

TRUTH

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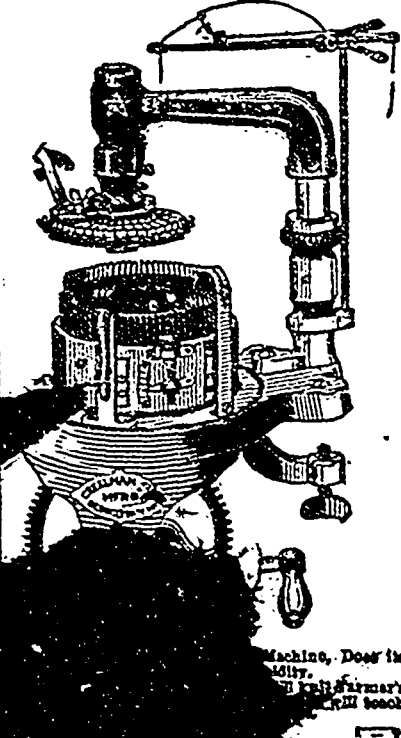
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 19, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 298.

It Might Have Been.

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

When the awards are distributed in our Bible Competition, which closes on the 30th inst., and when your neighbor has received one of the magnificent gifts, you, if you have not competed, will sadly wall, "It might have been." You have still another opportunity. Enter now. \$1.18 will secure you TRUTH, the best family paper on the continent, for three months, together with a half-dozen silver plated teaspoons and the possibility of procuring one of the larger rewards.

"TRUTH'S" WEEKLY BUDGET.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the exertions we have put forth to furnish them with a high class, and well-stocked weekly magazine. In every one of the many departments in TRUTH the highest care has been exercised in selection, and this we have succeeded in doing only after considerable cost. Once more we beg to call attention to the large quantity of original matter that we print this week. In addition to two serial stories which have been written for our columns by Dora Russell and Edmund Collins, we print a careful, searching and well-written paper entitled "Woman's Suffrage" from the pen of A. R. Carman, B. A. This is now one of the most interesting of public questions, and we commend Mr. Carman's views of it to our readers. Mr. E. R. Biggar of Montreal, writes a most graphic paper, entitled "Pastoral England." His sympathies are very broad, and the reader can see that he touches the scenes delineated with a loving pen. An interesting paper from the pen of Charles D. Osgood, Toronto, is "Society; What is It?" which is a thorough and able contribution, and a difficult query well answered. The base ball season is examined from the humorous standpoint by our artist; and we think that the spectacle, or rather series of spectacles, that he presents of a field after a contest should be studied by all lovers of the game. In the departments of selected matter will be found much that is interesting and instructive.

THE DEFEAT OF MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL.

As might have been expected the House of Commons has rejected Mr. Gladstone's measure for granting a separate parliament to Ireland. It does not seem to us from what we have read of the speeches delivered during the last hours of the debate, that a majority of the House are opposed to granting a measure of local jurisdiction to Ireland; they object to a scheme which they believe would be the next thing to an actual separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

We believe, notwithstanding our admiration of Mr. Gladstone, and our wish that the Irish people should have the right upon

their own soil, to legislate respecting domestic affairs, that the House of Commons did wisely in rejecting the Home Rule bill. We know from our experience of mixed Government that Mr. Gladstone's measure never could be made to work;—it had in its vitals the germs of discord and of disaster.

We believe that the British Parliament is this day prepared to grant to Ireland a system of government similar to that enjoyed by one of our Provinces in the Confederation; and we notice that some of the newspapers in England that are believed to speak for Mr. Chamberlain are calling upon statesmen to get their heads together and discuss a system giving to England, to Wales, to Ireland, and to Scotland, each, a Domestic Parliament. The Imperial Commons would under such a scheme retain its present functions, minus the control of roads, and docks, and bridges, and the thousand and one paltry local things that never should be taken into the supreme legislature.

Now, if Mr. Chamberlain really wishes to do a substantial good, and to win for himself a sure place in the confidence of the British nation he will draw up such a scheme as we have referred to. That England can return to coercion, to the bayonet and the dungeon, as the only method of dealing with Ireland, is entirely out of the question. A few Tories such as Mr. Goldwin Smith has become, favour coercion, but the great bulk of the people do not desire a policy of terror. A scheme conferring some form of government upon Ireland is therefore the great work of the day. The man who can propound a scheme suitable, enduring, and practicable, and one that will satisfy the Irish people while guaranteeing the integrity of the Empire, must earn the approbation of posterity. It is a great pity that the grand central figure of the movement, the originator of the idea of Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone, should have fallen so short when he came to fill in the details of his measure. We had the model in Canada, but it would be a dignitatem for an Imperial statesman to look to the colonies for an example. But, if they are to succeed in their plan they will be obliged to do so, and that fact the present writer has boldly stated in the columns of the London Times.

As for Mr. Goschen, he is eloquent, but is a most hopeless fossil, utterly out of sympathy with the spirit of the age, fully fifty years behind the time. The stuff he talked about the rights of minorities would not be deemed worthy of answer by a ward politician in one of our Canadian Provinces.

THE QUESTION OF OUR FISHERIES.

All sorts of rumours are afloat respecting the question of our fisheries; and the newspaper reporters have recently been startling their readers by the details of a personal crusade upon our Canadian fleet of armed schooners, by Gloucester fishermen. These bellicose gentlemen are said to have pledged themselves to take the law into their own

hands and defend their property and business by force of arms, unless the Government speedily does something for their protection. Seventy-five sail it was said had banded together at Block Island, and at Vinegar Haven over 100 sail organized. They proposed if the Government dally too long, to arm and drive off all Canadian vessels on the high seas and destroy their fish. They have detectives in the Provinces to notify them when fish are to be shipped by rail, and means will be taken to stop their importation. Many fishermen are Knights of Labour, and it is further reported that the Knights will have a hand in the matter. Said one of the men:

"We will carry six-pounders and some schooners can carry as high as an eighteen-pounder. We will fish on the high seas, keeping three miles from the shore, but we propose to protect our rights and will get mackerel. We will blow their cutters out of the water." Already fishermen are said to have sent in orders for guns and ammunition. The despatches from the Provinces bearing on the expulsion of American fishing vessels from waters within three miles of a line drawn from headland to headland caused consternation in Gloucester. Fishermen say this construction of the treaty will cut off their mackerel fishery. They threaten to take the law into their own hands unless the Government does something to help them. Said one fisherman:—"Where is the American squadron, when the whole British North American squadron is in and about Provincial waters? If the Americans are to be shut out from headland to headland in many cases it will cut off the whole mackerel fishery." We venture to give it as our opinion that all this fleet, as well as all the speeches, originated in the fertile brain of the ubiquitous correspondent. We may rest pretty well assured that our coastal officers will do their duty, and that no vessel will be permitted to violate the treaty terms before the eyes of the vindicators of our laws. The more serious matter is how is the question to be finally disposed of? We may be quite certain that colonial affairs will have little attention while the great question of managing Ireland fills the mind of the British nation. But supposing that the Imperial Government could be induced to move in this matter, let us see what we have to expect. Our readers have not all, perhaps, in mind the fact that in 1871 Canada was engaged seizing American fishing vessels just as she is doing now, for infringing the stipulations of the treaty of 1818 by purchasing bait in Canadian ports. Correspondence was opened between the Colonial office and the Canadian Government; and Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for the colonies wrote to the Governor General in these terms:

"The exclusion of American fishermen from resorting to Canadian ports except for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damages therein, purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, might be warranted by the letter of the treaty of 1818; and

terms of the Imperial Act, 59 Geo. III, cap. 29; but Her Majesty's Government feel bound to state that it seems to them an extreme measure inconsistent with the general policy of the Empire, and they are disposed to concede this point to the United States Government, under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent smuggling, and to guard against any substantial invasion of the exclusive rights of fishing which may be reserved to British subjects."

He afterwards wrote: I think it right, however, to add that the responsibility of determining what is the true construction of a treaty made by Her Majesty's Government, and that the degree which this country would make itself a party to the strict enforcement of treaty rights may depend not only on the literal construction of the treaty, but on the moderation and reasonableness with which those rights are asserted.

One or two disagreeable truths are made manifest by this correspondence: We see there quite plainly that Lord Kimberley, speaking for Great Britain, seems more anxious to preserve a harmonious state of feeling with the United States, than to accord us the specific treaty stipulations. The use of our bait, or the raiding of our fishing waters would not be a shilling out of the pocket of Great Britain; therefore we hear this cool talk about "moderation" and "reasonableness." The specific terms of a treaty deliberately made seemed to Her Majesty's Government, according to Lord Kimberley, to be an "extreme measure," and one "inconsistent with the policy of the empire." Generosity is all very well so long as it is not at the expense of another; and the language we have quoted harmonizes well with the spirit that prevailed when the greater portion of the Province of New Brunswick was so outrageously ceded to the State of Maine. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that when the present question of the fisheries comes up for settlement, that the view put forth by British statesmen will pretty closely resemble that enunciated by the Earl of Kimberley.

The Vatican has been pleased to confer on Monsignor Tascheroni the distinguished ecclesiastical title of Cardinal. This is the first Cardinal that Canada, or any colony of the British Empire so far as we can remember, has been given; and was an honour, and the appointment of the important must be regarded as a jubilation among the matter dignitaries of Canada. eyes are upon the matter.

to give his services to the sick and dying in the hospitals of Gross Isle. It was in 1847, when an epidemic of typhus fever in its most aggravated form broke out among the emigrants and they were dying by the hundreds in those hospitals. The young Father Taschereau begged to be allowed to minister to them. His wish was granted, and he himself contracted the awful malady. His life was spared, though, to offer it many times since to the services of the needy. Father Taschereau's self-sacrifice was all the more commendable from the fact of his distinguished family connections. His mother was from the Panet family, and his own name is one of the most distinguished in Lower Canada, his father being a leading member of Parliament. His brother, Jean Thomas Taschereau, was on the Supreme Court bench of Canada. His nephew Elmer is at present on the bench of that court, another nephew, Henri T., being a judge of the Superior Court of Quebec; and a third, Liniere, is a member of the Canadian Commons. Cardinal Taschereau was born near Quebec. He is now in his 63th year. He was ordained a priest at the age of 22. He was subsequently appointed professor of mental philosophy, director of studies and superior of the Seminary of Quebec. He was made professor of canon law in Laval University in 1856, and administrator of the diocese in 1870. He was consecrated Archbishop of Quebec March 19, 1871. He stands high in his church as a theologian. His cardinal's barrette has arrived, and is the official insignia of the privilege which he now has of voting for or even becoming the successor of Leo XIII. as Pope.

Mr. Labouchere is forming an anti-Chamberlain party. But there is little difficulty in forming a party—upon paper. Mr. Labouchere never can form a party; and if he does not want to become ridiculous he will get behind somebody who knows where he is heading for.

Parkdale has decided to appeal to the Privy Council! We shall soon come to this pitch in Canada that we will be unable to settle a dog-fight without taking it to the Privy Council.

It has been decided by the Knights of Labour in council that strikes, henceforth, can be ordered only by secret ballot.

Mrs. Della L. Parnell said when news of the defeat of the Home Rule bill reached her, "My son has enlisted in this fight for life, and I know he will be true to his colours."

Winnipeg is suffering for domestic servants. It is said that as soon as a girl gets out upon her way sets eyes upon her; and far as straight she is married. In London, very speedily (have seen it stated some where England, 700,000 or 90,000 more women than there are calculation companies should make an effort to equalize this matter. The estimates, 27,113 males, of which only 0,181 are

Justin McCarthy, the celebrated historian of the last forty years is soon to visit America on a lecturing tour. He is certain to receive, as he deserves to receive, a cordial welcome. We have no doubt that he will be invited to visit Canada.

Bread riots are threatened in Newfoundland; and the condition of the fishermen on many parts of the coast is as bad as it well can be. It is becoming at last plain to the people that the catches obtained along the coast are not sufficient; and a number of families have moved to Caspe. It is reported that several hundred other families purpose emigrating to British Columbia.

In this issue of TRUTH we commence the publication of a story written for these pages by Edmund Collins. The story opens some distance up the Dan River; but after a time the scene changes to Markham Swamp. This swamp, or tangle of dense bush, was situated on the river Rouge, and near where stands the present town of Markham. Many a resident of the County of York, still alive, remembers the time when this piece of bush was infested by a lawless gang who committed numerous crimes. Persons travelling by the road skirting the bush at night were frequently set upon and robbed; and, indeed, several murders have been laid at the door of the desperadoes. Kidnapping was frequently resorted to, and young women were sometimes taken forcibly to the wood. When the lair became unearthed, some of the miscreants escaped; and it is believed by many persons that the desperadoes who afterwards settled in Breech's Bush, a retreat not far from the mouth of the Dan, were part of the Markham confederacy. This story "Four Canadian Highwaymen; or the Robbers of Markham Swamp," recounts the methods and the exploits of the gang in the bush; gives accounts of several abductions; and presents an array of incidents of not only a highly interesting, but also of a thrilling, character. Persons who desire to get the whole of this story should send in their subscriptions now. We have procured illustrations of the leading characters, and of the points of highest interest in the story.

It is understood that Sir John Macdonald feels much nettled at the failure of the Imperial Federation convention. We have not any sympathy to offer the Premier.

Men of wealth, in Europe, are less demonstrative about their possessions than our neighbors to the south are. We frequently hear of an English nobleman with stupendous rents; but it is seldom that we get an estimate of how much the swart is worth in hard cash. The Rothschilds during the past twelve years have leased to certain European governments no less sum than £90,000,000. In 1866 the Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of £5,000,000 from the city of Frankfurt; but the head of the house of Rothschild's informed Count Bismarck that if he attempted to force the levy he would break every bank in Berlin. The autocrat gave way. The Haring Brothers have at "instantaneous command" £60,000,000. The richest of the monarchs, the London Times thinks, is the Czar, who enjoys from his personal estate an income of £2,000,000 annually. The Times further states that there are several nobles in England who have immense wealth at their command. The Duke of Buccleugh, Devonshire and Norfolk and the Duke of Rutland have each of them rents of £400,000 per annum. The Duke of Portland, who died recently, left property of over £2,000,000.

000. The greater part of his palace was constructed under ground. His banquet hall, ball-room, riding school and a number of superb guest-rooms are veritable tunnels, decorated in a fashion so splendid as to seem, when described, like a story of the Magi. Richer even than any of those millionaires is the Duke of Westminster, who undoubtedly has the largest income of any individual in all the world. His fortune lies largely in the diametrically opposite regions of London known as the West End and Seven Dials. He owns acres upon acres of the most aristocratic domain in London, and his tenements cover miles in the worst slums in the world. His income quite passes the limits of the credible, and is said by some to amount to £70 a minute.

A violent earthquake has occurred at New Zealand doing immense damage to property. Those who have never had the questionable pleasure of experiencing an earthquake, say that one has a sickening sensation at the stomach; that you never know what's the matter till it is all over, and that everyone looks as dizzy and as dazed as yourself.

Dynamite has put in an appearance at Sarnia; but it doesn't appear as if our Canadian detectors have any genius for discovering that sort of crime.

Muskoka and Parry sound has nominated Mr. McMurrich as the Reform candidate for that constituency, for the House of Commons. Prophets have to get from home as a rule for honour; but whatever part of Canada gets Mr. McMurrich for a member will have an enthusiastic and well-meaning representative.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is moving the adjournment of the Imperial Parliament said that he did so on account of the remarkable omission by the Premier of a date for the dissolution, which remained unfixed; and he urged that Parliament be dissolved as soon as possible. There was nothing, he added, to satisfy the Opposition but an assurance that the dissolution would take place at an early date as possible, and that the new Parliament would meet without delay. Mr. Gladstone replied that he was unable to positively inform the House at what date Parliament would be dissolved, but that it would doubtless be before the end of the present month. Regarding the government of Ireland, the Premier said he thought the state of affairs in that country was such that the new Parliament ought to meet as early as possible. The country ought not to remain in uncertainty after the general election regarding the policy to be pursued respecting Ireland. Sir Michael declared that Mr. Gladstone's statement was satisfactory, and withdrew his motion.

Once more the irrepressible query propounded has had Mr. Gladstone upon his feet. It will be remembered that a report was circulated a short time ago to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was about to abjure the Protestant faith and become a Roman Catholic, whereupon the G. O. M. promptly went into print denying the allegation. He has just been upon his feet in the House of Commons denying the story that when Lord Aberdeen, Viceroy of Ireland, was in Cork recently, he knelt before the altar of a Catholic cathedral. But, supposing the oar had so knelt, what of it? Imagine an enlightened member of the Imperial Parliament in this century rising in his place to ask such a question.

Sarah Bernhardt has progressed so far with her English as to be able to reply to tears. She always knew how to "course" in our language, one of her stage managers informs us.

"Chicago doctors," interested over a boy of six years who has eyes like a cat. There is a congenital absence of a greater portion of the iris in both eyes. In a darkened room it was found that the child's eyes are similar in nearly all particulars to a cat's." So says the Globe; but we can tell a better story than that. Once upon a time a woman with a cast in her eyes went to a celebrated London oculist to have them taken out and straitened. The oculist it appears kept a large number of cats upon whose eyes he practiced, by way of "keeping his hand in." He proceeded to operate upon his caller, and taking both of her eyes out, placed them upon a dish. Something made it necessary for him to leave the surgery for a moment; but while he was out his little son came in, pocketed the eyes and made off. The oculist felt much distressed on his return, but said nothing to the lady about the mistake. "Puss, puss, puss," he said softly to a large tortoise-shell cat that purred by the door. Tom came to the doctor who speedily took out the animal's eyes and set them in the lady's head. She saw splendidly with them; and thought the straightening of the orbs had changed the colour a "leetle." But the strangest part of the matter was that if she ever set eyes upon a mouse away she went after it with wild zest. One evening as she sat reading high up in her house she chanced to see three rats playing upon the pavement below. Out she went through the window and broke her neck. Now this is just as true a story as the *Globe's*; and it is a far better one.

A Tribute to the Press.

A flowery editor, a friend of ours, who is impressed with the dignity and awful responsibility of his calling, thus delivers his impassioned soul:—"Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the newspaper, and you may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous powers of the latter. The orator speaks to but a few hundred, the newspaper addresses millions; the words of the orator may die in the air, the language of the newspaper is stamped on tables imperishable as marble; arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination, the reasoning of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity; the passion of the orator influences an assembly, the feeling of a newspaper electrifies a continent; the orator is for an edifice, the newspaper for the world—the one shines for an hour, the other glows for all time; the orator may be compared to lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but leaves it again in darkness, the newspaper to a sun blazing steadily over the whole earth, and fixed on the basis of its own eternity. Printing has been happily defined the art that preserves all arts. It catches up dying words and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the gallery through which the orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the heads of the rising generations."

Too Early in the Season.

Young Featherly was a guest at Sunday dinner, and was somewhat amused because Bobby complained of there being no ice cream for dessert. "The weather is rather cold for ice cream, Bobby," he said. "Ice cream is only nice when the weather is hot." "You like it in cold weather," granted Bobby. "Oh, no, I don't." "Well," said Bobby, as if dismissing the subject, "all I know is that sister Clara says it's a cold day when you buy any. Ma, can't I have another piece of pie?"

Truth's Contributors.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY A. R. CARMAN, B. A.

No. 3.

There is one phase of this woman suffrage question that I have hitherto deemed unworthy of notice, but it crops up so persistently and constitutes the stock-in-trade of so many petty supporters of this movement, that I must crave space to expose its network of fallacy. It is the hackneyed but ever confident assertion that if a woman pays taxes, she certainly has a right to say how they should be expended. This is gratuitously juggled into a reason why tax-paying women should vote on all questions, utterly regardless of the fact that our legislators are supposedly elected for many other purposes than the disposal of the revenue. (Late developments at Ottawa, however, might seem an excuse for this mistake.) This reasoning would show that such women have a right to vote only on purely financial questions, but if the advocates of woman suffrage are pleased with such arguments they need not step for want of them. They are plentiful, as for instance:—If a woman must obey laws, surely she has a right to say how these laws shall be made; or if a woman is affected by the rays of the sun, or must be subservient to the laws of sickness and health, it is outrageous to hinder her from having a voice in deciding when "old Sol" shall shine, or as to what will be the effects of late hours and bad air and so on, *ad infinitum*. Hence it is evident that it does not always follow that because person is affected, financially or otherwise, by certain laws that they can rightfully claim a hand in the framing of these laws.

Again, this argument rests on the supposition that the property qualification is an essential element of the franchise; while it is freely conceded by all the ripe thinkers of the age that it is merely accidental, a means to reach an end. If the possession of property or the reception of income were the *sine qua non* of voting, a certain amount of property, (or income,) would be made the unit of the franchise. That is, a man representing, say, 200 acres of land would have one vote, while he, who held the dead for 400 acres, could cast two votes; the property (or income) possessing the vote, the man being simply a highly complicated automatic machine for depositing the ballot.

But this is not the case. The unit of the franchise is the MAN, and the great Republic to the south freely recognises this principle in manhood suffrage. I do not intend to defend, nor even to discuss, this problem of manhood suffrage; it has its advantages and it has its faults, and it is solely to avoid one of these faults that we tack the property qualification as a test on to our system of franchise. We wish to escape the "taxing vote," as it is called, an uninterested, irresponsible and purchasable element; and hence, while admitting the principle of manhood suffrage by making man the unit, we effectively shut out this obnoxious influence by requiring a qualification that they do not possess. Other means might have been used. To demand a certain length of residence would have been equally effectual; making a certain status of education the standard would have barred, not only this vote, but a propertyed ignorant vote with which we are now cursed; and these precautions to purify the ballot would not have constituted the vital essence of the franchise, but simply outside helps to render its

operations more effective. And so it is with the qualification of property. It is the man that votes; and in so doing he exercises his legitimate, God-given privilege.

Women, in some instances, because, without their natural protectors, may possess an accidental, artificial qualification of the franchise, but they lack the essential element, the Divinely-ordained prerogative of manhood. As well might a woman claim the suffrage because, ferociously, she is not insane nor an alien, or on the ground that she escapes any of the barriers that are raised to protect the dignity or purity of the franchise.

I fancy that I have earned the right to say a few words anent the noble work of our women through the centuries without expelling myself to a charge of flattery. History is replete with their achievements, and when we look for their lightest work it is not to Semiramis and Joan of Arc but rather to Esther and Florence Nightingale; their duty lies nearer the hospital than the front of the charge, rather at the hearthstone than on the hustings. From their homesthey nerved Roman valor and, defying the barbarism of the middle ages, made a beautiful chivalry possible. How many of the foremost men of our planet, when asked the secret of their success, have crystallized it all in the word "mother!" Ah!

"The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." And if I were to write a panegyric upon "woman, her work and her influence," I should not seek my ideal on the lecture platform or among the corridors of the Capitols, but in the humble homes of the people where Martha Washingtons are rearing deliverers of the future, and Susannah Wealeys are training minds to mould the masses. There is true devotion, true heroism, true nobility, true woman.

In closing, I venture to state that women are truer to their sphere than many suppose. As a class they do not desire the franchise, and would repudiate it as a semi-insult if it were offered. They recognize that God has given them a grand work to do, equal if not superior to that allotted man; and they are in no haste to barter their womanliness, their sceptre of love, for a chance to jostle with man as he sweats amid the dust of his sordid struggle for pelf and position.

PRESCOTT, ONT.

PASTORAL ENGLAND.

BY E. E. BIGGAR, MONTREAL.

I am now revelling in the pure and bracing air of these glorious Surrey hills, in whose breezy, buoyant atmosphere one feels as if one could not die. The author of "The Battle of Drury" has made the name of this upland part of the great chalk ridge familiar to every reading man in Europe, but it is surprising how few, even among travelled Englishmen, have actually seen it. I myself knew nothing whatever about it till last Thursday beyond what could be gathered from a hasty glimpse through the window of a car while flying toward the south coast in an express train. And yet there are few districts in all England which are better worth seeing, especially in this merry month, when every Spring is just ripening into glowing Summer. Thus, May-Day has not lost nearly all its observances, and the sturdy little apple-cheeked fellows who are flourishing bunches of primroses upon sticks in front of our window, and singing the old chorus of "Maypole, Maypole," with all the power of their tiny voices, are the real commentators of the great festival which our Saxon ancestors celebrated with many a grim heathen rite amid the

gloomy forests of Merca 1,000 years ago. But what need of rites and observances for a day which is celebrated by the whole creation and hailed with joy by everything that lives and moves between earth and sky? May-day is the holiday of all nature, and well worthy of the sweet old German fancy that it was the day upon which "God rested from all His Work that He had made," and looked down in blessing upon His complete universe.

This quiet little village of ours, cradled in the lap of the Surrey Hills, would have been a perfect paradise of repose to the ill-fated heroine of that famous epitaph recently quoted so effectively by Sir John Lubbeck, beneath the grotesque hammer of which lurks a homely pathos that any one who knows what it is to be habitually overworked will fully appreciate:

"Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.
For she lived in a world where too much was required;
'Don't weep for me, friends,' (thus she said,) 'for I'm going
To where there's no reading, nor writing,
nor sewing;
Do not weep for me, friends, for when
life's thread shall sever,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and
over.'"

The distant hills that rise blue and shadowy along the northern sky seem to shut out the noisy, bustling world of busy life from this "enchanted ground," in which the stanchest of Bunyan's pilgrims might have sat down to rest without shame to his manhood. Beyond these hills, barely 20 miles away, the great whirlpool of London roars and eddies in its eternal unrest. Down here in this "happy valley" of ours the quiet little English villages lie slumbering in the cloudless sunshine amid a stillness as deep and reposeful as that of the first moment of creation, when the peace of God that passeth all understanding still brooded over a newborn world which had never known sin or sorrow.

These charming little nooks are certainly a vast improvement upon the filthy, tumbledown, poverty-stricken hamlets which we saw not long ago at the opposite corner of Europe, where the hot, dusty uplands of Bulgaria slope westward from the Black Sea. As a rule the ordinary Slay village of the Balkan Peninsula has all the squalid misery of the East without any of the picturesque. When you enter one of them—provided you are not eaten up alive by a pack of yelling dogs before you can do so at all—you find yourself amid a group of wretched, crumbling hovels, built of mud and thatched with rotting reeds, at which (as a soldier of the Irish Brigade justly remarked on seeing them in 1854,) any respectable man would turn up his snout. Here, as in Switzerland, large stones are piled upon the roof to prevent the wind from tearing it bodily away, which would certainly be no difficult matter. Above the crazy, half-decayed rail fences that surround every hut rises a nondescript building very much like a Noah's ark on stilts, in which the sallow, beetle-browed, gray-frooked master of the house stores the little hoard of wheat or Indian corn which he keeps his family alive during the long, dreary months of the cruel Winter. Add to these "properties" a wooden plow that might have served Cain in his first attempt at tilling the ground, a few other tools equally primitive, a rude ladder, a clumsy cart without springs, a pile of split logs, two or three dismal turkeys and a few starving chickens looking in vain for something to eat—and you have a fair idea of the "Bolgar" at home.

Little better as regards comfort,

infinitely more picturesque in outward appearance, are the quaint little fortress-like Persian villages which stud the vast plain that stretches southeastward from the great mountain wall of the Caucasus to the western shore of the Caspian Sea. One glance at these miniature strongholds tells you that you are in a region where war in its most pitiless form is man's natural state of existence, and where for centuries past the only government has been that of the strongest arm and the sharpest sword. The tiny gardens attached to the houses are shut in by massive inclosures of stone or baked clay seven or eight feet high. The houses themselves, with their thick walls, flat roofs, and two or three small, narrow, loophole-like windows, are suggestive of casemated batteries rather than domestic habitations. The deep, dusty, crooked street that winds between their toy forts is much more like the moat of a castle than an ordinary thoroughfare. The lean, swarthy, wolfish faces that peer out at you from the low dark doorways with the half-cunning, half-ferocious look of prowling wild beasts in those keen black eyes that watch you so closely (doubtless to see whether you intend robbing others or are likely to be worth robbing yourself) carry you back at the first place through many a dark and bloody age to those wild days when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes," and wrong in those of all his neighbors.

Far different are our present quarters in the "chalk region" of merry England. The doorways of Hollowood Village are filled with ruddy, flaxen-haired children, instead of scowling robbers bristling with knives and pistols. The doors open with a simple thumb-latch, and any one who covets his neighbor's goods has only to go and borrow them, on condition of lending his own in turn when required. The dogs, instead of yelling and biting like their half-starved Eastern brethren, wag their tails drowsily, while lying outstretched on the warm smooth turf, as though quite disposed to be friendly if it were not too much of an exertion. The cows look your hand in place of trying to horn you, and the tiny black pigs come running to meet you with affectionate though somewhat irreverent familiarity.

The inhabitants of this quaint little spot are as primitive as itself. Floods, fires, doctors, lawyers, newspapers, epidemics, and other public calamities are almost unknown among them. Even those troublesome social (though certainly not scoldable, doctrines which (like famine, pestilence) and one of the newspapers) have "the largest circulation in the world" fail to smother the innocent eggs and bacon of these worthy oldhoppers, who are not civilized enough to be dishonest and not educated enough to be discontented. The one daily mail which connects us with the outer world is engineered by a queer, little, bright-eyed, fuzzy-haired old man in a brown coat, who looks as if he had been a squirrel in a prelate's wig of his existence, and who will put you and yourself into his pocket for postage stamps, letters, looking-glasses, and forgotten letters, looking-glasses, and forgotten letters.

But what spot is this? Little better as regards comfort,

—he is not likely to spoil his digestion by rushing about the streets with a pike or a musket. It is your man of "lean and hungry look"—as Shakespeare told us 300 years ago through the lips of Julius Cæsar—who wreck cities and overthrow thrones. A Conservative is merely a Radical who has had his dinner, just as a Radical is a Conservative who has not. Any man will be Conservative enough so long as he has anything to conserve; but when once he finds his own pockets empty he very soon discovers that the framework of society needs reconstruction, and that "property must be transferred," (i. e., from its present possessor to himself.)

Barely two miles away from our door, in an old-fashioned farmhouse on the wooded slope of Leith Hill, lives a man whom I last saw in his office under the shadow of the Kremlin during one of my flying visits to Moscow. The clergyman of our village, who is now quietly established in a snug little English vicarage half buried in over-shadowing trees, has heard the tiger's roar at midnight in the jungles of Bengal, and has seen the broad, smooth stream of the Ganges mirroring the towers and temples of ancient Benares. More than one of the straying fellows in dark blue who tenant the county police station two doors below our cottage have an upright bearing and a cold military stride suggestive of their having faced in their time worse dangers than a drunken plowman, a runaway horse, or some frisky young "Jack Horner" of a bull. My present landlord, too, whom I can see as I write working away manfully with his spade in a field on the other side of the road, is a Veteran of the Seventeenth Lancers, on the wall of whose tiny parlor hangs a medal inscribed with names which are household words to every Englishman: "Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, Sebastopol." Thirty-two years ago, when his iron-gray hair was black and his weather-beaten visage round and ruddy, he trenched earthworks under a hail of Russian shells and round shot upon the fatal plateau that faced the destroying batteries of the Redan, and rode in the ranks of the immortal "six hundred" who went to their doom down the "valley of death" at Balaklava on that terrible Autumn afternoon in October, 1854.

On a clear, bright morning in the later Autumn, while the memory of the great conflict was still fresh, I tramped along the Balaklava Valley in company with Hespereth Dixon, wishing to follow as closely as possible by actual observation the details of the famous charge. At first sight, indeed, the spot showed little trace of what had been. Man's ravage is transient as himself, and on the field of slaughter where so many hundreds of brave men had died in vain the grass grew fresh and green, and the sheep fed peacefully on the rich herbage that covered twelve hundred corpses, and the sun shone brightly overhead, and the birds caroled merrily around us, and the butterflies flitted redly and brightly on the warm, dreamy air, as if neither sight nor sound of war had ever defiled that beautiful valley since the day when it first glanced downward through one of the windows of the Summer Palace, and a human eye had seen it. One of the things that I noticed was that the home of the "six hundred" was named in honor of the hero of the charge. And during the great popularity of her first London season, she went nowhere but where her acquaintance was sought as a lady, by

SOCIETY—WHAT IS IT?

BY CHAS. T. CONGDON.

Reflections upon what is called "society" in the same sense in which we speak of a "society man" or "society woman" are usually silly or cynical. We either attach too much importance to fashionable pursuits or too little. A great number of people find pleasure in going out, in seeking and being seen, in dressing late in the evening and undressing early the next morning, in eating at supper various indigestible things, and paying the penalty in agonies of indigestion. There is a mania in this. Very few like it, but very few also have the courage to give it up, though they renounce happiness and risk health by persistence. I know one woman—perhaps more than one—who is certainly committing suicide in this ignoble way, and not very slowly either. What one wants in company is cleverness, bright conversation, wit, and humor. What one gets is a weary repetition of feeble comment upon matters not worth commenting upon at all. The advantage which one receives from this is a cleverness of the ignorant and fatuity of mankind. What is this information is worth what it costs is another matter.

It is melancholy, to think what poor practice passes in this world for respectable conversation. When the lights shine over fair women and brave men there is a buzz of voices. The noise is great enough, but it conveys no idea whatever to the listener. The faces of the talkers look intelligent enough, and talkers and listeners are apparently interested in what is saying. There could not be a greater mistake than to think so. Not one cares a farthing for what the other is saying. The number of those who are hearing what they have not heard many times before is exceedingly limited. The monosyllabic "Ye-e-e-s" is cruelly overworked. The great point is to get through the evening somehow. It is a hard task, yet nobody dares to go away before the regular hour, just as nobody has dared stay away altogether. The hostess has provided against ennui to the best of her ability. She has men and women to sing songs, which everybody has heard a dozen times better or worse sung, and she has other men and women who give recitations, funny or forcible or both together. The themes are the weather and the dress, with a feeble dribbling of what is called literature. Half the talk is interrogative, which is always a sign of weakness or ignorance or mental desperation. And so many meet who cared not to see each other again! All is too shallow for interest, and too absurd for criticism.

But I have often thought that those who had the worst of it all were the lions. There may be these belonging to that class who enjoy their lionization and are happiest when made most of, shaking hands with pleasure, no matter how accurately the right wrist may ache, and finding an intense satisfaction in being stared at. They usually turn out, however, whether authors, actors, singers, or travellers, to be really small people, to be avoided rather than sought. If one's time and patience be worth anything, Really clever people may be captured now and then, but they are never caught twice, if they can help themselves in the same house. The real lion likes his jungle best, and he resembles the beast for whom he is named in hating to be stared at. Miss Martineau says in her autobiography, that during the great popularity of her first London season, she went nowhere but where her acquaintance was sought as a lady, by

ladies." If she accidentally found herself in a less than predicament, she would hide behind a door, or do anything to avoid attention.

There is something puzzling about what we call fashion. God, we profess to believe, gave to man the power of thought, of intellectual cultivation, of acquiring knowledge, and of imparting it. We are accustomed to talk of the dignity of human nature. We admit the moral duty of living wisely. Such are our theories, but it is painful to think what a vast proportion of the human race care for little except a momentous uniformity, and how few there are who wish for anything except to be like the majority, of which they are but an infinitesimal part. Inability to dress in the mode makes many a woman wretched, and men and women both find their lives a burden when they fall, in spite of toadyism and woe-wool and fawning to get into a certain set. Perhaps there are a hundred English novels written almost expressly to rebuke this weakness, but none of them has ever done any good. It would acquire no little philosophical investigation to determine whether this notion which we call fashion proceeds mostly from love of imitation, from hope of personal advancement, from vanity, or from sheer inability. Whoever disregards it is set down as eccentric, as queer, or, to use the final and all conclusive word, as unfashionable. It is from no hope of doing any good that it is spoken of here. It is simply mentioned as curious.

Thompson, in the "Castle of Indolence," tells us of the inmates of that somniferous edifice that their only labor was to kill the time.

"And labor dire it was and weary woe."

For many persons the world is still one great castle of indolence. They have no sense of the delights of solitude. They are the opposite of those happy spirits who find the best company in being alone. They have no resources in themselves, and no genuine claim upon the resources of others. They have no life except in contact. If they read it is because others have read the book before them, and they would fain be able to talk of that which others are talking of. They like and dislike as a mode. When they fall into the company of well-informed people they run great risks of lamentably exposing their ignorance, but some of them exhibit great chivalry, and hardly ever get caught. They can say "Yes" and "No" and "Certainly" and "To be sure," if they can say no more, and when they really have nothing to say they can smile, which answers every purpose.

Most of our novels are mediocre, and those which are better have a foreign odor. But what could be the object of the stage or for a story book than to show us how rich and vulgar we can be by display by display and profuse expenditure of fashionable position; or the pretensions to literary taste, gratifying without cause or justification; or the devotee of dancing, or the walking advertisement of a celebrated dressmaker or an expensive tailor; or a purse-proud millionaire who is bent by ostentatious extravagance upon informing the world of his successes?

The question may well arise, What is all this display worth? Certainly it absorbs much money which might be better spent, and it drives many a man ultimately into involuntariness. For it is a peculiarity of those who constitute fashionable society that they are imitative. Only fortunes too enormous to be entirely dissipated are sufficient for such luxury. But there is always a train of those of minor means, who, in the desperate effort to be somebody, suffer themselves

to fall into endless pecuniary vexations, and put themselves to a great deal of trouble without any real pleasure resulting from it. They have enough for all that is worth having, and they make themselves wretched for the sake of what is not worth having at all.

It is no wonder that there has been a good deal of speculation upon the question: "Is life worth the living?" That depends. Some lives are; some are not. But unless we are ready for rope or ratsbane we are obliged to live until fate calls us away from pleasure or pain. Better questions are: "How shall we live wisely? How shall we make the most of life? How shall we best get over its difficulties and secure its possible happiness?" And such is the variety of human character that these are not easy to answer. There is a good, a better, and a best way for every person, and there is a bad, a worse, and a worst way. Some are so constituted that nothing but solitude, the profounder the better, satisfies them; but it can hardly be said that these make the most of life, because they miss the pleasure of doing good and of contributing their quota to the happiness of their fellow creatures. It may indeed happen that they will most largely add to the happiness of their fellow-creatures by keeping themselves entirely to themselves, and such may be excused the most complete privacy. But there are those in the world who are really worth knowing and who are capable of social converse at once pleasant and profitable. They can tell us something worth knowing, or, maybe, we can tell them something which it is well for them to know. True friendship, which stands all tests and is based upon absolute and immutable confidence, is very rare, but it is usually to be found by those who are worthy of it. Only acquaintance is not friendship. A man is not necessarily your friend because he asks you to dinner, or a woman because she sends you her card for afternoon tea. You live with acquaintances because you cannot help yourself; with friends because they are a part of your life. You can have the first for asking, you must be worthy of the other. Above all things let us take life quietly. There is so much in it which all can command, and we have such large resources in ourselves, that it would be childish to complain because we miss this or that toy, or to think too much of what the world thinks of us. Nothing has been here said of domestic happiness and the dear delights of home. To a great many these are undoubtedly incomprehensible, but it is a consolation to think how much they are valued by a great many more. They have a society worth living for. The bonny blink of their own fireside outshines all the flare of the saloons. There is a dressing gown and slipper joy which the dress coat and Parisian robe know not of. We may go to "receptions" as a duty; happy are we if we can come back to our homes and hearthstones, or even radiators, as to a refuge for weariness, and a compensation for having been frightfully bored! No matter if he never sees his name in the fashionable intelligence! No matter if the inter-views never thinks him worthy of a call and a cross-examination! No matter if he never gets a solitary card! Happy in himself and in the company of those who love him, a man can well afford to remain unnoticed, and to die without the smallest prospect of an obituary article in the news paper.

TORONTO, Ont.

Indeed it is a hard task to make a fool wise who holds folly for wisdom.

Health Department.

Babies and Hot Weather.

Babies often suffer intolerably in the hot months, either from too much or too little clothing. We remember one dear baby we once saw clothed in a double woolen dressing-gown and with woolen socks on his feet a hot July day. The drops of perspiration stood thickly over his little head, and what wonder that he cried from sheer discomfort! The little feet needed no covering, and the woolen wrap should have been replaced by a thin cotton or linen garment during the warm portion of the day, the dressing-gown being at hand to slip on as soon as the air grew cold at night. Underclothing planned tightly about us in warm weather would be insufferable. Why should we suppose it is easier for baby to endure it? Physicians are advising giving babies cold water at least once an hour, or rather offering it for their acceptance. A bit of ice picked from a lump with a pin may be put on baby's hot gums with good results, and best perhaps of all, when the little creatures grow peevish and fussy, when they are a burden to themselves and everybody else, is the plan adopted by wise mothers, big sisters, and aunts, of partially undressing the little body, wiping away the heat and dust with a soft, cool sponge or cloth, in a cool, shaded room, and with pleasant cheerful talk soothing away the "tired" and coaxing the pilgrim to take a nap by the way. "Come now, you've got to have a nap," will rouse rebellion in almost any baby soul, but to be induced into something nice before one knows it, ah, how we big folks enjoy it, and why shouldn't baby!

There is another than a hot side to the baby question, however. It is the taking cold. Cribbs are left in draughts; baby is left asleep in a room where windows are open; the wind changes and nobody remembers the helpless little victim of our caprices and thoughtlessness. There is one case on record where a baby was forgotten and left out on a piazza through a heavy thunder-storm, but there are few houses where that could happen, happily. There are homes, however, where baby really suffers from lack of clothing. The infant mortality in a mountain town, where there was always a chill in the air night and morning, was something frightful. Long-sleeved dresses (which most babies now wear), with the feet and bowels kept warm, might have saved some of these precious lives. The babies' illness took the form of bowel trouble, sometimes the result of a summer cold. There is nothing, everybody knows, that will relieve the stomach or bowel pain like a hot application. Indeed, some people who have a tendency to such complaints, are seldom without their flannel bandage, and in case of any disturbance of the organs mentioned know that the flannel bag with smartweed or tansy quilted into its fold will act as a charm. Some physicians say everybody should wear flannel next to the skin the year round; others say flannel should never touch the skin. The truth will be found to lie between the two extremes; wear flannel when it is needed, leave it off when it does harm. To be well, however, a person must be warm. If not warm naturally there is probably something wrong in the person's system, but until a natural circulation and warmth can be secured artificial means must be used. Of one thing be sure, babies' feet, arms, and bowels must be taken care of, and the care of the outer part of the stomach is quite as important as attention to the inner wants. In conclusion, let us say no garment worn during the day should be worn at night by old or young. Cleanliness, if not splendor, is possible to all necessary to health.

How to Disinfect.

Clothing which requires disinfecting should be submitted for about three hours to a temperature of 250 degrees in a chamber charged with sulphur fumes from a large quantity of sulphur. The chamber should be so constructed as to prevent the fumes from passing off. No germs can stand this. After a room has been used by a person sick with any contagious disease, it becomes necessary to disinfect it before it is used again. This is done by removing and burning the paper on the wall, removing the bedstead and other furniture, and exposing them to air and wind, and giving them a fresh coat of varnish; by having the mattresses made over new and the hair boiled;

by burning in the room three pounds of sulphur, and by whitewashing, painting and papering the room anew.

Now that it is generally conceded that consumption is caused by germs which multiply in the lungs, a method of disinfecting them, which shall be harmless has been sought for, but as yet without avail. The vapor *arsenite*, the oil of the *eucalyptus* and *carbolic acid* have been tried, and, to some extent, they may paralyze or stun the germs and prevent their rapid increase; but as the passages of the lungs are delicate, and the vapor cannot be brought very near to them without injury, the good effects are slight. But there is one method which cannot fail to prove beneficial, and that is the inhalation of large quantities of fresh pure air. This is worth more than any disinfectant for the lungs, and can do no harm.

Hot Water Remedies.

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable, as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of less efficiency.

There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or 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 and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short, a congestion of the lungs, sore throats or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to all sores or new cuts, bruises, and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle 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 cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a more soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

It is an excellent plan to record facts like these in a note-book, which should be always at hand when wanted. In the anxiety caused by accidents or sudden illness in the family one becomes confused and is not apt to remember quickly what should be done; hence there may be prolonged and unnecessary suffering before proper remedies are applied.

For Ear Ache.

At this season of the year ear ache is particularly common, due to colds and influenza, affecting the nasal cavity, the inflammation of which extends up through the Eustachian tube into the drum of the ear. It is important that these inflammations of the ear should receive careful and thorough attention, as the hearing is frequently greatly impaired or entirely destroyed as the result of neglect. When pain is first experienced, do not delay, hoping that it will wear off, but apply hot fomentations at once, or take a hot ear douche. If the fomentation is employed, the patient should lie with the head resting upon the well ear, the affected ear being first filled with warm water as hot as can be borne. After this, apply a fomentation by means of flannels wrung out of hot water as hot as can be borne without giving the ear discomfort. Filling the ear with water conducts the heat of fomentation to the point where the disease is located.

If the hot douche is used, and this is even more effective than the fomentation, a syringe or fountain syringe should be employed. The water should be at a temperature of 120° to 130°, as hot as the patient can bear. It should be allowed to run into the ear, the water being raised above the head. Be sure that the stream is directed so as to reach the inner end of the external canal of the ear. The fomentation

or hot douche should be repeated every hour or two, as, if persisted in, it will be pretty sure to give the patient comfort, and prevent serious injury of the ear from inflammation. The ear douches should be continued until the ear is free from pain and hearing restored. After the pain has subsided, once or twice a day is sufficient often to give the douche.

Fast Steamers.

The rage for fast passages still continues, and coal, oil, and firemen's wages are not allowed to enter into the problem. The author of "Merchant Shipping" vigorously decried 10 years ago against what he called "the almost insane desire for increased speed in locomotion by land and by sea," by persons who were not aware, or who did not consider, that high speed involved increased danger, and accordingly increased cost in navigation. It is no doubt true, as he observed, that high speed can only be maintained by high power, and that high speed and high power require stronger parts in everything—in the material of which the ship is built, as well as additional firemen and expenditure of fuel. All this is well understood by shipbuilders, who can strengthen the vessels they turn out to any speed that is required, leaving the extra expenditure entirely to the owners for which they are intended. As to the extra danger, so far as has yet been experienced, traveling by a fast boat is no more risky than traveling by a fast train, and authorities on railway matters generally agree as to the fact that express trains are the safest. The vessel that is the shortest time at sea is the shortest time in danger if the system of insurance is considered, and the vessel that can go 20 miles an hour in clear weather can lay to for hours in thick weather or fog; while, as admitted by the Chairman of the Cunard Company at the last meeting, the full capital of a single fast Atlantic liner is saved in a year by the maintenance of special services with a boat less. When the Collins Line was competing with the Cunard Mr. Bayard, one of the management, in speaking on behalf of his proposal to "run the Cunarders off the Atlantic," said: "We must have speed, extraordinary speed—a speed with which our vessels can overtake any vessel they pursue, and escape from any vessel they wish to avoid." The Cunard Company gained in the struggle, partly through good fortune and partly through superior management, though not as regards speed. But Mr. Bayard's ideas are entirely recaptured at the present time, when high-class merchant vessels are selected to act as armed cruisers on the mere rumor of war as the best for pursuit or avoidance of the enemy at most remunerative rates. In actual war such vessels could run the Atlantic blockade, while it would be unsafe to allow slow vessels to put to sea, for their capture would be certain, and they would only serve to replenish the coal bunkers of the enemy's fast cruisers. Commercial men are naturally in favor of comfortable and fast Atlantic steamers, and declaim against slow ships as vehemently as they would against a railway Parliamentary train. They may be found in their usual corner of a London city restaurant on the first day of the month, and at the same table on the last day will be able to tell you what they had for dinner in Dalmenico's, New York, or in the chief restaurants of the Western towns, as well as on board the vessel out and home in the interim.

A Persian Princess.

Lady Shiel, in her "Glimpses of life and Manners in Persia," says: "I went to see the Shah's half sister, a beautiful girl of 15, who lived with her mother in an obscure part of the ante-room neglected by the Shah, and consequently by every one else. She was really lovely, fair and with indelible eyes and - - - only equaled by some of the chefs d'œuvre of Italian art. This is so very rare among Persians that she was one of the few persons I saw in the country with an appearance so good figure. "She was dressed in the usual fashion of trousers on trousers, the last pair being of such stiff brocade that I put standing upright in the middle of the room there they would remain. Her hair was curled, not plaited, and she was literally covered with diamonds. She was quiet in her manners, and seemed dejected. She was most anxious to hear about European customs. "And what seemed to surprise her most

was that we took the trouble to undress every night before going to bed—and she asked me was it true that we put on a long white dress to pass the night.

"All Persian women are astonished at this custom, and are quite unable to account for it. They never undress at night; they untie their thin mattress from its silk cover, draw it out from the place against the wall, and roll themselves up in the wadding quilts which forms their blanket. The only time they change their clothes is when they go to baths. If they go out to visit they of course put on their best garments, and take them off at night; but generally they lie down just as they are, and even in cold weather they wear their 'chador,' or out-of-door veil, at night.

ANCIENT AXIOMS.

Excerpts from the Literature of the Arabians.

Rabbi Isidore Kallisch, who died recently, was one of the foremost scholars in ancient languages in America. His translations were accepted as authoritative by leading archaeological societies, and the unpublished manuscripts which his sons found after his demise are erudite productions embracing a wide field of interesting subjects. His principal delight seemed to be in deciphering inscriptions and collecting the apt sayings of ancient philosophers. His proficiency in the Arabic language and his familiarity with its literature enabled him to clean the wheat from the chaff and rescue from oblivion writings which attract attention in the present enlightened age. From the works of the Arabic poets and philosophers he collected the following sayings, a copy of which was found last week among his effects:

Do not despise a man because of his outward appearance; for the bee is surely a tiny creature, and nevertheless man gathers great stores from its hive.

Suffer the intrigues of envy, for your patience kills it, even as fire consumes itself if there is nothing to feed upon.

Humble yourself and you are like a star on high, that shines to the spectator from the depths of the waters; and be not like smoke, which the higher it ascends in the air the quicker it is dissipated.

Fortune is advantageous to the thoughtful and wise, but injurious to the heedless and fools. Thus daylight is good for the eyes of man, but dazzles the eyes of bats.

Only that man manages his affairs well who is heedful that his eye does not mistake the external for the thing itself.

Man is the sun of his own day. He is not the sun of yesterday. Honor does not grow out of the rotten bones of ancestors. Only he deserves it who gains it by his own deeds.

If your fortune is sinking fear your hope; but heed not your fear when your fortune is rising. Indeed, nothing is so useful that it does not change into disadvantage in adversity, and nothing is so injurious that it does not change and become useful in good fortune.

Destiny is so continually changing that while one person ascends another descends. If man stand on the pinnacle of good fortune they fall far and sink into nothingness.

I have observed that reason is of two kinds; one natural and the other acquired by education. The latter is of no use, if the natural is wanting, as the light of the sun remains useless where there is no eye-sight.

They once asked an Arabian shepherd: "How do you convince yourself of the existence of a God?" He answered: "Exactly as I convince myself of the existence of my sheep, by their footsteps."

He who would force his way through water on his feet will find it difficult to awaken.

The life of man is a state between two specters: Men of letters and prophets.

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FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN

OR THE ROBBERS OF MACKHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metis Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light-Keeper's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRETTY ASTER AND MR. HAM.

It was the autumn of the year, and the dress of the Canadian woods at that season, forty years ago, differed little from the gaudy garbs of now. At a small village not far from the town of Little York, I choose as the place for the opening of this true story.

The maple, of all the trees in the forest, was the only one so far frost-smitten, and sun-struck. The harvest had been gathered, and the only tenants of the fields were flocks of pigeons that came to feed among the stubble; for many a ripe ear fell from the heads in the tying of the sheaves; many a shower of the golden grain had fallen as the load, drawn by slow oxen, lurched and swayed along the uneven ground.

Nestling in a grove of primeval pines that sentinelled the placid, shining waters of the Don stood a low, wide-eaved cottage. It was completely clad in ivy; and upon the eastern side there was a dull copper tinge through the matted masses of the Virginia creeper.

Many of the earlier flowers had faded; but the pinks and the peonies were still rich in blood; and the sun flower sturdily held up its yellow face like "a wizened sorcerer of old," as a fair and gifted friend of my acquaintance puts it. The cottage and the grounds about it, were the property of an English gentleman of taste and means. The nearest dwelling had an air of luxury, and round about it stretched wide areas of land from which the harvest of wheat and oats had been taken. Here and there in the distance a group of boys might be seen with their fishing rods in the river's; for at that day the Don stream was not foul by the drainage of fields, and thinned from the downpour of the sun, and from the loss of its sheltering forest. Trout and often salmon went into its quiet retreats in the face of the spring freshets; and many a congregation of foam-bubbles did it hold upon its breast to screen the greedy, vigilant, speckled trout.

In a little summer house through whose latticed sides the gadding vines were so interlocked and twined, as to remind you of the legend of Samson and Hercules' son, sat a girl. Her wide-brimmed hat rested upon the seat beside her, and round about it was a double girdle of ivy, as if twining there. Looking through the door of the dainty place you could not see the girl's face; for she had turned her head, and her chin rested upon her slim, white hands, and a book that lay upon her lap.

For it hung over her white dress, and for myself for women; but the glory of the glory over that curving the soft the soft Whence that in- that girls ten

door. His eye was one that the casual observer would describe as "full of mischief;" but behind the sunny brightness was a pensive cast. He walked softly towards the arbor, and stood for several seconds looking at its beautiful occupant. Then, in moving his foot, the dry branch of a rose-bush snapped, and the girl turned her head.

"Ah, let's you Roland—p n ms, Mr. Gray."

"Yes; I have come here to eat your apples and your peaches; and to despoil

ed with much politeness; but Ham's stiff, pompous head was an assertion of superiority.

"I have probably broken in upon your tea a little with this young man, Aster; so I'll take a turn out and have a jaw with your gov'nor." In a moment he was gone.

"This is your next door neighbor, I presume, Miss Aster?"

"Yes; he and papa are great friends. He consults papa about nearly everything that he does upon his farm; and papa in turn consults him concerning our affairs."

"I suspected as much. I presume that you and he are very intimate friends? I observe that he calls you 'Aster.'"

"I did not ask him to do so; and since he chooses to adopt this familiar fashion I cannot well rebuke him, papa and he are such friends."

"Then do you permit me to call you Aster?"

"O indeed! I wish that you would do it; and all the time." As she said this her eyes brightened.

"Thanks, Aster. I now feel that I am on equal footing with the rest. You are sure that you will not mind me Astaring you before him? Doing it frequently?"

"Not a bit. I shall be pleased; I shall be very much pleased, because he seemed to

made Becky Shaw irresistible. Now imagine an eyebrow, dark as the raven's quill, overarching such an eye, and contrasting itself with the burning gold of the hair, and a skin of Parian white and purity. Then contemplate a softness beside which the velvet upon the petal of a pansy would seem rigid; and this eye large and timorous, and fringed with long, dark lashes!

I do not like the work of cataloguing "divine wares," especially when my most fine and elaborate estimate must present a picture crude and mathematical compared with the ideal.

This girl's nose was Roman in type; and was precisely like that which the engraver gives to Annette Marton. The nostrils were finely chiselled betokening sensitiveness; and I may add that I have never known anybody with a thick nostril to be sensitive.

For a moment Roland's eyes were fixed wistfully upon the girl's, and he did not answer her question. But as she from the enquiring, unflinching stare was out of the question; so he said, muttering all the courage that he could.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Aster, I think you are twenty times too good for this fellow Ham; and therefore I should not like to see you marry him; to see the two farms become one."

"O, I did not think that you considered me in any sense a superior girl; and I must feel highly flattered that you put a higher price upon that superiority than upon the splendid property adjoining my father's." There was now the merest glint of mischief in her glance; and she was evidently desirous that Mr. Gray should be more explicit in his objection to the match. "Does Mr. Gray realize what a great compliment he has paid me, a poor rustic, an untutored country girl, with a little knowledge about bees and clover, and some cunning as to the tricks of breachy cattle? Now wherefore should I not marry Mr. Ham? Do I know more about the English authors, or about the French ones than he does? Am I more gifted in mathematical insight; or do I know more about the history of kings and ancient wars? I can paint the merest bit; and my music is attended for little else than the heavy heels of rustic swains, and clumsy lasses. Now, Mr. Ham is more skilled in painting than I, and more learned in all things we quired from books: pray where, then, is the force of your objection to this joining of hands and farms upon intellectual grounds?"

"I think you miss my meaning, Aster. You cannot sum up the superiority of character by counting the items as you 'take stock' in a tradesman's store. The highest and most captivating points in human character, especially in a woman's, often have such an evasive subtlety of outline that you can no more define them than you could the message which some blossom, blooming in a wild, far place has for the human heart as you step over it to drink the perfume, and float upon its beam. I . . . you ask me to be definite: will you take offense, if, upon some points which present themselves to me I become quite definite?"

"Not by any means, Mr. Gray. I am very anxious to hear everything that you have to say."

"Well, Aster, I do not admire your friend Mr. Ham. I think he is a coarse mob; and under an exterior of brusque frankness I believe his doctinal and—cowardly. I should consider your union with such a person a monstrous sacrifice."

"Would you have me wait till some man who resembles your ideal came and asked father for my hand? Or would you have me advertised in William Lyon Mackenzie's newspaper. Or, still another and final alternative, would you have me bloom in this sweet place all my days in celibacy?"

"I simply would not have you marry that person Ham."

"No other definite wish with respect to me?" Her head was bowed now, and her mischievous, upturned glances were very fascinating.

"I have; but I should prefer for the present to keep it to myself."

CHAPTER II.

A GATHERING STORM.

"Oh, we had better go to dinner than, had we not? I presume it is about ready."



ASTER AND HER LOVER.

the grove of their woodcock." "Papa said you were coming some time ago; but I did not know when."

"Why I met him this morning at the Don Mills, and told him that he should have me during the afternoon and evening. I sent that message distinctly to you, Miss Aster."

A faint shadow passed over her face; and it was plain that she was a little confused, as she stammered:

"Papa must have misunderstood you."

"Perhaps, Miss Aster; but—well, I hope he did." At this moment another person stepped into the garden. He did not come with the graceful motion, and the easy tread of Roland Gray; but moved with a pompous stride, swinging his arms almost at right angles with his body. His air you could only describe by the word "howling"; and he was the man to immediately catch the attention of a vulgar girl. His hair was as dark as a crow's; and it was as coarse as the bristles of a hog. He was short and rather stout in build; was somewhat "horsey" in make-up; and had a face rather handsome. But that he was low-bred, there could not be the shadow of a doubt.

"I thought you had eluded me, Aster," he said in the most familiar way; "I thought that you had stolen away up the river with that book."

"Oh, indeed. I have been reading here during the greater part of the afternoon. Let me introduce to you Mr. Roland Gray. Roland is

take a pleasure in being familiar before you. And we are not such great friends after all."

"You must not talk nonsense, Aster. It would never do to allow yonder well-tilled acres; that sumptuous dwelling; all those flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle to pass into the hands of any other girl. Imagine pulling down the boundary line and joining the two farms into one. Imagine now your 'gov'nor'—as this well-bred Mr. Ham styles him—would open his eyes if any other person should have the audacity to ask for Miss Aster."

"Then would you really be so kind as to see these two farms joined in one? To see me—marry Mr. Ham?" Her tremulous eyes questioned his face eagerly. When she began her queries there was in them a flash of mocking mirth; but that had disappeared and there was now only to be observed a grave, questioning expression there.

My reader is probable desirous of hearing something about Aster's face, notwithstanding the assumption that it was beautiful. As a rule we expect to find chestnut eyes with ruddy golden hair; but this was not the fact in Aster's case. Her eyes were the color which men like Theophile Gautier attribute to Venus: they were not blue, neither were they brown; but they presented in the most fascinating ensemble a grey which at night was a fathomless dusk, and by day that green which you perceive when the sea is a hundred fathoms deep. With the light upon her eye there was a glint of emerald, that witching glare which



FIG 1.—No. 3451.—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE 25 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 34 inches, 8 yards; 36 inches, 8½ yards; 38 inches, 9 yards; 40 inches, 9½ yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 6 yards; 32 inches, 8 yards; Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.



Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 27 inches, 5 yards; 28 inches, 5½ yards; 29 inches, 6 yards; 30 inches, 6½ yards; 31 inches, 7 yards; 32 inches, 7½ yards; Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.

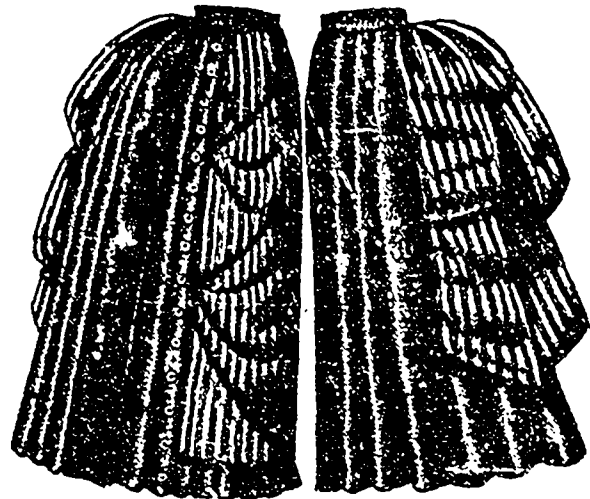


FIG. 5.—No. 3453.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide,) 9½ yards.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide,) 4½ yards.

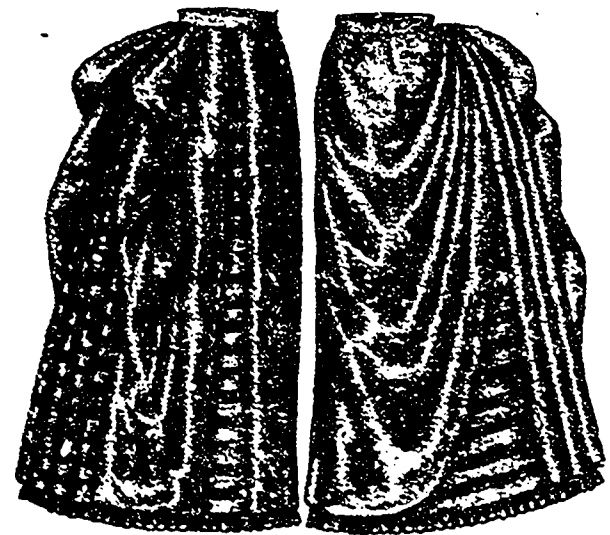


FIG. 9.—No. 3447.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) 6½ yards.
 For medium size; figured goods, 4½ yards.
 " " " plain " 3½ "

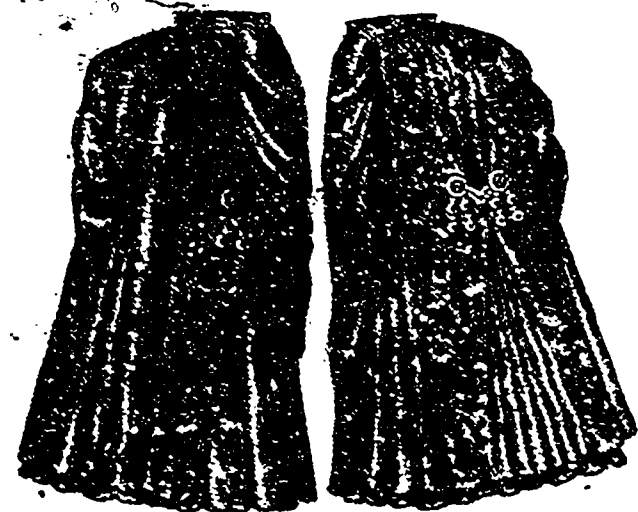


FIG. 7.—No. 3450.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.
 Quantity of Material (42 inches wide,) 6 yards.
 Quantity of Material (24 inches wide,) 13½ yards.
 Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.



FIG. 4.—No. 3441.—LADIES' WRAPPER. PRICE, 30 cents.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for 30 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 10 yards; 36 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 11 yards; 40 inches, 11 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 11 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 11 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 12 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for 30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 6 yards; 46 inches, 6 1/2 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 1.—Woolen or silk fabrics with lace, embroidery, dentelle fabrics, etc., are stylishly combined according to illustration. The tablier is made up crosswise of the goods, and continues to the left side, showing the embroidery on the edge, with a panel on the left composed of several side-pleats bordered with strips of the trimming; the wing drapery in the back forms two points with a fullness over the top; the apron hangs in graduated pleats from the left hip to a point low on the right, and is also cut crosswise if made of bordered goods. The pointed barque is cut with a postillion back, laced down the front, and finished with a flat plastron of the trimming, with velvet revers matching the collar and lower part of the cuffs, the upper part being a band of embroidery. Pattern No. 3451, price 35 cents.

FIGURE No. 4.—Pattern No. 3441, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for a wrapper alike suitable for cotton or woolen goods, simply or elaborately trimmed. The princess back is cut with the usual extensions forming the requisite fullness; the fronts are full and shirred to a square yoke; a cord knotted about the waist holds the fullness or ribbons may be sewed on the side seam for that purpose; a rolling collar and coat sleeves complete the garment. While goods can be handsomely made up in this style with the yoke of piece-embroidery, collar, sleeve-ruffles and flounces on skirt of Hamburg edging.

FIGURE No. 5.—Any ordinary goods of two varieties are suitable for Pattern No. 3453, price 30 cents, which has a narrow tablier of striped goods hanging square at the edge and draped in two clusters at the sides, with the knit-pleats apparently held down over them by buttons; the remainder of the skirt is composed of wide and narrow pleats, with a narrow pleating running across the front. The back is covered with an elaborate sash matching the contrasting material.

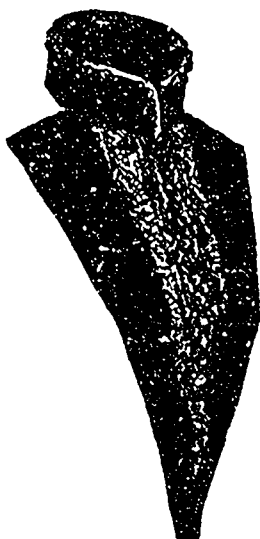


FIG. 27.

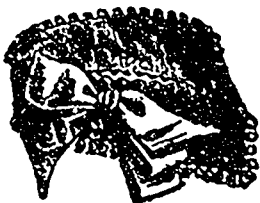


FIG. 26.



FIG. 25.

FIGURE No. 7.—Pattern No. 3450, price 30 cents, affords a stylish design for two sorts of woolen goods, silk and velvet, beaded net, piece-net, etc. The underpart that hardly shows, is laid in box pleats; the front drapery hangs in long and cross-pleats on the left, then drapes high on the right, disappearing under a panel from belt to edge; double revers on the left form a second revers with a knitted portion of the plain goods between; the back is long and bouffant. The box-pleating around the edge is very narrow, except on the right, where it shows to the point of the panel.

FIGURE No. 9.—Two materials are necessary for the design here illustrated. The skirt is finished with a pleating of the plain goods; front and sides are smooth; while the back is pleated; the long apron, of solid color, hangs in a long pleat on the right, with the left side rounded up in several overlapping pleats near the belt, where the back joins in several long side-pleats; the right side of the back hangs in one long pleat. The drapery is split up in the centre, draped there in burnous folds and jabots, showing the striped under skirt between. Pattern No. 3447, price, 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 17.—Pattern No. 3454, price 20 cents, furnishes a design suitable for any ordinary goods. Pale blue cashmere is shown in the cut with a gathered skirt finished with a band of Oriental lace; plain waist buttoned in front with side-forms, and a lace-collared and cuffs. The skirt is gathered under the collar and brought low on the left, where a pearl clasp holds it with the similar neck that lies in the back.

The fabric material called *toile d'Espagne*, shown in figures, caps and jabots, is a fine-like fabric of pale blue, pink or cream, so transparent that the color is imperceptible until it is gathered into folds. The flowers are embroidered in fine wool, silk, or even to be of white gauze brocaded upon the lisse. It is also embroidered with fine pearls and used for V-shaped plastron or flat vests. Any house dress of suitable material can be entirely renovated by adding V's on the barque, front and back, and top of the sleeves, reaching to the elbows. A rather decided pattern of lace is selected and outlined with jet, glass, or colored pearl beads, with a panel or jabot to match, on the skirt.

Lace of all kinds is in great request. A square lace veil or shawl is becomingly draped in front of a high-necked dinner or reception dress, by having one corner carried up to the throat, the fullness spread out over the bust, and gathered into a loose blouse front, scoured just below the waist. The rest is spread out over the front

of the skirt, with two corners gathered up and hidden under loops of velvet or revers at the sides, while the fourth corner is drawn down to form a point below.

FIGURE No. 25 illustrates two views of a V-shaped plastron that can be applied to any untrimmed waist. China crepe folds form the collar and the inner V's, the latter being edged with lace of some rich heavy design. The plastron shown in Figure No. 27 is of black velvet lined with crinoline; the centre part of each or cream canvas embroidered with gold thread and colored silks; collar of the velvet edged with beads, lined with satin and hooked in the back. The gorget collar of Figure No. 28 is of velvet, thickly encrusted with small beads, larger ones edging it, top and bottom. It should be lined with colored satin, and interlined with buckram.

Inventions of Ancient Times.

The arch was invented nobody knows when or by whom, but, at the very lowest calculation, thousands of years before the Christian Era. The immense masses of stone of which the pyramids are constructed, were lifted to their places by machinery of which we know nothing. Who invented it? We cannot even get out such stones as can be seen to-day, in abandoned English quarries. Who invented the art of quarrying? A small lens, such as might have been used in a rude telescope, has been found among the rubbish of Nineveh. Who invented that? The bricks of which Nineveh and Babylon were built, are in a fair state of preservation to day, and most of our knowledge of the Chaldeans and their institutions is derived from inscriptions on clay tablets. Who invented the art of brick making, and the stamping of letters and figures of clay? The Greeks had the art of manipulating marble in such supreme perfection that the best of our sculpture is but a miserable imitation of theirs. The Pampellan frecoes are marbles—and are far more beautiful, as well as more lasting, than ours. It is now believed that gun powder and the mariner's compass, and other important inventions, including the germ of the printing press, were known in China long before we obtained them.

A religious exchange says: "A certain minister believes in the efficacy of prayer, but he does not appear to believe in praying to heaven for things which will be furnished in the natural course of events without being prayed for. Speaking to a number of his parishioners, he indicated his feelings by stating: 'I have often prayed that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor. I could trust Battenwood Street church for that.'"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. XXII.

- 1. To whom did the Lord say, 'Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen?'
2. What beast did Abraham find caught in the thicket by its horns?
3. Ahab's servant who saved the prophets alive.
4. Where did Abah live?
5. The wife of Ananias.
The initials give that in which Paul gloried.

ANSWER TO No. XIX.

STRENGTH.—Psa. lxxviii. 34.—WEAKNESS.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1. S-o-w Matt. vi. 26.
2. T-i-m-e Eph. v. 16.
3. B-h-o-d-a Acts xii. 13, 14.
4. E-a-t Gen. xxii. 20.
5. N-a-z-a-r-e-th 2 Kings v. 1.
6. G-i-v-e Matt. x. 9.
7. T-r-a-n-s-p-a-r-e-n-c-y Matt. vi. 14.
8. H-e-a-v-e-n-s Isa. xxxvi. 4.

The following have answered No. XIX. correctly:—Georgia J. Mallory, to whom is awarded the prize; Jennie J. Fraser, Mrs. H. H. Neller, Mrs. E. H. Owens, Chas. Hendry, Jr., Jas. McMonies, Jr., Frank Carruthers, Annie Mandaley, M. Jamieson, Harriet J. Holmes, Mrs. C. Coombes, E. A. Hemling, D. O. Madden, E. McKay, Mrs. T. G. Bushey, E. M. Millsy, Margaret Melkijohn, M. Macleanan, Mrs. H. Turner, S. Coyne, C. Hodgson, Dolly Dowsey, Miss Lucy Shankland, J. Mann, Sarah McCann, A. H. Duff, W. T. Ross, Mrs. F. Oerner, Eva Stricker, A. E. Livingston, Maggie Rogers, R. Zimmerman, Ella Hayter, Mrs. M. Hollis, Jessie Kettle.

Rev Robert Bush of the colored Baptist church, Jeffersonville, Ind., was to have immersed thirteen converts in the Ohio, but only one of the converts, a small child, made its appearance. After Mr. Bush baptized the child, he observed dragging your feet, always tadpoles.

TORONTO... BOSTON... with decorative elements and text.

SUMMER SMOKERS.

A dead set—A dozen spelled eggs.
 A spring bed—One for lettuce and radishes.
 Sober thought generally follows a swelled head.
 Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.
 If seven don't make one weak, how many will make one strong?
 or The spring-time of life—When you discover a bent pin under you.
 No man doth safely appear abroad but he who can abide at home.
 It's the little things that tell, especially the little brothers and sisters.
 Why is an ice-cream fiend like a crematory? Because he is a cream-ater.
 The only thing a man ever loses by politeness is his seat in the street car.
 Can a man be called a temperance man of long standing who wears tight shoes?
 A woman refused to shoe her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on a strike.
 The trouble with the ground rents in Ireland is that the tenants consider them too grinding.
 When a run once starts on a bank the more check you give it the worse it is for the bank.
 Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage with her tongue.
 A young poet out West, in describing heaven, says: "It is a world of bliss fenced in with girls."
 A soft answer turns away no wrath from a girl, when she is serious on the popping question and means business.
 Why are young ladies nowadays like bells? Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.
 He (after surveying the company)—"Mixed lot! Hardly a gentleman in the room." She (innocently)—"Not one—that I can see!"
 A woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.
 First Stranger—"Slow, isn't it?" Second Stranger—"Yes, very." First Stranger—"Let's go home." Second Stranger—"I can't, I'm the best."
 "Well, what have you got for supper?" asked Mr. Scaggs, last night, as he entered the dining-room. "Why, I have some biscuits that I made myself, dear," replied his wife. "Well, bring them on," said Scaggs, in a resigned tone. "I'm hungry enough to eat anything."
 "Poppy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight with the rhinoceros?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history, isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday he had eight Thomas cats hanging by their tails from the clothes-line!"
 One morning at the breakfast table a lady, who was afflicted with dyspepsia and had had a "dreadful" dream, was complaining sadly, and described her sensations to her sympathizing husband. "I was all the time climbing up, up, up hill; every time while I stopped to rest, and, oh! I was so tired! The fact is, I had a real nightmare."
 "Then, why, my dear," said the affectionate husband, "did you not get up and rick up the hill?"
 A young dude from the country, unable to call on some beautiful young ladies the other evening, was told that he must get them to dine, and should they refuse to wait to dine them. Accordingly he came dressed by requesting Miss Mary to favor him with a recipe. "One small chicken, one small field, etc." "Well, that's all," said the young man, "I suppose I shall be you, might I?" "Yes, my dear, I will."



THE GAME OF I

A Japanese City.

Prof. Moran, in his recent book upon life and scenes in Japan, points out many curious contrasts between Eastern and Western civilization. Perhaps the difference is most marked in the general appearance of the large cities.
 A view of Tokio, from some elevated point, reveals a vast sea of roofs, the gray of the shingles and dark slate color of the tiles giving a somber effect to the whole. The even expanse is broken here and there by the fire-proof buildings, with their porous-tiled roofs and ridges and pure white or jet-black walls. The temples also are conspicuous as they tower far above the pigmy dwellings which surround them. Their great black roofs, with massive ridges and ribs, and grand sweeps and white or red gables, render them striking objects from whatever point they are viewed. Green masses of tree foliage springing from the numerous gardens add some life to this gray sea of domiciles. There is, of course, no church spire. It is likewise curious to look over a vast city of, it may be, nearly a million inhabitants, and detect no chimney with a streak of blue smoke. From the absence of chimneys and the almost universal use of charcoal for heating purposes, the cities have an atmosphere of remarkable clearness and purity.
 The compact way in which the cities and towns are crowded together, barely separated by the narrow streets and

lanes which cross like threads in every direction, and the peculiarly inflammable materials of which most of the buildings are composed, explains the lightning-like rapidity with which a conflagration spreads when once fairly under way.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A Boston paper recently printed a Spring poem signed with these strange initials, M. U. D.
 The audacious English sparrow apparently fears nothing. A pair of these birds are actually housekeeping in the hood of an electric street lamp in Portland, Maine.
 A Lookhaver, Pennsylvania, man asserts that he owns a locket containing a lock of George Washington's hair. The man never heard the story or he would possess the hatbox also.
 A society had been formed in Switzerland for the cultivation of amiability. Its members were to be good natured, polite and agreeable always and under all circumstances. The test will be when they get the tooth-ache or neuralgia, or when their corn-toe is stepped on in a street car.
 New Jersey folks are extremely susceptible to hydrophobia. A mad dog is not a necessary adjunct. A boy, whose sister was bitten, worried about it so much that he actually took the malady from sympathy,

and put the doctors to their wits' end. It took four men to hold the lad during his paroxysms.
 In Wyoming territory the settlers grow their fuel by the acre. Sunflowers are used instead of coal. The stalks when dry are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.
 Jennevilles has a very absent-minded citizen. Two mornings in succession, after milking the cow, he set the pail of milk in the snow, and carried the milking stool into the house. On the third morning he took a basket of turnips to the cow, emptied them before he had them began to milk in the basket. He had presence of mind enough to stop when the milk had fallen through milking.
 A correspondent in Montana, telling of the fortuitous discovery of silver mines, relates this incident: A prospector in New Mexico with the honored name of John Quincy Adams, found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having focused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained about a dozen pounds of powder, he dropped it and got out of the way in a hurry. It fell into a crevice, and a large mass of rock was thrown up. Adams returned mournfully to gather up what might be left of his effects, and found an exceedingly rich vein of ore, which the explosion had ex-

HERE AND THERE.

The opinion is entertained now by many men of science that the art of making stone for structure purposes is prehistoric, and that the pyramids were, in fact built of artificial blocks manufactured from the surrounding plain.

A blast furnace and rolling mill have been erected lately in Baltimore. The machinery was bought in the United States, and it cost the owners as much to carry this machinery from the Magdalena, as the purchase money and the ocean freight combined.

Mr. Thomas Robinson, senior member of a prominent firm in Indianapolis, is entitled to the belt for strict observance of the Sabbath. He will not permit business letters written on Saturday to be mailed till Monday, because otherwise they would travel on Sunday.

Sam Jones has declined an offer of \$100 a night for 100 lectures, on the ground that "when I go on a lecture platform I lose my grip upon the people as an evangelist," and he defines his work as an attempt "to get up some sweet now and now, instead of so much sweet bye and bye."

A Cleveland man is said to have succeeded in making a solderless copper float, a thing long regarded as impossible. Besides being solderless, it is claimed to possess strength in a degree not heretofore attained, a 2 1/2 inch float standing long-continued tests of 200 pounds steam pressure without either collapsing or filling with water.

The largest dynamo in the world is being set up in Cleveland, Ohio. It will be thirteen feet long, five and a half wide and weigh ten tons—four times the size and ability of the "Jumbo" machine exhibited by Edison at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1884. Five hundred horse power will be required to drive it, and its current will furnish incandescent lights of about 20,000-candle power.

Mrs. Ann Jane Mercer, who recently died in Philadelphia, has bequeathed her fine estate, called "The Mount," in Montgomery County, Pa., and \$100,000 for the purpose of establishing there an institution to be called "The John C. Mercer Home for Disabled Clergymen of the Presbyterian Faith." John C. Mercer her husband, died five or six years ago, leaving Mrs. Mercer his entire property worth about \$1,000,000.

A London journal, quoting statistics to back it up, presents as a moral paradox the statement that the most poorly paid working girls in the metropolis are those engaged in the work of sewing and binding Bibles. It adds that "for every heathen abroad who can be induced to use the sacred volume for anything else than gun-wadding a dozen of these girls are driven to perdition at home."

A well-known minister was sent south from New Jersey a few years ago to labor among the colored people. They received him with many demonstrations of joy, and at the first meeting which he held one old colored preacher prayed for him with great earnestness, thus: "O Lord! break dis yer dear brudder what's come down from de Norf to preach de gospel to us. Noutahim wid de carcass de ob salvashin, and set him on fire."

The wearing of the tires on buggy and wagon wheels is quite an interesting study. On a rocky road they wear rounding, on a clay road flat, while in sand they cut out in the center. Through Honey Lake Valley vehicles much used have two hollow places all the way around the wheel. There will be a little ridge in the centre, with a hollow on each side and a high place on each edge. Some fit the stage wheels arse and many of the farmers' buggies and wagons.

There seems to be a difference between Cincinnati and Chicago reporters. Sam Jones says: "I don't understand why you newspaper people are so hard to reach. I should think you'd be easy, seeing that you see so much of the holiness, sham and wickedness of the world, but you can't reach you as a newspaper reporter. I thought you were established by your saying you were, but you don't touch us with your holiness. You're not access. Now in Cincinnati the reporters, but in Chicago you touch one with a 40-grain bullet."

An Irish man was married. "Then," said the priest, "I will give you a blessing."

The catchers position being the most dangerous on the field we merely offer the annexed diagram



Not child this is not a caged lunatic.

It is simply a catcher with mask and gloves on.



Our Fred was making his home run beautifully when some fool yelled slide and.



he slid



Look-a-yeer Umpire I want t'ee see yer outside



The professional twist



No base-ball picture would be complete without the above

Yes Mr Manager, you are putting me down for next season, I'll be all right in 3 or 4 months

THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL.

posed to view. He sold a third interest in his find for \$18,000, and very consistently named the mine, "The Nink of Time."

The Pentstee and Pacific Railway.

Some forty-one miles have already been laid down and the contract has been let for fifteen and a half miles more. When these are finished the track will reach as far as La Poudre, which is the first crossing over the Ottawa river. The contract for ballasting the whole line is let and there are between 300 and 400 men employed along the various sections. The line when completed will reach to Pembroke, a distance of 85 miles, and it is confidently expected that the company's trains will do some of the fastest time in the Dominion, it being intended to place 60 miles an hour as the minimum speed. The line will be finished towards the end of October.

Work every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether they work by line or course, planting corn or writing epics, so only if be honest work, does to shine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the sense, as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—[B. W. Emerson.

The English Language in Japan.

There are a couple of Japanese journals published in Tokio, the capital of Japan, and not to be behind the times, Kioto now boasts a publication modestly styled "the pamphlet of the Kyoto association of English language." The enterprise of the proprietors of the pamphlet evidently evoked sympathy, for in the specimen number, is reproduced the following advice tendered by a well-wisher.

On first publication of Yeigi Shinshu. About the middle of November 1885, on the Himeji steamer saw an advertisement that you have the intention to publish a first book called Yeigi Shinshu to give the convenient method to the beginners who may want learn English Language themselves. This however owing to the progress of knowledge. At present condition Japan shows great rapidity in commerce and trade. If the people are to want with English language in some case take no small unprofit to carry an extensive business both on delivery and selling. It is therefore necessary for the Japanese to learn English language before getting into trouble. Consequently the editor will perhaps take strict attention to spelling pronunciation etc correctly for the New Students. Kobe

The strawberry short-cake is not long for this world.

From Thomas A' Kempis.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. That thou mayest therefore avoid the everlasting punishment that is to come endeavor to endure present evils patiently for God's sake.

Doest thou think that the men of this world suffer nothing or but as little? Ask even of those who live most at ease, and thou shalt find it otherwise.

But thou wilt say, they have many delights, and follow their own wills, and therefore they do not much weigh their own afflictions.

Be it so, that they have whatever they wish; but how long doest thou think that it will last?

Behold, the wealthy of this world shall consume away like smoke, and there shall be no memory of their past joys.

Yes, even while they are yet alive, they do not rest in them without bitterness and weariness and fear.

No man doth safely speak but he that is glad to hold his peace.

No man doth safely rule but he that is glad to be ruled.

If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly, and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for applying thyself to good things.

The Household.

Hints.

The grained woodwork should be washed with cold tea.

Silverware will keep as good as new if tied up in a paper bag.

Unslaked lime, near meat, preserves it by keeping the air dry.

Steeping the wicks for tallow candles in coal oil brightens the light.

Make your table look pretty; the food tastes better if the surroundings please the eye.

Old newspapers wrapped around the ends of each slat will silence a creaking bedstead.

A small amount of salicylic acid added to cold cream will save it from becoming rancid.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit or pumpkin pies with the white of an egg and they will not get soggy.

A crumb cloth is an article that cannot be dispensed with in the dining-room if your table is set over a nice carpet.

Flower-pot saucers can be removed from window-sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes. Afterward rinse with cold water.

It is better not to stir rice while it is cooking as the flavor is best retained by keeping the grains as whole as possible.

If the white of an egg is used instead of water for mixing the plaster, the plaster will not blister the most delicate skin.

Smoky places on the kitchen ceiling should be covered with gum shellac; then they will not strike through the new coat of kalsomina.

When putting down a new carpet be sure you save the ravellings. They will furnish just the darnings thread you will need when the carpet "begins to go."

A good rule for baking potatoes is to wash and boil them in the usual way till nearly done and then finish by baking. They are whiter and more mealy than when baked the old way.

Before beginning to iron sprinkle the table plentifully with water and lay on the ironing blanket. This will hold it firmly in place and prevent all wrinkling and shoving about. Never try to iron with a blanket having wrinkles or bunches.

Mothers who have many little feet to care for, I have found, I think, the speedy and best way to mend stockings. Take the crochets hook and mitten-stitch in the heels and knees by narrowing each round after starting, and cut out the old part. Good as new.

A decoction of iron is said to be an antidote to malaria. Cut up a lemon, peel and all, into thin slices; put it into three glassfuls of water, and boil it down to one glassful. Strain the liquid through linen, cool, and drink the whole amount when fasting.

To mend china or broken earthenware take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water and stir into it plaster of paris until the mixture becomes of the consistency of cream, apply with a brush to the broken edges of the ware and join together. In three days the ware cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement makes it doubly valuable.

Chilling the stomach with ice drink is only another way of taking acid. Somebody has said: "Hold your hand for five minutes in a basin of ice water, and then tell me what you think of pouring that chilling liquid into your stomach, so much more sensitive than your hand. The ice pitcher is said to be the base of American life. There is no doubt the improper use of it has hurried many a man and woman into the grave."

To those who have dyspepsia or are constipated I would say by all means try the silk seed or milk weed root cure. It has cured all who have tried it. Its botanical name is *Asclepias Cornuti*. Dr. Gunn says two feet of the root to a quart of whiskey, but I have found it best in a tea. One swallow will stop that burning sensation as soon as swallowed.

To keep ice in the sink room, cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligature about the mouth of an ordinary tumbler so as to leave the cup shape depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours, all the longer if a piece

of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loess cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water easily drains through it and the ice is kept quite dry.

Choice Recipes.

French Buttered Steak—Take a piece of round steak three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the cutlet bat; sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning it often till done. Eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt and serve with a piece of maitre d'hotel butter placed over or under it and fried potatoes round it.

Charlotte Russe—Line a plain mold with Savoy biscuits, carefully cut to fit exactly; brush over the inside (very lightly) with the white of an egg and set it on ice. Beat up half a pint of rich cream with one ounce of talcum powder (previously dissolved in sufficient water just to cover it.) Strain to taste and flavor with two liquor glasses of noyeau and the juice of half a lemon. Pour this into the mold and cover it with a slice of sponge-cake cut exactly the size. Ice it and turn it out very carefully.

Domestic Fruit Cake—One pint of dried apples; soak over night in cold water, then chop till as small as raisins. Put to this one and a half cupsful of molasses, and stew until all the molasses is absorbed by the apples. To this add one pound of chopped raisins, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, spice of all kinds, or to taste. Mix tolerably stiff. Add the fruit last, rolled in flour. Bake a long time.

PEOPLE.

President Grovy's physicians say that what was at first supposed to be an apoplectic fit, which attacked the President a few days ago, was nothing serious.

Henry Todd, of Darien, Ga., who died recently, was one of the richest colored men of the country, leaving an estate valued at \$125,000. It was mostly amassed in the lumber trade.

Eugene T. Kindt, who was formerly cashier of the Bank of Belgium and was imprisoned for his default, has obtained further notoriety by marrying Miss Romano, a daughter of the janitor of the Leuven Jail.

The Czar of Russia is said to be in public and private, honest, frank and straightforward. He is hard-working, resolute and intensely patriotic; but is unable to make rapid decisions on account of the red-tapeism which characterizes official methods in Russia.

Masood Mirza (Prince Felicitous), the Persian heir apparent, is a short, stout man of 37 years. When talking to a person he generally shuts his left eye, which gives a very humorous expression to his countenance. This humorous expression is particularly noticeable when he orders a man's head to be cut off.

Mr. Labouchere says there was so much scuffling and pushing at the barriers in the saloons at the Queen's last drawing room that more than one lady showed the effect both in her garments and on her head of the battle she had fought, and that the scene more resembled the opera gallery door on a Patti night than the approach to the throne room of a queen.

Edward Seeger, of Detroit, now singing in the opera in Great Britain with Marie Rose and called as "the eminent American tenor," participated in a concert for the benefit of British soldiers' and sailors' families at Dublin last Thursday. The Dublin papers extol Mr. Seeger highly for his singing and acting as Joe in Carmen. The Glasgow and Scotland papers commend him also.

Gen. Sherman's middle name, "Tecumseh," he owes to his father, who had removed to Ohio just before the war of 1812 with the British and Indians, and, in spite of Indian depredations, "seems to have caught a fancy for the chief of the Shawnees." In the new edition of his life, Gen. Sherman says that his father had tried for years to get one of his sons named Tecumseh, but that he did not succeed until his mother had named a son for each of her brothers. Then she ran out of names and Judge Sherman had his way.

Young Folks' Department.

"Well Enough."

This was a favorite phrase of Georgie's. She used it upon all occasions and lived up to it too. When she was thirteen her mother gave her a little bed-room all to herself, which she was to keep clean and in order with her own hands. One morning she was in there putting on her coat and hat in great haste to go to school. Her mother, happening to be passing, opened the door and looked in:

"Why Georgie!" she exclaimed, "why didn't you put your room in order?"

"I did!" said Georgie going on buttoning with rapid fingers.

"My dear child just look at it!" said her mother with an expressive gesture.

The pillows were placed crookedly on the bed, the towels hung on the rack without being folded, all the bureau drawers open a little, and a piece of string hanging out of one, etc.

"O, mamma!" Georgie exclaimed impatiently. "It will do well enough I'm in such a hurry. I shall be late at school."

"You must not be late at school," said her mother, "but you must put your room in complete order as soon as you come home. I don't want you to get in the habit of doing things just half."

It was the same way with sewing. Mrs. Blair insisted that her girls should know how to sew, and Georgie learned very readily, but was so careless and so easily satisfied that her work often looked very badly, and was a great worry to her mother.

"O! I won't do well enough, mamma?" Georgie would say. "What's the use of being so awfully particular?"

"It won't do until it is done just as well as you can do it," Mrs. Blair would reply, and many a piece of work the young lady was obliged to pick out and do over.

She carried the "well enough" system into her musical studies also, and of course it did not work well there. She was fond of music, learned with great ease, and played spiritedly, but her performance was spoiled by the way she had of dropping notes, and slurring over hard passages which she was too lazy to practice sufficient. It was in vain her teacher lectured her about such carelessness, and told her she must practice the difficult parts patiently until she could play them as rapidly as the rest; out of his hearing she played in her own fashion and said it did well enough.

"What is that you are playing?" Elizabeth asked one time.

"It is that new gallop Mary Haines played the other evening," Georgie replied.

"Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but it doesn't sound just as it did when Mary played it."

"Well, I don't play it exactly as she did. You see the bass skips about so that I have to go down for the lower F's and B flats. I can't play fast enough, so I just play them all up here; and then I don't play the octaves in right hand—just take the upper note."

"Seems to me," said her sister, "it would be better to go slower at first and learn it right so as to play as it is written."

"O, this sounds well enough," said Georgie and banged away perfectly satisfied.

Her father had a scrap book in which he posted newspaper articles he wished to keep. Sometimes when he was busy he asked Elizabeth to paste the pieces in, and this she did very neatly. Once when she was away from home he said: "Georgie, won't you put these pieces in my book?"

"Yes, sir, of course," she replied, quite proud to be asked.

He showed her how he wanted it done, and she set to work. At first she was very careful to get them all straight and smooth, so the first page she did was just as good as any of Elizabeth's; but soon she became tired of going so slowly and particularly, and began to neglect the work. There were two or three little bits that were very hard to fit in neatly and instead of persevering until they were right she hurried them in any way, saying to herself: "O, well! it won't matter if such little bits are crooked. It will look well enough."

But it looked very badly, the crooked pieces spoiling the whole page.

When her father looked at the book he said: "I'm very much obliged to you, Georgie; but—I'm afraid my little girl hasn't a very straight eye."

"O, yes, I have, papa," said Georgie. "I know those pieces are a little crooked, but it is so very little I thought you wouldn't mind."

Her father said nothing more, but he never asked her again to paste in pieces, and once when he brought out the book to show a certain political article to a gentleman he was talking with, she noticed he turned the botched page over very quickly, as if he were ashamed of it.

This is about the way Georgie does everything, and if she does not break herself of this bad habit of doing things just any way at all she is not likely to grow up to be a very useful and reliable woman.

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

There are ten millions doing police work at the Chicago stations.

A woman who has an Angora goat farm near Nyack on the Hudson finds the enterprise a profitable one.

Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the late Vice-President, is a Director in the Hecla Mining Company of Montana.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, President of the Women's National Industrial League, recently created a sensation at the meeting of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor by asserting that 600 improper women are maintained in the public departments at Washington by politicians.

An English charity has two objects; to prevent country girls, as far as possible, from coming to London, and to protect those who do come. The society also protects all girls traveling alone by posting in railroad stations placards giving the addresses of good homes and the address of a woman referee.

Caroline Herschel, the woman astronomer, at the age of 99 admitted that she, for some reason or other, not only had never had an offer of marriage, but that she had never had anything that she could construe into the shadow of an idea of an offer, and therefore she was not much beholden to the men.

A bright old lady, full of life and spirits, who received company on her 98th birthday and amused them by recounting some of her experiences, declared that although she had always criticized men pretty shrewdly, there were three points regarding their impatience that she could never make out. The first point was why, as boys, they would knock the apples off the trees, because if they would only have a little patience the apples would fall off themselves. The next was why they would go to war and kill each other, for if they would only have a little patience they would die themselves. And the third was, why young men were always running after the girls, for if they would only have a little patience the girls would run after them.



This powder never loses its strength and wholeness the ordinary kind does with the usual phosphoric acid.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 16 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 12 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. \$1.00 for 5 months. Advertising rates—20 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4.00 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

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CIRCULATION: HIGH WATER MARK, 28,882!

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.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. J. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition, No. 16.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. Where are the following three words first mentioned in the Bible? 1st PRIZE, 100. 2nd PRIZE, 50.

Each person competing must send with the answers one dollar and eighteen cents, for which TRUTH will be sent to any desired address for three months, and also one half dozen extra silver plated teaspoons, free of postage and other charges.

- THE FIRST REWARDS. 1. One fine square rosewood Piano by a celebrated maker. \$400. 2. One fine cabinet 12-stop Organ, by Bell & Co. \$250. 3 to 7. Five fine extra silver plated Tea Services, four pieces. \$250.

- THE MIDDLE REWARDS. 1. One Hundred Dollars in Gold. \$100. 2 to 4. One Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, by Bell & Co. \$250. 5 to 9. Four fine extra silver plated Tea Services, 4 pieces, newest design. \$200.

So as to give even the most distant person an opportunity, the following list of consolation rewards has been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer in this competition, envelopes post-marked not later than the 10th June, (the closing date), will be given number one of these rewards; the next preceding the last one will get number two, and so on, counting backwards, till all these rewards are given out.

to be given to every person competing, whether their answers are correct or not. You will be wise, no matter where you live, if, the moment you read these offers, you at once send in your answers, enclosing in the same envelope, one dollar and eighteen cents for postage and packing of spoons.

For two dollars I will send you, per express, an elegant butter cooler, extra heavy silver plated, and mail TRUTH for three months. For five dollars I will send you, per express, one elegant satin lined imitation Morocco case, about 9x12 inches, containing half dozen each extra silver plated knives, forks and teaspoons, and mail TRUTH for three months.

A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

I have received by express this morning the Silver Ice Fitcher I was fortunate to win in last Bible Competition. It is a very handsome and far surpasses anything I had anticipated. E. RAYNER, 19, Hanover Street, Montreal.

Cal. received gentleman's fine gold hunting case watches, with which they were very much pleased. SOME BIG PRIZES. The Bowmanville Statesman, of Dec. 4th, says:—Our citizens have been very successful in the TRUTH and the LANTERN Bible Competitions carried on by Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Toronto.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER! THE VOLTAIR BROT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIR BROT and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Headache, &c.

Mr. George Russell, of Aurora, Ont., says he was a great sufferer from a running sore of the worst description, which baffled the best medical skill, and his life was a burden. He was cured by E. B. B. to his great joy and the surprise of his friends.

Jersey of silk tricotines are worn with skirts of every sort of material. ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winklow's Scouring Straw should always be used for children's washing.

Off Work. "I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B. B. B. I was cured by two bottles and consider it a miraculous cure."

Stamped pongee silks for young persons have cashmere stripes. A. Maybee, Merchant, Warkworth, writes: "I have sold some hundreds of bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electrolytic Oil, and it is pronounced by the public 'one of the best medicines they have ever used.'"

In Bed Humor. "A year ago my head was covered with sores, and the eruption covered my face also, and spread even until the banks of my hands were sore. I became weak and ill. Finding no cure I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles perfectly cured me."

R. O. Bruce, druggist, Tara, says: "I have no medicine on my shelves that sells faster or gives better satisfaction than Dr. Thomas' Electrolytic Oil, and the sale is constantly increasing, the past year being the largest I have ever had. One of my customers was cured of catarrh by using three bottles. Another was raised out of bed, where he had been laid up for a long time with a lame back, by using two bottles. I have lots of customers, who would not be without it ever night."

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

MARCH.

Musio by Prof. J. F. JOHNSTONE, Toronto.

Allegro.

BASS.

1. Come, Knights of Pythias, all combine, Let Friendship, Truth, and
 2. Our Order stands the test of time, — A foe to falsehood,

Love en - vine, Our no - ble deeds, with one ac - cord, Shall con - quests make that shame the sword I
 want, and crime; A band of bro - thers, brave and free, The "Gol - den Rule" our on - ly plea!

CHORUS.

Come, join to - geth - er heart and hand, U - ni - ted we shall ev - er stand;

Swords are point - ed
 at with his ex - ce - pt - cle earth by sea and land, With Friend - ship's lov - ing gold - en band.
 loss of blood,
 lives. In those blaz -
 those lang is Feroc -
 in is Death.
 See,

The widows' and the orphans' cause,
 Are part and parcel of our laws;
 We help the needy, shield the weak,
 And words of sympathy we speak.

Chorus:— Come join, etc.

4. Should dire Oppression's iron band,
 Be laid upon our native land,
 Our swords shall strike the tyrant low,
 And Freedom smile at every blow!

Chorus:— Come join, etc.

COMPOSED IN HONOR OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS' COMING DEMONSTRATION.

Amusements.

The Choral Society's Concert.

Toronto people had formed high expectations of this society, and they assembled in large force at the pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday evening last week. The chorus numbered about two hundred and twenty-five persons, the greater number of whom were ladies. The latter were dressed in white and cream, and the ensemble was a spectacle to delight the eye of any one to whom beauty is more than the word. The gentlemen sat in a corner to themselves, and the solid black patch presented a pleasing contrast to the sea of mellow white. Everything connected with this chorus seemed to us to have been in the very best of taste; the time, too, was excellent; and the harmony even and perfect. The director, certainly, had his choir in excellent discipline, and when they arose, or sat down, the movement was as if made by one person. The programme was admirably chosen, and whilst nothing was wanting in the music either as respects art or power, it was undoubtedly more popular than the presentations of the sister society. In this respect, therefore, we wish to especially congratulate Mr. Fisher. The portion of the St. Paul (Mendelssohn's) presented allotted a solo to each soprano, alto and tenor. "Jerusalem thou that killest the prophets" was sung with considerable interpretive power by Mrs. Cleomati; and Miss Dick rendered with good effect "But the Lord is mindful of His own." The tenor recitatives were taken by Mr. Richard J. Burdell, whose voice is likely to be popular with Toronto audiences. The choruses "Rise and Arise!" and "Sleepers Awake," so full of the outpouring, shouting, quality were strikingly rendered, but the chorus seemed to permit itself to be carried away by the movement of both of these pieces. With such compositions as these "It is more to guide than spur the muse's steed." These two noble choruses from Samson, "Fixed in His Everlasting seat" and "Let their celestial concerts all unite" were worthily sung, and that is saying, for such supreme work, a great deal. But beyond the ability and the success of the chorus stood out an individual excellence that formed the most noteworthy feature of this splendid concert. We refer to the singing of the no less beautiful than gifted young singer, Miss Howden. This lady has appeared little before the public, and we believe that she has not been long out of Bishop Strachan's School. Her song "Marguerite" fairly carried the audience by storm; and she was again and again called to the front. She tried to satisfy the audience on each call with one of her regal bows and fascinating smiles; but they wanted to hear her voice, and would not have a nay. In the four concluding lines she reached the very perfection of power and interpretation: "He loves me" "he loves me," the tear-drops almost blind her, As with her tears the tiny petals fall; "He loves thee" cried a well-known voice behind her, "He loves thee madly," "he loves thee all in all." She was presented with a bouquet, as likewise at the close of "Love the Pilgrim." The qualities most notable in Miss Howden's voice are distinctness, purity, melody, and ev. nness of power. Every syllable was clearly uttered; and such words as "her" upon the sweet singer's lips are fascinating to the ear. Miss McLaurin, with her coils of dark hair over her white shoulders, was a picturesque sight with her violin; and her playing showed the true feeling, and remarkable technical skill. All the other persons upon the programme did well, and Mr. Fisher deserves the hearty congratulations of Toronto.

There is some appropriateness in speaking of a lady's bonnet as "just killing" in these days. It is chiefly made up of dead birds. The establishment of Henry Davis, dress importer of Berlin wools and fancy goods is now better known than any similar establishment in Ontario. A large and profitable trade has been built up by a reputation for excellent goods and low prices. It has been the constant endeavor of the proprietor to give his customers the benefit of every reduction in price of his wares, and the result has naturally been a well-established confidence on the part of the public. At present a stock-taking sale is in progress and "unusual bargains" are to be had.

MECHANICAL ITEMS.

Italy has three locomotive factories and three railway repair shops.

Thirty expert Japanese Ivory carvers are to be brought over to introduce the art in this country. The experiment is made by an American who has lived a long time in Japan.

It is said that shingles can be made fire-proof by setting the butts into a trough of water-lime which half a bushel of each of lime and salt and six pounds of potash have been dissolved.

A Pittsburgh man has invented a telephone that transmits a written message in the identical orthography and so hells about it. A company has been organized to operate the new marvel of electricity.

In 1840 one operative working thirteen or fourteen hours a day, turned off 9,600 yards of sheeting a year; in 1856 an operative in the same mill turns off nearly or quite 20,000 yards per annum. In 1886 the mill's hours are ten. In 1840 wages were \$175 per year; in 1886 they are \$235 per year.

A brick being porous, as a lump of sugar, and having of sides, needs careful filling for water-tight work in cesspools, etc., and a thin coat of portland cement is commonly used. Heating the brick and soaking beforehand in a thick coat of tar has been recommended. A man may lay common wall all his life without learning how to make brick water-tight.

A Lock Haven blacksmith the other day performed the marvellous feat of knocking himself down. He and a helper, the latter using a sledge hammer, were welding a piece of iron, when, by a miscalculation, he struck the helper's hammer, which flew up and hit him in the face knocking him senseless. He recovered consciousness in two hours but his beauty is spoiled.

Cast iron pulleys can be lagged or faced with leather, without the use of rivets, in the following manner: First, brush over the face of the pulley with acetic acid; which will in a short time rust it and give it a very rough surface; then attach the leather to the face of the pulley with a cement composed of one pound of fish glue and one-half pound of common glue.

New - Music - Books

Royal Song Folio - Containing 107 American Vocal Gems; and Royal Folio of Music - Containing 80 Popular Piano Pieces, by American composers. These books contain biographical sketches of celebrated American composers, and eight full page engravings, and are very similar in style and appearance to the well-known Song Folio.

Price, each, 75 cents; by mail, 85 cents. Catalogue of Music and Musical Instruments free. Violin Strings, 25 cts. 75 cents per set. Piano Strings, 35 cts. 50 " Guitars Strings, 35 cts. 75c & \$1 "

OLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE, 197 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Great German "HAIR MAGIC" is the only hair cream ever discovered for Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Falling Out of the Hair, Dandruff, Etc. The "Hair Magic" is a perfectly harmless preparation; it contains no poisonous properties whatever; it is not a dye, and will not irritate the skin, but is a powerful restorer and a vigorous tonic. The "Magic" has made hair grow on bald heads, where every other remedy has failed. As an eradicator of Dandruff the "Magic" cannot be equalled. For restoring the original color to gray, faded and discolored hair, it has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists. Ask for "Hair Magic" and take none other. B. W. WREN, Sole Manufacturer for U.S. and Canada, Toronto, Ont. Where not procurable through Druggist, will be sent to any address on receipt of price - \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.

St. Vitus Dance

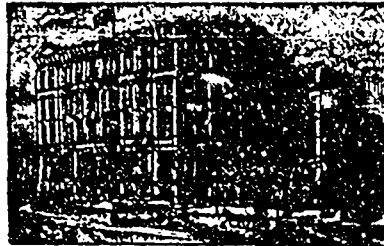


This cut represents Miss Carrie R., of 91 Major street, Toronto. She was cured by Dr. McCully; is now a strong, vigorous and healthy young lady, and permits us to publish her case and present this cut to the public as a token of her gratitude for services rendered. Before we got the case her family had spared neither money nor trouble to restore her health and strength. The best and most eminent medical men in this city had been tried in vain, and her future promised to be one of misery, disease and premature death. In presenting our work to the people of this continent we do so in a manner that, if false, would be the essence of madness and folly; and, if true, it must convince the most sceptical, because we give names and addresses, so that all can investigate. We say the public have a right to know what claim to professional ability a medical man can produce before trusting in his hands a valuable life that he may in a moment, a week or a month, extinguish by his profound ignorance. If our statements are "bunkum," expose them! If true, then the man who shouts 'quack' or 'bunkum,' or who seeks to stop our work in saving life is a traitor to his country and his race, and is no better than the midnight assassin whose stealthy tread means death. Medical ignorance, medical ethics, and medical etiquette that closes a man's mouth from uttering the truth where a fellow practitioner is guilty of destruction of human life are the causes of 30 per cent. of all the deaths in this Province. Look out for an important operation next week. Remember our field - All chronic diseases of male and female of every part of the body. Address

S. Edward McCully, M.D., Medical Director of the Medical Association of Canada. 282 Jarvis street, Toronto.

Advertisement for Compound Oxygen. Includes text: TRADE MARK REGISTERED. DR. STARKEY AND PALEN. Compound Oxygen. NOT A DRUG. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY: E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO. No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it. A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING 58 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

A good deal of Queen Victoria's time must be spent in match making. According to the German newspapers she is now desirous of bringing about a marriage between the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duchess of Alcar.



Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute

BUFFALO, N. Y. Organized with a full Staff of eighteen Experienced and Skillful Physicians and Surgeons for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Bladder Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Diseases and Nervous Affections, cured here or at home, with or without seeing the patient. Come and see us, or send ten cents in stamps for our "Invalids' Guide Book," which gives all particulars.

DELICATE DISEASES. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Nocturnal Losses, and all Morbid Conditions caused by Monthly Pills and Purgative Remedies. Specialists. Book, post-paid, 10 cts. in stamps. RUPTURE. Rupture, or Branch, radically cured, without the knife, without dependence upon trusses, and with very little pain. Book sent for ten cents in stamps.

PILE TUMORS and STRICTURES treated with the greatest success. Book sent for ten cents in stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. The treatment of many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to WOMEN at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, has afforded large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

is the result of this vast experience. It is a powerful Restorative Tonic and Nervine, imparts vigor and strength to the system, and cures, as if by magic, Leucorrhoea, or "whites," excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the uterus, weak back, anæmia, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, internal heat, and "female weakness." It promptly relieves and cures Nausea and Weakness of Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, and Sleeplessness, in either sex.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Advertisement for Sick-Headache. Includes text: SICK-HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills, 25 cents a vial, by Druggists.

Take The Sell at W. P.

WHEN MEN FLEE.

"Look Out for the Mad Dog"

Had a hungry lion been turned loose, had a mad tiger been released from his cage, had a terrible serpent made its appearance among men, there would have been a frightened rush and a sinking of hearts, but no such feeling of terror as fell upon men when the shout was suddenly heard:

"Look out for the mad dog!"

There was a wild, desperate rush for places of safety. There were women at the doors—children in the street—but men fled away and let them to take care of themselves. That cry had struck the heart with such a chill as the peril of fire or flood or the battlefield can never bring. It was God's mercy that the brute paused for a moment at the head of the street—not in fear—not for observation—but to turn and writhle and twist and savagely bite his panting sides and tired legs.

A mastiff which would almost rival a lion in size and strength—his jaws dropping a yellowish foam—his black breast flecked and spotted—his eyes blazing the fires of a thousand agonies—his lips drawn back to show his terrible teeth, and men and women and children knew that his bite meant death in its most awful form. That one precious moment saved a dozen lives. As the brute ceased tearing himself and continued his way, the street was clear of human life. There were horses hitched here and there. The poor beasts seemed to realize that some awful danger menaced. With ears pointed forward—with eyes dilated and full of fear—with flanks heaving as if they had but ended a gallop, they waited their fate. The sight of living objects seemed to arouse a new fury in the dog, and he sprang at the breast of the nearest horse and left a great patch of blood and froth to mark the spot his fangs had entered. A second—a third—a fourth—and then he desisted. He seemed to have been seized with sudden fear. He crouched under a wagon and whined and trembled as if expecting punishment. The horses nervously lifted their feet, and he shrank away. A wandering cow came around the corner, barked loudly at the stranger in the village, and the brute so terrible a moment before groveled in the dust and howled in dismay.

It is so with paroxysms of madness. He soon rose up, slunk off down the street, and, when finding himself followed, he turned aside into an open gate to hide himself. The hand of Providence was in it. He entered a paddock from which there was no escape, and a trembling hand closed the gate upon him. It was not a moment too soon. The fires of madness blazed up again and sent the blood boiling through every vein, and fear was no longer in control. He dashed about the inclosure, snapping at every stick and chip and bush—tearing at the beads—flinging his froth over the grass and high up on the fence.

Now, as the head and shoulders of a man appear above the fence to observe his movements, the dog became the incarnation of ferocity. His eyes blaze anew; his fangs gleam through bloody foam—his hair stands erect; his tail leaves the ground in subdued fury. He moves toward the fence—creeping—writhing—choking back his agonies for the moment while he scores another victim. Creep—creep—the foaming—the fangs clash ing—the muscles gathering for one mighty effort. Now, with a terrible growl he springs, seeming sure of his vengeance, but he strikes the beads and falls back on the ground to writhle and twist and tear his own flesh again.

Other men appear. Guns are being brought out to shoot the brute. The sound of human voices enrages him to fury. He goes rushing about, snapping, snarling, vindictive. Wounds but add to his fury for the time, and the hands which hold rifle and revolver tremble as the brute is shot.

By and by, when the sun has set and the stars have begun to appear, the mad dog is still there, crouching under the wagon, whining and trembling as if expecting punishment.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody who goes to New York city by rail, and who wants the best and most handy hotel to stop at, should try the Grand Union. It is located on Park Avenue just opposite the Grand Central depot, and all one has to do is to step across the street, leave his baggage checks on the office counter, and in ten minutes his trunks are in his room, free of expense, and without trouble or annoyance. When he gets there he will find the very best of beds, the cleanest of linen, the most courteous attention, and as good a table as can be found at any hotel in the country—and by this we mean as good as the Windsor in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or Young's in Boston, and prices fully a third lower than either. Baggage is returned to the station free of charge, and special attention is given to ladies who may visit New York without escort. The Third Avenue elevated road has a station at one corner of the house and the horse-cars pass the door. The manager is Mr. W. D. Garrison, who spares no pains to make every guest feel satisfied with his accommodations. We give this commendation of the Grand Union on the strength of the personal experience of a Lowell party of seven who recently tested it, and who, having tried some of the best hotels in the country, agreed that in the particulars referred to this hotel was superior to any of them.—*Lowell Daily Courier.*

When Rev. S. L. B. Chase was a pastor in Rockland he one day essayed to treat the Sunday-school to a blackboard exposition of the lesson. So for a starter, and in the way of graphically illuminating his remarks, he took a piece of chalk and painfully sketched on the blackboard two human hearts joined together. "Now, then," he said, turning to the school, "who will tell me what I have drawn?" "I knew," called a very small boy on the front seat. "Well," the pastor kindly said, "what is it?" And the very little boy on the front seat shrieked out, "A terminator!"

A little girl who realized that her little 5-months-old baby brother was bald and toothless and believing in the efficacy of prayer added this request to her "Now I lay me down," etc., the other night: "O Lord, bless little Percy, and do give him some hair and some teeth."

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Co.,

The lady teacher of the infant class in one of our Sunday schools brought a fancy Japanese bowl to take up the collection in. Upon his arrival home one little kid was asked what he did with his penny. "I put it in the spit-bex," was the paralyzing reply.

A. P. 285.

MEN—THREE—and two ladies—as Carvers, good pay. H. R. KENNEDY, Toronto, Ont.

SUPERIOR FILES AND RASPS—WARRANTED equal to best imported; all kinds of re-cutting Galt File Works, FREDERICK PARKER, Galt P O

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST improvements; break at band saw for attaching to posts; neat, cheap and durable, send for circular. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

RUBBER STAMP, with your name, only 25cts; R marks linen, prints cards, etc. 2500 styles. Agents wanted; circulars free. MODEL RUBBER STAMP CO., Pa'to, Md.

CARRIAGE LOBBIES FOR CABTERS, wholesale houses, manufacturers; Best price Central Fair. Address M. D. HARRIS, Manufacturer, Hamilton.

AGENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY BIBLES—Is go type, splendid maps, beautiful illustrations, contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible topics, liberal terms. International Book and Bible House Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. R. Paper and Siccar Best thing out; calls at eight, sample 5. Use sent on receipt of price, 15c. Q. D. DAY, Agent, 50 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

REPRESENTATIVE in each county to sell "Proposals and Espousals"—a book on Love, Courtship, Matrimony and kindred themes. Write for circulars. International Book and Bible House, Toronto, Ont.

\$700 50 Acres Farm—\$500 60 Acres Farm—1 mile from Dundalk—100,000 acing pigs, 15 cents; 100,000 8 cent milk; instruments full-price. BUTLAND, 37 King-st. W., Toronto

ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS—Fecundity, regularity, purity, health. Contains no mercury and never fails. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX & ZOLPHIO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

LADIES! GET THE BEST. "Prof. Moody's New Tailor System of Cutting" Drafts direct, no paper or pattern required; also his new book on Dressmaking, Mantle Making, etc. Agents WAWRAB.

J. & A. CAHYER, Practical Dressmakers, Milliners, etc. 373 Yonge St., cor. Walson St., Toronto.

4 THREE CENT STAMPS mailed to us will make you a six months' sub. crib. to Our Own Fireside, a model monthly, sixteen pages, illustrated, full page music. For sixteen cents we will send paper for same time, and 16 complete stories. For Twenty-one Cents, the paper, 18 complete stories, Called Back and Dark Days. For Twenty-seven Cents, all above, Home Cook Book and Family Physician. For Forty Cents, all above, 37 Popular Ballads, Manual of Etiquette, and Fancy Work for Home Adornment For Fifty Cents, all above, Leoline and Robinson Crusoe. References: Mail and Trade. Address, Our Own Fireside Publishing Co., TORONTO, ONT.

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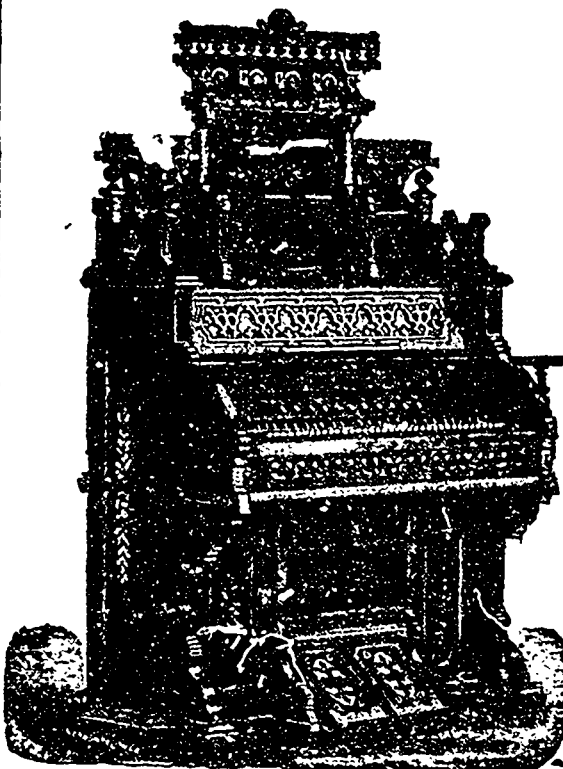
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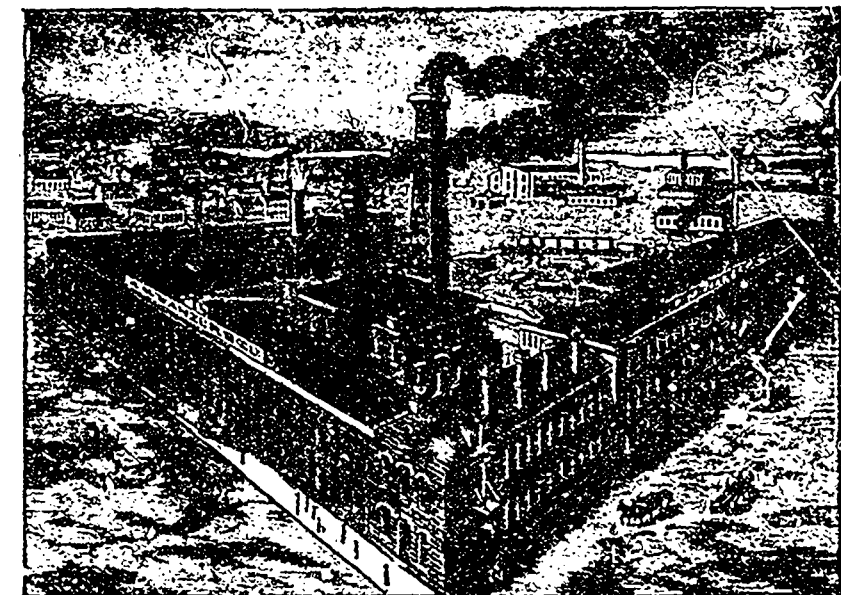
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OUR NEW FACTORY.
THE VANZER MACHINES RECEIVED THE following Unprecedented Distinction at Vienna Exhibition, 1873—Two Medals of Honor—A Distinction Not Obtained by Any Other Sewing Machine at the Exhibition. One Grand Silver Medal for the Best Family and Manufacturing Sewing Machine. Many other Gold and Silver Medals were received, too numerous to mention.

THE GOLD MEDAL—Highest Award—THE Judges and Jury of the Centennial Exhibition have awarded to the Vanzer Machines the International Medal and Diploma, for the Best Lock Stitch Sewing Machine for family and General Use. The Vanzer Sewing Machine received the Highest Award—Gold Medal—at the International Health Exhibition, London, England, 1884.

SCATTERING SHOTS.

A bullet aimed at a rat by a New Yorker, missed its mark, and, striking a gas meter, caused an explosion.

When burglars attacked the house of a western farmer recently, the agriculturist loaded his gun with pills because he was out of shot, and this sort of hypodermic injection process of administering medicine was eminently successful, for one robber was killed and an accomplice seriously wounded.

Elijah Youngblood of Coffee county, Georgia, is a famous hunter. He is sixty-five years old and claims to have killed 991 deer. Some years ago alligators devoured three of his dogs which had swam in the lakes after deer. Youngblood swore vengeance against alligators, and has since killed 187 of these creatures.

A man who lives near Poplar Bluff, was attacked by two large black wolves while going home from work the other evening. As he ran, he fell and the wolves were right upon him; but the rattle of his dinner pail caused them to halt, and noticing this the man jumped up, and furiously shaking the pail, frightened the wolves away and he went home unharmed.

Two packs of fox hounds are sustained by English settlers in the north-western corner of Iowa, for the sport of chasing the prairie wolf or an occasional fox. The hunting is carried on chiefly in the spring, and is described as having all the elements of the most exciting sport of that kind. The present season has been an exceptionally good one, and the packs will be enlarged.

There was recently in Exeter, N. H., a tournament of the New England Trap Association, and fifteen boys were hired to work the traps. When all were ready the word "Fall" was given, but no glass balls flew in the air. Thrice the word was given without result, and then the leader of the boys arose and said: "We want a dollar and a half a day or no work." The strike was a success.

A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Talmage's new book, "Live Coal." The keenest and most vigorous specimen of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$2; full particulars of this and other new books FREE. Schuyler Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

50 COMIC TRANSPARENT CARDS, 10 CTS.; 30 Gold Fringe and Imported Embossed Carom Cards, 15 cts.; or 50 Fancy Chromo Cards, 15 cts. Send silver. No two alike. Name in ornamental script. Agents wanted. Sample book with each 25c. order. Excelsior Card Co., Cedar Dale, Ont.

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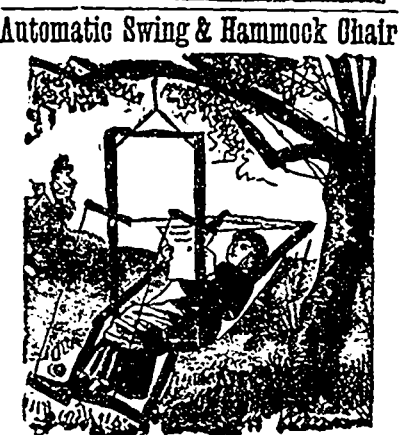
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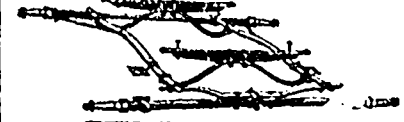
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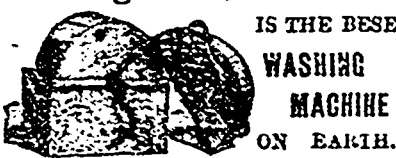
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