 87 Boys 435 lbs., 88 Boys 440 lbs., 89 Boys 445 lbs., 90 Boys 450 lbs., 91 Boys 455 lbs., 92 Boys 460 lbs., 93 Boys 465 lbs., 94 Boys 470 lbs., 95 Boys 475 lbs., 96 Boys 480 lbs., 97 Boys 485 lbs., 98 Boys 490 lbs., 99 Boys 495 lbs., 100 Boys 500 lbs.

NOTE THE ADDRESS,

J. H. PAGE, 738 YONGE ST. NORTH.

The Genuine Bell Organ

is acknowledged to be the best.

Our Professors say so. Torrington, Carter, Doward, Kerrison, Fisher, Kauffman, &c. It is better to give the price asked for a good article, it will pay you in the end. 50 different styles to choose from.

Send for our latest catalogue. W. BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont

S. D. Douglas & Co.,

(Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

- Oils, Paints, Colors, Wall Papers, Glass, White Leads, Spirits of Turpentine, Varnishes & Japans.

Contracts Taken

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING

GLAZING, PAINTING, Etc.

83 KING STREET, EAST TORONTO, ONT.

ALBERT WHALE

636 YONGE STREET, TORONTO UPHOLSTERER & CABINET MAKER

Ladies' Needlework a Specialty Mattresses Remade, &c. All kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

CARPETS MADE & LAID

Mrs. H. A. Morrison,

503 1/2 QUEEN STREET, WEST.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

The cheapest and best place in the city to get a Trimmed Hat or Bonnet.

Berlin Wool and Fancy Needle Work a Specialty.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL BOYS and GIRLS

both large and small Can make money for Christmas by selling our Cards to Friends and Neighbors everywhere.

Our Card Packages for this season are ready. The assortment is larger and the quality of the cards finer than any previous year. A very handsome profit can be realized, as the prices are less than wholesale. Our stock is selected from the best makers at the world, and is very choice. No two alike. Men embossed, 2, 3 per 100.

- No. 1.-For 25 cents we will mail you 25 beautiful small size cards, worth from 5 to 6 cents each. No. 2.-For 50 cents we will mail you about, with the addition of four handsome fringed cards. No. 3.-For fifty cents we will mail you 25 beautiful medium size cards, worth from 5 to 10 cents each. No. 4.-For \$1 we will mail you same as No. 3, with six elegant medium size fringed cards. No. 5.-For \$1 we will mail you 25 large size cards worth from 10 to 15 cents each. No. 6.-For \$2 we will mail you same as No. 5, and six very handsome large size fringed cards. No. 7.-For \$3 we will mail you 100 same kind of cards as No. 5. Fringed Cards, Hand-Painted Cards, Ivory and Ivory-line Cards and other novelties at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00 each which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages. Birthday Card Packages, excepting for No. 1 and 2, put up and mailed same as the Christmas Cards; or if so desired they can be Assorted Christmas and Birthday Cards mailed same day as order received. Cash must always accompany order. Address: HAMILTON BROS. & CO., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

MRS. M. A. HISCOCKS,

Millinery, Smallwares and Fancy Goods. 682 Queen Street, West.

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

Straw Hats and Millinery, Felt Hats Cleaned, Dyed and Altered.

D. F. TOLCHARD, GROCER.

Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. All kinds of fresh fruit in season.

NOTE THE ADDRESS. Corner of Yonge and St. Mary's Sts. TORONTO.

TORONTO'S ONE PRICE

DRY-GOODS HOUSE!

We will not be undersold by any house in the trade, as we buy at the Fountain-head of Production, and sell on the smallest living profit; all goods being marked plain figures, and no second price.

Terms Strictly Cash.

We only sell such goods as can be safely recommended to our customers.

- SEE OUR DRESS GOODS. SEE OUR CASHMEREES. SEE OUR DRESS & MANTLE SILKS. SEE OUR PLAIN AND BROCADE VELVETS. SEE OUR JACKETS, ULSTERS AND DOLMANS. SEE OUR STOCK OF CLOTHS AND TWEEDS. SEE OUR TRIMMED & UNTRIMMED MILLINERY. SEE OUR GLOVES, HOSIERY & UNDER-CLOTHING.

We offer you a \$75,000.00 stock to select from, and it will repay you to come 100 miles in order to buy from us, as you will save money every time.

J. M. HAMILTON 184 YONGE ST., (3rd Store above Queen.)

R. SHEPPARD & SON

MAKERS, GRANITE & STONE WORKERS Monuments, Headstones, &c. on hand and furnished to order. 181 QUEEN ST., WEST, TORONTO.

COAL, COKE & WOOD!

Coal or Coke shipped to any place in Ball Road, in cars, direct from mines. We handle only Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s Superior Anthracite Coal. Agents for Loyalsock Anthracite Coal.

SOFT COAL, STOVE SIZE, \$1.50 A TON KILN-CUT IN BLOCKS, \$1.00 A CORD

GUEST & McNOLTY Cor. George & Dundas Streets. A Large Quantity of Charcoal on hand.

"THE COTTAGE,"

a new photographic scene, the prettiest in town, just received at

MICKLETHWAITE'S

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. COR. KING & JARVIS STS., TORONTO. CABINET PHOTOS \$2 PER DOZ. UP

DON'T YOU WANT... you want a \$20.00 Shot Repeating Rifle for \$15.00... you want a \$30.00 Leaning Tower for \$25.00... you want a \$10.00 Silver Watch for \$8.00... you want a \$15.00 Silver Watch for \$12.00... you want a \$20.00 Silver Watch for \$15.00... you want a \$25.00 Silver Watch for \$18.00... you want a \$30.00 Silver Watch for \$22.00... you want a \$35.00 Silver Watch for \$25.00... you want a \$40.00 Silver Watch for \$28.00... you want a \$45.00 Silver Watch for \$32.00... you want a \$50.00 Silver Watch for \$35.00... you want a \$55.00 Silver Watch for \$38.00... you want a \$60.00 Silver Watch for \$42.00... you want a \$65.00 Silver Watch for \$45.00... you want a \$70.00 Silver Watch for \$48.00... you want a \$75.00 Silver Watch for \$52.00... you want a \$80.00 Silver Watch for \$55.00... you want a \$85.00 Silver Watch for \$58.00... you want a \$90.00 Silver Watch for \$62.00... you want a \$95.00 Silver Watch for \$65.00... you want a \$100.00 Silver Watch for \$68.00... you want a \$105.00 Silver Watch for \$72.00... you want a \$110.00 Silver Watch for \$75.00... you want a \$115.00 Silver Watch for \$78.00... you want a \$120.00 Silver Watch for \$82.00... you want a \$125.00 Silver Watch for \$85.00... you want a \$130.00 Silver Watch for \$88.00... you want a \$135.00 Silver Watch for \$92.00... you want a \$140.00 Silver Watch for \$95.00... you want a \$145.00 Silver Watch for \$98.00... you want a \$150.00 Silver Watch for \$102.00... you want a \$155.00 Silver Watch for \$105.00... you want a \$160.00 Silver Watch for \$108.00... you want a \$165.00 Silver Watch for \$112.00... you want a \$170.00 Silver Watch for \$115.00... you want a \$175.00 Silver Watch for \$118.00... you want a \$180.00 Silver Watch for \$122.00... you want a \$185.00 Silver Watch for \$125.00... you want a \$190.00 Silver Watch for \$128.00... you want a \$195.00 Silver Watch for \$132.00... you want a \$200.00 Silver Watch for \$135.00... you want a \$205.00 Silver Watch for \$138.00... you want a \$210.00 Silver Watch for \$142.00... you want a \$215.00 Silver Watch for \$145.00... you want a \$220.00 Silver Watch for \$148.00... you want a \$225.00 Silver Watch for \$152.00... you want a \$230.00 Silver Watch for \$155.00... you want a \$235.00 Silver Watch for \$158.00... you want a \$240.00 Silver Watch for \$162.00... you want a \$245.00 Silver Watch for \$165.00... you want a \$250.00 Silver Watch for \$168.00... you want a \$255.00 Silver Watch for \$172.00... you want a \$260.00 Silver Watch for \$175.00... you want a \$265.00 Silver Watch for \$178.00... you want a \$270.00 Silver Watch for \$182.00... you want a \$275.00 Silver Watch for \$185.00... you want a \$280.00 Silver Watch for \$188.00... you want a \$285.00 Silver Watch for \$192.00... you want a \$290.00 Silver Watch for \$195.00... you want a \$295.00 Silver Watch for \$198.00... you want a \$300.00 Silver Watch for \$202.00... you want a \$305.00 Silver Watch for \$205.00... you want a \$310.00 Silver Watch for \$208.00... you want a \$315.00 Silver Watch for \$212.00... you want a \$320.00 Silver Watch for \$215.00... you want a \$325.00 Silver Watch for \$218.00... you want a \$330.00 Silver Watch for \$222.00... you want a \$335.00 Silver Watch for \$225.00... you want a \$340.00 Silver Watch for \$228.00... you want a \$345.00 Silver Watch for \$232.00... you want a \$350.00 Silver Watch for \$235.00... you want a \$355.00 Silver Watch for \$238.00... you want a \$360.00 Silver Watch for \$242.00... you want a \$365.00 Silver Watch for \$245.00... you want a \$370.00 Silver Watch for \$248.00... you want a \$375.00 Silver Watch for \$252.00... you want a \$380.00 Silver Watch for \$255.00... you want a \$385.00 Silver Watch for \$258.00... you want a \$390.00 Silver Watch for \$262.00... you want a \$395.00 Silver Watch for \$265.00... you want a \$400.00 Silver Watch for \$268.00... you want a \$405.00 Silver Watch for \$272.00... you want a \$410.00 Silver Watch for \$275.00... you want a \$415.00 Silver Watch for \$278.00... you want a \$420.00 Silver Watch for \$282.00... you want a \$425.00 Silver Watch for \$285.00... you want a \$430.00 Silver Watch for \$288.00... you want a \$435.00 Silver Watch for \$292.00... you want a \$440.00 Silver Watch for \$295.00... you want a \$445.00 Silver Watch for \$298.00... you want a \$450.00 Silver Watch for \$302.00... you want a \$455.00 Silver Watch for \$305.00... you want a \$460.00 Silver Watch for \$308.00... you want a \$465.00 Silver Watch for \$312.00... you want a \$470.00 Silver Watch for \$315.00... you want a \$475.00 Silver Watch for \$318.00... you want a \$480.00 Silver Watch for \$322.00... you want a \$485.00 Silver Watch for \$325.00... you want a \$490.00 Silver Watch for \$328.00... you want a \$495.00 Silver Watch for \$332.00... you want a \$500.00 Silver Watch for \$335.00... you want a \$505.00 Silver Watch for \$338.00... you want a \$510.00 Silver Watch for \$342.00... you want a \$515.00 Silver Watch for \$345.00... you want a \$520.00 Silver Watch for \$348.00... you want a \$525.00 Silver Watch for \$352.00... you want a \$530.00 Silver Watch for \$355.00... you want a \$535.00 Silver Watch for \$358.00... you want a \$540.00 Silver Watch for \$362.00... you want a \$545.00 Silver Watch for \$365.00... you want a \$550.00 Silver Watch for \$368.00... you want a \$555.00 Silver Watch for \$372.00... you want a \$560.00 Silver Watch for \$375.00... you want a \$565.00 Silver Watch for \$378.00... you want a \$570.00 Silver Watch for \$382.00... you want a \$575.00 Silver Watch for \$385.00... you want a \$580.00 Silver Watch for \$388.00... you want a \$585.00 Silver Watch for \$392.00... you want a \$590.00 Silver Watch for \$395.00... you want a \$595.00 Silver Watch for \$398.00... you want a \$600.00 Silver Watch for \$402.00... you want a \$605.00 Silver Watch for \$405.00... you want a \$610.00 Silver Watch for \$408.00... you want a \$615.00 Silver Watch for \$412.00... you want a \$620.00 Silver Watch for \$415.00... you want a \$625.00 Silver Watch for \$418.00... you want a \$630.00 Silver Watch for \$422.00... you want a \$635.00 Silver Watch for \$425.00... you want a \$640.00 Silver Watch for \$428.00... you want a \$645.00 Silver Watch for \$432.00... you want a \$650.00 Silver Watch for \$435.00... you want a \$655.00 Silver Watch for \$438.00... you want a \$660.00 Silver Watch for \$442.00... you want a \$665.00 Silver Watch for \$445.00... you want a \$670.00 Silver Watch for \$448.00... you want a \$675.00 Silver Watch for \$452.00... you want a \$680.00 Silver Watch for \$455.00... you want a \$685.00 Silver Watch for \$458.00... you want a \$690.00 Silver Watch for \$462.00... you want a \$695.00 Silver Watch for \$465.00... you want a \$700.00 Silver Watch for \$468.00... you want a \$705.00 Silver Watch for \$472.00... you want a \$710.00 Silver Watch for \$475.00... you want a \$715.00 Silver Watch for \$478.00... you want a \$720.00 Silver Watch for \$482.00... you want a \$725.00 Silver Watch for \$485.00... you want a \$730.00 Silver Watch for \$488.00... you want a \$735.00 Silver Watch for \$492.00... you want a \$740.00 Silver Watch for \$495.00... you want a \$745.00 Silver Watch for \$498.00... you want a \$750.00 Silver Watch for \$502.00... you want a \$755.00 Silver Watch for \$505.00... you want a \$760.00 Silver Watch for \$508.00... you want a \$765.00 Silver Watch for \$512.00... you want a \$770.00 Silver Watch for \$515.00... you want a \$775.00 Silver Watch for \$518.00... you want a \$780.00 Silver Watch for \$522.00... you want a \$785.00 Silver Watch for \$525.00... you want a \$790.00 Silver Watch for \$528.00... you want a \$795.00 Silver Watch for \$532.00... you want a \$800.00 Silver Watch for \$535.00... you want a \$805.00 Silver Watch for \$538.00... you want a \$810.00 Silver Watch for \$542.00... you want a \$815.00 Silver Watch for \$545.00... you want a \$820.00 Silver Watch for \$548.00... you want a \$825.00 Silver Watch for \$552.00... you want a \$830.00 Silver Watch for \$555.00... you want a \$835.00 Silver Watch for \$558.00... you want a \$840.00 Silver Watch for \$562.00... you want a \$845.00 Silver Watch for \$565.00... you want a \$850.00 Silver Watch for \$568.00... you want a \$855.00 Silver Watch for \$572.00... you want a \$860.00 Silver Watch for \$575.00... you want a \$865.00 Silver Watch for \$578.00... you want a \$870.00 Silver Watch for \$582.00... you want a \$875.00 Silver Watch for \$585.00... you want a \$880.00 Silver Watch for \$588.00... you want a \$885.00 Silver Watch for \$592.00... you want a \$890.00 Silver Watch for \$595.00... you want a \$895.00 Silver Watch for \$598.00... you want a \$900.00 Silver Watch for \$602.00... you want a \$905.00 Silver Watch for \$605.00... you want a \$910.00 Silver Watch for \$608.00... you want a \$915.00 Silver Watch for \$612.00... you want a \$920.00 Silver Watch for \$615.00... you want a \$925.00 Silver Watch for \$618.00... you want a \$930.00 Silver Watch for \$622.00... you want a \$935.00 Silver Watch for \$625.00... you want a \$940.00 Silver Watch for \$628.00... you want a \$945.00 Silver Watch for \$632.00... you want a \$950.00 Silver Watch for \$635.00... you want a \$955.00 Silver Watch for \$638.00... you want a \$960.00 Silver Watch for \$642.00... you want a \$965.00 Silver Watch for \$645.00... you want a \$970.00 Silver Watch for \$648.00... you want a \$975.00 Silver Watch for \$652.00... you want a \$980.00 Silver Watch for \$655.00... you want a \$985.00 Silver Watch for \$658.00... you want a \$990.00 Silver Watch for \$662.00... you want a \$995.00 Silver Watch for \$665.00... you want a \$1000.00 Silver Watch for \$668.00... you want a \$1005.00 Silver Watch for \$672.00... you want a \$1010.00 Silver Watch for \$675.00... you want a \$1015.00 Silver Watch for \$678.00... you want a \$1020.00 Silver Watch for \$682.00... you want a \$1025.00 Silver Watch for \$685.00... you want a \$1030.00 Silver Watch for \$688.00... you want a \$1035.00 Silver Watch for \$692.00... you want a \$1040.00 Silver Watch for \$695.00... you want a \$1045.00 Silver Watch for \$698.00... you want a \$1050.00 Silver Watch for \$702.00... you want a \$1055.00 Silver Watch for \$705.00... you want a \$1060.00 Silver Watch for \$708.00... you want a \$1065.00 Silver Watch for \$712.00... you want a \$1070.00 Silver Watch for \$715.00... you want a \$1075.00 Silver Watch for \$718.00... you want a \$1080.00 Silver Watch for \$722.00... you want a \$1085.00 Silver Watch for \$725.00... you want a \$1090.00 Silver Watch for \$728.00... you want a \$1095.00 Silver Watch for \$732.00... you want a \$1100.00 Silver Watch for \$735.00... you want a \$1105.00 Silver Watch for \$738.00... you want a \$1110.00 Silver Watch for \$742.00... you want a \$1115.00 Silver Watch for \$745.00... you want a \$1120.00 Silver Watch for \$748.00... you want a \$1125.00 Silver Watch for \$752.00... you want a \$1130.00 Silver Watch for \$755.00... you want a \$1135.00 Silver Watch for \$758.00... you want a \$1140.00 Silver Watch for \$762.00... you want a \$1145.00 Silver Watch for \$765.00... you want a \$1150.00 Silver Watch for \$768.00... you want a \$1155.00 Silver Watch for \$772.00... you want a \$1160.00 Silver Watch for \$775.00... you want a \$1165.00 Silver Watch for \$778.00... you want a \$1170.00 Silver Watch for \$782.00... you want a \$1175.00 Silver Watch for \$785.00... you want a \$1180.00 Silver Watch for \$788.00... you want a \$1185.00 Silver Watch for \$792.00... you want a \$1190.00 Silver Watch for \$795.00... you want a \$1195.00 Silver Watch for \$798.00... you want a \$1200.00 Silver Watch for \$802.00... you want a \$1205.00 Silver Watch for \$805.00... you want a \$1210.00 Silver Watch for \$808.00... you want a \$1215.00 Silver Watch for \$812.00... you want a \$1220.00 Silver Watch for \$815.00... you want a \$1225.00 Silver Watch for \$818.00... you want a \$1230.00 Silver Watch for \$822.00... you want a \$1235.00 Silver Watch for \$825.00... you want a \$1240.00 Silver Watch for \$828.00... you want a \$1245.00 Silver Watch for \$832.00... you want a \$1250.00 Silver Watch for \$835.00... you want a \$1255.00 Silver Watch for \$838.00... you want a \$1260.00 Silver Watch for \$842.00... you want a \$1265.00 Silver Watch for \$845.00... you want a \$1270.00 Silver Watch for \$848.00... you want a \$1275.00 Silver Watch for \$852.00... you want a \$1280.00 Silver Watch for \$855.00... you want a \$1285.00 Silver Watch for \$858.00... you want a \$1290.00 Silver Watch for \$862.00... you want a \$1295.00 Silver Watch for \$865.00... you want a \$1300.00 Silver Watch for \$868.00... you want a \$1305.00 Silver Watch for \$872.00... you want a \$1310.00 Silver Watch for \$875.00... you want a \$1315.00 Silver Watch for \$878.00... you want a \$1320.00 Silver Watch for \$882.00... you want a \$1325.00 Silver Watch for \$885.00... you want a \$1330.00 Silver Watch for \$888.00... you want a \$1335.00 Silver Watch for \$892.00... you want a \$1340.00 Silver Watch for \$895.00... you want a \$1345.00 Silver Watch for \$898.00... you want a \$1350.00 Silver Watch for \$902.00... you want a \$1355.00 Silver Watch for \$905.00... you want a \$1360.00 Silver Watch for \$908.00... you want a \$1365.00 Silver Watch for \$912.00... you want a \$1370.00 Silver Watch for \$915.00... you want a \$1375.00 Silver Watch for \$918.00... you want a \$1380.00 Silver Watch for \$922.00... you want a \$1385.00 Silver Watch for \$925.00... you want a \$1390.00 Silver Watch for \$928.00... you want a \$1395.00 Silver Watch for \$932.00... you want a \$1400.00 Silver Watch for \$935.00... you want a \$1405.00 Silver Watch for \$938.00... you want a \$1410.00 Silver Watch for \$942.00... you want a \$1415.00 Silver Watch for \$945.00... you want a \$1420.00 Silver Watch for \$948.00... you want a \$1425.00 Silver Watch for \$952.00... you want a \$1430.00 Silver Watch for \$955.00... you want a \$1435.00 Silver Watch for \$958.00... you want a \$1440.00 Silver Watch for \$962.00... you want a \$1445.00 Silver Watch for \$965.00... you want a \$1450.00 Silver Watch for \$968.00... you want a \$1455.00 Silver Watch for \$972.00... you want a \$1460.00 Silver Watch for \$975.00... you want a \$1465.00 Silver Watch for \$978.00... you want a \$1470.00 Silver Watch for \$982.00... you want a \$1475.00 Silver Watch for \$985.00... you want a \$1480.00 Silver Watch for \$988.00... you want a \$1485.00 Silver Watch for \$992.00... you want a \$1490.00 Silver Watch for \$995.00... you want a \$1495.00 Silver Watch for \$998.00... you want a \$1500.00 Silver Watch for \$1002.00... you want a \$1505.00 Silver Watch for \$1005.00... you want a \$1510.00 Silver Watch for \$1008.00... you want a \$1515.00 Silver Watch for \$1012.00... you want a \$1520.00 Silver Watch for \$1015.00... you want a \$1525.00 Silver Watch for \$1018.00... you want a \$1530.00 Silver Watch for \$1022.00... you want a \$1535.00 Silver Watch for \$1025.00... you want a \$1540.00 Silver Watch for \$1028.00... you want a \$1545.00 Silver Watch for \$1032.00... you want a \$1550.00 Silver Watch for \$1035.00... you want a \$1555.00 Silver Watch for \$1038.00... you want a \$1560.00 Silver Watch for \$1042.00... you want a \$1565.00 Silver Watch for \$1045.00... you want a \$1570.00 Silver Watch for \$1048.00... you want a \$1575.00 Silver Watch for \$1052.00... you want a \$1580.00 Silver Watch for \$1055.00... you want a \$1585.00 Silver Watch for \$1058.00... you want a \$1590.00 Silver Watch for \$1062.00... you want a \$1595.00 Silver Watch for \$1065.00... you want a \$1600.00 Silver Watch for \$1068.00... you want a \$1605.00 Silver Watch for \$1072.00... you want a \$1610.00 Silver Watch for \$1075.00... you want a \$1615.00 Silver Watch for \$1078.00... you want a \$1620.00 Silver Watch for \$1082.00... you want a \$1625.00 Silver Watch for \$1085.00... you want a \$1630.00 Silver Watch for \$1088.00... you want a \$1635.00 Silver Watch for \$1092.00... you want a \$1640.00 Silver Watch for \$1095.00... you want a \$1645.00 Silver Watch for \$1098.00... you want a \$1650.00 Silver Watch for \$1102.00... you want a \$1655.00 Silver Watch for \$1105.00... you want a \$1660.00 Silver Watch for \$1108.00... you want a \$1665.00 Silver Watch for \$1112.00... you want a \$1670.00 Silver Watch for \$1115.00... you want a \$1675.00 Silver Watch for \$1118.00... you want a \$1680.00 Silver Watch for \$1122.00... you want a \$1685.00 Silver Watch for \$1125.00... you want a \$1690.00 Silver Watch for \$1128.00... you want a \$1695.00 Silver Watch for \$1132.00... you want a \$1700.00 Silver Watch for \$1135.00... you want a \$1705.00 Silver Watch for \$1138.00... you want a \$1710.00 Silver Watch for \$1142.00... you want a \$1715.00 Silver Watch for \$1145.00... you want a \$1720.00 Silver Watch for \$1148.00... you want a \$1725.00 Silver Watch for \$1152.00... you want a \$1730.00 Silver Watch for \$1155.00... you want a \$1735

TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., NOVEMBER 29, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 217

TO LITERARY PEOPLE

And Others Who have Anything Nice in

SHORT STORIES.

"TRUTH"

Wants Them. Read the Following:

In order to make TRUTH still more interesting, we have decided to offer one lady or gentleman's SOLID GOLD HUNTING CASE GENUINE ELGIN WATCH, worth at retail, about \$100, every week until further notice, for the BEST SHORT, ORIGINAL OR SELECTED STORY, for publication in TRUTH. The following are the conditions of competition:

1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any books or periodical by any author.

2nd. It must not exceed in length six (6) columns of TRUTH. A little variation in length either way, will not be considered an obstacle to its acceptance.

3rd. Every accepted story will be published in TRUTH in its turn, and the gold watch awarded upon publication.

4th. Every competitor must send in his contribution either printed or plainly written on one side of the paper only, giving author's name and source from which the story is taken, as well as his own name and address in full, attached to the story.

5th. With each story must be sent one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH.

Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended a half year for the dollar sent.

6th. The first story will appear in TRUTH for November fifteenth, and weekly thereafter.

The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of \$3.00 will be paid for such story when used.

So far the number of stories received is disappointingly small. We will keep the offer open, however, for a little longer, in the hopes that they may increase.

Address all communications and contributions to
Editor TRUTH
33 & 35 Adelaide St., West,
Toronto, Can.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

There does not seem to have been very much enthusiasm over the placing of the George Brown statue in the Queen's Park. Only a comparatively few of the faithful were present, and though no doubt the ceremony was in a measure impressive it could hardly be called inspiring. Canadians don't seem to take kindly to statues some way or other. Whether this be to

their credit or not it might be difficult to say. Certainly if any man in Canada was ever entitled to be embalmed in bronze in this way, George Brown was the man. At the same time the community can't be got to "enthuse" much over such a way of embalming a man's memory.

Somebody with a big head for figures has been making the following calculations with reference to the ballots cast in the recent presidential election. The ballot is a piece of paper four inches wide and ten and a half long. One hundred and fifty of them weigh a pound. Two hundred and fifty laid one on the other measure about an inch in thickness. They cost 90 cents a thousand. All the ballots cast in the election if placed end to end would reach from Cape Flattery the extreme northwestern promontory of Washington Territory to Kansas City, with a good deal to spare. As to the ballots printed they were hugely in advance of those actually cast. The total number of ballots offered to the American people was 260,000,000, the weight of which was 1,716,000 lbs. The paper and printing cost \$234,000. Pasted end to end they would encircle the Globe with a great deal to spare.

The Skye crofters, whose grievances have attracted so much attention of late, have, it seems, given in their submission. They made some show of resistance, poor fellows, but the presence of an armed force was too much for them, and unconditional surrender was the consequence. It is not likely that they will get any redress for their wrongs—not in the meantime at any rate. The British Government, what with its Franchise Bill, its Redistribution Scheme, its Egyptian Expedition, and South African Agitation, no doubt thinks it has its hands full enough without putting itself much about to remedy the grievances of a comparative handful of Scotch peasants. Emigration without a doubt is the best remedy for such cases. Let the landlords be left in full possession of their rocky cliffs. There is plenty of good soil in the new world for all the Skye crofters and other hard pressed people, who like to come and take possession. Why should anyone work for the bare living over and above what the rapacity of landlords permits, when there are thousands of broad acres both in Canada and the United States pleading for cultivation?

What must a newspaper man feel like who has been called a "quidnunc" by an excited brother journalist? Yet such has been the lamentable outcome of two newspaper men in the neighborhood of St. Thomas. We quote the exact words: "Again we feel called upon to promulgate another of the malicious actions of the quidnunc who pushes the quill of the——" We shall not say. TRUTH does not interfere in local quarrels.

It would be interesting to know what the people of Knox Church, Hamilton, think, "too strictly orthodox." It appears that there has been a separation between them and their pastor, Dr. James, because of that. The Doctor, so they think, is too strictly orthodox, that is, we suppose, preaches too unflinchingly what he believes to be the word of God. It is a pity, of course, but when a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction has got abroad in a congregation it is much the best way no doubt of ending all difficulty by doing as Doctor James did—resigning. But it is a terrible thing for a minister not to be liberal enough. Other preachers should be warned by the fate of Dr. James and by all means seek to avoid the grave charges of over-orthodoxy and illiberality. If not they may find themselves in their old days forced to look about for another situation.

Paper in these days of mechanical skill is put to a vast variety of uses. We have paper tubs, and pails and chairs and bedsteads, and indeed, if we are so inclined, we can get almost any article of household furniture made of paper. Then there are paper car wheels in some respects the most wonderful of all—as hard and it is said as durable as iron or steel. One of the latest uses to which this almost universally applicable material is put is for making pillow shams and counterpanes. Large sized manilla paper is used two sheets being held together by small tacks, at intervals, of three or four inches, gummed so as to stick the sheets together where the tacks lie. The tacks strengthen the paper. Beautiful designs are printed on the upper surface, and they are then ready for use. If they become wrinkled all that is necessary is the application of a hot flat iron. Nothing seems to be wasted. Even refuse is found available for some useful or beautiful purpose.

The Roman Catholic "flock" in the village of Thornhill evidently has a shepherd with a sharp eye for his tithes. Lucre, in this good man's opinion is evidently not so "filthy" a thing but that it may be earnestly striven for. Altogether the case as reported by the daily papers seems to be quite extraordinary. It appears that one of the parishioners was behind hand with his tithes, and in order to bring him to a proper frame of mind on the subject, his pew was boarded up in order that, being deprived of the ordinance, his eyes might be opened to the error of his ways, and his pockets to the passage of the dollars. Quite another result followed however. Another parishioner, a gentleman 76 years of age, took the dispossessed one into his pew. Whereupon by order of the priest his pew was also boarded up. On the Sunday, finding himself unrighteously dealt with in this matter, the old gentleman wrenched off the boards and took possession of his pew. The reverend father, enraged at

this presumption, left the altar and grappling with the old gentleman shoved him out of the door with violence enough to break his right thigh. Altogether it seems to have been a most extraordinary exhibition for a place of worship during the Sunday services, and deserves both legal and ecclesiastical investigation.

Another rich gold strike, it is said, has been made in British Columbia on one of the affluents of the Skeena river. The finds already made are spoken of as very rich, and a great rush is expected next spring. It may, of course, turn out to be all that is expected, though there are ten chances to one that it will not. In such cases, however, all the "sells" and disappointments of the past will not deter men. They will try their luck in spite of everything.

What a rapid advance electric lighting is making in these days. Not streets only and large public buildings are now lighted in this way, but even business places and private houses. The time may come when every town and city in the country will be sufficiently lighted both indoors and out by some great artificial light suspended in its midst.

The great struggle is at last over, and the Democrats are really in the White House. It has been a long wait for them, but the lane, long as it has been, has reached the proverbial turning. Both the principal candidates passed through a fiery furnace heated sevenfold. Unfortunately it cannot be said for either of them that he has come through the ordeal without so much as the smell of the fire on him. But at any rate the fight is over, and Cleveland is President of the United States. If he pursues the same line of conduct in the White House that has won him such golden opinions as Governor of the State of New York, then the coming term of his occupancy may be regarded as full of high promise for the Republic. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will follow the advice of his best friends, and make no "removals" but follow his cause. On the tariff question, the Democratic party has of course not committed itself in favor of Free Trade. There are good grounds, however, for expecting that the United States under Democratic rule will shake itself free from the meddler's shackles of protection, and declare for higher liberty and progress in the way of Tariff for Revenue only.

Complaints against the bakers for keeping up the price of bread in spite of the low price of flour, are not confined to Canada by any means. Bakers are execrated all over the States on the same account. One indignant householder writing to a Chicago paper says he understands better now why Pharaoh hanged the chief baker instead of restoring him as he did the butler. We confess the same thing.

Once again that old, stupid irrational cry of witless bigotry has been raised against University college as being a "Godless" institution. Never was a more insensate charge formulated. It is a wonder that sectarian prejudice itself does not stand aghast at its own audacious malignity. University college may not in the past have been all that it ought to have been, and without great difficulty might have been; it may not now be all that its best friends would wish it to be, but it is as far removed from "Godlessness" as at least the efforts of one man, its honored president, can make it. It has been very clearly shown, both by letters from Dr. Wilson, and in other ways, that this application of the old fool's cry of "Godless," is a pitiful, spiteful slander, which those who make it have not the hardihood to sign their names to.

Toronto got credit the other week from Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts' writing in the *New York Independent*, of being the most Sabbath keeping city in the world. He thought it the best proof he had ever seen that Sabbath keeping in cities is not a "lost art." To a very great extent at any rate we believe his view is the correct one. For a place of its size and importance, as compared with any city either in the States or in Europe, we believe that Toronto has nothing to be ashamed of, but the very reverse. Toronto people have their faults, but habitual sabbath breaking cannot honestly be classed as one of them. Perhaps we cannot rightly claim all the credit that Mr. Crafts has so generously given us, for there is reason to fear that even in Toronto, more Sunday work is done than there is any necessity for, yet as we have said, when comparison is made, we have no reason to feel ashamed.

Nor of Toronto alone, but of many other Canadian cities and towns, could the same thing be said. Indeed we are glad to believe that the same thing could be said of most of them. Not to mention Montreal or other places in the east, and confining ourselves to Ontario, it would be difficult to find any places of similar size in which the first day of the week is better kept as a general day of rest than Hamilton, London, Brantford, Guelph, and smaller towns and cities.

We may just refer to one little clause in Mr. Crafts' eulogium. He says: "In Toronto, even the druggists have the Sabbath very much to themselves." He says they are open only for an hour or two during the day, and that only for the sale of necessary medicines. Now it is true no doubt that none of our druggists do the general business that some of the same profession do in the larger American cities, but to say that they keep their shops open for only an hour or two, is we think altogether a little too high praise. As far as our experience goes, the great majority of them seem to be more or less open all day. We are inclined to think that in any case, they are open for longer than there is any real necessity for, and that neither the druggists themselves nor their assistants get the Sabbath rest that they ought to have. By keeping their shops open so long they simply encourage many to put off getting the medicine that they

could in most cases get as easily the night before or the day after. The cases in which medicine is urgently needed on the Sabbath day are comparatively rare, and there is no necessity for anyone being rigidly confined for any length of time, on the score of their possibility. An apothecary there is no necessity for open shops. Many who would hesitate to enquire at a druggist's house for what they would rightfully regard as an accommodation his part did he give it to them, would have no hesitation at all in opening a shop door and enquiring for it. We are sure that the druggists of Toronto, and of other places too, we have little doubt, could be much more deserving of Mr. Crafts' good opinion of them.

The Chinese Government has done what it could to inspire its soldiers with a sort of Dutch courage, not with brandy, however, but by appealing to their cupidity. It has adopted the plan of offering tempting rewards for the heads of French officers and soldiers. Here are a few samples taken from a proclamation recently issued:—

1. Any soldier or civilian who will take alive or bring in the head of the French commander-in-Chief shall, after the necessary proofs have been given, receive a reward of 10,000 taels, and be recommended to the Emperor as worthy to have bestowed on him a peacock's feather with the rank of major in the army.

A tael is worth about \$1.50. The peacock's feather carries with it the rank of a mandarin of superior order.

2. For a French officer next in rank to the command (a seven stripes officer), a reward of 5,000 taels and a peacock's feather and the rank of first captain.

3. For an official military of the next rank (five stripes), 1,000 taels, with recommendation to receive a plain feather and the rank of second captain.

4. For taking or killing any officer of lower rank, 500 taels, plain feather and the rank of Lieutenant; for killing a French private soldier, 1,000 taels; and for every Annamese or Chinese taken in the service of France a reward of 50 taels. To any person killing a great number of the enemy a proportionate reward will be given. If already an official a person taking alive or bringing in the head of an enemy will be recommended to higher rank proportionately to the merit displayed.

The Gospel according to the Roman Catholics of Montreal is apparently that when a man offers to speak even in his own hired house, what is not acceptable to others, his head shall be punched or broken with stones and the windows of the house he speaks in be all smashed. If he can be actually murdered so much the better. Father Chiniquy may be good or bad, right or wrong, but he is fighting the battle of free speech and the dumb dog of politicians who, for fear of losing votes, won't say a word in condemnation of his assailants are worthless as a Custom House for what all of them profess to have at heart. The worse man Chiniquy is, the more he ought to be protected, so long as he breaks no law.

TRUTH has no stock in Sir John Macdonald's new official breeches and has no wish to take any part in the discussion either *pro* and *con*. There must, however, be in average human nature a strong hankering after titles and clothes, if one may judge by the way in which those who have them are run after. Gaudy

uniforms and any kind of bizarre costumes have an amazing attraction to the average male or female mind. Look at all the different dresses of the various societies and their insignia Masons, Odd-fellows, Templars, Orangemen and the wasters "av the green," &c. The fantastic two-penny half-penny dresses with the tinsel ornaments, tinswords and faded fiery are the great attractions. The foolish, stupid infantile souls! But so it is. The feather in the Indian's head-dress is quite as respectable!

When the truth comes to be known, it will be found that things have not gone all so smoothly with the French in China, as has been represented. It is France far more than China that badly needs the kind mediation of some neutral power to bring the wretched war to an end. As usual with all the French conquests, if the Island of Formosa is surrendered, short work will be made with the flourishing Presbyterian mission in that Island. The government of France is substantially infidel, but just because it is so it has never any hesitation about throwing over Protestant Christians in any country it conquers to the tender mercies of the Jesuits. It did so in Tahiti. It is doing so in Madagascar, and in due time it will do the same in Formosa, and it need not be said that the Jesuits—honest folks—have yet to learn the very first principles of liberty and toleration to any kind of heretics except in countries where any thing else might have awkward consequences to themselves. Let any body look at the Chiniquy riots, and read over the remarks of all the Roman Catholic papers, and they will be able to judge how Protestants would fare if the opportunity were given. It is not that Chiniquy is verbally abused, that is natural enough. He is a renegade to that church and need not expect to be complimented. But there has been scarcely a word uttered in condemnation of the ignorant blood-thirsty ruffians who invaded the sanctities of a Protestant chapel—as sacred in any case as any private residence—and who world, had they been permitted, have taken the old man's life. Not a priest or a bishop of the Roman Catholic church has said a word in condemnation of this atrocious conduct.

The Mayor of Montreal when asked by respectable Protestant clergymen and citizens to give Chiniquy the protection of the police, distinctly refused, and it was only when told with all seriousness that the meetings would be held at all hazards and that he would be held responsible for all that might follow he consented to give protection for that day only. For that day only! Why any man who had the most distant idea of what true liberty meant would have said without being asked. "This man in holding such a meeting is doing what by the law of England he has a perfect right to do, and I should protect him in the exercise of that right by all the powers I have. If necessary I shall call even out the military and sweep the streets with cannon." That would have been something like the thing and all the more if the Mayor had to add that he had no faith in Chiniquy and no approval for what he either did or said. But instead of this the wretched

fellow, who is by some strange popular freak made first Magistrate of the Canadian Commercial Capital, says substantially, that he won't protect this man from mob violence and that if he is murdered so much the worse for him. If this is the sort of thing that is popular about Montreal the sooner every lover of freedom and free speech rubs his eyes and wakens up so much the better. Bonnets will be off and a good many crowns will be cracked before such a rule shall go unchallenged and undefied.

Cleveland's election is now beyond as question. One thing, the Democrats will have to look very carefully after, or all sure as the world there will be trouble, and they will certainly lose in 1888. That is that the freedom of the colored people in the South shall be sacredly guarded not only in form but in reality. Many of the poor creatures are already afraid that they are going to be reduced again to slavery. There is no fear of that. But there is fear that now when the great bulk of the Confederate leaders are back to power, the right and liberty of the negro to exercise his franchise will be practically taken away and the rule of the South be again a white man's rule. Should that come round or anything like it, the Democrats will in 1888 be swept from power as with a whirlwind. Had it not been for the bolters against Blaine's character the Republicans would have now triumphed. With the old slavery cry again a reality there would be no bolters in 1888.

The hydro-chlorate of cocaine that so much talk is being made about just now, will prove a boon both to surgeons and their patients, if all that is claimed for it turns out to be well founded. Its advocates claim that it is what surgeons have long wished for, a local anæsthetic, that is to say something which, without depriving the patient of consciousness, destroys the sensibility of a part. It can easily be seen of what immense importance such a substance must be.

And so JUPITER thundered after all went the Chiniquy disturbance in Montreal. People had begun to wonder what was the matter with him, and asked themselves if he had fallen asleep, or gone on a long journey. It appears that he had done neither the one thing nor the other, but was simply biding his time, until he made up his mind how loud it would be safe for him to fulminate. At length, after ten days delay, during which time the other thunders in Montreal and elsewhere had uttered their voices, he concluded that it was time to bestir himself unless he wanted to come in at the sag end of the battle altogether. The result was that people were mildly amused by a display of tin-pan-thunder and sheet lightning to the effect that it was a shameful thing that the great principle of free speech should be so lightly regarded in the commercial metropolis of her Majesty's Dominion of Canada. The *Globe* in old times was a leader of thought, and would never have waited to express an opinion on an important subject till the eastern papers had shown it an example.

No educational feature of the present day is more noticeable than the strong and growing feeling in favor of technical

schools. It is being steadily recognized by ever growing numbers of every community, that the old systems of education do not of themselves sufficiently equip the young for the battle of life. Education it is felt must be practical in other senses than the more general sharpening of the intellectual faculties. Hand as well as brain must be trained, and the boy and girl taught how to make a living for himself or herself in this world, at some particular trade or handicraft, as well to be instructed in the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic. Both in Europe and America, and in fact all over the civilized world, this feeling has taken more or less deep root, and is bearing valuable fruit. In the technical school of the Mechanics Institution of Manchester, (Eng.), there is a laboratory for practical instruction in the chemistry of bleaching, dyeing, printing &c. There is also a course of lectures for evening students, on chemistry as applied to dyeing, bleaching etc., the fibres of wool, silk, flax etc.: Coloring matters, mordants, dyeing and printing methods now mostly in vogue, testing of dyestuffs and drugs used in the industry, etc.

It is to be feared the Toronto police is anything but as efficient as it is often said to be. The burglar flourishes and such a thing as his being taken is scarcely ever heard of. We would not go the length which some do of saying that there must be more or less of criminal conversation between the force and the crackmen. It however looks wonderfully like it. Of course the chief of police is notoriously incompetent, and would never have occupied his present position had he not been his father's son. Still, we can scarcely think matters have gone so far even in his nerveless hands as that any of the policemen have become the pals of thieves.

The conflict over the Scott Act rages quite fiercely. There is no lack of energy or ability on either side. Each is eager for victory. Each has a very clear idea of the merits of its own side of the question, and but an indifferent idea of the merits of the other side. This, no doubt, is perfectly natural. It is a question on which there is sure to be much strong feeling shown. Vested interests are threatened, and in many cases, no doubt, great loss has been sustained by the shrinkage in value consequent upon the passage of the Act. Those who might be called the members of the Extreme Left on the prohibition side, or in other words, the more rabid promoters of the Act, are inclined to feel jubilant over such cases, and in the hour of their victory to forget both justice and charity. We are quite in favour of giving the Scott Act a fair trial. The evils of intemperance are confessedly great. Here is a measure elaborated as the law of the land, and intending as a means of abating these evils. By all means let the experiment be tried. The great principle of rule by majorities has been established in this country. If the people of any county, by a majority of their ballots fairly cast, decide in favour of the Scott Act, then who dare talk of injustice

in that direction? At the same time we that in cases like this Scott Act, involving as it does such effects on the business interest of many, a majority merely of the votes cast should not be thought sufficient to determine the matter one way or other. A two-thirds majority, or at the least, one of a half of the whole number of votes in the country should be required, and even then if the Scott Act carried by such a majority, the question of compensation might very reasonably be discussed. Some of the persons involved we are quite sure would be entitled by all principles of fair play, to some compensation at any rate. We are not yet prepared to say that all would be so entitled. But some cases there certainly are in which it would be inflicting a very great hardship and positive injustice, to destroy this business, and sweep away all their capital invested, without giving any compensation.

It is noticed in parts of Germany, that the Jews, contrary to their custom in the past are beginning to crowd the learned professions. In the gymnasia of Berlin 24 per cent of the pupils are Jews, and in the high school of the same city for girls, 30 per cent are Jewesses. In the common schools 8 per cent are Jews. These facts taken in connection with this other fact that that nationality constitutes but 5 per cent of the population is instructive. By all means let them. The more this is done the better for all.

To an unprejudiced, though not indifferent outsider, these charity balls of which we have one or two every winter, are interesting subjects for contemplation. There they go—saints and sinners of them, men and women, grey beards and children, up and down the room, "bow to partners," ladies in the centre; "gentlemen in the centre," "ladies' chain," and so on and so on, which no doubt, under certain conditions and limitations, is all quite right and proper, as well as charmingly graceful. And then there is the waltz, too, the alluring, seductive, exhilarating waltz, and the raket, and the ripple, and the galop, and the polka,—all for "charity, sweet charity." "Grave and reverend seniors," elders in the kirk, and deacons, pillars of the church in various and assorted sizes, together with their blooming wives and charming daughters, meet in this way to dance before the Lord. TRUTH has no squeamishness about dancing, in the abstract. There are many worse ways of spending an evening when a few friends meet together, than by two or three hours dancing. And this might take place in the house of an elder, a deacon, or even a clergyman without harm to either body or soul,—provided always the dancing be of a proper kind. But there are dances and dances as everybody knows. But on the other hand the feeling is very generally experienced both among Christians and men of the world who make no profession of religion, that they have a right to expect better things from men who occupy places of trust and honor in the Church of Christ, than to see them both lending their countenance to and taking an active part in large public balls where promiscuous dancing is the sole business of

the evening. Of course Christians may be supposed to know their own business best. They understand, no doubt that they are always pretty closely watched, and that, whether rightly or wrongly, more is expected of them than of other people. And quite apart from this, is it not the case that after they reach a certain age men and women should give up dancing just as they gave up dolls and wooden soldiers? Is it dignified, to say nothing of its being seemly, for grown men and women, fathers and mothers of families, far on in the forties and fifties, or it may be even further still, to languish in a ball room in the slow circles of the waltz, or rush wildly over it in the delirium of the galop, or even to follow the mazes of an eight-handed reel? Dancing may be well enough for children, though even in their case it might be limited far more than it is, but for portly men and women long past their time to glide or skip along a polished floor, comes very near the height of absurdity. People should learn when they have become

Men of Genius.

Why should men of genius claim as a sort of right the prerogative of being exempted partially or altogether from the rules by which meaner men are regulated, restrained or condemned? Nice customs, of course curtesy to great kings, but it is neither right nor reasonable that they should. So we presume, ordinary rules are for ordinary people, but the extraordinary kick over the traces. A poor fellow gets drunk every now and then, and is kicked, cuffed and scolded at a great rate. Robert Burns or some such person of like character and ability makes a perfect brute of himself every week or oftener, and all the world has to wink because forsooth he is a man of genius and of an ardent and irrepressible temperament.

Another spends ten dollars for every five he honestly possesses, bilks his tailor and cheats his charwoman; and he "gets it" and no mistake, as he well deserves—is sent to prison, even, perhaps, or kicked into infinite space. "Served him right." Yes! served him right, but this poor child of genius, on the other hand, does even worse, is in debt to the very eyes, spends as if backed by the Bank of England, is guilty of every sort of meanness, as far as money is concerned; lies as he lives, cheats when he can; borrows from any body who will give him a quarter and people laugh and pity and forgive. "He is such a child in money matters, not to be judged by ordinary rules, you know! A man of genius! Writes in periodicals! Perpetrates poetry. Will do us all credit yet!" So another is a rude brute and gets kicked, literally, actually and deservedly. But the genius who affects to be "frank" and outspoken, you know, though a still greater brute to everybody who knows him, is fiddled about and potted and borne with. Oh, poor dear! He does not mean it. It is only the "nature of the beast! The nature of the beast! God help and forgive us. Such ways of going on are all nonsense and a great deal worse. Instead of its being an excuse for habits which may in many respects be worse than crimes, to say that a man is

a genius, it is an aggravation of his offence. Instead of being less strictly rookoned with because of such a supposed gift, every one so gifted ought to be held to a far severer, count and reckoning. If he is a drunkard or a spendthrift or whore-monger or a profane person or a cheat, or a bilker of his tailor, or a dishonest borrower, whether of a cup of porridge, a cradle, or ten thousand pounds, he ought not to get less condemnation than the ordinary clod, but a great deal more. It is abundantly evident when one reads the lives of a good many of these children of genius, that they would often and often have been vastly the better of having been actually and literally knocked down. The conceit, the unreasonableness, the piggish obstinacy and the unblushing insolence often displayed, were simply horrible! If their letters and biographies speak the truth.

What excuse was it for all that intolerable perverseness, to cry out, "Oh, men of genius, you know!" Men of genius be hanged! Some of those who in their day trafficked upon their supposed gift of genius have already been found out as right evidently the other thing. But if they were or are men of genius so much the worse for them. Instead of that being an excuse for their setting any of the ordinary proprieties at defiance, we repeat it is only their greater condemnation. Go to! with your genius, your "finely strung nerves," your "generous impulses" and your "incompatibilities" that load—you fancy that justify—you in leaving your own wives and living with those of other people, that draw you to taverns and paint your faces with blotches—go, go; it is all abominable nonsense. If you are all you claim to be, though that very likely is an awful mistake, you are bound to carry out your prophet character and your superior pretensions by burning your own smoke and being better in every relationship of life than the best of ordinary people.

But it is the stolid imposters who think themselves men of genius or at best men of talent that are often worst. God forgive such, for they need forgiveness specially much.

The Warden's Supper.

TRUTH begs leave to congratulate the Warden of the County of York upon his having the pluck and good sense to dispense with intoxicating liquors at his official supper, on the opening of the County Council. It is a poor thing if people are naturally so dull that they cannot spend a cheerful social evening without whiskey or something of the same kind. The custom of drinking toasts with all the etceteras, is as foolish and unreasonable as anything well can be, and the good fellowship which it generally creates is the good fellowship of maudlin idiots or frantic fools. Talk of the feast of reason and the flow of soul! Let anyone who has ever been at such meetings, whether public or private, say where either the "feast" or the "flow" comes in. It is more frequently soddon stupidity, by and by lightened up by inebriated and temporary madness. Beginning, perhaps, in decency it ends in downright blackguardism.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

Six Months of a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

In the chill, gray dawn, just as Lois is extinguishing the lights, Elizabeth comes in. She is carefully dressed, but her eyes are hollow, her cheeks white and cold. She looks so worn and so troubled that Lois involuntarily contrasts her with Hannah, so many rounds below on the social ladder.

"Mamma would like to see you a moment, if you will be so kind," Elizabeth says. "And then pray give yourself a good rest, cousin. You will find a bro in your room, and I have ordered your breakfast brought up to you."

Mrs. Hurd turns upon her pillow as Lois enters the darkened room.

"Bless me, child! How can you look so tidy and cheerful after being up all night! Well, I suppose as it's not your sick folks, nor your money, you don't need to take it to heart. Saidee has ebb'd all night long, and Elizabeth has driven me wild with that organ, and then she comes in and asks me if I slept! I shall not be able to get down to breakfast, and I much fear I may be as ill as Mr. Hurd before we get through with it all—but I suppose that will not matter to any one."

There is a quiver in Aunt Alice's voice that renders it like, yet still so unlike, her mother's voice—it quite pierces Lois's soft heart. She thinks Aunt Alice does look neglected; her couch is disordered and uncomfortable, the sofa and carpet are strewn with her garments; the air of the chamber is close and heavy.

Her daughters should have cared for her more tenderly. Lois hastily admits a breath of the cold morning air, lightly shakes up the pillows, then proceeds to straighten and brush the long tangled hair. The heavy gold-banded Spanish comb has not been removed, and Lois finds it broken.

As she picks out the pieces, she thriftily wonders how one can afford, even in a time of distraction, not to be careful of such costly things; and then she smiles at the idea of applying her small poor theories to it up in the Hurd scale. She softly bats the hot forehead—how cross and aching and peevish it looks!—butrons the sleeves about the feverish throbbing wrists, and cups the counterpane, tidies the apartment.

When she goes back to the bedside to inquire concerning breakfast, she discovers tea, stealing through the closed lashes.

"I do not send for you for this, at all," says Aunt Alice brokenly, turning her face from Lois, "but I am obliged to you all the same. Elizabeth came in and said you must have some rest; as if I should object. Saidee will relieve you of Theo, and, of course, you can let the sewing go. I hardly know, indeed, whether we can afford new clothing. I expect to find everything in confusion when I get about again. I should be glad, however, if you would assist the girls in the care of their father, until the nurse comes, at least. If you take care of him I dare say they'll take care of you; they seem thoughtful enough for everybody but their mother."

Lois feels grieved and remorseful. There is a shadowy likeness of her own mother about the pale face, frail as it is, and it calls out Lois' enderness. She assures Aunt Alice that nothing shall be neglected so far as her care can prevent.

That moment she observes Hannah passing the door with a breakfast tray. She intercepts her.

"Oh! Miss Lois, this be special, for your own self," Hannah pleads low. "Miss Elizabeth herself, she come downstairs and orders it of me, 'stead of cook."

Lois does not fail with thanks, but all the same she bears the dainty breakfast to her aunt, and serves her patiently. Then she arranges the blinds to her liking, prepares the shorbats and the lemon glasses to the exact satisfaction of the ferverish capricious palate, and finally, leaving her altogether comfortable and slumberously inclined, she returns to her uncle's room instead of seeking her own.

Elizabeth is standing by her father's bedside with an anxious face. Lois at once sees there has been a change,—there is an increase of heat and restlessness. She proposes to send for the physician.

But Elizabeth has already sent. "Cousin," Lois says, softly, all at once coming close to Elizabeth's side, "is there no way, no way, in which this money can be raised? I know from what the doctor said that uncle's safety really depends upon that—it will not do for him to rouse from this only to meet the same trouble again."

Elizabeth touches the damp morning paper on the table near her.

"The ruin is far too general—this one newspaper has made me quite hopeless of the whole business of life!"

"It is so dreadful and sudden," says Saidee. "It makes my heart ache to think how poor papa carried his burdens all alone. He must have known for days—and only to think how I coaxed twenty dollars from him, yesterday, for a bonnet!"

But Lois brings them back to the main question.

"The same money must be in the country that always has been. Somebody has it, of course, and I should think, would lend it upon good security. Do consider it reasonably, girls—among all your wealthy friends, is there not some one we could apply to?"

Saidee and Elizabeth look at each other and smile faintly, such a dear, simple, direct smile!

"Well," she says, almost impatiently, "I should think of everything, and try each thing I thought of, were it my father!"

"Of course you would, you good girl," says Saidee. "And we both do appreciate your taking our troubles upon you so—but to get the money is simply impossible."

"Impossible, I tell you!" shouts a new voice.

Inero Mr. Hurd is, sitting up in bed. His face is altogether wild in expression. He brings his fist down upon his knee; and then his eyes meeting Saidee's, he swings his arm over his head.

"Hurrah! See the Butterflies! Shake 'em out—out into the storm with 'em! It's a fine time to set butterflies adrift, just as it's coming on winter! See—there goes one of mine with a twenty-dollar bonnet on!"

He is gone with the delirium of a brain fever. He can now use every limb, vigorously, too, as the girls find when they attempt to soothe him back to his pillows. Indeed, they are not able to accomplish it without summoning Brown; and for a time last night's hurry and terror repeats itself.

It is nearly ten o'clock before the nurse comes and the doctor leaves, and Lois gets to her own room. Even now it is not for rest, but to don hat and shawl. As she opens her door she stops short upon the threshold. Some one, some one that cares for her, has been there, and taken sweet pains to manifest it. There is a fire, as Elizabeth said, but there is a still brighter warmth in the room. Heavy winter folds of crimson drape the windows and sweep the floor; luxurious easy-chairs

and dainty hassocks cozily await her; flowers from the conservatory are blooming in a bit of Bohemian glass—she has seen that in Elizabeth's room—and, last of all, by the bedside she spies the very slippers which Saidee has been at work upon—silk, flowered, quilted and furred.

All together it quite overcomes Lois; and she does not know any better thing to do than to close the door, and sit down, and "weep a little weep," like Miss Alcott's "Joe."

She does not linger unduly, however. When she comes out she is dressed for the street. As she passes "Violet Dull," and the other chambers, with a soft, hurried step past Saidee or Elizabeth should open doors, and ask embarrassing questions, she hears Theo sobbing.

She looks in. Violet Doll is all cold, dim and gloomy. Its little mistress sits on a stool in her night-dress, her head in a chair cushion, and sobbing aloud. Lois catches her up, wraps her shawl about her, and gathering up her clothes, returns to her own room.

Safe in the warm arms of her own dear loving maid, the little one sobs out all her woes.

"Thaideo come in and never kithed me at all—she didn't kith me, Loith,—and the thaid I wathn't to get up, for there wath nobody to take care of me, and papa wath thick and had lo'ht all hith money, and we wath beggar girls. And when I athked for you the thoulded, and thaid I wath never again to athk you to wait on me. And the told me to be thitill, and the cried and went off, and I got the cold, and the tired, and the hungry!"

Lois comforts and dresses her; but she herself does not know whether to laugh or cry when the child inquires in all good faith if, when she is dressed, she must "go out in the threet and beg pennies to get her breakfast."

She takes her down-stairs and places her in Hannah's charge. She leaves her sitting before the great table in the warm solitude of the dining-room, cooing over her warm bread and milk. However, before she lifts a spoonful, the child makes a pertinent little inquiry:

"Bat, couthin, if papa hath no money, who payth the milkman?"

Lois cannot tell her. It is just that class of questions which puzzle her. The money-matters of a great household, whose lord and master is bankrupt and stretched upon his bed with a deadly fever, are quite as much of a mystery to her as to baby Theo.

How dare they still welcome the milkman and the baker, and send Brown to market as usual? How can the poverty and ruin of the rich and the poor be so unlike? She merely smiles upon Theo, and tells her she has money enough in her own purse to buy the breakfast bread-and-milk for at least a week to come; and after that she will ask the Father who feeds the sparrows to also provide for the little human birds.

As Lois goes forth into the sleety storm of the dark November forenoon, she does ask this Father to take thought for them all, and to smile upon her errand.

This errand is taking her where nothing could drag her on her own account. She is about to call upon the dreadful Dr. Guthrie. Full soon, though the storm beats her back at every step, she is there. She trembles through the gate, and up the wide, low flight of marble steps, and rings the door-bell.

"I wish to see Dr. Guthrie," she manages to say, shielding herself with an umbrella, as she perceives she is not to be invited in—this is the way Lois charitably puts it, although "not permitted to enter" is the plain English of the servant's attitude.

She is left standing in the hall. The girl goes back into "the lion's den," as Lois feels the Guthrie presence to be, so far as she is concerned. She hears her say, "A young woman as wants to see the doctor—some book agent."

The well-remembered voice makes answer, "Busy."

Lois does not allow the delivery of this message. She says quickly to the servant, "Please say it is Mrs. Hurd's niece."

The girl's countenance changes. She hastily throws open the parlor door—although she does not fail, at the same time, to look the Hurd niece over from head to foot. And, truly, a niece of that high family in a gray stuff dress, and a quaker shawl, with a twenty-five cent ribbon on her hat, is a phenomenon that invites attention!

The name of "Mrs. Hurd's niece" proves talismanic also to bring Dr. Guthrie. But as he shakes hands, Lois cannot feel at all sure that he remembers her, personally. This feeling greatly embarrasses her. She sits stiffly in her chair, scarcely hearing his words in her attempts to summon the sentences she has constructed on her way hither. It comes up on her so vividly that his great friendship for her uncle may be chiefly the work of her romantic fancy that her errand grows preposterous; and in this sudden accession of common sense, the absurdity of her interference in her uncle's business affairs strikes her with such benumbing force that she wishes she could fly out of the door and quite vanish from Dr. Guthrie's consciousness.

As she cannot do that, and as, moreover, she cannot speak, she simply bursts into tears.

This seems to fasten Dr. Guthrie's attention. He shoves his glasses up his forehead, and peers at her.

"Bless my soul, child," he cries in tones suddenly grown quite human. "You must be in trouble—the parlor is no place for us, then. Come into my study."

He shows her across the hall into a room whose walls seem solid books; yet with the open fire, and the flowers on the writing table, and the deep easy-chairs, and the green canary cages, it seems strangely pleasant and unsuited to its master; the dainty birds are in full song, and they swing and sing their gayest as they receive a moment's attention from the doctor. His puzzled little paragon seeing him so harmless and so simple, suddenly takes heart, and is about to speak when he addresses her.

"Mrs. Hurd's niece—meed! Why, bless me, child, I believe I do remember you! You handed in a church letter a few weeks ago—a Miss Goodwin—no, Gladstone—from Indiana. Bless me, yes, you are the young lady the Whitney's are so interested in! Well, we are all right now—I am glad to see you, my child, and what can I do for you?"

Now that his feet have touched earth, Lois, to her great relief, finds him all sincere attention. She makes haste.

"Dr. Guthrie, Uncle Hurd is lying helpless upon his bed with brain fever, and his family are in the greatest trouble." Furthermore she tells him, as clearly as she can, the nature of the trouble.

Dr. Guthrie seems to understand it far better than she does.

"So even John Hurd is driven to the wall!" The doctor rises and paces the floor. "My old friend, John Hurd! This is hard, hard!"

Lois thinks that she may not have exaggerated the depth of a man's friendship after all. She goes eagerly on concerning the securities which could be given, could a loan be effected.

"They think no one will lend money just now," she says, "but I cannot believe that his friends, if they have the money, will see him ruined."

Dr. Guthrie shakes his head, and does not much encourage her simple faith. "Why have you come to me?" he asks.

"I came because no one else thinks it of use to go anywhere. And I came to you, because I know you were uncle's special friend, and would take more interest in us than a mere business man would. You would, at least, know to whom I ought to go. I could not help coming,

for I believed that in some way you would help us."

"Well, well, if here is not a brave little girl! I should have supposed Miss Elizabeth the one to be astir. You have probably builded better than you know. If some good personal friend does not come to the rescue, there is little hope for him. It was not so bad an idea, my child, to go to his minister, instead of his lawyer. It is better, sometimes, to walk by faith than by sight."

Indeed her simple faith seems to interest the doctor to a degree that Lois cannot understand. He asks few questions. He seems to comprehend the whole perfectly, even to the connection with Sheldon, and the mysterious operations on Wall Street.

At last she grows uneasy that, with all his sympathy, he proffers no advice, makes no suggestions. Silent he leans back in his arm-chair. His face, to be sure, is not quite so abstracted as usual, but all the same, Lois fears he is losing his consciousness of her presence and the matter in hand.

Suddenly he bursts forth again.

"My dear child, what faith, what astonishing faith in religion, and in friendship, you must possess, to have expected this thing of me!"

Dr. Guthrie himself, of course, knows what he means by this, but his little anxious listener is much puzzled. She does not think it such a great thing as he seems to, that one should expect from him earnest counsel and thoughtful direction. She is still farther surprised when he rises and says gently:

"I cannot say anything farther to you about this, my dear good child, until I have prayed over it."

And then and there the doctor kneels. Lois' head goes reverently down upon the study table; and though she does not know what particular point he is asking for light upon, she adds her earnest petition that the light may fall.

It has fallen; as he rises she notes the radiance upon his face.

"You can go in peace," he says to her. "Go in peace, and carry peace to whom you go. Although it behooves me to be a careful man I shall not desert John Hurd. I trust he may be restored to health; and I will not willingly see him restored only that he may contemplate his utter ruin. You may trust me, my good little girl, and I will trust the Lord."

Lois does trust him to the extent of not asking a single question more. She does not fully understand him; but her heart is bounding with joy. The emotion that renders her eyes so soft and light and wet, as she raises them to his face, in place of spoken thanks, is one that brings her a great reward upon the instant for the deed she has simply and blindly wrought—it springs from the blessed certain knowledge that this learned doctor of divinity, this abstracted metaphysician, is really one of the simplest of Christ's disciples after all. Religion has made even this great scholar as a little child. As a little child in his sincerity, in his sympathy, in his friendship, in fearless trust in both God and man.

She is going now; but her pastor—"my pastor," she says to herself as atonement for all the various wrongs she has done him—her pastor detains her.

"I think you are quite the little person whom Mrs. Guthrie would like. Will you not go in and see her? You may not meet her very soon at your uncle's, as she is an invalid and seldom goes out."

The next moment Lois finds herself within a cozy little parlor, and bowing to a lady who sits at a writing-table and seems to be sealing and directing a great pile of letters and pamphlets. She is pale, with large blue eyes and a smile angelically sweet; and there is a touch of the same gentle light reflected upon the doctor's own face as he stands near while she takes Lois' hand in welcome.

"I'm going down town, Ellen," he says. "Don't wait dinner, for I shall probably go up to brother Hurd's. Miss Glad-

stone will tell you the trouble they are having there."

And then he bends lower over her; and Lois can hear his earnest tones finally taking a questioning inflection. Mrs. Guthrie's answer also is low, but her voice is so clear that Lois hears the words.

"Whatever you do in this spirit, Robert, I shall be more than satisfied with."

"I was certain you would be, dear." He bustles into boots, hat and overcoat, and is off. Lois hears the door close, and the sharp click of the gate as of one going in haste, and she thinks of those at home with a warm and comforted heart.

She intends to remain about five minutes, but, lo, it is an hour. For Mrs. Guthrie supplements her husband's general abstractedness with a minute earnestness all her own; and she speedily puts herself in possession of a full knowledge of the girl at her side. Half a dozen sentences, and she intuitively understands her tastes and aims; and most of all is she impressed with the latent energy and earnestness—surely that sparkle cannot suddenly cross those deep grey eyes and mean nothing!

After a little pause Mrs. Guthrie says: "A very good girl is living in your uncle's family, I believe—Hannah Gregg?"

"Yes, she is a good girl," Lois answers.

Then the lady says with a smile, spiced with a quiet humor, "Her friend 'Mary Ann' lives with me."

"Oh, does she? Then you know of that plan of theirs, Mrs. Guthrie?" Lois exclaims in quite the tones Mrs. Guthrie has counted upon.

"I do know all about it, and it is one of my reasons for being glad to know you. I am settling upon ways to work with these brave girls, and I shall need the aid of some of our young people. That is, should you have the time to give," she continues. She has just glanced at the plain attire. Mrs. Hurd's niece may not be, after all, a young lady of means and leisure like Mrs. Hurd's daughters. "But a call is hardly the time to discuss all this," she finishes safely. "Only a long quiet afternoon will suffice. Will you try to come to me when I send, my dear?"

Lois gladly promises. In the moment of parting she learns that her pastor's wife is so much an invalid that she seldom attends church, or visits his people; but she concludes from many an indication that no more than Mrs. Nelson is she an idle servant of the Master.

All the happiness that was lacking to her when she turned to go from Pastor Nelson's house—was it only yesterday?—fills her heart now. It overflows, as she stops in the rain and looks back for one last pleasant glance at this stately other personage. Her thoughts of Dr. Guthrie fall back upon her like a benediction.

More than once, on her homeward way, going in peace and bearing her gift of peace, she meets those whom she has observed at church. They pass her with indifferent faces. Yesterday she would have "frozen" anew. To-day her lips smile with a sunny thought.

"If I only knew them, I dare say I should find them the best of people!"

This is a wholesome thought; and this is Lois as she is when loved and loving. I told you in the beginning she was "a various sort of girl," did I not? Long may she walk in the bright sunshine which is over falling just inside of Duty's door!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A lady—a French lady—is showing a visitor the family portraits in the picture-gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she says, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men—he never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or leg carried away." Ther she adds, proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

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

DEAR TRUTH.—Those of your readers who have read Buchanan's famous novel "God and the Man," can easily imagine what an intensely interesting and powerfully dramatic play it makes in its dramatized form as "Storm-Beaten," which was produced for the first time in Toronto Monday last, before an audience which, although not so large as those that have followed it, was very enthusiastic and highly appreciative. The moral of the story may be summed up in the well-known Biblical sentence, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." The company presenting the play is a very good one. The younger Salvini makes a capital "Christian Christanson," who undertakes to "repay." Miss Nettie Gibson as "Kate" his sister, loving and wronged, at once won the sympathies of the audience, and in some of her scenes exhibited more than ordinary talent. "Richard Orchardson," the betrayer, was well personated by Mr. G. A. Backus; while Miss Belle Jackson, as "Priscilla Softon," made a quaint, piquant, and altogether lovable Puritan maiden. The blind preacher, her father, was admirably personated by Mr. J. O. Padgett; while the old "Squire," and "Dame Christanson" found able exponents in Mr. W. J. Constantine and Mrs. Wallace Britton. These are the leading characters, round whom the interest of the play centres; but the cast of characters is a very large one, and all the characters are in good hands. The stage setting is admirable, the Arctic scene being especially good.

The People's Theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. Al Fisher, the opening attraction—Howarth's double show, proving very successful. During the present week Baylis & Kennedy's "Bright Lights"—a company of vaudeville artist—are playing in good houses. The entertainment throughout is excellent, the various specialties being marked by originality and eccentricity. The audiences are thoroughly well pleased.

The sacred concert given by the Metropolitan church choir Thursday last was in every way a gratifying success, reflecting much credit on the management. The quartette of stars, so to speak, was a most satisfactory one. Dr. Davies, who led off with an organ solo, exhibited his complete mastery of the instrument, his subsequent solos only deepening the favorable impression formed of his powers. Miss Charlotte Walker, although scarcely meeting the expectations formed of her, proved herself a most artistic vocalist, with a well-trained, although not very pleasant, voice. Mr. Fed. W. Jameson, the tenor, possesses a very sweet and pleasant voice, while Mr. A. E. Stoddart is a thorough favorite here that no words are needed in his praise. His singing of "It is Enough," (from "Elijah") was the artistic success of the evening. The choir sang its appointed numbers most satisfactorily, and Mr. Torrington has reason to be proud of such a choir. Take it altogether, the concert was one of the very best of the kind we have had this season.

Among the attractions of the coming month, I may mention Levy, the famous cornet virtuoso, who will be here on the 11th and 12th prox., with an excellent concert company. Levy himself, however, should prove sufficient to draw large audiences. Another engagement, of rare interest, is that of Mark Twain and Geo. W. Cable, the famous humorist and the

popular delineator of Grook life. These two gentlemen will appear at the Horticultural Pavilion on the 8th and 9th prox., and give select readings from their own writings, the pathos of the one alternating with the humor of the other.

SEMIPROVENS.

The Birth of the Solar System

Mr. R. A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, gave a deeply interesting lecture on the above fascinating subject at Convocation Hall, University, Monday last. He alluded briefly to the "development" of the solar system, and the impossibility of ascertaining just how it has been developed; referred to Laplace's ingenious nebular hypothesis, and the difficulties which were connected with such a theory. Meteoric growth also came in for a share of attention, many interesting facts and speculations connected therewith being alluded to. This theory, however, the lecturer said, failed to account for the origin of the bodies which form the solar system.

The lecture was illustrated by some fine dissolving views, illustrating the nebular theory of the solar system, the solar system as it was supposed to be, with vaporous worlds circling around, a series of the nebulae, and a number of strange forms of gaseous matter. While there was evidence of past life in the solar system, there was also evidence of a tendency towards future death. The moon had reached this stage, and eventually all the planets would reach it. This was the lesson which could not be escaped from, that all things tended onwards to death.

A Great Newspaper

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, England, did not overstate the case when it said that the *New York Independent* is "one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It is as overwhelming as a monthly or quarterly magazine, with all the matter in its many departments. Any monthly might indeed be proud if it could show as distinguished a list of contributors as the *Independent*. In a single department—its story department—we find, among Englishmen, such contributors as Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian explorer; Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, James Payn, F. W. Robinson and Henry W. Lucy, the well-known and deservedly popular novelists; while among Americans we notice the names of Edward Everett Hale, Frank R. Stockton, E. H. Boyesen, Sarah O. Jewett, S. J. Dale, Rebecca Harding Davis and Harriet Prescott Spofford. The *Independent* printed also, recently, the last story from the pen of the late Ivan Tourgenieff having secured the only translation from the Russian into English. This department is but a sample of the others. It would seem to us that the *Independent* offers not only "fifty two dividends during the year," but, in addition a stock dividend with each department. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy, or, better yet, 30 cents for "Trial Trip" of a month.

PORTENTOUS COGITATION.—When a woman becomes so absent minded as to forget to hold her hand so that the light will fall upon her diamond ring it is safest for her husband to give her a wide berth. She is doing some dangerous thinking.

Attention is directed to the advertisement elsewhere, of Henry Davis, the well-known Berlin Wools and Fancy Goods man of Yonge St. His stock of these goods is very complete; he is a direct importer, and his prices are very low. It will pay our lady readers to visit his store, or to write for price list, as they can save considerably by dealing with him.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER XI.

"Throo merry boys, and throo merry oys,
An' I throo merry boys are we,
An' I throo merry boys are we,
Under the gallova-trees"—J. FLETCHER.

There was a minute a silence inside the skull-room. The two midnight marauders had rushed to the window to see what means of escape lay there. Then seeing it was barred and high, they flung themselves upon the floor, and, with all their strength tried to force it.

At the same time, with all her strength—which was great for a woman—Hannah dragged a heavy, iron-bound chest, that stood near, and barricaded the door. At any moment of less excitement, she could hardly have stirred the great chest a few inches; but, though the lock was strong, she dared not trust to that altogether; for already she heard those inside picking it with some instrument. Then with still frenzied exertions, Hannah piled more furniture behind her barrier, till it would have withstood the assault of half a regiment.

Through the noise of these heavy weights being heaped on each other, she heard little Joy screaming loudly for her in childish terror, and a voice from inside the skull-room beginning a parley.

"Hannah, is that you? I know it is. Listen; we will not hurt you. I only came to see my child; that is my right."
"Yes, Meegs Nurse, we only came for to see the little child. Let us out, now, and you shall have much money."

"Hush! wretch, Hannah, hear me. I am sorry that I did ever hurt you. You are alone in the house, we know. You cannot keep us in here long. But if you will open the door peaceably, now, and let me see my child once, just once! I will promise to go away; and—and you shall never see me more."

"Hiram! Hiram!" shrieked Hannah, for all answer, at the top of her voice. "Be quick and bring the pistols."

Then, hoping to stun her adversaries this apparent show of help, she hastened into the nursery, caught the sobbing child to her breast—next snatching up her bonnet and shawl, that lay beside the cot as she left them an hour ago, she prepared to rush out of this house of danger.

As she opened the door leading to the stairs, another terror met her. A ghost-like, small figure barred the way, presenting a pistol at her with one hand, and holding a lighted candle in the other.

"Step—step, thief. I'll fire if you stir."

"Oh, Mr. Quigg, sir; it's me, it's Hannah," entreated the poor woman, ready to drop on her knees from the double shock. "The Lord be thanked! I never knew you were at home. Save me, save the child from those murdering villains!"

Peter Quigg, who was in his night-shirt, a red dressing-gown, and slippers, still pointed the pistol, and gazed at her, thunderstruck in his turn. He looked indeed a comic little oddity. He had come home that evening, and being tired, had gone to rest early; hence Hiram had treated himself to leave of absence. But Peter did not understand Hannah's appearance.

In a few words, the nurse explained all, adding, as she pointed, terrified, to the door,

"Fly, make haste; 'tis himself—Gaspard da Silva! He'll kill us all!"

That instant, a smashing sound of breakage was heard inside the room. Evidently, in their fury, the prisoners were destroying all the skulls piled so carefully round the walls, and the skeletons found in early strata, and bones of cave-dwellers, that were of the highest scientific value.

"Goths! brutes!" shouted Peter Quigg, in a rage, as the sounds of destruction went on. "What are they doing? The finest collection in Eng-

nd—in the world—will be ruined! Save ayrso f, Hannah, and the child. Send the police, send Hiram; but I must go in there and stop them. What they are doing can never be mended."

It vain Hannah almost went on her knees to persuade him to seek safety.

"I have my pistols," was all he said, the timid little man sunk in the curtain, and he implored her in turn to escape quickly, that he might pull away all her defences. So she fled out of the house in the darkness, with the child clinging round her neck, folded hastily in her shawl. They left the valiant small soul behind them, intent on defending his treasure of science, the property of his father before him.

Just down the road, under the gleam of a lamp, an uneasy figure was seen approaching by slight lurches. It was Hiram. He stared in half-tipsy surprise as Hannah caught him by the arm. "There are robbers in the house, and they'll kill the master."

"Kill my master! I'd like to see them at it. Where are they? just show them to me! I'll break their heads, or my name not Hiram!"

So saying thickly, the really brave fellow looked about him with a savage expression, but never stirred a step.

"Oh, Hiram! Hiram! You've been drinking. Make haste home, or you'll be too late. Rouse up, man—Lord help us! what's that?"

For a dull report reached their ears, the sound coming probably clearer through the passage window left open by the thieves. Hiram started as if electrified into sobriety, then tore off towards the museum, running at his utmost speed; only showing back to Hannah.

"Get the police, woman! I'll see to the master."

Hannah did her best, poor, weary soul. It was not long before the tramp of constables was heard echoing down the silent road as the police hastened through alternate darkness and moonlight towards the old brick house.

Hiram, too, doubtless did his best. But still! but still! he had neglected his duty that night, and did not get back, being tipsy, as quickly as he even otherwise might! However this last consideration perhaps made little real difference so far as his master's fate was concerned.

CHAPTER XII.

"It blows the wind that profits nobody!"—*Henry IV.*

With the instinct of a hunted hare, doubling back on her track, Hannah had fled once more to Sandy beach.

She had taken the earliest train thither, after sitting down in the waiting-room.

She did not know what had happened in the museum after she had fled, but only felt in a stupid way that she must get away, away; for the police might ask her who the child was, if she returned and found them on a hot scent after the burglars; and she had been told by her mistress once not to say this; and her head was so dull at understanding intricacies of any kind, besides, Mrs. Harper was a friend, and also she had still their trunks, and any other person might have stared on seeing a woman claim shelter, almost utterly exhausted, and carrying a half-dressed child in her shawl. Furthermore, here Hannah would be in easy communication with Hiram, who could write to her what had happened.

But Hannah heard this last long before Hiram's slow fingers put pen to paper, or that he had learned her retreat. Old Harper, the tailor, brought in a newspaper that same evening of Hannah's return, containing a thrilling account of a daring burglary in the adjacent town of

—Slowly the horrified nurse read out (helped by Mrs. Harper's quicker eyes and tongue) how that Mr. Peter Quigg, living in his own house, known popularly as "the museum," hearing robbers, as was supposed, had apparently tried to defend his valuable collection of objects of scientific and artistic value. He had attacked the intruders, it seemed; who thereupon had overpowered, disarmed, and mortally shot him with his own revolver. His servant, coming home, heard the report, and sent a woman he met to fetch the police, then he himself captured one burglar, though the other one escaped—the latter being an organ-grinder in the town, it was said; a notoriously bad character. Mr. Quigg had only lived a short time after he had been wounded, being understood to murmur with generous feeling that his terrible hurt might have been accidental. His last words were, "Tell Rachel—" and he died. The supposed murderer maintained an obstinate silence as to his own name or the cause of his victim's death, and nothing was known of him—or should be known, he had defiantly said.

"So he was gone!" poor little Peter Quigg. Hannah's eyes twinkled with most unusual tears, as she pictured to herself how he must have lain dying in a pool of blood on the floor of the old dark house she knew so well. And, but for having sheltered herself and the child, such a fate would never have happened to him! Yet human hearts are very quick to be consoled of others' woes. Soon Hannah, wiping her eyes, remembered with a relief strangely like gladness, that "the devil was locked up;" so she phrased it. Henceforth she and the child might safely live with her dear mistress. Out of the darkness and blood of that terrible night they had passed into now days, bright with the golden light of rest and peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A brave old house! a garden full of beet,
Large, dropping pebbles and great tully-hocks,
With buttresses for crowns—three-peaces
And pinks and goldlocks."—JEAN INGLETON

The Red House Farm, belonging to George Berrington now, as it had been owned by his father and forefathers before him since the days of King Atholstan, was a fair home for any English yeoman this spring evening.

All the broad-breasted hills lay as if sleeping around. And still the sun had not yet gone to his rest, but was lighting up the wide valley, with its smiling landscape of fresh green fields and scattered, snug brown homesteads, except where the shadow of the hills fell.

This was a rich, fertile land through which the Chad slipped smoothly, brown and clear, having left its home of wild moors and heather stretches behind, away up on the hills. It had dashed down in whiteness and roar into the sudden stillness of the dark glen of the ford, and then foamed and frothed among its rocks; and so, having shown itself to be a little river of spirit, as if some demon of the moor haunted its well-spring, it now only laughed in the happy sun, and vexed it—if no more. It wound, in many an idle curve through the Red Farm lands, of which its water-spirit seemed here the guardian angel. For the stream nourished tribes of darting trout for the sport and subsequent supper-table of generations of Berringtons. And it made fat their meadows, where their successive herds of red kine had grazed peacefully for hundreds of years. Likewise, it shallowed here and there with rippling brightness into wider places that formed tiny sandy bays, where the soft-eyed red cattle came conveniently to drink. And here water-lilies would flourish, bearing golden frises aloft. But as to flowers, there was a very largess and royal bounty of them along the Chad. Mercy on us! The glory of the march marigolds in its boggy places, and the yellow brilliance of its broad buttercup meadows this spring

evening might verily make one's eyes ache. The field of the Cloth of Gold! Ay, that was most like it—but still, can never come near Nature in her width and spread of splendor. And so this evening, far and wide, the large, low acres of the Red House Pastures were blowing in fragile, living little stars.

They say the cattle like little the acid taste of the crowfoot; but still higher up the slopes was such abundance of sweet grass for them, that every green blade, in a different manner, became also changed into auriferous hue, that of butter. While the color of the brilliantly burnished galaxy of glory of the gold flowers fringing the river's bed might seem a happy omen to the Berrington house of men and women, who, if they had never waxed rich, yet had their seasons of prosperity, as the buttercups had theirs; and, even on wintry days of apparent blight, still likewise kept their roots safe underground.

On this special evening the Red House had caught in passing, as it seemed, all the sinking sun's rays, which were reflected back from its glittering, diamond paned, leaded casements.

It was a fine, substantial old farmhouse, backed by its outhouses, like a group of stout and royal servants; and it faced to the front a pleasant strip of garden-ground, full of pot-herbs and sweet flowers. An orchard lay to one side, blossoming now in white and pink—clouds come down to earth awhile. On the other was a smooth lawn, fit to play bowls on, and bearing out Lord Bacon's saying in his essay on a garden, that "nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass, kept finely shorn."

The Red House itself was built firstly of moor-stone, in the foundations and upwards, as high as a man's waist. But then the walls, up to the roof, were of brick, mellowed by age, but still of an agreeable, warm red hue. There was much fine woodwork in it, of intersecting beams, and hanging carved eaves, and thick oak window-mullions. Inside were deep window-seats, made to be sat upon in seclusion and comfort during several generations; also it had a wide, if short and shallow, staircase, protected by a truly noble balustrade of thick oak—the whole having been built in the days when wood and work and time were not stinted.

The roof was of tiles just enough weather-stained not to be glaring. It showed as a spot of pleasant color for miles around, backed by the fresh green of its embosoming oak-trees, made picturesque by high chimneys ornamented with twisted patterns and brightened by gilt, giddy weather-vanes, a cock on one gable, an arrow on the other, that turned with the breeze in rivalry of each other and twinkled in the sunlight.

The farm buildings were of far older date than the house, which latter had been rebuilt when one former Blyth Berrington had married an heiress of gentle blood and fair fortune, who loved the handsome yeoman in spite of what her friends might say. The barns, linnhays, and so forth, seemed indeed almost a part of the very earth around, as a tree may be said to be that grows up therefrom, or as rocks imbedded in the soil. For their gray moor-stone walls had stood through so many ages of man that thick fringes of green ferns, spleen-worts, hart's-tongue, and polypody grow wherever they could find foothold, and the heavy thatched roofs were green with house-look, and orange or rusty brown lichen. But all along under their eaves was painted a broad red line to match the house; as also the heavy old doors and shutters were fresh painted every spring, as now, of the same blood-red color. The Red House was Farmer Berrington's pride as well as his plaything and his home. He loved to keep it always bright with paint, fresh scoured, and smiling; and to dig the flowers bordering round its walls; to dress it, as he would his wife had she lived, and also because she had loved the house.

So on this fair evening the old Red House looked its best, and spring was in its glory.

Farmer Berrington leaned on his gate, resting his arms on the broad topmost bar, the day's labor being well done. A long file of his red milk-cows came slowly up from the meadow, and as they passed him their breath sweetened the air. Little Blyth, who was continually climbing the gate and then slipping down again for the pleasure of exercising himself, huzzad at them, flourishing a long willow switch with which he had just helped to drive home the stately geese and their gosling broods from their pastures on the waste land where the roads crossed. But the mild-eyed cows hardly quickened their heavy gait, and only flicked their sleek sides with their tails as who should say, "We know you."

"Boy!" said his father, while slowly chewing a straw, and looking round with a smile, "do you see the waggon coming back from Moortown? I wonder what Dick may be bringing now for 'ee." The caressing familiarity of the latter words at once signified to Blyth that some pleasure was in the wind; some gift on the road.

"What!" he exclaimed, his rosy cheeks flushing and his blue eyes brightening, almost jumping in his joy off the gate on which he sat astride. "Is there something for me in the waggon. Oh, what is it? Is it that new knife you promised me; or a kite, or—oh, do tell me, father, what it is?"

"Softly, boy. There is something for you in the waggon; but I never promised to say what. Patience is a virtue. Come—it might be a new lesson-book. Whatever it is, I thought you would like it; so try to be pleased if even you would have liked something else a bit better."

"I will, dad, thank you," said Blyth, trying to assume a bold, manly air, though the poor little fellow's face had fallen at the idea of the lesson book, and child-like, no added audibly under his breath, "but I do hope it's something to play with."

The farmer's face softened curiously as he looked sideways at his small son. "It must be dull to be a tender young soul like that, and have no one to understand it rightly," was vaguely in his mind.

There was no neighbor's farm near. He did not like Blyth to mix in play much with any of the few poor cottagers' children round. He himself felt too unable to rouse up under the heavy weight of his bodily nature (his innermost spirit being quiet and brooding, also) so as to come out of himself and meet the child on equal ground, as some folk might. Of this incapacity he was sadly aware, feeling lacking as a parent at times. If his young wife had lived, indeed, he would have seemed no worse (no, truly!) than many fathers; but—she had not! And Dick and the herd and the serving-maids were rough and uncouth; no better comrades, but worse, than himself. So he was sorry for his boy, and therefore had in truth told Dick to bring back a kite.

Blyth was not sorry for himself.

The waggon was creaking nearer and nearer along the road. He could see Bilberry and Whortle-berry, two good farm-horses, brown and bay respectively, bearing proudly their heavy harness with its brass-mounted trappings shining brightly in the evening sun. How they arched their necks, jangled their bells, and stepped out faster and faster, while the wheels remained nearer, and the big bells sounded with more resonant clang! And now they were close at hand. There was Dick's weather-beaten visage, looking out from under the waggon-cover with its expression of aged simplicity just dashed with a sly cunning. But what—who was this?

A little girl, the prettiest child ever seen, was standing up in the waggon and peering out past Dick.

"Get-up, Whoa!" With a final creak and strain the big wagon stopped before the house-gate, instead of turning into the farmyard.

Dick got down, the little girl stretched out both hands with a strange, short cry of joy. She had dark rings of soft hair, and great black eyes, and a small red mouth that laughed; and she seemed hailing Blyth on the gate, and the Red House behind, and the flowers, and the trees, cows, pigs—all she saw. Blyth, with his yellow head bare, and his blue eyes wide, stared transfixed.

"Well, master, I've brought back more than I was sent for," began Dick, shuffling his foot apologetically, as the farmer with some surprise came near. "But there's a woman inside there with the little maid. I found her at Moortown, asking her way to Farmer Berrington of the Red House. And her said, her was bound to come to you. So I gave them a lift, for the poor creature was nigh worn out with travelling."

"But who is she?" asked Berrington, in a low whisper, as a very ugly brown woman, though a decently dressed one, got slowly down from the waggon, being stiff and cramped in her legs. But, as Dick could not answer, she, coming up, said, simply,

"I am Hannah, the child's nurse."

"Hannah—the nurse," repeated the farmer, doubtfully, as he looked her in the face with no better knowledge of what else she might be; then with a ray of understanding lighting up the darkness of his mind, he said, "O—h!" Next he pursed up his mouth into a silent whistle, looked at the child, and said, "I see—But what brings you here? They don't expect you."

Dick, well trained to his master's dislike of listeners or meddlers, had gone forward to the shafts; and with one ear vainly cocked stood bandying words in a teasing way with the child, who was eagerly prattling, and begging to be lifted down.

"I know; I know," said Hannah, with anxious eagerness, "Miss Rachel always wrote me it wasn't safe. But now things are changed, with God's blessing, who brought us to our journey here."

Then she gave a rapid account of her late adventures, and the death of poor Peter; ending,

"So I thought mother and child ought not to be parted any more, now there was no danger in bringing them together. And, knowing that you have been to them both like a strong rock and a tower of defence, as we may say—for which the Lord reward you!—here I came straight. What else could I do?"

A parley ensued for some few minutes between the good farmer and his uninvited guest.

"You must rest the night here, anyhow, for 'tis too late to go up the glen," said Berrington, at last. "Be heartily welcome."

Then he went to the child. "Now, my pretty dear, let me lift you down. Do you think you would like this for a home, eh?" He spoke in his hospitality, without much meaning, thinking just to please her fancy with his roof-tree for a night or two. But little Joy cried,

"Yes, yes," and running up to Blyth, off whom she had not taken her eyes, as he had as eagerly watched her, she held up her rosy lips to be kissed. Blyth bent down and his lips met hers; the elders looking on with the admiring air age always towards innocence.

"Oh, father," cried Blyth now, catching his parent by the coat, with his face all alight, "is this the present you promised me. Say, is it?"

"How would you like her, Blyth?"

"A little sister. Oh, I should like her better than anything—except, perhaps, my pony," exclaimed Blyth, adding the last words with nature caution blending naturally with his enthusiasm. "She is so pretty."

"Well—" said the farmer; then, after a long pause, adding again slowly, "Well—who knows; it may be the boy speaks best. Yes, my lad; I hope she may be a little sister to you. And, now, come in—doors to supper."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The whitewashed wall, the newly sanded floor; The varnished clock that eloked behind the door."—GOLDSMITH.

"Yes; I've been put about over much this by-late week, it's true, Mr. Berrington. But still I hardly feel able to rest like, till I've seen my dear mistress," said Hannah that night, relapsing into her northern dialect, as was usual with her when quite at ease.

She was sitting opposite Farmer Berrington now, after supper. The big fireplace of the room, which was partly front-kitchen, partly dwelling-room, had a pleasant, if moderate, glow. Now his young wife was dead, the farmer mostly sat here; the two pleasant parlors too strongly reminded him she was absent. All round, the great oaken dressers, full of crockery or shining copper vessels, and the heavy tables, were accented as bright as a new pin. The red-tiled floor shone from soap and water, as freshly clean as the hard, red strand down at the Chad's mouth after an ebb-tide.

Fine hams, beside big slitches of bacon, hung from the raftered ceiling on one side, noble Cheddar cheeses on the other.

The whole place silently told of plenty, of peace and comfort. Hannah heaved a satisfied sigh, as her gaze travelled, with housekeeping cognizance, around. Yet she repeated, forcing her mind from the temptation of dwelling on these delectable sights to the subject that ought to be uppermost.

"I have been thinking that long to see her! Why, it's four years since, and the poor creature will be just as glad to see me to-morrow, I know! Why—what is it?"

For Berrington, with an utterly stolid expression on his contented, well-fed visage only slowly compressed his lips, and wagged his head in dissent. Then, after taking a long whiff at his pipe, he said, with kindly gravity,

"I'm afraid it's a black week up at the cottage. Best bide a bit; mayhap."

"How do you know? Have you seen her?"

"No; but I've heard her!"

The significance of his meaning was fully grasped by the nurse, who looked at him blankly a moment, then let her hands fall heavily in her lap. Berrington softly pulled at the front of his coat by the button hole, to relieve himself from awkward. This is a trick common enough in many of his class.

"Dear—oh, dear! So her poor head is bad again. I did hope that would be righted when she'd got away safe from him. It was his wickedness sent it wrong before. Oh, my! But, do tell me now, she is really bad?"

"I fear so."

Berrington overlooked the feminine foolishness of asking twice what had been answered once. Nay, more, much as he loved taciturnity, and most especially after supper, over his pipe, he unlocked his lips further, to add,

"Cheer up. What's quickly come is lightly gone mostly; and I saw them both out walking on the moors a week ago. I'll find means to let Miss Rachel know you've come; and maybe she'll see you—even to-morrow. That's a good woman; ay, a lady from her heart's core to the nail of her fingers."

The farmer solemnly nodded his head to confirm his word, till his vast double chin and his whiskers made mouthing with the ample folds of his blue neckcloth.

"Miss Rachel! Miss Rachel! It's always Miss Rachel with the men, and never Miss Magdalen; Peter Quigg was the same," muttered Hannah half crossly. Then feeling herself ungracious, added "but the Lord bless you for all your good news to them both. It was he raised you up to be a friend when they fled from the wickedness of the great world into the desert, so to speak. Why, you know nothing of them before."

Berrington shook his head.

"Nought." Then, puffing at his pipe, added with a seriousness akin to sadness,

"But one day, when my wife was just buried, I was standing by her fresh grave, and looked up and saw Miss Rachel. My heart was softened, which she perceived. So when she asked after my cottage, and I replied 'twas no fit dwelling for ladies, she may be trusted me more than might otherwise have been."

"When they parted from me and the child, they said they had heard of this in their youth as a wild place, but with kindly people," hazarded Hannah, watching his face, curious to draw forth any further information.

Berrington dryly smiled, which wrinkled his eyes quizzically at the corners. But he only said,

"I'm most sorry for women in this world. They have more to bear and less strength than us. Well let's hope 'tis made up to them in heaven. 'I'd ha' endeavored to be a good husband longer to my wife, but she couldn't stay with me being ready for a better place you see. So I try"—puff, puff—"I try to make things easier to other women, as if 'twas done to her. That's my rule in life. Good-night now; and to-morrow we'll see about this."

Nurse Hannah slept deep and sound that night at the Red House Farm, in a good feather bed, and between sheets that had been dried on a sweetbrier hedge, the faint scent of which gave her dreams of her youth long ago in the bonny, fresh, northern lowlands. And beside her lay little Joy, like a folded poppy-bud in her rosy sleep; as Blyth lay in an adjoining room equally happy, in the same blissful slumber of their age.

And both children dreamed of each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Beautiful Legend.

They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in a court on fast day disputing about rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said all were in vain unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah the venerable, the tallest of the brothers said, "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the traditions of the elders." There sat a fair-haired boy playing with the lilies in his lap and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said: "Nay, my fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul! He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a happy home without it; better than honored age; he is a law to himself, above a tradition."

Sneering.

"I think a man that swears is like a man that uses a gun in the street without seeing where the charge is going to strike. When a person uses profane language he does not know what or whom it is going to injure; it is a habit which comes upon a man gradually, but grows rapidly. It does not cause a man's conscience, wounds his honor, injures his own soul, and hurts the feelings of others. It is profitable in nothing and mischievous in almost everything. I scarcely know of anything for which there is so little excuse. If you say that you indulge in it only when you are angry. I reply that it is worse than at any other time."

Married couples resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they can not be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY O. W. SECRETARY.

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

Restriction and Its Results

It must be evident to almost anyone who has given very much study to the question that the amount of drunkenness in any country is much in proportion to the facilities there are for the sale. Some years ago some valuable statistics were published in regard to Montreal, going to show that the number of police arrests for drunkenness from year to year was almost in exact proportion to the number of persons licensed each year to sell. Probably an enquiry in regard to our other Canadian cities would lay bare similar evidence. Mr. William Hoyle, the well known English statistical writer, in a recent able letter, published in the London Times, furnishes official evidence that in Scotland the quantity of liquor consumed and the number of arrests for drunkenness have been decreasing ever since the Forbes McKenzie Act was passed, closing the dram shops in Scotland from Saturday night until Monday morning. The Act was passed in 1854,—thirty years ago, and it has been successfully enforced ever since. The statistics for a number of years is given in regard to both Scotland and England and Wales, but here we will only publish the figures of a few of them.

In Scotland the quantity of spirits consumed

in 1852 was 7,172,015 gallons
in 1882 " 6,502,955 "

In England and Wales the quantity consumed

in 1852 was 9,820,608 gallons
in 1882 " 16,811,494 "

Mr. Hoyle concludes his letter by saying,—“It will thus be seen that during the thirty years which elapsed subsequently to the passing of Sunday closing in Scotland she had not regained the 21 per cent decline which followed the adoption of the Act; while in England and Wales the increase had been 75 per cent.

In England and Wales no such restrictive law in regard to hours had been in force.

The practical inference is that, even under a license law system the cause of temperance is served to a considerable extent in restricting the days and hours of sale as much as possible. The men who will not assist in enforcing the restrictions of a license law, simply because he favors prohibition, and cannot yet get it, is not acting a rational part.

Mr. Hoyle closes by saying; “The examples which I have adduced show the potent influence of legislation in all its phases. Thus, Switzerland increases her facilities for drinking, and “drunkenness increases so fast as to occasion grave anxiety among her public men.”

In Scotland the liquor shops are closed entirely one day in seven, and the consumption of spirits at once decreases 21 per cent; and during thirty years of prosperity never again rises to the amount consumed before the passing of the Sunday closing law. In Sweden what is essentially a permissive prohibitory Act is passed, and Sweden “thereby emerges from the moral and material prostration to which drunkenness had sunk her.”

Drink and Poverty.

In Great Britain, as in Canada and in every other country where the drink traffic flourishes, the relations of drink to poverty are attracting more and more attention. It is well it should do so. If the tax payers of the country have to bear the burdens of poor rates they should see to the causes producing such burdens.

At a public meeting in Ayr, Scotland, not long since, an elaborate paper was read in regard to the cause and spread of pauperism in Great Britain. Mr. Adamson, the compiler, said: “It was a melancholy fact that notwithstanding our immense wealth, as a nation, and our wonderful facilities for money making, in spite of the fact that wages are higher than in any other country in Europe; a large percentage of Britain's population is in a state of perpetual poverty, and the proportion did not appear to be diminishing. In 1880 the number of persons who received relief during the year was 3,539,000. The amount raised for poor rates in England in 1776 was £1,720,000, in 1869 it reached £11,776,000. In 1878 the number of indoor and outdoor paupers in London was 84,160; in 1881 it had risen to 95,767, an increase of 11,607 in four years. In 1880 the amount expended on police and poor rates was over £16,000,000, of which much more than the commonly estimated three fourths was due directly or indirectly to the influence of strong drink. To pay four million pounds per annum to support our paupers and police establishments was bad enough; but that the nation allowed itself to be saddled, without protest, with the payment of twelve million pounds additional, in order that those who gave way to self-indulgence might be controlled and supported, was surely blameworthy as well as foolish, especially when careful investigation had shown that a reduction in our national or local drink bills had invariably been accompanied by a corresponding reduction in pauperism and crime. The effects of drunkenness did not end with the consumption of liquor, and its effects upon the drunkard himself; they did not end with the impoverishment of his family and home, and the increase of our public burdens. Employers, and through them the whole country, lost heavily by frequent absence, and the inferior quality of the work done; not to speak of the numerous accidents to life and limb, through the self-indulgence of the working classes.”

Prohibition in the U. S.

The result of the late United States Presidential election shows that the great Republican party failed of success principally because of the defection of such a large number of prohibitionists. If New York State had been carried then the whole election would have been carried. A few thousand votes more in the Empire State would have given Blaine a fair majority. There were many times the necessary number of Republican voters in New York who refused to support Blaine on prohibition principles alone. The majority of the temperance electors of the United States are supporters of the Republican party, but at the great National Convention at Chicago they could get no recognition of their principles at all, while many questions of much less importance received considerable attention. Mr. Blaine, as the candidate, also dodged the issue as adroitly as it was possible, hoping to please all and offend none. He does not now hesitate to make mention of the defection of so many of the temperance Republicans as a leading cause of his defeat. Probably he supposed that the temperance electors would “stick to the party” as of old, when the real pinch came, but in this he was disappointed.

What may be the future course of the Republican party, in view of these facts, remains to be seen. If they undertake to frame a platform and nominate a candidate to meet the views of the temperance people it is quite possible that “the German vote” may revolt. The average politician follows expediency more than principle, and the question with the wire pullers will, doubtless, be which course will be least dangerous to pursue. It is

now evident enough that the temperance men cannot be trifled with any longer by mere evasive answers. The issue must be squarely met, or the consequences will be undoubted.

The prohibitionists are evidently well satisfied with the policy adopted during the last election and they intend to fight it out on that line through another National election. A ready arrangement have been made for a future systematic agitation. It is stated that ex-Governor St. John has already been employed at a salary of \$5,000 per year to keep up the agitation and to better organize the ranks for future effort. The Republicans must either adopt a prohibition “plank” in their platform or the third party, with prohibition as its cardinal principle, will become permanently established.

There is no doubt but that a separate prohibition party is much more needed under the United States system than it is in Canada.

SCOTT ACT NOTES

BUSINESS INJURED—One of the popular objections to the Scott Act is that it will injure business. There can be no doubt but that the liquor making and liquor selling business is being materially injured by the agitation. A distillery and wholesale liquor dealer in Montreal has just gone into insolvency and it has caused some of the leading commercial papers of the city to enquire the reason why. They report that the sale of liquors has fallen off to a wonderful extent. The sales for October of this year were scarcely one-third as those of the corresponding month last year. Other dealers in the same line are also feeling the pinch, and the depression is not confined to Montreal alone.

HOW IT SPREADS—The Globe says that the Nova Scotian counties which have adopted the Scott Act contain a population of 282,000. New Brunswick has 202,000 of its population under the Scott Act; P. E. Island, 108,891 (the whole); Quebec, 40,000; Ontario, 450,000; Manitoba, 25,000. Prohibition is also supposed to prevail over the North West Territories, with their population of 56,446. This gives a total population under prohibition of 1,294,337, while campaigns are in progress in cities and counties representing a population of 750,000 in Ontario, 100,000 in Quebec, 40,000 in Manitoba, and the whole of British Columbia. Within a few months probably one-half of the people of the Dominion, will have accepted the rule of prohibition, and provided no reaction is experienced the temperance party will soon be empowered to speak with the authoritative voice of the majority.

DISCOURAGED—Mr. O'Keefe, a well known Toronto brewer, is evidently disgusted at the way the “fanatics” are now having their own way in the country, adopting the Scott Act in almost every county where the question is submitted to the people. The state of his feelings may be pretty well judged by the following extract from a letter of his that appeared in the Globe of the 18th inst. He writes: “I beg to state that, though speaking for myself only, I am satisfied that the whole trade, rather than continue to submit to the intolerable persecution of the last ten years, would willingly throw up their business here and transfer it to a country where prohibition and hypocrisy are regarded as synonymous terms; where the former has been tried and found wanting, except in so far as it keeps a lot of political and other tramps on the road.” The gentleman has evidently got his courage well up towards the sticking point, but probably his great trouble will be to find such a country as he is anxious to transfer his business to.

DISCOURAGED—“A Brewer,” who prefers to withhold his name and location, writes a desponding letter to the Globe about the business outlook just now. He is located in a county where the Scott Act is to be submitted, and if it is adopted

his business is gone, and he has not been successful in making enough out of the business to leave him in anything like an independent position. He concludes his letter by saying:—“I for one am ready to give up to-morrow, and resign my prospective advantages and income, if I can secure something to begin the world again in some other business. But to be swindled—for it is nothing less—out of all that I have in the world to gratify the aspirations of mere sentiment is cruel, monstrous, and unworthy of the institutions of a free country and a free people in this enlightened age.”

There are few who would take satisfaction, as a mere matter of revenge in seeing the liquor makers of the country thrown out of their business, but it is a well understood fact that so long as their business goes on as it now does many families are thrown out of home and into destitution for every single family made comfortable.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

OAKWOOD, VICTORIA CO.—Star of Hope Lodge, No. 710, after having been dormant for some years has been reorganized by Bro. Rev. J. C. Pomeroy, with good prospects of success. Rev. J. C. Pomeroy, W. O. T.; L. Anderson, W. V.; D. Woodward, W. S.; G. B. Rennie, F. S.

CARLTON—Carlton Union Lodge was instituted in December last, by Bro. Rodden, and now reports 46 members, with 11 initiations last quarter. Rev. J. W. McOallum, L. D., writes that the lodge is working harmoniously and gradually increasing in influence. E. Bull, W. C. T.; Miss Esie Pigott, W. V.; Dr. Fisher, F. S.; Jennie Rowntree, W. T.

PARKDALE—Hope of Parkdale Lodge reports about 80 members, with twelve initiations last quarter. The Lodge has recently contributed \$20 toward the Scott Act fund of York County, besides helping to assist in the canvass for the petitions. David Gilchrist, W. C. T.; Emily Young, W. V.; James M. Lukeman, W. S.; Geo. Gilchrist, F. S.; Emmie Hobbs, W. T.

BRANT CO.—Paris Lodge reports 112 contributing members, after a considerable pruning out of delinquents. There were 11 initiations last quarter. Bro. R. Armstrong writes: “The Lodge is pursuing its good work. We have now a grand opportunity of doing real practical work, as we are in the midst of the Scott Act campaign in Brant county, and we are working hard to have the Act adopted by a sweeping majority. Our members are real earnest temperance workers when duty thus calls.” Walter James W. C. T.; Julia Roberts W. V.; Wm. Bain W. S.; Edgar T. Hicks F. S.; Neil Hanlan W. C.

ANCASIER, WENTWORTH CO.—Of Mountain Village Lodge, Bro. J. P. Ogden, L. D., writes: “Our lodge is in a really prosperous condition. Many are joining us, among whom are some who are really reformed. At the end of this quarter I am sure we will be able to report quite a growth in members. I believe that the “temperance war” is higher here than it ever was before. People are beginning to think and talk about the Scott Act for this county.” J. Kellen, W. C. T.; Miss Johnson, W. V.; A. Kelly, W. S.; W. Smith, F. S.; Rev. T. Johnson, W. C.

INFORMATION WANTED—There is a strong drive, this year, to plant Good Templar Lodges in every available locality in Ontario. In many places there are, doubtless, openings for new lodges, and in many places dormant lodges could be reanimated with very little effort. Information is desired in regard to any and every such locality. Any reader of these lines, whether a Good Templar or not, would confer a favor by sending full information to the Grand Secretary, Mr. T. W. Casey, Napanee, in regard to any opening for such practical temperance work, giving also the names and address of those probably willing to assist in the work. Let us hear from you without delay, good friends.

Our Young Folks.

JACK.

BY ALDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"I don't know about sending such a hardened little chap as he is."

"That is the kind that need to go."
"But what if nobody'll take him?"
"Then I'll bring him back."

So said the Superintendent of one of the earliest companies of children sent out by the Fresh Air Fund, and so it came that Jack joined the eager little crowd drawn from alley and slum of the great city.

"He is a tough one," said the Superintendent to himself, watching Jack as he half carelessly, half-wilfully, tripped up one or two smaller boys in the rush which came when they were leaving the steamboat in order to take the cars.

"He don't look like the right sort," said one or two farmers.

"If they were the right sort, they wouldn't need our help," said a pleasant-faced woman who sat in a spring waggon. "Put him in here, please. Come, my boy, will you go home with me?"

Jack climbed into the waggon, but made little answer to the kindly attempts to draw him into conversation. His eyes were never raised toward her as he rode along in dogged silence, and Mrs. Lynn began to conclude that she had taken hold of a very hard case indeed.

But it was quickly seen that there were some things which Jack loved. Before night he had made friends with horses, cows, chickens, ducks, geese, and cats, and lying under a tree in rapt admiration of a pert jay which chattered above him, had almost succeeded in coaxing it to alight on his finger.

"Come with me, and I'll show you something more," said Mrs. Lynn, the next morning after breakfast. She put a pail of salt into his hand, and they walked up a little glen, then up a steep hill, when she called:

"Nan, nan, nan, nan, nan—come, nan, come, nan; come, my pretties; come, come, my pretties."

A quiet little pattering was heard, and down along the path which led higher up Jack saw coming a line of soft-looking white things.

"What's their names?" he cried, in great interest.

"Sheep. There are a great many more up over the top of the hill, but they don't know me very well, so they don't come. We must go further."

Higher up they went to where a sunny pasture sloped more gently down the other side, and there were hundreds of the pratty creatures nipping the short grass or lying under the trees. They looked at the strangers with shy, gentle eyes, but gathered near as Mrs. Lynn repeated her call.

Jack laughed and whooped and rolled on the ground in the excess of his delight at first frightening them away. But he was soon in among them, winning them by his coaxing tones to taste the salt he held out to them. The boy's face seemed transformed as Mrs. Lynn got her first full glance at his eyes, and wondered at them. They were large and clear and soft as he laid his hand lovingly on the heads of some half-grown lambs, and presently tenderly lifted one which seemed a little lame.

"You may take that one to the house, if you like," said Mrs. Lynn, "and I will bind up its poor foot."

He did so, and when he carried it back to the flock he remained all day, only going to the house when called to dinner by the sound of the conch-shell. And every day afterward the most of his time was spent on the breezy hill-side, perhaps taking in the beauties of valley and stream and woodland which lay below, but finding his fill of enjoyment in the sheep. He was little seen at the house,

seeming not to care for any human society, but he took long walks at his will, from which he once brought home a bird with a broken wing, and again a stray starved kitten, both of which he carefully tended.

Jack's voice came ringing down the hill.

"Hiho! hiho! hiho! hiho-o-o-o-o-o! my beautifuls! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes and Hippetyhop and Hobbledehoy. Hills, Hills, ho! my Hop-and-skip and old Jump-the-fence! Come with your patter patter and yer wiggle-waggle, my beauties, oh! Where be you, Flax and Flinders and Foam! Come here, my jolly boys, and kick up yer heels on the grass in the no-o-o-o-ring."

Jack stayed a month among his fleecy darlings, and when the time came for saying good-by to them, nobody was near to hear him say it. He allowed Mrs. Lynn to shake his hand as he stepped on board the train which was to bear him back to his home, or rather to his homelessness, but with little response to her kind farewells.

She had tried so faithfully to impress him with the idea that there are plenty in this wide world whose hearts the dear Lord has filled with tenderest pity and love toward those whose paths seem laid in shadowed places, that she felt keenly disappointed in fearing she might have entirely failed. However, she remembered with comfort that, just as the last car was passing the platform from which she watched it, she had indistinctly caught sight of a boy's face whose softened eyes seemed filled with tears as he strained his eyes to gain a last glance at her, and she believed in her heart it was Jack's face.

"It is no use trying to get the matter rightened," said Farmer Lynn to his wife, speaking in great vexation. "This man Green's a tricky knave. Ever since the day his sheep broke into my field and got mixed up with my flock the fellow has been claiming some twenty or so of my best Atwoods and Cotawolds, and now he's going to law to make me give them up."

"Well, if you're right, won't that be best for you?"

"Not with such a man as that. He's ready to swear the sheep are his, and there's the trouble. I'm morally sure I know my sheep, but when it comes to being pinned right down to swear to each one among so many, I can't do it."

She shook her head.

"No, you couldn't: sheep are too much alike, and you would run the risk of making a mistake. When is the trial to be?"

"Next Thursday week."
For the next few days Mrs. Lynn went about with a very sober face. She took two or three rides to the village, actually had an interview with Mr. Lynn's lawyer, wrote several letters, and one day the entire neighborhood was alarmed by a messenger inquiring his way with a telegram for Mrs. Lynn, it being the first thing of such an exciting nature that had ever happened in the township.

But after that everything went on very quietly until the morning of the day set for the trial.

"Well," said Mr. Lynn, "I s'pose Green'll be out here this afternoon to swear my sheep are his. The lawyers are coming too."

The afternoon came, and with it came Green, the lawyers, and half the township besides.

They came, looked over the ground, saw the two flocks feeding in adjoining fields, and how the fence breaking, they had become mingled. Then little remained but for Mr. Green to declare which of his own sheep had remained in Mr. Lynn's flock.

But Mr. Lynn strongly protested against the wrong being done him, as a number of his choicest animals were picked out and put over the fence. His lawyer was restless, and seemed anxious to delay the proceedings, at length saying:

"I am looking for another witness."

"It won't do much good, I fancy," said Green, with a triumphant laugh.

Mrs. Lynn drove rapidly up in her spring waggon, and her husband looked eagerly to see who was with her.

"Jack!" he exclaimed. "But what good can he do, I'd like to know?"

Mr. Green's laugh took on a scornful tone as he saw the now witness.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Bright, is this your witness? A heavy weight, I must say. Who do you s'pose is going to take the testimony of a little scapegrace ragmuffin like that, hey? And against me!"

"I am not going to ask the boy to testify. I am going to let the sheep testify for themselves. Now, gentlemen, Mrs. Lynn believes that their sheep know the voice of this boy, and will come at his call, and it is my purpose to submit their testimony to the decision of the court. Mr. Green's sheep have only been lately pastured here. Now, my boy, stand on this fence, and let's see if the sheep will claim the honor of your acquaintance."

Jack leaped upon the fence which divided the two fields, and ran a little way along it. For a moment there was a hushiness in his throat and a dimness in his eyes, as he turned to the pasture in which he had spent the only happy hours his life had ever known. He gave one look at his peaceful, white-fleeced pets, and then turning his face the other way, his voice rang out clear and distinct on the crisp air:

"Hiho, hiho, hiho-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, my beautifuls! Come, Daisy-face, come, Cloud-white, come, my Tripsy-toes, and Hippetyhop, and Hobbledehoy, come, Jack and Jill, and Clover and Buttercup. Hills, hills, hills, ho-o-o-o-o-o, my Hop, Skip, and Jump, come with yer patterin' and yer wiggle-waggle tail, my woolly backs! Where be you, my jolly boys, kickin' up yer heels in the wind? Come, Snip, and Snap, and Snorum and Flax, and Flinders and Foam."

At the first sound of his voice a few white heads were raised among the grazing flock in Mr. Lynn's field; then more, and then a commotion stirred the quiet creatures. Bleating, they ran to the fence where Jack stood, and crowded about him, almost clambering over each other in their efforts to reach him. But little heed was paid to them, for all were watching Mr. Green's sheep. There was a stir among them, too, for nine-tenths of the flock, alarmed by the unknown voice cutting so sharply through the still air, had turned and fled, and were huddling in a white mass in a distant corner, while about twenty had bleated their recognition of a friend, and hurrying up with a run and jump, were also gathering close about him. And Jack had sprung down among them, and with arms around the neck, and face buried in the fleecy back of one of his special favorites, was sobbing as if his heart were breaking.

Mr. Bright danced about like a school-boy, swung his hat, and pitched it high in the air.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for boys and sheep! They're the best witnesses I ever want. Mr. Lynn's case is the soundest one I ever carried before a court."

"Witnesses!" growled Green. "Are you such idiots as to think this will amount to anything in law?"

It did amount to something in law, however, as Mr. Green found out when the Judge's decision was given.

As soon as the men were gone, Mrs. Lynn bent over Jack, whose head was still bowed.

"Jack, my boy, don't cry so. Don't you know you have friends all around you?"

"Yes. Look at 'em." He looked about with a smile.

"Yes, the sheep, and plenty more, if you'll have them. Oh, Jack, we're all your friends. The loving Shepherd I told you of has sent us to try to do you good. He wants you to follow him just as the sheep come at the sound of your voice, because they love you and you love them."

Do you want to stay here and take care of them?"

"Stay here, with you and the sheep!" Jack's eyes, beaming with joy and gratitude, frankly met hers.

"I think we've found the soft place at last," said Mrs. Lynn to herself, as she went home, leaving him on the sunny hill-side.—Harper's Young People.

Corresponding With Strangers.

No young girl should engage in a correspondence which she is unwilling that her mother should know about. No good come from corresponding with a stranger, and much evil may follow. It is not rare to see advertisements for a wife or for a husband. These, usually by persons well advanced in life, are sufficiently disgusting but when young girls of sixteen or eighteen, advertise for correspondents of opposite sex, with a view to matrimony, it is revolting to all right feeling persons. A paper published in Chicago, devoted to matrimonial matters, has two pages filled with advertisements of those of both sexes, who wish correspondents, a most melancholy display. Many of the advertisements are most thoughtless, and show that the girls have no idea of the importance of the subject they approach with so much frivolity. One girl writes: "A blooming Miss of 'sweet sixteen,' with long black hair and blue eyes, wishes to correspond with an unlimited number of gents. Object, mutual improvement, and may be—Will reply to all who enclose stamp or photo." There is plainly room for "improvement," for any girl who speaks of gentlemen as "gents," but why "an unlimited number?" Another reads: "Two young school girls cultured and refined, both brunettes, would like a few gentlemen correspondents. Emma is sixteen, and Geneva nineteen." The appearance of that advertisement shows that people have very different ideas about "refinement." The whole thing is wrong, it has not a single redeeming feature and it is melancholy to think that there are so many young girls, as the paper shows, who are lacking in that modesty and that nice sense of propriety, which should be the crowning graces of girlhood.

Curious Facts About Silk-Worms.

A writer in *Land and Water* says the ideas of the ancients upon the subject of the origin of silk were rather vague, some supposing it to be the entrails of a spider which fattened for years upon paste, at length burst, bringing forth its silken treasure: others that it was spun by a hideous horned grub in hard mass of clay—ideas which were not dispelled till the sixth century when the first silkworms reached Constantinople, introduced and cultivated, like many other benefits by the wandering monks. From thence they were soon imported into Italy, which for a long period remained the headquarters of the European silk trade, until Henry IV. of France, seeing that mulberry trees were so plentiful in his southern provinces as in Italy, introduced silk worm culture with great success. Kirby mentions the following interesting extract from the *Courier de Lyon*, 1840, as showing the extraordinary quantity of silk there annually consumed at that period: "Raw silk annually consumed there, 1,000,000 of kilograms, equal to 2,205,714 pounds English, on which the waste in manufacturing is 5 per cent. As four cocoons produce one gram (grain) of silk, 4,000,000,000 of cocoons are annually consumed, making the number of caterpillars reared (including the average allowance for caterpillars dying, bad cocoons, and those kept for eggs), 4,292,400,000. The length of the silk of one cocoon averages 500 meters (1,526 feet English), so that the length of the total quantity of silk spun at Lyons is 5,500,000,000,000 (or six and a half trillions) of English feet, equal to fourteen times the mean radius of the earth's orbit, or 5,494 times the radius of the moon's orbit, or 52,505 times the equatorial circumference of the earth or 200,000 times the circumference of the moon."

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

Twilight.

BY ALFRED DAVIDSON.

Beautiful twilight, how short thy veper reign!
 Source manifest to view when thou doth wane again;
 Mantling the azure dome one moment to reside
 With beautifying power infant of even-tide,
 Then nature smiling seems to be on all around,
 Wrapped in majestic garb serenely and profound.
 What influencing power is it belongs to thee,
 What in thy gentle light is it we love to see?
 "Beautiful twilight!" Lips breathe the sentence oft,
 Whispered to self alone with admiration soft,
 "I love to watch thee spread like some seraph's wing,
 Thought pure and holy thou doth to fancy bring.
 The feathered songster seemingly waits for thee,
 Then from some rural perch swells forth his notes of gloe,
 Telling his joyous tale until I seem like he,
 Charmed by beauty's lyre singing a praise to thee;
 Peace steals upon my soul, and I forget that life
 Is a vast field replete with sorrow, pain and strife,
 Joy fills my breast, and I dream on, nor heed the rude
 Shadows that gather ruthlessly to intrude.
 And thou art waning, sweet moment of delight,
 Deeper the gloom descends, alas! this form is night.

—Written for Truth.

A ravelled rainbow overhead
 Sets down to life its varying thread,
 Ove's blue, joy's gold, and fair between
 Hope's shifting light of emerald green,
 With either side in deep relief
 A crimson pain, a violet grief.
 But be thou sure what tint so e'er
 The broken wreath beneath may wear,
 It needs them all, that broad and white,
 God's love may weave the perfect light.

Lost in the Corn.

A TRUE STORY.

BY V. ASHWORTH TAYLOR.

There are lilies pale and tall,
 Pansies purple, gold, and white,
 Roses on the garden wall,
 Summer blossoms blooming bright.
 What aches Molly for all these
 Garden flowers? What are they,
 When in harvest-fields she sees
 Colours twice as fair and gay?
 Marigold and meadow-sweet,
 Corn-flowers blue and poppies red;
 And the golden corn ears meet
 O'er Molly's golden head.
 Ah! the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.
 They are calling Molly now
 In the garden, by the gate.
 Where the heavy sunflowers bow,
 "Molly, Molly, it is late!"
 Far, far off their voices sound,
 Through high walls of waving wheat,
 Molly wanders round and round
 On her little aching feet;
 And the evening shadows fall,
 And the gay lark's voice is dumb;
 Faint and fainter grows their call,
 "Molly, Molly, Molly, come!"
 And the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.
 It is harvest time to-day,
 And the poppies droop and die,
 And the lark has flown away,
 And the reaping folk go by.
 Hush! Among the golden wheat
 Lies a tangled golden head,
 Folded hands and quiet feet,
 Faded flowers, blue and red;

And in vain your kisses fall,
 Lily pale her lips and dumb,
 And she wakes not though you call;
 "Molly, Molly, Molly, come!"
 Ah, the fields were ripe for reaping
 Where they found their lost child sleeping.

Life's Changes.

BY J. M. C.

Of dear loved friends and distant home
 The shipwrecked mariner will dream.
 No turns the heart whose hopes are tossed
 By darkening tempests, and are lost
 On life's meandering stream.

On fancy's wings my spirit soars,
 It cherishes scenes to greet—
 I heard a mother's gentle voice,
 That made each kindred heart rejoice,
 B' counsel mild and sweet.

I see each dear familiar face
 As in youth's happy day,
 When gathered round the cheer'ful hearth,
 And hearts were full of joyous mirth,
 Swift flew the hours away.

The playmate of those golden hours,
 The friendships deep and true,
 That gave to life a zest, a charm,
 Which kept the youthful spirit warm,
 Arise in strong review.

But ah! the wind of cold deceit
 Has withered many a flower
 Of brightest hue and rarest bloom,
 That shed its lustre round the home
 Of life's first vernal hour.

The same bright stars still deck the sky,
 With radiance ever bright,
 The moonbeams too still so'ly play
 O'er all the earth, yet even they
 Shed not so sweet a light.

The rippling stream though mournfully
 Pursues its ample rage;
 Those noble cedars of the grove,
 Where sang the birds their songs of love,
 On all is written—Change.

And one by one those friends have fled
 From home, perchance from earth,
 And vain delusive Hope no more
 Can weave their garlands as of yore
 With joys of heavenly mirth.

A Wail from the Wreck.

S. X. G.

There was a storm last night; the minute
 gun
 Boomed like a knell along the startled
 shore:

Hither the tempest bore
 Weird cries which roused from slumber
 many a one:
 And yet so gloriously rose the sun,
 It might have been a dream, and nothing
 more.

It might have been, but the rocks were
 high,
 And where she foundered there the brave
 ship lay,
 Their own dismantled prey;
 Majestic still, and as if loth to die,
 Rearing her riven mast against a sky
 Bright with the dappled clouds of early
 day.

Down came the fisher-folk, awe-struck and
 sad,
 And saw the sun-kissed ripples round her
 glide,
 And men and women sighed;
 But the fair morning made the children
 glad;
 For them the distant wreck small meaning
 had,
 Until one simple token they espied:

Only a wave-worn doll! which mutely
 brings
 Tidings of death that spared not innocence,
 But ruthlessly dragged it hence.
 There is a time when the most trifling
 things
 Speak to the heart, and touch its inner
 spring
 With a strange power, a piteous eloquence.

To these poor puppet lips have much to
 say,
 Even the children know their story well;
 Do they not dumbly tell
 Of other lips, more rigid now than they?

Lips that were laughter-loving yesterday,
 Overwhelmed and buried in the treacherous
 swell.

Ocean! Thou dost resemble cruel earth;
 Thy wiles our dearest and our best de-
 stroy;
 They stifle hope and joy,
 Then hide the act with mockery of mirth.
 Thou takest that which hath the greater
 worth,
 Thou givest back, perchance, a broken
 toy.

And there are those who in the dark
 abyss
 Of a more mighty, more mysterious sea,
 Bounding eternity,
 Wrecked all too soon, their goal untimely
 miss;
 They leave behind them some such wail as
 this,
 And only ruin marks their memory.

Alas, for lives thus wasted! lives laid low,
 Honoured by sudden terror of the night!
 God claimeth as a right
 That for our time we something better
 show.
 Earth's hoarded baubles crumble ere we
 go;
 Good deeds alone are lasting in His sight.

The New Birth.

BY HERMAN MERRIVALE.

God spake in a voice of thunder,
 Of old from Sinai's hill;
 And the mystic words of wonder
 Thrill the believer still;
 He sees in the vault above him,
 With the eye of faith alone,
 Gemmed round by the souls that love him,
 The great Creator's throne.

He sees,—in the day of danger,—
 The column of cloud that led
 From the land of the alien stranger,
 Hi-Jeruel whom He fed;
 And knows,—tho' his footsteps wander
 Astray in a twilight land,—
 That his home is building yonder,
 By the one unerring hand.

He sees,—in the night of peril,—
 The pillar of fire that shone
 From the halls of pearl and beryl,
 To light God's children on;
 And feels that straight from heaven
 When the eye of sense grows dim,
 Still a grander sight be given
 To all who trust in Him.

On the page of the mighty Ocean
 He reads the mightier still,
 Who curbs its restless motion
 By the law of His royal will;
 And while in its course diurnal
 It murmurs, or sings, or raves,
 He lists to the voice Eternal,
 In the language of the waves.

He marks the plants around him
 The throbs of a life their own,
 While the wordless worlds that bound him
 Whisper their undertone.
 From the hawk and the hounds yet clearer
 He hears the secret fall,
 Which nearer to him and nearer
 Brings the great God of all.

In the leaves that blow and periah
 In the space of a single hour,
 As the loves that meet we cherish
 Die like the fraillest flower,—
 In the living things whose living
 Withers or e'er they bloom,
 He reads of the great thanksgiving
 Which breathes from the open tomb.

The bright spring leaves returning
 To the stem whence autumn's fell,
 And the heart of summer burning,
 To change at the winter's spell,—
 The year that again repasses,—
 The grain that again revives,—
 Are signs on the darkened glasses
 That bar and bound our lives.

I know the glass must darken
 To my vision more and more,
 When the weak ear strains to hearken,
 When the faint eye glazes o'er;
 But the glass shall melt and shiver,
 Once kissed by the fighting breath,
 And the light beyond the River
 Shine full in the face of Death.

Strong-set in a strong affection,
 We look to the golden prime,
 When a mightier Resurrection
 Shall burst on the doubts of Time;
 And the thoughts of all the sages,
 Like the waves of the fretful main,
 At the base of the Rock of Ages
 Shall foam and fume in vain.

Winter.

BY O. C. AURINGER.

O winter! thou art not that haggard Lear,
 With stormy beard and countenance of
 woe,
 Having a main, or dumbly crouching low,
 In hoary desolation mocked with fear.
 To me thou art the white queen of the
 year,
 A stately virgin in her robes of snow,
 With royal lilies crowned, and all aglow
 With holy charms and gems celestial
 clear.
 Nor dost thou come in barren majesty,
 Thou hast thy dower of sunbeams thrice
 refined;
 Not songless, but with cheerful minstrelsy
 Ring from the singing harp-strings of the
 wind,
 And ah, with such sweet dreams—such vis-
 ions bright,
 Of flowers, and birds, and love's divine de-
 light!

—[Century Magazine.

ALBUM VERSES.

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

Cling to those who cling to you.
 In the end there'd be but precious few
 When they are tried and true;
 So cling to those who cling to you.

Dear girl, I will write in my best one
 line,
 'Tis only to show you my friendship is
 thine;
 As long as the heart in my bosom shall
 beat,
 The throbs of pure friendship for thee 'twill
 repeat.

Farewell: how oft that sound of sadness,
 Like thorns of sorrow pierce the heart,
 And hush the harp tones of its gladness,
 And tear the bleeding chords apart.

Farewell! and if by distance parted
 We see each other's face no more,
 Ah! may we with the faithful-hearted
 Meet beyond this parting shore.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
 Reaching heaven but one by one,
 Take them lest the charm be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Be content with thy lot,
 Though it may be small,
 Each must have their share,
 One cannot have all.

If we only do all the good we can,
 Though our ways lay far asunder,
 If our souls grow purer and our lives more
 grand,
 We shall surely meet up yonder,

I most sincerely wish that you
 May have many friends, and who
 No matter what you're passing through,
 Will stick as close as good strong glue.

Life's a jest, and all things show it,
 I thought so once, and now I know it.

Will one wandering thought of thine
 Rest its rapid flight on me?
 Or to forgetfulness consign
 The friend that loves to think of thee.

Ah! sure thy fancy oft will dwell
 On scenes which once were dear to
 thee;
 And when these lines you chance to
 read,
 You smiling will remember me.

Industry is fortune's right hand,
 And frugality its companion.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

No. XL.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

Week by week we find increasing pleasure and satisfaction in our work in connection with the Scriptural Enigma. We have no experiences to speak of but what are in the highest degree pleasant. Our correspondents are reasonable, pleasant and friendly. They say they get pleasure and many of them are kind enough to add that they have derived profit as well. We should be sorry if the mere success in answering the Enigmas were all. We hope that though some may have been led at first to study the Bible from the mere wish to solve our Enigmas, yet that the result has been that they have continued the reading of the good old book for its own sake; so that they begin to sympathize with what the great and learned Sir William Jones, so famous for his oriental learning, wrote on the fly leaf of his Bible, "I have regularly, prayerfully, and systematically read this book and am convinced after all I have learned in other ways that, apart altogether from its Divine origin, it contains more authoritative history, more genuine philosophy and finer strains of poetry than, all the other books in the world put together."

We give the following from Oshawa, as a specimen of what we have often the pleasure of receiving:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In concluding this Enigma, which is rather longer than they have been lately, although all the more interesting and instructive on that account, I think my interest in them must be increasing, as I seem to like them more and more every week, and I think were you to drop the Enigma Column in TRUTH, you would take away the chief attraction for a great number, because there are plenty who study them but do not send any answers. I know of one or two cases myself, and who knows but what it may be the means of doing many a one good? So continue on in your work and may success attend your efforts.

Yours truly,
OSLAWA.

We are pleased if we give interesting and profitable employment for leisure hours that might otherwise hang heavy on the hands of not a few, and can only add that in the meantime at any rate we have no intention of dropping the Scriptural Enigma. The correct answers to No. XXXVII. are as follows:

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

Revelations xxii. 5.

1. Torch John xviii., 3.
2. Heaven, Acts i., 9.
3. Egypt, Exod. xii. 30.
4. Rahab, Josh. ii., 6.
5. East Wind, Exod. xiv. 21.
6. Samuel, 1 Sam. iii. 10.
7. Hannah, 1 Sam. i. 15; ii. 1.
8. Abasnerus, Esth. vi., 1.
9. Lot, Gen. xix., 17.
10. Ladder, Gen. xxviii., 12.
11. Belshazzar, Dan. v. 4-5.
12. Endor, 1 Sam. xxviii., 11.
13. Net, Luke, v., 5.
14. Oak, Judges vi., 11.
15. Nicodemus, John iii., 1.
16. Israel, Gen. xxxii., 28.
17. Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi., 36.
18. Heber, Judges iv., 17.
19. Thrice, Matt. xxvi., 75.
20. The Sword of the Lord, etc., Judges vii., 20.

21. Hozokiah, 2 Kings xx., 2-3.
22. Earth, 2 Sam. xii. 16.
23. Rhoda, Acts xii. 14-15.
24. Elijah, 1 Kings xix., 4-6.

The following have answered correctly: Chas. Hendry, jr., Stirton; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. Johns; S. A. Choson, Stamford; Wm. Jameson, Moorfield; T. A. MacNaughton (particularly good). Some of our most regular and accurate correspondents are this week more or less out of their reckoning as we think they will see. One for No. 1, gives "The Apostles;" and the "Thundering and Lightning;" and then "The Pillar of the Cloud," etc. We fear the printer left out a letter in No. 19.

Not very many have favored us with construction of clocks, but most of those who have, have done their work in a singularly neat and accurate fashion.

Nothing, for instance, could be neater or more accurate than the clocks sent by R. Griffith, 2 Oxford St., London; R. Mackay and E. Mackay, Hamilton; E. MacNaughton, Cobourg, and Lily Young, Ingersoll. Not quite so fine, yet very good ones come from M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. Johns; E. M. Wiley, Kingston; Edith Nazer, Ingersoll; Douglas Simpson, Toronto; S. Acheson, Stamford; and Frankie McDonald, Philadelphia. Grace Parkins, St. Catharines, has given all the twelve texts, but has not attempted the construction of a clock face.

For No. XL. take the following:—

If these initials side by side you place,
A text to comfort you will clearly trace,
Which to the christian inourner brings relief,
And is a sovereign balm for every grief.

1. A seer who wrote the lives of monarchs three,
And 'gainst their warlike foe did visions see.
2. What town would yield into a tyrant's hand
The man who saved them with his little band?
3. A guiltless victim of a wicked king
Whose crime did on himself sore judgment bring.
4. 'Neath this the holy Joshua placed a sign
To witness to the sons of Israel's line.
5. What is the greatest gift we can obtain
Which God has said shall not be asked in vain?
6. What is the name of that most useless weed,
That like the wicked, bears no precious seed?
7. That which supports us in our hour of woe,
And beckons us to glory here below.
8. A type of the security of those
Who on the faithfulness of God repose?
9. A type of that which to the heavens ascends,
And God, in answer, richest blessings sends.
10. What nourishes each tree and flowret fair,
And which the Lord doth to His word compare?
11. The mount from which God gave his holy law,
And Israel stood oppressed with fear and awe.
12. Beneath this tree, the sons of Israel raised
Her idol-gods, which they so vainly praised.
13. These safety gave from the avenging sword,
And thus were emblems of our blessed Lord.

14. To what sweet flower, whose fragrance scents the air,
Doth Christ in Holy Writ Himself compare?
15. Who from the Lord a blessing great obtained,
For in his house the ark long time remained?
16. What typifies the saints of God below
And also Him from whom all blessings flow?
17. What sheds light, joy and fruitfulness around,
And thus an emblem of our God is found?

For a CLOCK take the word BRING.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

A Few Remarks on Municipal Matters
—With some Thoughts on Charity Balls—A Little Interview, and its results—Immediate and Probable.

JACOB has been bothering his head about municipal matters, but can make nothing of them. It is to be feared that he has not got the right hang. The inner circle, as it were, has not been reached.

There is an awful fuss about a new city hall and it is pretty evident that there is a nigger on the fence somewhere. It is an old dodge to get a thing started for a certain sum, perfectly inadequate to complete it, and then to use this argument for more, that if it is not given, all already spent will have been thrown away. New York City Hall and its infinite spoliations in the good old days when Tweed was king, may well suggest infinite caution even in Toronto. We have no stealers by the million, but it is wonderful what a keen scent for a job is easily developed in aldermanic nostrils. The electric light job is a caution. The two companies bid against each other for lighting the city. The higher valued. They immediately coalesced and the defeated company and directors became the chief, and carry out the contract at 10 cents a light more than they said was amply sufficient. *O Tempora! O Mores!* It is curious and no mistake. I was, some short time ago, sauntering along King street and forgathered with David Walker, for shortness often called Dave. We did not "liquor" but we talked. I like David,

HE IS NOT A BAD FELLOW IN A WAY,

has his weak points, of course, as all have, but upon the whole—! Now I was just going to break confidence and tell what David and I talked about. But I won't, I know my manners. I know my catechism. The good man seemed a little "riled" but I stroked him "canny wi' the hair," and he soon came round. Of course David is Scotch, and though I don't belong to that fraternity, except very remotely, yet I respect them very much in spite of haggis, parritch, St. Andrew's day and curling. David, by the way, was full of the great ball on the 2nd. It was to be, according to him, by far the greatest affair of the season. And all for charity, you know. Sweet, sweet charity. Yes, and nice for quiet Presbyterian elders and ministers getting a suitable opportunity for show-

ing off their marriageable daughters to the best advantage. In fact, a St. Andrew's ball is the only kind of marriage market that their worthy, somewhat strait-laced people have. I asked if any of the Presbyterian clergy were to be there to open the meeting with prayer and lead off the first dance. David did not know, but thought that it would be a grand hit if it could be managed. "Man," he cried, and turning squarely round he looked me square in the face "Man, di' ye think they wad come? Wad McDonnell, or Caven or McLeod? It wud be a hundred additional dollars to the Society and the pair!" I said I thought they would, for I could see nothing in conscience to hinder them. I tried to explain to the worthy man that the Christian liberty of a Presbyterian Minister was not a bit more limited than that of a Presbyterian Elder or Member; that in the church there was not

ONE LAW FOR THE PULPIT AND ANOTHER FOR THE PEW,

so that if it were right for elders, managers and members with their wives and daughters to dance and drink and gallivant at a ball with every Tom, Dick and Harry that could beg, borrow or steal five dollars wherewithal to buy a double ticket for himself and his young woman it cannot be wrong for the clergy "to go, and do likewise." "That's the best doctrine I've heard for mony a day" cried David, "and I'll put it to the test this verra minit," and off he shot round the corner of Simcoe street, making a bee line for new St. Andrew's Manse at a 2.40 stride.

If I did not on that occasion plant a little seed which will fructify. I shall wonder at it.

Hurrah for balls and charity! It brings together and

HARMONIZES THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD, most delightfully. Come, children of the church, turn out and show your faces. I don't know how it came about but just when David left me and I had taken a last longing look at the zealous man, whose movements were even like those of Jehu the son of Nimshi, I felt a strange fainting of heart—a sort of "goneeness" as some phrase it—and though it was quite contrary to my fixed principles and ordinary practice, I had to go into the corner tavern to fortify myself with a "nip," so as to be able to walk home. I managed it with difficulty, and have been in bed ever since. I am better, but have to dictate and am easily fatigued, so I can merely sign myself

JACOB.

P.S.—I am bound to use the ball on the 2nd, though I should go on a stretcher. Jacob flatters himself that he knows a thing or two about making "the best of both worlds." If it's my duty to dance I'll dance though I should die in the very act.

London has a society to promote winter gardening.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation: "As long as you are what you are now."

A worthy Quaker thus wrote; "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

Dear Maid I Think of Happy Days.

From the Operatic Romance of Marina.

By WM. McDONNELL.

Piano.

STEPHEN.

1. Dear Maid I think of hap - py days, Which near to thee were
2. I must not love, oh, could I quell, The flame with - in my

spent, And of the bright and cherr - ful rays, Thy
breast, Or break the strange and cru - al spell, That

DEAR MAID I THINK OF HAPPY DAYS.

S. & Co., 239-2.

2

pres - ence o - - ver lent, To think of the way was
 robs my soul of rest, I could a - - way with

bliss in - - deed, While hope I could des - cry, But
 peace - - ful mind, But now, a - - las, I sigh, To

con dolore

this has passed a - way with speed - - You know the rea - son
 leave my heart and hope be - hind - - You know the rea - son

why Oh, yes, you know the rea - - son why
 why Oh, yes, you know the rea - - son why.

EATON'S

GREAT SALE

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery and Mantles.

GLOVES.

T. Eaton & Co. have great pleasure in again drawing the attention of the Ladies to their Glove Department, where a full and complete stock will be found in all the newest makes and shades, including Ladies', Misses', and children's sizes.

We beg to draw your attention to list of prices quoted below.

Ladies' Lined Taffeta Silk Jersey Gloves, Black and Colored, 25c. pair.

Ladies' Woollen Mitts, 15, 20, and 25c. a pair.

Ladies' Kid Mitts, Fur Tops, with spring, 65, 75, and \$1.00 a pair.

Ladies' Mousquetaire Kid Gloves in Tan Shades, Embroidered backs, \$1.00, \$1.25 a pair

Ladies' Mousquetaire Kid Gloves in Black and Colored, 75c., worth \$1.25 a pair

Ladies' 4 Buttoned Kid Gloves in Black and Tan, with Embroidered backs, \$1.00 a pair, very cheap.

Ladies' 4 Buttoned Kid Gloves, in Black, Dark Colors, Tan, Opera, and White, 75c. a pair.

Ladies' 6 Buttoned Kid Gloves in Opera and White, 75c. a pair.

Ladies' 6 Button Kid Gloves, in Black, Dark Colors and Tans; 85c. a pair. Special.

Ladies' Lined Cashmere Jersey Gloves, Black and Colored, 25c. a pair, worth 50c. a pair.

Ladies' Cashmere Jersey Gloves; Black and Colored, 20c. a pair up.

Children's Kid Mitts, 35, 50, and 60c. a pair.

Children's Woollen Mitts, 5, 10, 15, and 20c. a pair.

Gents' Woollen Knitted Gloves in Fancy and Plain Colors, 25c. a pair, up.

Gents' Self Lined Cashmere Gloves, Black and Colored, 40c. a pair.

Gents' Flannel Lined Kid Gloves, 75c. a pair.

Gents' Kid Gloves, Fur Top and spring, \$1.00 a pair.

WOOL DEPARTMENT.

Good Canadian yarn only 40c lb.
Best Canadian yarn only 45c lb.
Scotch fingerings, all colors, 80c, \$1, \$1.25 per lb.

Sales for CASH only or C. O. D. Letters from the country receive prompt attention. Sample of Goods sent on application.

T. EATON & CO.,
190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN RUBBER CIRCULARS.

Ladies' Rubber Circulars, 50 to 60 inches, warranted waterproof, only 95c. each.

Eaton's Excelsior Circular reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.35.

Silver Finished Circulars reduced from \$2 to \$1.50.

Check Lined Circulars reduced from \$2 to \$1.75.

We must clear out these Circulars at once. Be sure to call and get one before they are all sold out.

Clearing Men's Rubber Coats at \$1.50, worth \$2.

Special -A line of Gert's Rubber Coats, tweed lined, for \$2 50, worth \$4.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ladies' Pebbled Button Boots, all sizes, only \$1.

Ladies' Fine Polish Calf Button Boots, only \$2.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Button Boots, \$2 25 up

Ladies' Fine American Kid Slippers, 95c, \$1, \$1 25, \$1 50 up.

Specialties in Ladies' American Rubbers, 60c and 75c per pair.

Ladies' Canadian Rubbers, only 40c pair.

Ladies' Overshoes, Buttoned, only \$1.40, all sizes.

CORSETS.

We always lead in corsets. Ladies should not fail to visit this department, where we offer great bargains.

Our faultless corset only 35c pair; all sizes, from 18 to 26 ins.

Our own corset, nicely embroidered, with double busks, only 50c pr.

Our seventy five cent corsets are the best in the market, worth \$1 each elsewhere.

Crompton's celebrated coralline corsets in all sizes from 12 to 36 in.

Ball's prize medal corsets in all the makes and sizes from \$1 per pair up.

Thompson's celebrated corsets from 90c pair up.

German corsets in great variety, all sizes, from \$1.15 to \$2.25 per pair.

Baldwin's Beehive Fingerings

All colors, only \$1.50 per lb.

Baldwin's Saxony, in all colors, only \$1.75 and \$2. per lb.

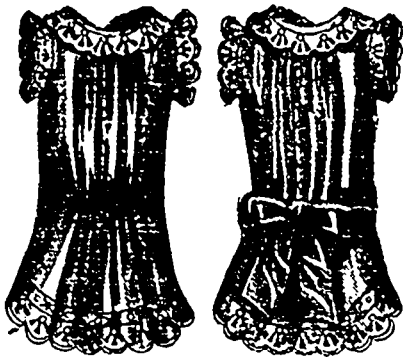
GLOVES! GLOVES!! GLOVES!!!

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GENTLEMEN

GLOVES and MITTS

ROGERS'

346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.



NEW YORK DOMESTIC FASHION CO.

General Agents for Canada, for the Popular Perfect Fitting

DOMESTIC PAPER PATTERNS.

Also for Mademoiselle Whaplin's Patent Dress Corset. Agents wanted.

SAMPLE CORSETS 25 CENTS.

12 King St. West, Toronto.

JAHN & SCHWENKER,

Importers and Manufacturers



FINE FRENCH HAIR GOODS,

75 KING STREET, WEST.
NEW YORK HAIR WORKS, Private parlor for Ladies' Head Dressing.

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 fellows. Motivated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 POWER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Might, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Willson, Truth Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

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

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers and Attorneys, York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

PIANO TUNING!

R. H. Dalton, 211 Queen St. West.

Leave orders personally or by post card.

FOR SALE.—Wood-working Establishment. The Plant is in one of Missouri's best inland cities, and consists of 600 grounds. Good building, first-class engine and machinery, and splendid run of custom work which can be greatly extended. Walnut, sycamore, hickory, and other timber in abundance and cheap. Have a permanent contract to make boxes for a large Tobacco Factory. Have 60,000 feet of walnut and sycamore lumber on hand. Will sell at a big bargain if applied for soon. For description of property and machinery, Address S. S. WEISS, Chillicothe, Mo., U.S.A.

WILTON AVENUE MEAT MARKET

W. J. CALGEY,

188 WILTON AVE.

Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables, &c., &c., always on hand.

Families waited on for orders

NOTE ADDRESS

183 WILTON AVE.

PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS.

WALLACE MASON'S CLASS meets every Thursday at 8 P.M. Parties wishing Phrenological temperance lectures this winter can arrange by addressing 367 Yonge St. Careful examinations given with advice as to business adaptation, preservation of health and magnetic treatment given in chronic diseases.



A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES.

when you are disgusted with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of

DORENWEND'S

"Eureka" Hair Destroyer.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair, but by careful observation of directions des- from the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless. Send to any address on receipt of price. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

BEFORE

EUREKA

AFTER

TRADE MARK SECURED.

EUREKA MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

A. DORENWEND, Manager.

FASHION NOTES.

All brown furs are in high favor. The befeater hat is again worn in England. Fawn is a lovely color in velvet or velveteen.

High full shoulders are the rule for dressy wraps.

A fashionable and beautiful rare fur is the sea otter.

The long sealskin dolman is the mid-winter wrap.

Porphyry is a new shade of red between brick and garnet.

Oheuille trimmings are in favor both for bonnets and dresses.

Hudson Bay sable tails form the borders of many fine fur wraps.

Very beautiful are the white felt hats brought out for little children.

The fur-lined circular remains in favor, but it is not a fashionable cloak.

Persian lamb, Astrakhan, and gray krimmer are all popular cheap furs.

In lieu of sealskin jackets short mantles of sealskin will be worn this season.

Among new lining furs comes a long, crinkled, white fleecy fur called Chinese.

Muffs are sold to match capes, fichus, collars and pelerines of seal or other furs.

Necklets of velvet, satin, metals, and all sorts of materials are worn by women, young girls, and children.

All fashionable wraps, long or short, are held in at the waist line in the back by straps of ribbon or elastic.

Children's garments retain the puffed Mohere front, and a bunch of shirring in the back is added this winter.

There is a revival of taste for the delicate aesthetic colors, and the newest jerseys are brought out in these shades.

Scarlet flannel will probably be fashionable this season in Europe, if not here, as it is said to be preventive of cholera.

The fastenings of mantles and cloaks of seal are carved antique heads in wood or stained ivory or fine passementerie.

Capotes and Fanchons without strings are worn, but, for all that, a stringless bonnet is not in good taste. If one objects to strings she should wear a hat.

Fichus of velvet, silk, satin and lace—"Manons" they are called in Paris and London—are much in favor, being worn with either low or high necked dresses.

A new wooler lace, colored or ecru, cream and white, run with gold thread, is one of the latest fancies coming from Paris prior to the outbreak of the cholera.

The borders of short sealskin mantles are of mink, with pendant tails, sable tails, brown martan, and plucked beaver or otter in dark shades of brown.

Paris has been cleaner, sweeter, more elegant, and gay than ever this fall, but for all that the terrible cholera has invaded it. Where will fashionable Paris go?

Astrakhan cloth is one of the mid-winter novelties; it is of pure wool, with a rough, curly surface in imitation of Astrakhan fur, and comes in black, brown, gray, and dark green.

A pretty seal fichu or pelerino brought out this season reaches like a scarf mantle almost to the waist lined in the back, and has half-long pointed fronts, is edged with seal fringe, and has a high collar and fancy clasp.

The corsage of dressy evening toilets is frequently formed entirely of white, colored, or black bugle beads woven in the lace foundation so thickly as to cover the surface and forming hexagons, squares, and other geometric figures on the same.

These magnificent shot silks with velvet bronche flowers, in cut and uncut plie, are in favor for the court trains of chaperon's dresses. They are combined with plain shot silks to match the grounds of



3082 Misses' Wrap. 6 Sizes. 10 to 15 years. Price, 20 cents.

3079 Misses' Trimmed Skirt. 6 Sizes. 10 to 15 years. Price, 25 cents.

the broche, the plain silk forming all of the toilet save the train, which is frequently detachable.

An exquisite novelty in a bridal dress worn by a Boston bride consisted of a trained robe of pure white satin, elaborately embroidered with fine cut steel bead tassels and fringes. These, with the many diamonds worn, gave the toilet the appearance of being powdered with diamonds.

The favorite finish for gentleman's umbrella handles is the knob of black and yellow agate called the tiger's eye. The test of an agate is that when struck with another it shows a tiny crescent or circle under the surface. It is well to know this as imitations of tiger's eye agates are sometimes sold for the real stone.

The highest novelty in lace window curtains demands the work of three nations of Europe to make it. The batiste, of which the body of the curtain is made, is manufactured in England. The hand-

made lace braids and flowers must come from Brussels, and the arrangement of the same, the designs of the curtains, and finish must pass through French fingers.

Chestnut Harvesting in China.

"Water chestnuts," too (eaten by the old lake-dwellers in Switzerland), are largely grown. Every canal is full of floating islands of them; and the gathering must look like that picture in this year's Grosvenor of "Athelney in Flood," where young and old are going out after the apples in boats. Instead of boats put tubs, each pushed by bamboo poles by a yellow man or woman, and paint two or three upsets, for John Chinaman is full of fun, and those who have seen a water-chestnut harvesting say that everybody is on the broad grin, and accepts a ducking with the same good humor with which he gives one.—[All the Year Round.

An exchange has a poem "On the Birth of Twins," and don't know enough to make the rhyme a couplet.

English Mounted Men.

All our cavalry are armed with the sword and Martin Henry Carbine, a weapon with which the greatest accuracy can be obtained up to 600 yards. The objections to the long rifle, owing to the difficulty of carrying it, have proved insuperable. It has been proposed that only when in close proximity to the enemy the carbine should be slung on the man's back in case he should lose his horse, and that the sword should be slung on foot. It is to be hoped that revolvers, which are far more dangerous to friend than foe in a charge, will never be supplied to our private dragoons. Opinions will always differ as to the value of the lance, which has now been discarded in Prussia and Austria. It is said that the only French cavalry Wellington's infantry feared were the lancers. Whatever its merits or demerits may be, it might be desirable to temporarily arm all our cavalry with that weapon (which each man is taught to use) when about to be employed against undisciplined warriors, armed only with spear and shield, who probably lie down when charged. Horses are purchased at 3 and 4 years old, and are sent to the ranks as soon as trained. The system of not working horses in the field till they are 6 or 7 years old could not be carried out in our skeleton squadrons. About 30 per cent. of horses in the mounted branches are either too young or too old to be sent on service. In no other army is so much care paid to the fitting of saddlery and equipment, or to condition and shoeing of the horses. Officers are blamed sometimes for attaching too much importance to such details and to be therefore unfit for higher things, but we have been told by the greatest cavalry leader that ever lived that knowledge of such details is the "first step on the path of victory." No daring or brilliancy on the part of a commander can compensate for sore backs and girth-galls, or heels cut with the picket rope, or for the want of spare shoes, for a horse once unserviceable remains so generally during a campaign.—[The Fortnightly Review.

A London Bride's Wedding Dress.

At a late fashionable wedding in London the bride wore white and satin duchesse over a petticoat of pearl embroidery trimmed with lace, a small wreath of orange blossom and white tulle veil spotted with pearls; her ornaments were a pearl and diamond brooch and gold bracelet, and a pearl diamond bracelet. She carried a large bouquet of orange lilies and orange blossom. The bridesmaids, six in number, were dressed in white spotted muslin trimmed with lace, two with pale pink sash directors' buttons, two pale blue, the two youngest in white with pale pink sashes; they wore large Rubens hats with white and colored feathers to match their costumes; each wore an elegant crescent brooch of pearl and pink coral. The bride's travelling dress was a costume of checked sarah silk, waistcoat and ribbons of pale blue, dark green velvet hat with pale blue aigrette.

When a woman becomes so absent-minded as to forget to hold her hand so that the light will fall upon her diamond ring it is safest for her husband to give her a wide berth. She is doing some dangerous thinking.

There are many ways in which it would be well for us to carry our childhood with us, even into old age, if it were possible, in its truthfulness and open-heartedness, and willingness not only to love, but to show that we love, as well. Why, that last alone would cure many a heart-ache of to-day.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived on the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, man's character.

Health Department.

Keep Warm.

A large share of the cases of illness which usually occur at this season of the year, result from exposure to cold through improper clothing. Keeping warm is one of the most efficient means of preventing a hundred maladies which are in themselves trifling, but which may, by depressing the vital activities of the body, lead to something much more serious. Colds, sore throats, attacks of neuralgia, earache, facial neuralgia, and other similar diseases are not absolutely dangerous to life, but exceedingly inconvenient and, when often repeated, cause of serious impairment of health, may, by properly caring for the body and avoiding exposure and sudden chilling, be almost always prevented. At this season of the year every person should wear thick woollen underclothing. Persons whose circulation is habitually poor may need to wear two suits of woollen underclothing; and most persons will find a decided advantage in putting on an extra suit whenever they are to undergo any unusual exposure to cold, as in riding in an open carriage or sleigh during cold weather. A suit of tightly-fitting woollen underclothing protects the body nearly as much as an overcoat, and is much less expensive.

Another suggestion of value to persons who have difficulty in keeping warm in cold weather, or take cold easily, is the frequent employment of the saline sponge-bath, which consists in sponging the whole body with water containing a tablespoonful of salt to the quart. The salt-bath has the effect to stimulate the blood in the surface of the body, and may be followed with advantage by thorough oiling of the whole surface. Either olive or coconut oil may be employed. When fresh and sweet, the latter is to be preferred. A traveler who had undergone much exposure to cold in severe latitudes, once asserted that a layer of oil over the surface of the body was as good protection from cold as an extra overcoat. Dyspeptics and other invalids who usually have dry skins through deficient circulation, will find great advantage in the employment of the oil-bath during the cold months of the year.

Persons who take cold easily, especially those suffering from nasal catarrh and rheumatism, may also use the oil-bath with especial advantage.

The importance of keeping the feet warm and dry cannot be over-estimated. Whenever the walks are moist, as they almost always are in the fall and spring, and much of the time in winter, the feet should be protected by rubbers or overshoes when out of doors. This extra foot-covering should of course be worn only when out of doors. If worn all the time, the feet are made to perspire, and are more liable to be cold than if not protected at all. Keeping the feet warm at night is essential to health. Persons who have great difficulty in keeping the feet warm during the daytime, usually suffer in the same way at night. Such persons should protect the feet by warm woollen stockings, two or three pairs, if necessary. If the feet cannot be kept warm without a bottle filled with hot water may be resorted to; but artificial heat is to be avoided when the feet can be kept warm by other means.

Corpulence.

Whatever we have written in reference to the means to be employed for reducing obesity, has always contained a caution against carrying our remedies to extremes. The golden rule of "moderation in all things," applies with especial force to this subject, since errors in the method of accomplishing the desired result may involve the sacrifice of the patient. A strict adherence to the rules published by "Banting" are certain to reduce corpulence, and at the same time, to impair, if not to destroy the health. It requires a wonderful amount of patience to remain

contented while watching the slow processes of mild but safe remedies for the cure of obesity; knowing that there is a shorter, even if more dangerous path that might be pursued. But if the sufferer from corpulence is not satisfied with slow results, he had better not attempt the treatment.

Deprived of all technical terms and obscure theories; a superabundance of fat is produced by eating more than is required for the legitimate wants of the system; and particularly of sugar, and starch substances; as potatoes and white bread. It has been proved—contrary to the general belief on this subject—that eating fat in moderation does not produce fat. Prof. Ebstein, of Goettingen, Germany, has given this subject a thorough and scientific investigation; and he claims that the treatment of corpulence by regulating the diet, hardly involves any great self-denial on part of the patient. He allows a rather attractive bill of fare, with a variety of dishes, but positively and forever excludes potatoes and limits the quantity of bread. For breakfast he allows one cup of black tea without milk or sugar; about two ounces of white or brown bread and plenty of butter. Dinner—Soup (with bone marrow occasionally), five to six ounces of meat, boiled or stewed, with fat gravy; especially fat meat, plenty of vegetables, cabbage, and most of all legumes (peas, beans,) Beets, carrots and turnips are, on account of the sugar they contain, almost totally excluded—potatoes entirely. After dinner, a little fresh fruit, but without sugar. Supper—Tea without sugar or milk, one egg or a little fat meat, or both; or some ham with its fat, sausage, smoked or fresh fish, two ounces of white bread with plenty of butter, and occasionally a little cheese and a little fresh fruit.

A persistence in this plan for a few months, we are assured will reduce corpulence; but there must be no going back to old habits, or the trouble will return. This bill of fare or a similar one must be maintained during life.

PULMONARY DISEASES.

A summary statement of lung diseases may be of interest to many of our readers.

Whooping Cough is a peculiar form of contagious bronchitis, connected with spasms of the glottis, or vocal cords. The whoop is caused by the inrush of air after the protracted suspension of the breath.

Asthma. This is a nervous disease. It is characterized by spasms of the muscular fibres of the bronchial tubes. The susceptibility to this spasmodic action is generally inherited. The exciting causes are various, and differ in different individuals.

Pleurisy is an inflammation of the membrane which covers the lungs, as the skin covers the body. A peculiar fluid is exuded into the cavity between the chest and lungs, and crowding on the latter, renders breathing difficult and painful. Sometimes the fluid is pus.

Emphysema. In this ailment the air-cells are permanently dilated, and frequently break into each other. Except when it is slight, the air stagnates in the cells and is not sufficiently renewed. The dilated cells also obstruct the circulation of the blood. It is not in itself a fatal disease.

Pulmonary Hemorrhage or Hamoptysis. In this pure blood is ejected from the mouth. Generally it escapes from capillaries—in the bronchial mucus membrane—so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and there is no immediate danger.

Tubercular consumption is not primarily a disease of the lungs, but of the system as a whole.

Bronchitis is an inflammation of the mucus membrane which lines all the bronchial tubes, except at their finest extremities. It may be acute, sub-acute, or chronic. It may affect different portions of the tubes; it is quite dangerous, especially in children, if it extends to the

smaller tubes. There is a form of bronchitis which is known as influenza. It is epidemic in character, and sometimes sweeps with immense rapidity over many countries.

Pneumonia is inflammation of the air cells and the minute branches of the bronchial tubes—the portion without a mucus membrane. It may be acute or chronic. It most generally affects only one lobe, but it may extend successively to the other lobes, and even to the other lung. Sometimes it is confined to a part of a single lobe, and is then called *circumscribed pneumonia*. Sometimes there is a severe pain in the chest, which is apt to be mistaken either for pneumonia or for pleurisy, but which is a neuralgia of the nerves of the intercostal muscles—the muscles between the ribs.

Sunlight and Health.

For some considerable time past, the Astronomer Royal and his assistants have been weekly reporting the significant fact that the recorded sunshine during the seven days has been, upon an average, *nil*. Prima facie it is only photographers who need be affected by this intelligence. What can it possibly matter to the world at large if there is not sunshine enough about, to discolor a piece of sensitized paper? As a matter of fact, however, the discoloration of sensitized paper is but one of many processes due to the chemical energy of the sunlight. And a prolonged absence of the sunlight is a very serious matter. Its effects upon the health are direct and perceptible; we get no ozone, and we become dull and listless as if we had been sitting up all night.

When thus out of tone and below par, we are consequently deficient in that vital energy which would otherwise enable us to shake off any ordinary ailment. Nor is this all. Absence of sunlight for any considerable period, is almost always followed by epidemic outbreaks. When the sun is active, filth of all kinds putrefies as it collects. When there is no sunshine the filth collects, accumulates in masses, and ferments. These fermented accumulations are a source of positive danger as soon as the sun resumes its activity.

Decomposition under a bright sun is comparatively harmless. Slow decomposition in the dark is especially hostile to health. We need no chemist to tell us all this; but at the same time it is as well to bear the chemistry of common life in mind. When the Astronomer Royal reports a total absence of sunshine, we ought to be especially careful; and, it may be added, children suffer more from the loss of the sun's rays than do adults. Adults have only to keep alive; children have to keep alive and grow, which entails a double amount of chemical work. Now, if there be no sunshine, we can best supplement its absence by exercise. And yet, strangely enough, the absence of sunshine is regarded by most mothers as a sufficient ground for keeping children within doors. It is, on the contrary, the very reason why they should be sent out and kept out as much as possible.

Healing Properties of Water.

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, dipped in hot water, wrung out and then applied over the seat of the pain in the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of

the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises, and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a height of three feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.

Brain and Teeth.

French physicians are agitating a theory respecting the teeth, which certainly possesses the advantage of novelty. It is laimed by a Dr. Chantpionniere that overwork of the brain causes decay of the teeth by excessive consumption of the phosphates. There is some plausibility in the idea; but a little consideration of the subject suggests that this tendency may be readily checked by an increase in the proportion of food rich in phosphates, such as oatmeal, cracked wheat, peas, beans, etc. It is suggested that the teeth of school children should be carefully watched, and any evidence of decay should be considered evidence of too much brain work, and need of a vacation. We would add to the suggestion the recommendation that the dietary be looked after also.

New Test for Lead.

Obtain at the druggist's a one-per-cent solution of cochineal in proof spirit. Put two table-spoonfuls of the water to be tested in a white dish. Add ten drops of the solution. If the water is pure, it will have a faint pink color; but if lead be present, the water will assume a purplish pink hue. This will occur if there is even so little as one seven hundred thousandth part of lead present. If the lead amounts to one seventy thousandth part, the water will become a purplish blue color on the addition of the cochineal solution.

Air for Breathing.

At a recent meeting of the Union Twilight Club in New York, Dr. Abbott said the bulk of people do not breathe fresh air enough, even when they have the opportunity. He advised constant inflation of the lungs as of great benefit, and said that in the house or out of it, in the country or in the city, people would find great benefit from filling the lungs to the utmost capacity. His advice was: "Get all the air you can." He considered it a great curse that many people have a dread of air. He could not see why people should be afraid of night air.

A New Source of Scarlet Fever Contagion.

A Camden newspaper reports that scarlet fever has become an epidemic in a neighboring town, through a very remarkable means. It seems that a quantity of ice which had been used packing the body of a person who had died of the disease, was left where it could be got at by children; and being eaten by them, communicated the disease.

Oatmeal and Brains.

It has been observed that the evils resulting from excessive brain work are conspicuous by their absence in the public schools of Scotland, although the standard is quite as high as in English schools. The Glasgow Herald attributes the fact to the superior qualities of oatmeal as a brain and nerve food.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.—Take a pound of butter and work it up with flour and ground sugar in equal quantities, till it will take no more. Shape as required on white paper, and bake in a quick oven. No water is required.

MUSHROOM TOAST.—Fry some mushrooms in butter, with a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Have some slices of buttered toast, and, as soon as the mushrooms are done, lay them on the toast and send to table at once.

RICE-PIES—Take a cupful of rice boiled pretty dry, add a beaten egg, three table-spoonsful of sugar, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, good milk to fill a plate with a crust made like a custard-pie. A few raisins cut in halves are an addition.

RABBIT.—Bone the thighs and legs, replace the bones by pieces of bacon, sew up the openings so as to put the limbs in proper shape again, and, having rolled the rabbit in buttered paper, put it on the fire in a saucapan with slices of bacon, small onions, carrots, thyme, parsley, a bay-leaf, and some stock. Let the whole cook for two hours on a slow fire, then strain off the stock, and serve the rabbit, cut up, on spinach, or else on stewed endive.

INDIAN CHUTNEY.—Half a pound moist sugar, four ounces salt, two ounces garlic, four ounces powdered ginger, two ounces dried chillies, four ounces mustard-seed, six ounces raisins (stoned), one bottle vinegar, fifteen large unripe apples, six ounces tomatoes. Boil the apples, sugar, and half the vinegar for one hour. Chop up the garlic, shallots, tomatoes, and raisins, and wash the mustard-seed in water and let it dry. Then add all to the apples and sugar, and boil slowly for an hour and a half. Add the other half bottle of vinegar, let it cool, and bottle off or cover in jars.

CREAM PIES—A cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of cream tartar, beat three eggs, add the sugar and flour, in three table-spoonsful of water with a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; beat well and bake. *Cream filling:* A half cupful of sugar, mixed together, with two eggs, stir into a pint of boiling milk, let it cook and thicken, and flavor with lemon or vanilla; when cool, fill your pie. This is a very delicious pie, can be made into two, by baking in two round, deep tins, and splitting them. When eggs are cheap, not expensive, as no butter is used.

GOOD FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. Next examine its adhesiveness. Wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like dried powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure that, too, is a bad sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests. These modes are given by all old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody.

THREE LITTLE DISHES OF APPLES.—(1) Roll out tolerably thin a little piece of light pastry; place in it a large apple of a good baking kind, pared and cored; cover it well with the paste and secure it firmly; bake it in a temperate oven. Four of these turnovers, as they are called, make a dish; they are good either hot or cold. (2) Stew six or eight good baking-apples, pared and cored, until they are tender, let them cool, and mix them with the yolks of two egg and enough sugar to sweeten them; spread the mixture on a dish, cover the top with fine bread-crumbs and a small quantity of dissolved butter, and bake for a quarter of an hour. (3) Boil a pound and a half of loaf sugar in a pint of water for a few minutes, add two pounds of good cooking-apples; let these all boil together

or until the mixture is tolerably stiff; just before removing it from the fire add the grated rind of two lemons, press it into moulds which have been previously dipped into cold water and not wiped. When the *gateau*, as it is called, is turned out on a dish, ornament it with blanched almonds, and pour a custard or some whipped cream round it.

To Our Readers.

We have been asked whether we would accept any or all letters received during the fifteen days allowed after the close of the competition to permit foreign competitors to stand on as fair a footing as others. To the question we answer generally, that all letters, no matter from whence they come, received during those fifteen days, will be accepted as eligible for competition, provided—and this is the point to be remembered—provided they bear the date of Feb. 15th at the office where mailed: In order to prevent fraud, however, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. The competition closes on the 15th February, and all letters bearing that date, received by us up to the 2nd March, inclusive, will be eligible for competition. This, however, refers only to the consolation awards.

What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are:—Morbidity of the blood, as the blighted offspring of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposits of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the Eustachian tubes causing deafness; burrowing of the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these ingredients can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Messrs. A.H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

Mr. Spurgeon once complained that his deacons were worse than the devil. "Resist the devil," said he, "and he will fly from you, but resist a deacon and he will fly at you." When a bashful young man finds himself in company where there is a creamy infant of ten months, the expression of his face, when the proud mother thrusts her tender offspring at him with the remark, "Baby, kiss the nice gentleman," may be imagined, but it could not be counterfeited.

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

A BLANC MANOE is easily prepared, and very nutritious. To a quart of milk in a farina kettle or tin pail, set in a kettle of boiling water, add half an ounce of well washed Irish moss and let it cook in the milk until it thickens; then strain, sweeten, and flavor, if the natural moss taste is not liked.

CHICKEN PANADA.—Boil a young chicken half an hour in a quart of water, then pound the white meat to a paste in a mortar with a spoonful or two of the broth. Season it carefully with salt, add more of the broth and boil a few minutes. It should be of such a consistency that it can be drunk, though rather thick. The remainder of the broth, with a little rice added, will do for another meal.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

To Subscribers.
We very frequently receive returned copies of TRUTH from subscribers whose time has expired, and who do not wish to renew. These are simply returned without, in many cases, either name or address. If subscribers, in returning copies thus will write their names and address in full, it will very materially facilitate matters, as otherwise it is almost an endless job to hunt among a list of 25 or 30,000 names for one or two, without even a post office as clue.

The Empress Eugenie's complexion is as blanched as her hair, and her eyes are pale and dull.

THE PAMPHLETS, "WHY AM I A UNITARIAN," and the "History of the Liberal Faith" may be had free by addressing **JESIE G. ROSE,** 97 St. Joseph St., Toronto.

SEND to Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont., for the latest circulars. Every young man and woman should read them.

GREAT SHOW
—OFF—
CHRISTMAS CAKE
—AT THE—
Boston Bakery—345 Yonge
Lloyd Bros.

Christmas & New Year's Cards

No. 1 Quality. 10 for 10c., 50 for 40c., 100 for 75c., 500 for \$3., 1,000 for \$5.

No. 2 Quality. 10 for 15c., 50 for 60c., 100 for \$1., 500 for \$4., 1,000 for \$6.50.

The above two lines are very prettily got up, and will sell fast at 30 and 50 each. We can also fill orders for more expensive and at low rates. Send us \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10 or \$15, and we send you a nice assortment.

JAS. LEE & CO.,
MONTREAL, QUE.

JAMES
—STEAM—
St. Steurer and French Cleaner.
13 RICHMOND ST., WEST
Opposite our old stand, between York and Simcoo Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Ostrich Feathers cleaned, dyed, and Curled. Kid Gloves cleaned and dyed black. Gentleman's Clothes Cleaned, Dyed and Repaired. Ladies Dress Goods of every description Cleaned and Dyed. Danask, Morocco, Table Cloths, &c., Cleaned and Dyed. Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Sheepskin Rugs, and Lace Curtains Cleaned. BLACK GRAPE RENEWED

VALUABLE BOOKS AT 3 1-2 CENTS EACH

We have just published in neat pamphlet form handsomely illustrated and printed from large clear type on fine paper, TEN VALUABLE BOOKS by ten of the greatest authors in the world, all of which we will send by mail, post paid, to any address upon receipt of ONLY 35 CENTS in postage stamps. Each book is complete and unbridged, and in cloth bound form they would cost at least one dollar each. The titles are as follows:—1. **CROCH AUBER AND OTHER POEMS.** By Alfred Tennyson. This charming book contains all the finest works of the Poet Laureate of England. 2. **DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE.** This most interesting work contains the histories of all the celebrated statesmen, Authors, Poets, Editors, Clergymen, Scientists, etc., of the present day, illustrated with life-like portraits. 3. **THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF COMMON THINGS.** A complete encyclopedia of useful knowledge, describing the process of manufacture of all the common and familiar things which we see every day around us, likewise the culture and manner of growth of all kinds of foreign fruits, nuts, spices, etc., with illustrations. 4. **THE LAUREL BURN.** A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. 5. **AMOS BARTON.** A Novel. By George Elliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc. 6. **CAPT. ALICE'S LEGACY.** A Novel. By M. T. Colpor, the celebrated American author. 7. **HENRY ARKELL.** A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. 8. **RETRIBUTION; OR THE MYSTERY OF THE MILL.** An American Novel. By Margaret Blount. 9. **A GILDED SIN.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne," "Madolin's Lover," etc. 10. **BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.** A Novel. By Annie Thomas, author of "Playing for High Stakes," etc. Remember, we will send all the above books by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 35 cents in postage stamps. Was there ever such a chance for getting so much for so little money before? 35c. invested in these books now will furnish enjoyment for the whole family for months to come, to say nothing of the valuable information you will derive from them. Just think of it—Ten Valuable Books for 35 cents. Don't miss the chance! Send for them, and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund you your money, and make you a present of them! Not less than the entire lot of ten will be sold. For \$1.00 we will send 4 Sets of the ten Books, therefore by showing this advertisement and getting four of your neighbours to buy one set each you can get your own books free. In ordering, please state that you want "Book Collection No. 1," and it will not be necessary to give the names of the books.

JAMES LEE & Co., Montreal, P. Q.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 3.

The following story is original, and by a Canadian authoress, and it is with much pleasure we draw our readers' attention to it. It is well written, interesting, and pure in tone—three desiderata in the fiction of the present day. The authoress can obtain the Gold Hunting Case Stem Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize on forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

HE WAS JEALOUS.

BY FRANCOIS JOSEPHINE MOORE.

When Miss Millicent Verner married Thomas Potts, Esq., ("Teapots," as his jocular friends called him) she was teased about changing her pretty name of "Verner" for the less euphonious one of "Potts." However, "Potts" she loved and "Potts" she became. At the time my story opens, they had been married about two years, had a sweet little girl baby—Winifred—and were about the happiest couple you could find anywhere. Tom Potts was fairly well off (being junior partner in a large business firm), good looking, and with a true, kind heart beating in his manly bosom. Tom had, however, one grave and tormenting weakness. He was *jealous*—not of other people's goods—but jealous as Othello in the play—of his own sweet little wife! He was especially jealous of a certain cousin, Algernon Verner—"empty headed ass" as he called him. However, Milly would not turn the cold shoulder on her old playmate, and would say to Tom (with a kiss)—

"I know, dear, he's not clever, like you, but Alf and I were brought up like brother and sister, you know, and I can't turn round and dislike him just because I'm married."

Potts had to try and look satisfied, but are jealous people ever reasonable?

At last there came gloomy times for our two friends. Large business failures fell upon many—and the house of Marvin and Potts suffered considerably. Both men were of a fast honor, and they at once decided to curtail their expenses, to which their respective wives cheerfully assented, like good brave women as they were. Tom Potts was in awful low spirits about it, but not so Mrs. Milly. One day, some few weeks after the first bad news, Tom was talking about the affair and looking so miserably blue over it that his wife stopped him.

"Now, Tom, just go and have a quiet smoke by yourself and then we'll talk over all this horrid business this evening. I will go into the garden and gather a few flowers to send to dear father with a book I promised him. Algy is here, and can take them with him when he drives back from town."

"Algy here! What the ——" was beginning Potts, greatly irritated.

"You naughty old boy,—but I won't scold you this time," she cried, and ran off. Tom smoked away like an angry chimney in his own special den looking on to the garden. Every now then he could see Milly's pretty little figure sitting about amongst the flowers and cousin Algernon helping her. What could they be talking about so earnestly, now smiling, now so grave? At last, they seemed to come to some decision, and Algy was departing. "Don't forget," Milly cried after him, as he was shutting the gate. "Not I, dear, good bye," and off he went, whistling an opera tune.

"Don't forget—What?" Poor Tom Potts, he did feel awfully blue. Presently Milly came in. "What a time you've been," said Tom, sulkily.

"Have I, Tom? I really didn't know I was so long," replied his sweet tempered wife.

"What the deuce you can find to say to

that empty headed young ass I don't know."

"Tom, he is my own cousin. Why shouldn't I talk to him?"

"And what is he not to forget, eh? I heard you call out after him, you know."

Hereupon Milly blushed somewhat.

"Oh, that was nothing much," she said.

"What was it?" asked Potts, looking really angry.

"Tom, I can't tell you, now."

"Milly, you shall tell me."

"I tell you, I can't, at least not yet," and poor Milly looked as if she were going to cry.

"Look here," and Mr. Potts spoke with as much calmness as he could command, "if you don't tell me, we shall quarrel."

Human nature has its limits of endurance, Milly's had, so flushing now with anger, she exclaimed—

"Tom, you are unreasonable. I won't tell you, there!" Whereupon, she left the room.

Poor Potts! this was terrible. What! added to his business troubles, was his wife turning against him, having secrets with another man which he was not to share! Unbearable! Monstrous!! Abominable!!! In fact, our friend worked himself up into a furious rage, and at last got up, put on his hat, and went out, slamming the door after him. Tom Potts remained out all that evening instead of having that quiet business talk which his wife had proposed, and when he returned, she was fast asleep, looking sweet and innocent as the baby herself, Tom bitterly thought.

The next morning Potts looked very glum and was very silent at breakfast, but Milly took no notice. At his usual hour her husband went to his office and was immersed in business affairs. During the afternoon a friend dropped in, Fred Brown, a young bachelor.

"Potts, old boy, you're looking altogether too blue, regular indigo, I declare. Now just listen to me. Wo, that is, Dick Somers, Jack Vale and your humble servant, are going for a short lake trip, and mean to do a little camping out. Now we want you to come with us. It will do you good, seriously, Tom, after all the bother you've had, and I know your good little wife won't object. We start to-morrow morning at six, sharp."

"By Jove!" thought Potts, "I'll punish her! I'll just start off for that trip, if Marvin can spare me." So he said.

"Well, I'll see, Fred. O course, I know my wife won't mind, but I must find out whether Marvin can manage without me for a week or two." He went into his partner's office. "Marvin, can you spare me for a fortnight," and he explained the camping project.

"Certainly, Tom, go by all means, you cannot mend matters just now by staying here. I can do all there is to be done, and when you return, perhaps I'll take a trip myself." Potts thanked him. And returning to his room, where Fred Brown was waiting for his answer, he said, "I'll go, Fred."

"All right, Tom. Be at my rooms at

4:30 to-morrow morning. Now, I must be off to collect the other fellows. Take—"

Now Tom no sooner felt this camping trip to be an established fact, that he repented of his ready acquiescence! What would Milly think? And what, after all, had she done? Potts was calm now, and it suddenly occurred to him that he had been, (as Milly said), "unreasonable." Never mind he would make amends like a man, and he would *not* go on that trip, but would take Milly and the baby to a nice quiet place and have a regular honeymoon! Thus ruminated Tom Potts and in this amiable mood he returned home (buying a rattle for baby on the way, and a new magazine for his wife). "I'll surprise her," he thought, and entered softly by the back garden gate close to the small summer house. As he approached he heard Milly's clear voice. Yes, there she was in the summer house, and with her cousin Algernon!

Potts stopped an instant, disappointed, as he had hoped to find his wife alone. Still he was determined not to show foolish jealousy again, and would just wait a convenient moment to speak to Milly when her cousin had gone.

Suddenly he became pale as death. Good heavens! What were those intreating tones? "OH, ALGERNON, ALGERNON, LINKED FOR LIFE TO A MAN WHOSE VERY NAME I DETEST. I CAN ONLY—"

Potts stopped to hear no more. Dazed with astonishment and horror he passed noiselessly through the gate and walking quickly round to the front entrance, he let himself in with his latch key and got upstairs to his den, he hardly knew how. He sat for an hour with his face buried in his hand, his soul rent with bitterest pain. Then he heard his wife coming upstairs humming softly. This was too much. Potts darted up and followed her into the nursery. The sight of his baby Winnie asleep almost unarmed him, but he must do his duty. He braced himself.

"MILLY!" His tone was so fierce that Milly fairly jumped.

"Oh! Tom is it you? Why how early you are!"

"Doubtless. Too early for you, Madam!"

His wife stared at him.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter now?"

"MATTER! Come, madam, no subterfuge. I have come to say farewell to you."

"Farewell!" faltered his wife.

"Yes, farewell!" Then Tom broke out in his misery. "Oh, Milly, how could you? How dared you deceive me like this?"

"I have never deceived you, Tom" and Milly had gathered a little calmness now.

"Never—never—unless—"

"I spare you the utterance of further falsehood. I heard you an hour since in the summer house with your cousin, Mr. Algernon Verner."

"Well, Tom, what of that?" still very quietly.

"Do you remember your words, Madam?"

"Not all of them," answered Milly.

"I will refresh your memory then. Your words were. 'OH, ALGERNON, ALGERNON, LINKED FOR LIFE TO A MAN WHOSE VERY NAME I DETEST. I CAN ONLY—' I heard no more. Milly, was not that sufficient?"

"I thought you had heard no more," thoughtfully said his wife. Heavens! how calm she was!

"And so, Madam, you detest me and my name, even so deeply that you have allowed yourself to admit the disgraceful fact to your wretched scamp of a cousin—"

"Stop, Tom, you have said enough."

"I have said enough, have I? Truly, perhaps I have. I have only to say now that, although I cannot relieve you of my name—an honest name, at least—I can and do relieve you of my presence."

Poor Potts bent for a moment over his baby's cradle in mute farewell. Then he got himself together again and turned to

his wife, now white as a lily and speechless.

"Milly, good-bye. I am going away for a fortnight to camp out with some friends. On my return I shall make arrangements for our—" Hereupon Tom rushed from the room, "separation" literally sticking in his throat, but poor Milly knew what he meant, and sinking down by the side of her baby she gave way to an agony of sobbing.

Potts strode up to his dressing-room, rammed a few clothes and other necessaries into his valise and never once turning his head towards the nursery again, ran down stairs, snatched up his fishing tackle and waterproof coat and went straight out of the house.

"Hallo! old fellow. What brings you here now?" cried his friend, Fred. Brown, as Potts suddenly appeared at his rooms.

"I thought I might oversleep myself," replied Tom Potts trying to look thoroughly unconcerned, "so will you give me a shake down and we can start together in the morning."

"Of course I will," said good-natured Fred. "Come in, come in. Wife well I hope, and willing that you should join us and do bachelor, *pro tem*, eh?"

"Oh, yes," said Potts, with a horrible sinking feeling extending from his heart right down into his boots.

.....

The next morning the four friends started. They were to camp out on a small island and do some fishing or whatever their sweet wills led them to do, for they were all (save one) bent on enjoying their short holiday.

"What on earth ails Potts?" asked Dick Somers and Jack Vale of Fred. Brown after they had been away about a week.

"Upon my word," answered General-in-Chief Fred, "I don't know. His business of course, is not flourishing just now, but that will all come right. It is not as if Marvin & Potts had been unpleasantly involved in any way."

"Oh, he'll come round," said Dick Somers, who generally, lucky fellow, looked on the bright side. "Ted Bland is coming to join us to-morrow and he's always such a friend of Tom's, besides being the jolliest fellow going. He'll cheer him up if anyone can."

"I am sure I hope so," said Fred, and the three sauntered off giving a glance at poor Potts, who sat in the distance, smoking and reading.

Yes, Tom was glum, blue, anything they might call him. He was too loyal to make a confidant of anyone, and thus bring censure upon his wife. So he kept himself pretty much apart from his light-hearted friends.

"Never mind me, dear boys. I just want to be quiet. Give me a nice book and my pipe and go and enjoy yourselves. I don't care about fishing to-day, but come and tell me all about your sport later on." And so this went on nearly every day and our friend looked miserable and even ill.

The next day Ted Bland came and Potts was really glad to see him, as they all were. Ted was one of those young fellows who seem to bring sunshine with them. He very soon noticed the dispirited look in his friend Tom's face.

"Why Tom, dear 'Teapots' you don't look bright!"

"Bright?" exclaimed Jack Vale, "he's about as bright as that old dun colored cow yonder, who stands all day in one spot chomping her cud."

"Of sweet and bitter disappointment," chimed in Dick, who was rather poetical and given to quotation.

"Now, boys, don't bother Potts, remember he's under my protection," said general Fred.

"Look here, Bland, have you brought any books with you?" asked Tom. "I've read all these fellows brought with them, and never thought of contributing something myself to our camp library."

"Ah! now am I not the most thoughtful and valuable fellow camper? Here's a whole bundle of the latest trash out."

"Let's have them," sang out an eager chorus.

"Now gently, curb thy tempestuous wishes, my boys, and be patient. Potts, here's a book I particularly want you to read. It is by an M. P., and is quite thrilling. Its title is good too, makes one want to look inside. 'LINKED FOR LIFE.' Seriously, boys, this little paper bound bookie is having a big sale; you find it in little heaps on the bookseller's counters, and the railway book boy (whom we all know as a designing villain where he thinks he can sell a book) throws a whole pile of 'LINKED FOR LIFE'S' into everyone's lap directly they appear on the cars." So Ted Bland rattled on, making them all feel ten per cent. jollier.

"What's the news from the city?" asked Fred. "We like to imagine ourselves millions of miles away from civilization." "Well, the weather's hot for one thing, and everybody is going away to try and get cool. By the bye, Teapots, I saw Mrs Potts and the baby the other day. Mrs. P. sent her love to you and said you were to enjoy yourself as much as possible. She looks as bright and smart as ever. What a wife you've got, old fellow? I'm sure we would all get married right off, if we could be sure of a second Mrs. Potts. Now don't you all agree with me, boys? Well, let me see, any more news? Oh, yes, Algernon Verner has gone with his mother and sister to Halifax for the rest of the summer."

"He is out of the way, then," thought Potts, but he said nothing.

Thus passed a merry afternoon, during which even Tom Potts managed to get up a smile or two; then they prepared a right royal camp tea, with a few extras in honor of Bland's arrival, and afterwards went off for a stroll. Potts took his new book (by the M. P.) and sat under a tree. "LINKED FOR LIFE" was nicely written, but even this little book must annoy him, for the discarded lover's name was "Algernon!" He read on and on, and was now in the midst of an interview between the former lovers, when suddenly he lighted on these words—"OH! ALGERNON, ALGERNON, LINKED FOR LIFE TO—"
"Great power! What was this he saw? He hurriedly turned to the title page, "LINKED FOR LIFE, by M. P." There it stared him in the face. M. P.—MILICENT POTTS!

The scales fell from his eyes now; he saw it all. Fool that he was! His Milly, his wife, had cleverly written this book and the words he had heard her say were simply to be read out to her cousin! He saw it so clearly now that he wondered it had never struck him before. Why had she called her hero "Algernon?" But what did that matter after all? Up he jumped and called out, "Here, Bland, Bland, come here, I want you at once."

"What is it?" shouted back his friend.

"Come here, I say—quick—quick."

"Well, here I am—now, what's the matter?"

"Ted Bland," said Potts with unnatural calmness, "I am an idiot. Do you hear, an idiot."

"Very well, dear boy, only bear it like a man," soothingly replied Ted.

"I tell you I'm an idiot, the stupidest, the most confounded—" here Potts paused, seeming positively dazed by his own assertion.

"All right, Teapots, I won't contradict you if you're bent on believing yourself an idiot."

Then Potts spoke again.

"Look here Bland, I must go home at once."

"Home! Here boys, Potts says he must go home, because he's an idiot."

The others had come up to them now, and Tom addressed them all, "Old chums bear with me, I must go home at once. Sometime I will tell you all about my trouble."

They saw he was really anxious and were now serious enough.

"Well Tom, if you must, you must, I suppose, but we are awfully sorry to lose you like this and so soon," said Fred Brown.

"We'll have another trip next summer. Now I must get my traps together or I shall be too late."

His arrangements were soon completed, and so with the "good byes" of his old chums shouted after him, and with much waving of handkerchiefs and caps, Tom Potts departed, leaving the other four to wonder whatever had come over him.

One day's journey brought Potts to the city, and after a brisk walk to his house, he let himself in. As he entered he heard his wife singing a soft lullaby to the baby. Tom went straight upstairs and noiselessly opened the door. Milly was sitting with her back towards the door, rocking the cradle, and looking cool and fresh in her simple muslin dress. Tom came up behind her.

"Milly," he said tenderly, "my wife, forgive me."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" and then poor Milly utterly broke down and fell upon her husband's neck, crying hysterically. As soon as Tom could keep down that big lump which would come into his throat he resumed, "I know now Milly what a fool I was. I have read your book, dear, your clever little story, and that told me all. But why didn't you tell me yourself dearest?"

"I wanted to help you, Tom, but without causing you needless anxiety. I wrote this story, told Algy about it, and he left no stone unturned until he got the book accepted by B——, the publisher. His only reward was that I should name my hero 'Algernon.' I did, for he's a dear good fellow. He's going to marry Katie Wayne,—you remember her?"

"Yes," said crestfallen Tom.

"Well, on that day when you left, dear, Algy brought the first printed copy of my book, which I had told him not to 'forget.'" (here Milly kissed her husband), and like a big goose he took a boyish delight in hearing his own name in the book, and insisted upon my reading aloud some of the passages containing it! There's all the secret, now, Tom. I was bursting to tell it but determined to wait and see whether the story was a success. So I let you go, Tom. I found out from Mr. Bland that he was going to join Fred Brown's camping party, so I gave him my book, (he had no idea that I was the authoress,) with strict injunctions that you were to read it. I saw he looked surprised, but he's too much of a gentleman to ask questions, Tom, so he took the book and—Oh, my dear old husband, I'm the happiest woman in all the world. Think of it, a successful book, the sweetest, loveliest baby, and—"

"And," here broke in Tom Potts, "the very blindest fool of a husband that ever a brave loving wife had!"

And thus ended Tom Potts' jealousy for the rest of his natural life

eslug His Capital.

"I am very poor, sir, and my family is suffering. Any assistance you—"

"Can't you obtain work?"

"No, sir. There was a time," went on the tramp, "when I gave away thousands to sweet charity, but, like many a better man, I was drawn into the vortex of speculation, and lost every dollar I had in Wall street."

"I am very sorry for you," said the gentleman handing him a nickel. "Now, what will you do with that money?"

"Well, I dunno," he replied thoughtfully, pointing the coin on the end of his finger. "I think I'll buy a house and lot with part of it, and make my family comfortable for life. The remainder, I suppose, will be swallowed up in Wall street. Once a speculator always a speculator, you know."

A Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said, "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

Tid-Bits.

Lively George (the old man who is Jack-of-all-trades in a suburban village) has been making another happy remark, which fully equals, if it does not surpass, any of his former efforts. He came to the kitchen door the other morning, and watched with great interest for a few moments the "missus" dropping tomatoes, carrots, onions, okra, and other products of the garden into a saucepan that stood on the stove. "Ah, good-mornin', ma'am," he last says George. "Hope you are well, ma'am? An' may I ask what over you are makin' with all them nice things, ma'am?" "I am making what I call a summer stew," was the reply. "I put in as many kinds of vegetables as I can get with the meat, and let them all stew down into one delicious mess." "Ah, now I see, ma'am. One of them Spanish dishes, ma'am. A regular harlkari, ma'am."

Walter and his little sister arrived early one morning in Albany, where, with their mother, they were to spend the day with an old friend of hers, who has a home more elegant than the children had ever seen. After quite an elaborate breakfast, the children were overheard in conversation by their mother. "Wasn't it lovely!" Florence was confiding to her brother—"so many things kept coming, and there was so much glass all different colors, and such beautiful plates, and flowers, and such lots of fruit—" "Pooh!" interrupted Walter, who, in reality, had been quite overpowered by the breakfast, but who never lost an opportunity to assume a patronizing tone toward his sister, "why, the poor things didn't know enough to have griddle cakes!"

A Quaker and a Methodist happened to stop once at the same inn, and were compelled, through the inn being so crowded, to sleep in the same room. The Quaker retired early to bed, and according to their custom said a short prayer to himself. Soon after the Methodist came, and in his way prayed long and fervently, confessing his sins with many a groan. When he had finished he found the Quaker up again and dressing himself. The Methodist being surprised asked him what he was doing that for. The Quaker answered, "Friend, if thou art half as bad as thou makest thyself out to be, I would rather not sleep in the same room with thee."

A victim of street-car pickpockets determined to get even with them, so he put into his pocket a pocket-book containing only a slip of paper, on which was written the words, "This time, you rascal, you've lost the reward of your labour!" He got into the car and waited, resolved to have the first pickpocket that meddled with him arrested. Twenty minutes passed, and nothing happened, and, tired of waiting, he got out, having first assured himself that his pocket-book was safe. He opened it, and in place of the white piece of paper was a blue one, which he unfolded and read as follows: "What a sly joker you are!"

STRATEGIC.—This old minister was as shrewd as he was pious. He knew the art of influencing human nature: There was once a difficulty amongst the singers of Dr. Samuel West's church, and it was reported that the choir would not sing a note on the next Sunday. The doctor commenced that morning's worship by giving out Watt's hymn, "Come, ye who love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically at the choir and said,—"You will begin at the second verse:

Let those refuse to sing
Who never know our God."

They sang that hymn.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—"Where are you going my dear?" inquired Mr. Groatheart of his wife yesterday morning as the dear woman started nimbly out with a beautiful bunch of roses in her hand. "I am going to carry

these flowers to that poor old sick woman around the corner." "Well, run along, my love," said Mr. Groatheart; "but I think a poor old sick woman would prefer flour to flowers." Mrs. Groatheart stopped at the grocery store before she paid the visit.

From cur epitaph hunter. On a stone in the church-yard of Upton-on-Severn:

Beneath this stone, in a grave of stone,
Lies the soul of a man, who
Lived and kept on the best of all,
Assigned unto the heavenly wild.

A country correspondent wants us to tell him the name of a strange bird he has shot. "It has brown plumage and a long bill." We don't know anything about the brown plumage, but there's an article comes around here six times a week with an awful long bill. We believe it is called a collector.

"Brandy," said a man during a conversation on temperance, "why, it's the worst drink in the world. That's what killed Bill Fellors." "Bill Fellors is not dead," replied some one, "I saw him out in the mountains the other day." "Well, no difference," said the first speaker. "Brandy is what will kill him." "I don't see how it can, for he never drinks a drop of it." "Ah, well, it's what would kill him if he were to drink it. You are so confounded particular that a man can't talk to you."

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—Mr. Society. "I have just learned of your sister's engagement, and congratulated her. I really wonder, though, how Jack Simmons ever got up his courage to speak to your father." Miss Unplucked Flower. "Why so, Mr. Society?" Mr. S. "Why, your father has always seemed to me so distant, a man difficult of approach." Miss U. F. (with animation). "Oh, not at all, Mr. Society. Got that idea out of your mind, I beg of you, as soon as possible."

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished that the girl of the period would come to a full stop.—*Draker's Traveller's Magazine.* But she won't; she's inclined to comm(a) again—*Oil City Derrick.* She always cuts a "dash."—*Boston Star.* But refuses to put the colon while her old mother can lift a scuttle.—*Saratoga Eagle.* Jes so! The average girl of the period has no parallel.—*Chicago Sun.* That's the reason she gets this paragraph.

Young George, having imperturbed his father, a doctor, for a horse, the indulgent parent presented him with an ancient steed which for years had carried him on his rounds. A few days afterwards the affectionate son approached his father and renewed his request, saying, "Father, can't you give me a horse a little nearer my own age, that would be more of a companion for me?"

A woman arrives at the station three minutes before train time. She has to kiss seven persons, say "good bye" to thirteen others, send her love to twenty-two relatives, and see to four parcels. She accomplishes it all, and has forty-one seconds to spare to tell a dear friend how to mix seven different ingredients into a mince pie. Shortest time on record.

Profound thought by a middle-aged man: In the life of man there are two critical periods. The first is towards his twentieth year, when he anxiously inspects his upper lip to see if the hair is coming out. And the second is toward his fortieth year, when he so anxiously inspects the top of his head to see if his hair is coming out.

"The most expensively dressed man I ever saw," writes a captain in the Navy, "was an African chief on the Gold Coast. His wives had anointed him thoroughly with palm oil, and then powdered him from head to foot with gold dust. You never saw in your life a man got up so 'utterly regardless of expense.'"

It is estimated that if a man lives to be seventy years old he passes at least twenty-four years in sleep. So you see a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 24 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$1.00 per year.

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

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

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

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

The Date against your name on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

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

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 3 cents per single copy.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St. C. H. Scott, Manager.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 330 1/2 St. Wilson Bros., Managers.

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

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

Notice to Prize Winners.

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

What 10 Cents will do

A 10 cent bottle of Peppin's Nerviline will cure neuralgia or headache. A ten cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or earache.

\$50,000.00!

—THE—

GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION

NUMBER 13.

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Prizes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., to agents, to give all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible. 2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible. One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions \$1,000 in gold. 2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos. 1,650

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish Trotting horse and Carriage. \$1,600 2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos by a celebrated maker. 2,100

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos. \$1,540 4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches. 400

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them.

popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph.

S. FRANK WILSON,

Proprietor TRUTH,

33 and 35 Adelaide St. - Toronto, Canada.

THE WINNERS.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

NO. 12.

CLOSED NOVEMBER 7TH

Following is the continuation of list of first awards:

- 212 to 329.—One hundred and eighteen Fine Rolled Gold Brooches. 212. S. G. Dartmore, Halifax, N. S.; 213, R. Patrick; Galt; 214, Mrs. W. L. Conolly; Port Hope; 215, Josie H. Graham, Brampton; 216, Jessie McNaughton, Newcastle; 217, Robert Chambers, Paris; 218, Lizzie O. Buchan, Guelph; 219, M. L. P. Morgan, Lindsay; 220, Arch. Campbell, Napier; 221, B. McLean, Brantford; 222, Minnie Bland, 103 Yonge st., Toronto; 223, Sara C. White, Millville; 224, Anna Newport, Whitby; 225, Mrs. J. J. Clow; 226, Thos. Doal, Oxford Mills; 227, John McDermid, Dunroon; 228, Nichol. Elmira; 229, Miss E. Davis, 213 Little Richmond at., Toronto; 230, Wm. Lochton, Galt; 231, Miss Harriet Goulding, Ilderton; 232, Edith E. Campbell, Markham; 233, J. Bowes, 9 James st., Hamilton; 234, Geo. Phemister, Niagara Falls; 235, Mary E. Robertson; 236, Fred. Kirkby, Aurora; 137, Mrs. A. Black, Orillia; 238, Miss Kenneth, Matherson, Gravenhurst; 239, S. Westburn, Waterloo; 240, Hattie G. Stuart, Lindsay; 241, Mrs. J. Faulkner, 157, Napier st., Hamilton; 242, Alice Parsons, Stayner; 243, Mrs. Peter Crawford, Iran, Ont.; 244, Emma Williams, Warwick; 245, W. S. Smith, Glencoe; 246, M. E. Hardman, 24 Douro st., Toronto; 247, W. H. McCartney, Bothany; 248, S. J. Massey, Cobourg; 249, D. Johnson, 539 Queen st., Toronto; 250, L. K. Merton, Oshawa, Ont.; 251, Clara Edwards, Cannington; 252, Edith B. Chadwick, Simcoe; 253, H. A. Hoover, Arkens, Ont.; 254, John Lorentz, Baden; 255, D. F. Fleming, Stayner; 256, H. A. Munday, 213 Little Richmond st., Toronto; 257, W. H. Smith, 76 Wellington st., Toronto; 258, Levi Meyer, Jordan, Ont.; 259, Nora McNeil, Cannington, Ont.; 260, J. L. Green, King, P. O., Ont.; 261, R. F. Justin, Brampton, Ont.; 262, Lizzie Parton, 147 Mutual St., Toronto; 263, O. W. Wilson, Niagara Falls; 264, Belle Sinclair, Sarnia; 265, Mrs. J. Darrack, Amherstburg; 266, Lizzie Gowallock, Box 12, Parkdale; 267, Mrs. R. Grant, 33 Emswold st., Hamilton; 268, Mrs. C. McLellan, G. T. R. Stratford; 269, John Shupe, Drawer 23, Galt; 270, Geo. Walker, Drawer 23, Galt; 271, C. C. Taylor, 21 Alexander St., Toronto; 272, A. J. Drifill, Bradford, Ont.; 273, Mrs. S. Drifill, Bradford, 274, T. Stevenson, Clinton, Ont.; 275, Margaret Sinclair, Stayner; 276, J. B. Bailey, Johnson Mills, Ont.; 277, R. H. O. Wood, Tilsonburg; 278, R. M. Baleman, Port Perry; 279, Miss A. Wright, Newcastle, Ont.; 280,

arden of the Peking Summer Palace.

Mr. Swinhoo and Sir Hops Grant both paint it in glowing colors—such a pleasure garden as Kubial Khan planned round his "wondrous dome, by Alp, the sacred river." "Twelve miles of pobbled paths leading through groves of magnificent round lakes, picturesque summer houses; as you wander along, herds of deer would amble away from before you, tossing their antlered heads. Here a solitary building would rise fairy-like from a lake, reflected in the blue water on which it seemed to float. There a sloping path would carry you into the heart of a mysterious cavern leading out on to a grotto in the bottom of another lake. The variety of the picturesque was endless, and charming in the extreme. The resources of the designer appeared to have been unending. And what the Emperor had in its full glory round his Summer palace every Chinaman who has made a little money tries to have on a small scale round his house. It is the gardens which, in the absence of many of our modes of sanitation, keep the dense populations of Chinese cities tolerably healthy, for trees are great absorbers of bad and diffusers of good gases. We have a great deal still to learn from them in the way of gardening, and it is no use crying down our climate—the climate of North China is a very harsh, ungenial one, far worse for both men and plants than ours. It is not the climate that is in fault, but the gardeners; ours do not put the heart and the patience into their work that John Chinaman does into his. —[All the Year Round.

Swedenborg.

Emanuel Swedenborg was a distinguished Swedish philosopher, who pursued for many years the profoundest investigations in natural science and intellectual philosophy. The latest portion of his life he devoted to theology. He declared himself to be divinely commissioned to unfold the spiritual sense of the Scriptures, and announced the consummation of the Old, and the beginning of the new Christian Church, which John saw as the "Holy City New Jerusalem, descended from God out of Heaven." The Last Judgment, he says, took place in the spiritual world in the year 1757, and describes as an eye witness what occurred on the occasion. His works, both scientific and theological are numerous. They were originally published in Latin, but nearly all of them have been translated into the English language.—There are many receivers of his doctrines in Sweden, Germany, France, England and the United States, and the numbers are rapidly increasing. Swedenborg was born 1688, and died in 1771.

Mr. Worth says that it took years to introduce the puffed sleeves. We are surprised at that. Perhaps Mr. Worth forgot to pay the poor but deserving newspaper man who did the puffing.

Wit on the brain of a fool, beauty on the face of a simpleton and a razor in the grasp of an infant will always amuse the sinua creature that once paddled apples in Eden.

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

Animals are such agreeable friends! They ask no questions; they pass no criticisms.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvelous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is a simple, but powerful remedy for all ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, dizziness, headache, toothache, and all other ailments of the nerves, and bowel complaint.

"I Have Suffered."

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending

"Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles. I am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success" "In this great and Valuable medicine:

Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

—I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For indigestion, kidney

Complaint "And nervous debility. I have just" Returned

"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good!

Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely "Emaciated!!!"

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!" And hardly a day passes but what I am

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! L. Wickliffe Jackson

—Wilmington Del.

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.

Use makes practice easy; and practice begets custom, and a habit of things, to facilitate what thou couldst not conceive attainable at the first undertaking.

Why suffer from weak nerves, want of appetite, and general debility? Letting the loss of sleep and rest impoverish the system and thin the blood, when such a really meritorious remedy as Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine may be had at any drug store. This article is recommended by the highest members of the medical faculty in cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially beneficial for children and delicate females, and to business men, students, and those who have much brain work. We would say, Never be without it. It will strengthen you, keep your system in regular order, and enable you to successfully grapple with the work you have to do. It is pleasant to the taste, and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and we are sure you will be satisfied that you have full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

Fogg:—"Ah, doctor, how is Fenderzen?" Doctor:—"The poor fellow has been out of his mind for twenty-four hours." Fogg:—"Then he is improving?" You don't know how glad I am to hear it."

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

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.

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

VOLUMES OF BOMBAST have been published about the multifarious and irreconcilable effects of many proprietary remedies. The proprietors of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery content themselves with facts susceptible of proof. They state their intention to be what it has proved itself to be, an eradicator of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a fine general alterative.

The worship of the golden calf is as certain a fact in your great cities as ever it was under Sinai.

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

How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gave him.

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

One swallow doesn't convert a voter.

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

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

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

Remember the wheel is always in motion, and the spoke which is uppermost will soon be under; therefore mix trembling with all your joy.

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

Tonsorial Artist.—Dye your hair, sir? Customer.—No, I'm too young. Artist.—the good dye young, you know, sir.

What is it makes me hale and stout. And all my friends can't make it out. I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

"All I want is my hone," as the barber remarked when he grabbed it from his mate.

Frames, Jewellery, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can I see below mine eye It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

Pages are fashionable at English weddings. They probably haven't got as far as coachmen over there yet.

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

JAS HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier 227 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

WM. BERRY Odorless E. Cavalier and Contractor. RESIDENCE—111 Lumley-street, 8 Victoria-street, Toronto.

CALEDONIAN LAUNDRY. MRS. RUSS, 154 Richmond St., West

Garments of all Descriptions including Shirts Collars, Curtains, &c. Re-dyeing Equal in appearance to New, at Reasonable Prices.

MRS. MALLOEY'S SKIRT IMPROVER

Perfect-Fitting Corded Health Corset Made to measure, and satisfaction guaranteed; also "DOMESTIC PATTERN" AGEPROOF 525 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THIS PAPER is printed with the best of the City of Toronto, and is published weekly, except on Sundays, at the office of the Proprietor, 111 Lumley-street, Toronto.

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

GAIN Health and Happiness. How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE. Are your Kidneys disordered? Are your nerves weak? Have you Bright's Disease? Suffering from Diabetes? Have you Liver Complaint? Is your Back lame and aching? Have you Kidney Disease? Are you Constipated? Have you Malaria? Are you Bilious? Are you tormented with Piles? Are you Rheumatism racked? Ladies, are you suffering? If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take KIDNEY-WORT THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

JOHN HALL, SEW., H.O. HOMEOPATHIST, M.C.P.S. OFFICE AT HIS OLD RESIDENCE, 25 RICHMOND STREET, EAST. OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, 11 to 12 p.m. Also in the evenings, on Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 9. ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS. THE LIGHT RUNNING New Home Sewing Machine! It is the Simplest, Easiest Operated, Best Made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine. FOR SALE BY C. GENTLEMAN, 525 Queen Street West, AGENT FOR TORONTO AND VICINITY. LOVE

A Singular Execution in Egypt.

A singular primitive way of carrying out a sentence of capital punishment was witnessed a few days ago at Kenoh, the capital of the province between this and Assiout. According to the law here the sentence can be remitted at the desire of the murdered man's family, their forgiveness being probably purchased. In this instance the prisoner's family had subscribed £50 toward £100, which would have been accepted had the balance been forthcoming from his friends. However, it was not, so at 9 A. M. the condemned man was led to some very rude gallows, under which he sat down in the most unconcerned way, drinking water, and altogether behaving as if he was merely a spectator instead of the principal actor in the tragedy. He put the rope round his own neck, the knot being exactly at the back. An English officer in the Egyptian army suggested that it would be much better under the ear, but his interference was rejected.

The family of the unfortunate man then advanced and implored his liberation at the feet of the mother and brother of the victim. The latter was inclined to clemency, but the former was quite obdurate, shouting loudly that as he had killed her son he must die for it. These parleys lasted over an hour. It is the custom that the nearest male relative of the murdered man performs the office of executioner; so at last the prisoner quietly stepped on to a stool not two feet high, which the brother pushed away from him. Of course this only caused him to be strangled, his legs dragging on the ground, so a bystander took hold of them and lifted them up, while the executioner, amid the howls and groans of the crowd, shortened the rope and then had to escape as best he could.

Indian Jugglers.

A juggler now made his salazam, and began by performing the beautiful mango tree trick. He took an earthen pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango seed, which we had examined beforehand. This done, he throw a sheet over the pot, and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld to our astonishment, that the seed had, in the space of say half a minute, become a young mango tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and, on being a second time removed the mango tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displayed the roots and the remains of the original mango stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.—Chambers' Journal.

Cholera not Contagious

The Roma gives the following information: At the Cholera Campo Santo there have been employed in permanence forty *becchini* (equivalent to our grave diggers) whose duty it has been in turns, by day and night to bury the dead. There have been also two employees of the municipality, six municipal guards, with two captains, and a chaplain. Dr. Villani, on information received from the chaplain, informs us, says the Roma, that not one of those persons through the whole course of the epidemic has presented the slightest symptom of cholera.—[Cor. London Times.]

Dog Barber Shops.

A barber shop exclusively for dogs and puppies, where any good, respectable canine who has the money can get a shave or a shampoo or a hair cut, is about to be opened in this city. Dog "clipping," or hair cutting is getting to be an important branch of the barber business. Fashionable dames have their pet poodles regularly shampooed and combed every day, and the swell owners of expensive pups or Skye terriers are regular patrons.—[Philadelphia News.]

Insurance.

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No loss a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is nature's great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See adv.

Ignorance is voluntary misfortune.

YOU WILL BE HAPPY. Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Some wits in jest are fools in earnest. Ague, Malarial and Bilious Complaints so prevalent in the Spring and Fall may be prevented and cured by a timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify and tone the system.

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

The lass with many woovers fares the worse.

Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Toronto, suffered from general debility, loss of appetite, and says, "Life was almost burdensome" until cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

No one can be taught faster than he can learn.

Scrofula is a diseased condition of the glandular system, a depraved condition of the fluids, resulting in bad blood, Swellings, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Cure—Burdock Blood Bitters.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

One of the sublimest things in this world is the plain truth.

T. Walker, Toronto, recommends Burdock Blood Bitters as an invigorator of the liver and kidneys, and for poverty of the blood from any cause. It cured him.

More hope for a fool than for one wise in his own conceit.

A. E. Hall, Toronto, certifies to a cure of serious lung complaint with consumptive symptoms rapidly developing. The only remedy used was Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is more disgraceful to mistrust one's friends than to be deceived by them; our mistrust justifies the deceit of others.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Like a mud spot, if any one daubs you with slander, let it alone; for if you attempt to rub it out you will only rub it deeper in; wait until the slander dries out and then you can brush it off without being contaminated.

A large percentage of fatal diseases may be traced to their origin in the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters act powerfully and healthfully upon the Urinary Organs.

HARRISON MILLARD'S

FIFTY-THREE SONGS, PRICE ONLY \$1.00!

T. CLAXTON,

197 Yonge street, Toronto.

DEALER IN
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC



50 PER CENT. REDUCTION
On Old Catalogue Prices.

Gent's 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$25.

Ladies' 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$20.

Gent's Key Wind, Jeweled, Cut Expansion Balance, in Solid 3oz. Coin Silver Case, Hunting or Open Face, reduced to \$8

Gent's Patent Lever, Jewelled, Cut Expansion Balance, Solid, Coin Silver Cases, reduced to \$7.

Men's size, Heavy, Useful, Cheap Watches. Hunting Case, Key Wind, White Metal silvered, \$4.50; Yellow Metal Gilded, \$4.50.

Nickle, stem wind, Open Face, \$4.50.

Sent by Mail, Prepaid; Safe Delivery Guaranteed.

Chas. Stark,

52 Church Street, Toronto, Near King. Importer, a wholesale and Retail Dealer in every description of Fire Arms, Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, silverware, &c.

Send address for our 120-page Catalogue, containing over 800 illustrations of all the latest and most elegant designs.

COLLARS AND CUFFS

25c. PER DOZEN PIECES.

GRANGE STEAM LAUNDRY,
G. F. SHARP.

24 Wellington St. West,
King St. West.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 1/3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 78, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

March 8th, 1884.
118 King St. West, Toronto.
DEAR SIR,—The result of the instrument you adjusted on my child some six months ago, is pronounced by every person having seen the fact a miracle (the fact is, as you know, was a club foot from birth) The process I'd not make my wife any trouble, and the child never complained. The little simple instrument you made, Mr. Cluiche, is really more valuable than ten times its weight in gold. No person can distinguish any difference between the feet now, and any person having children with club foot I would cheerfully recommend you to the real master of mechanical ideas, which was the means to relieve my mind for life to have a crippled child.
Rear Yours Thankfully,
L. ROEHM, 22 Liberty St., Hamilton.



Misses Rutherford,

DEALER IN FASHIONABLE
Millinery and Fancy Goods

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.
A fresh supply of Lace and Spring Goods arrived. Orders promptly attended to.
2281 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

VAUX & CROSSLAND,

MACHINISTS & ENGINEERS.
All kinds of machinery made, repaired, moved and set up. Pulleys, hangers and shafts always on hand. Engines and saw mill work a specialty.
25 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.

STAMPS AND SEALS

STENCILS & CO.
I. O. FELL & CO.,
ENGRAVERS & DIE SINKERS.
7 Adelaide Street, East, Toronto

**CHARLES FIELD
GENERAL MACHINIST**

—AND—
Manufacturer of Acme Blowers
for Caps and Forges, also Foot Presses
Skates Ground and Concaved 15c. each
113 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO

Small Profits and Quick Returns

JAS. HARRIS
DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions & Fruits

By strict attention to business, and keeping nothing but first-class stock, customers may rely on getting the choicest goods in the market at the lowest rates. Orders called for and promptly delivered. 123 Queen St. E. Toronto

Pilo Tumors,

however large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, cautery or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.

A grate singer—The tea kettles. Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierco's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

A teah on the finger is worse than two in jail. "What we learn with pleasure we never forget"—ALFRED MENCIER. The following is a case in point. "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBride's, Mich. "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging down,' for over six years. 'Dr R. V. Pierco's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

How They do it.

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

A great modiste issued the following directions for wearing a new style of headgear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

A wife should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is done the day starting when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patient medicine and other advertised cures never record a cure at all starting with the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues. Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination: this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 335 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal Star.

A.P. 24

Men Wanted.

Active pushing men wanted to sell our famous tea to consumers. Salary from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto

FREE By return mail. Full description. Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

YOUNG MARRIED persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 3c. for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. BOURNIVILLE, Toronto Canada

ONE HUNDRED ACRES—TOWNSHIP ELDON, Ont. 40 Acres of choice land, good buildings, orchard, and fencing. U. B. KING, Cannington.

E. E. KNOTT'S Sponciator's Mart, Adelaide St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a specialty. Agents collected and estates managed in town or country. N. B.—Best of references on application

Compound Oxygen

Cures Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Consumption, Rheumatism, Asthma, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Sci. fuis, Cranial Nerve Throat, Nervous Exhaustion, Paralysis, etc. etc. Home and office treatment. Trial free. All nervous diseases find speedy relief and permanent cure. Treatise which affirms facts any of the above named diseases should give Compound Oxygen a Trial. 73 King St. West, Toronto.

F. E. DIXON & CO Manufacturers of Star Nivet Leather Belting, 79 King Street, East, Toronto.

SMOKED SAUSAGES. The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price list to W. OLARK P. O. Box 341 Montreal.

HAND STAMPS METAL & RUBBER. Stamps of every description. Seals, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto Exhibition. Agents wanted. KENYON, TINGLEY, & STEWART MFG. CO., 73 King St., West, Toronto.

GUNS RAWBONE & CO. PRACTICAL GUN MAKERS

have again resumed business, and want to hear from all their old customers. We have the "inside track" in the gun business, and will furnish you firearms and sporting goods at a low price. Our trade prices are 15% below the market. We have removed from Yonge St., and have no connection with the old stand. None change of address. See ad for new list. Catalogue. RAWBONE & Co., Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto

N. B.—All kinds of Gun repairs done.

R UPTURE—EGAN IMPERIAL. Ruptures, with a Spiral Spring: the best ever invented. Toot ten years to perfect. Cures every child 8 out of 10 adults. Holds the worst Hernia, during hardest work or money refunded. 25 years practical experience. Circulars free. Address: THE EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 23 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER. Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$10.00 BEEHIVE FOR THE SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. All clothes have the pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.

To place it in every household THE PRICK HAS BEEN REDUCED TO \$2.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the Canada Freeholder says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From this in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec charges paid. Write for Circular.

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

FOR Fattening and bringing into condition, Horses, Cows, Calves, Sheep and Pigs. The YORKSHIRE LITTLE FEEDER is used and recommended by first-class breeders. Milk Cows produce more milk and butter. It fattens in one-fourth the usual time and saves food. Price 75 cents and \$1 per box. A dollar box contains 200 Feeds.



HUGH MILLER and Co., AGRICULTURAL CHEMIST, 17 King St. East, Toronto. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co 100 Grey Nun St., Montreal. Importers of Brain Pipes, Portland Cement, Vent Linings, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lines, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay, Manufacturers of Reamer Steel Noffs, Obair Bed & Springs

Printing Press For Sale. Hoe Drum Cylinder, in first-class working order for sale cheap, size of bed 27 1/2 x 33 1/2. Also a Banbourne Book-trimmer as good as new. WESTMAN & BAKER 119 Bay Street Toronto.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships. Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Lunenburg to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. Y. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately, and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; H. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, N. E.; N. F. Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. E.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Lyle & Alden, New York; H. Bontier, Toronto; Adams, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Pipe. bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?



TEN ACRES.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED adjoining the corpora tion of the Town of Clithor. The land slopes gently toward the South, and is one of the best situations in Canada for building. Land at opposite side of the road is held \$1,000 per acre. I will sell this whole lot for \$2,500, \$500 cash, balance at six-and-a-half per cent, secured by mortgage. Address "Truth" Box 10, Toronto, Canada.

A. R. WILLIAMS, DEALER IN MACHINERY, ENGINES, IRON TOOLS, SAW-MILLS, BOILERS, WOOD TOOLS, SHINGLE-MILLS, BELTING, BAND SAWS, LATH MILLS. Send for new circular, mentioning this page. SOHO MACHINE WORKS, TORONTO.

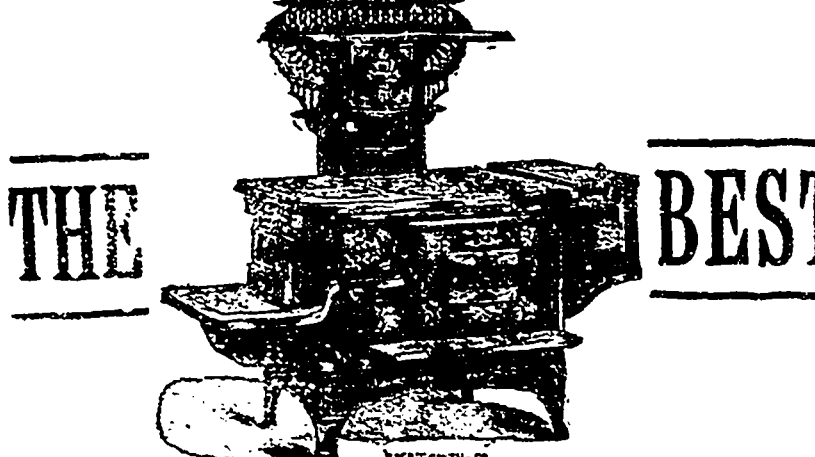
Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday, during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. Oregon, Oct. 28; Berlin, Nov. 4; Montreal, Oct. 25; Brooklyn, Nov. 11; Vancouver, Nov. 1; Toronto, Nov. 23. Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool \$20, \$30, \$45, \$60. Return, \$30, \$40, \$55, \$70, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate \$35. Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritious, together with the stimulating, properties of beef, and the only one which has the power to supply nourishment for brain, and muscle.

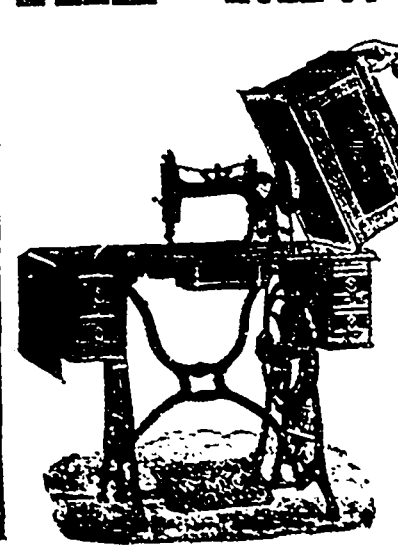
GURNEY'S STOVES!



THE NORTH-WEST, WOOD COOK. GRAND DUCHESS, COAL AND WOOD RANGE, COUNTESS BASE BURNER, WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN. VE DEALERS HERE.

THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the Sewing Machine of the Period. It is light and easy to run. Silent and rapid in movement. Plain and simple to learn. It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce. It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO. 1783 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and King St., West, Toronto.



\$20,000.00.

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

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

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

- THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**
1. Where are horses first mentioned in the Bible?
 2. Where are camels first mentioned in the Bible?

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

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker..... 500
- 3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos..... 1,000
- 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—six pieces and one five o'clock tea service..... 300
- 10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Gents' or Elgin Watches..... 600
- 16 to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Gents' Elgin Watches..... 400
- 21 to 25.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines..... 500
- 26 to 30.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-cases or Opened-faced, Coin-silver Watches..... 300
- 31 to 35.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Bases, elegant designs..... 200
- 36 to 40.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 400
- 41 to 50.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems..... 300
- 51 to 60.—One Hundred and Sixty seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches..... 500
- 61 to 70.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems..... 1,500

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

- MIDDLE REWARDS.**
1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coins..... \$ 750
 - 2 and 3.—Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker..... 1,500

- 4 and 5.—The Fine-toned Cabinet Organ, 4, 9, 10 and 11—Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Watches..... 400
- 12 to 17.—Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Ice Organs..... 300
- 18 to 20.—Fifteen Elegant Heavy Black Brass Patterns..... 300
- 21 to 25.—Twenty Eight and Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 200
- 26 to 30.—Ten Ladies' Fine Lace Curtains..... 100
- 31 to 35.—Thirty Quadruple Plate Coin Stands..... 300
- 36 to 40.—One Hundred and Sixty seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches..... 500
- 41 to 50.—Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems..... 1,500

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 one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$ 500
- 2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos..... 1,500
- 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
- 8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services..... 300
- 11 to 15.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-cases genuine stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 800
- 16 to 20.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns..... 300
- 21 to 25.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 400
- 26 to 30.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons..... 500
- 31 to 40.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled-gold brooches..... 500
- 41 to 50.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter-knives or sugar spoons..... 110

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

Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

FREE BY MAIL. Full Description of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF MEASURING. GUARANTEED TO FIT EVERY CONCENTRATED. It is the perfect system of measuring paper or cloth. Can be learned by a young girl without a teacher from the rules printed and illustrated instructions GIVEN FREE. Had six 5c stamps for two sample patterns GUARANTEED to fit perfect or send money on postal for de-ception. **MOODY, 107 KING-ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.**

MADILL & HOAR.
SUCCESSORS TO G. S. SMITH & CO.
Dispensing Chemist.
254 LONG STREET, TORONTO.
Dispensing Physicians. Prescriptions a specialty.

Rev. J. Edgar, M.D.
Eclectic Physician,
CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.
62 Isabella Street, Toronto.

FRANZ & POPE
IMPROVED
Automatic Knitting Machine,
controls all competitors, and stands the test of years' contract use. No tampering should be without our consent.
7. READING, 19 Richmond St., E. Toronto

ROBERTSON BROTHERS
CARPENTERS, & Co.
Jobbing of all kinds executed on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices.
203 Queen Street E. Toronto.

PILES IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED.
and the worst case eventually cured by the use of
THE MEDICAL PILE REMEDY
Sent by post, with complete instructions, on receipt of \$1.
HUGH MILLER & Co.,
167 King Street East, Toronto
For sale by all druggists

WM. BARBER & BRO.
Papermakers,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
—News, Book and Fine Papers.—
JOHN R. BARBER.

HENRY JONES
BUTCHER.
84 SPADINA AVE.
Beef, Lamb, Pork, Poultry &c., of First Quality, and at Lowest Prices. Hams, Bards and Vegetables. Families wishing to BOOK THIS their Butcher's Bill, will do well to try this a call. Note the address:
244 SPADINA AVE.
GAS FIXTURES.

BENNETT & WRIGHT'S
New Show Rooms
Are now open with a large assortment of
New & Elegant Designs
by the best makers
GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY.
72 Queen St. East

Welch

Trowern,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Jewellery Manufacturers,
Diamond
Setters,

Dealers in good time-keeping

WATCHES,

and who have gained a reputation as honest and reliable dealers,
will advertise in these columns next week.

Store and Factory

171 YONGE ST.,

East Side,

2nd Door South of Queen

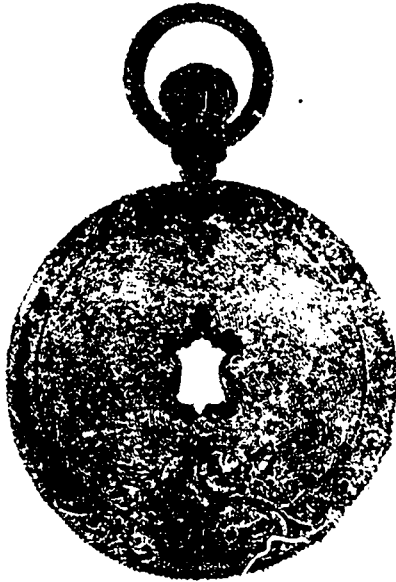
Cheap and Reliable Watches.

WHERE TO GET THEM!

Kent Bros.

Wholesale and Retail Jewellers, are selling their New Anchor Lever Watches

FOR \$9.75.



FOR \$9.75.

They are Durable, Reliable and Handsome Hunting S.I.d Co'n Silver Cases with full jewelled Lever movements and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We will send to any address on receipt of price or C. O. D., by express (prepaid) one of the above in either plain or engraved cases as ordered with our regular printed form of guarantee for twelve months. If requested we will instruct the express agent to allow the customer the privilege of examining the watch before paying and if not satisfactory it will be returned.

KENT BROS.,

Palace Jewellery Establishment,
168 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Please mention this paper.

THE "IMPERIAL SHIRT"

IS THE MOST PERFECT FITTING IN CANADA.

ORDER AND TRY OUR

WHITE DRESS, FLANNEL
OF FRENCH CAMBRIC.
FINE WINTER UNDERWEAR, SCARFS, COLLARS, GLOVES,
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

COOPER'S, 100 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

BEST QUALITY

COAL AND WOOD - - LOWEST PRICES.

OFFICES—20 King St., W., 413 Yonge St.; 535 Queen St., W.; Yard Cor. Esplanade and Princess Sts.; Yard, Niagara and Dour; Yard, Fuel Association Esplanade St., near Berkeley.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

Exporters and Shippers,

Wholesalers and Retailers

Good News to Ladies

CANADA PACIFIC TRADING AND IMPORTING CO.

Now is your time to get up your orders for our celebrated Tea and Coffee and secure a beautiful Moon Tea or Oolong or China Tea (24 pieces) our own importation. One of these beautiful China tea sets gives away to the party sending an order for \$25.00. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of good Tea or Coffee and at the same time receive a handsome China Tea Set. No household Good is so Y. Hyson, Best Japan, English Breakfast, Oolong, Assam, Green Tea, Gunpowder or Lapsang at 40¢, 50¢, and 60¢, and very best at 70¢. All warranted pure and unadulterated goods. For our list of agents and any orders for any goods and attention. For full particulars, address: THE CANADA PACIFIC TRADING AND IMPORTING COMPANY, 120 Bay St., Toronto.

TEA & COFFEE

and 8¢. We have the largest Tea & Coffee in Canada. The reputation of our high quality tea is well known. We have just imported some very fine quality tea (the finest) which we will give away with tea and coffee orders of \$25 and upwards. Our coffee are roasted daily, making them so to speak from the strictly fresh goods Java No. 1, Moore's No. 1, French O No. 2. O No. 2 are packed in sealed packages of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 5 lbs., and 10 lbs. and our tea are packed in handsome packages of 2 lbs., 5 lbs., 10 lbs., and 15 lbs. Please remember that all our tea and coffee are guaranteed to be of the highest quality. We shall be glad to have your orders and will receive the promptest dispatch, and our prices are the lowest. If you are not satisfied, we will accept of our Agent, please mention it to some friend that would like to see for us.

A. B. FLINT

—IS GIVING—

10 PER CENT.

OFF ALL HIS

NEW STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS

109 KING ST., E.

2nd Door East of Church.

E. DEVINE,

BUTCHER,

All kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter and Eggs. Vegetables in season. Families waited on for orders.

674 QUEEN STREET EAST TORONTO.

Godard & Elgie,

FOR FURNITURE

95 & 97 YONGE ST TORONTO



LADIES!

If you want to buy a new style in Laundry Remover, Water, Scent, etc. improve your shade of hair in letter, and answer, and I will send you a sample or more by return mail. If you have nice long hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address: DORRIS WIND, Paris Hair

TORONTO Silver Plate Co.

WORKS AND SHOWROOMS: 410 TO 430 KING ST., W.

We Repair and Replate Silverware and make it as attractive as when first made.

TEA SETS, EPERGNES,

CASTERS, BASKETS, BUTTER DISHES, ETC.

Designs furnished for any article, either in Electroplate or Sterling Silver, and orders to follow.

We employ designers and workmen of experience, and our facilities for manufacturing are unsurpassed.

Toronto Silver Plate Co.,

410 to 430 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc., No. 417 Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont.

COAL & WOOD.

At Lowest Summer Prices, for Free at Delivery

Best Beech and Maple	\$5.50 per Cord
Best Beech and Maple, Cut and Split	8.50 "
Best Large Slabs, dry	3.50 "
Best Pine, dry	4.00 "
Slabs, by Car Load	2.50 "
Brick Pine, by Car Load, Best Quality	3.45 "
Best Bright Pine for house use, by car load	2.75 "

All sizes of Hard Soft Coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Low a Club and Society Prices for prompt delivery.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

Office & Yard Cor. Bathurst & Richmond Sts. JAM. MCGILL & CO.

HENRY HOAD, FAMILY BUTCHER

Cor. Buller & Lippincott Sts., (opposite Salvation Army barracks).

Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats, at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called or daily.

CHAS. WATSON Marble Works

formerly of 30 Adelaide St., has been REMOVED TO DEER PARK adjoining Mount Pleasant Cemetery.