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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

It is not often that a man applies for a divorce because his wife won't speak to him; but the Earl of Durham can't get her ladyship to talk, and he accordingly wants a divorce from her. True, her ladyship of Durham is said to be insane, but as her insanity takes the very mild form of causing her to keep her mouth shut, Lord Durham might go further and fare worse, and he doesn't know when he's well off.

If a collection of all the absurd answers given by children to questions put to them at school examinations were published in a volume, they would make up a very amusing book; one far ahead of some of the labored efforts of our modern "humorists." Some of these answers are of course most nonsensical, but others display an amount of truth that goes home sometimes. For instance, at a meeting of the London, (Eng.) School Board lately the question was asked "what are Conservatives and Liberals?" Another answer was the following which really seems pretty happy, and is quite as true of Canadian politicians as of those in England: the answer was "A Conservative is a man who looks down upon Liberals, a Liberal a man who spends the people's money freely." Of course Conservatives don't spend the people's money freely; oh, dear no. "Manhood suffrage" is described as the state of suffering to which all mankind are born." Presumably these intelligent pupils would have defined "woman's suffrage" as the state of suffering to which men are brought by women's suffrage bills and so forth. Finally, as a specimen of a mixture of strange information, glance over the following reasons given for the Queen's right to sit on the throne of England: (a) Because Prince Albert married her, and she was the daughter of the late king and granddaughter of Rollo the seaking; (b) "She was the only daughter of Edward VI., who was her father, son of Edward V." (c) "She won a great battle."

This is what an Indiana, Pa., newspaper says about TRUTH, evidently with the intention of giving it a little "tassy," and being complimentary: "TRUTH" is a Toronto, Canada, weekly magazine, that should be in everybody's household. Subscription, 50 cents a year." TRUTH is much obliged to the well meaning writer of that paragraph, which is eminently correct, with the exception of the price given, which should be \$3 00, which is nearer to what TRUTH is really worth.

Does Prohibition prohibit? that is the question. From all accounts it does not in the Canadian Northwest, as a glance at the following list of "stimulants" imported into the territory by permission of Lieut-Governor Dewdney, will satisfy anyone. Last year, by special permission of Mr. Dewdney, these liquors were imported:—3,744 gallons of whiskey, 1,249 gallons of brandy, 3,565 gallons of beer, 938 gallons of wine, 56 gallons of gin, 138 gallons of rum and 157 gallons alcohol. One particular permit allow-

ed 2,296 gallons of whisky to be taken in. What with these delectable beverages and the water from the Red River, there was surely, plenty of material for painting every town in the N. W. Territory red! There is a prohibitory law on the statute book out there, but it seems as if it didn't amount to much as far as its enforcement is concerned.

An English regiment about to start for Suakin was found to have twenty five men missing, and when the roll was called it was discovered that these twenty five men were all Irishmen, and the only men of that nation in the battalion. Evidently it had not been cowardice that had caused these men to desert on the regiment's being ordered for active service, for some of them were non-commissioned officers who had behaved with great gallantry in action before, and the same might be said of most of the privates. The desertion, therefore, must be looked on as a practical illustration of Irish sympathy with the Mahdi, and the next question is, how far does this disaffection spread? Some British regiments are largely made up of Irishmen—and fine soldiers they have proved themselves to be—and if general desertion of these men were to occur the parades of some corps would be remarkably poorly attended.

A statistician comes to the front with the intelligence that the annual value of the silver mines on this continent is much less than that of the products of the hens' nests. No one who has had occasion to purchase eggs this winter will feel disposed to doubt the statement of the man of figures. The people who sold the eggs, doubtless, found their hens valuable, but many people who bought them will agree with me that their value was nothing extraordinary.

Windows should always be so constructed that they may be opened at both top and bottom, and where a sleeping room is small, a few inches of space at top and bottom to let foul air out and to admit fresh, will never do any harm unless the occupant of the room is extremely delicate. Some imagine that night air is deadly. Let me ask whether it is more deadly to breathe pure night air than impure night air? and whether it is not night air that a person breathes at night, whether the window is open or not? the only difference being that when night air comes in fresh from the outside it is comparatively pure, whereas when the window is tightly closed the air inside from being breathed over and over again is more or less poisonous.

Many private citizens and those who are employed in the public offices might learn a wrinkle from a contrivance in use in one of the New York hospitals, which consists of an instrument which gives notice to the house-physician by ringing a bell as soon as the temperature in any of the wards rises above what it should be. Everyone must have been struck, frequently, on entering some private houses and many public offices, by the heat that prevails in them; not a

breath of external air can enter; every crack and crevice is carefully closed and several persons inhale and exhale the same polluted atmosphere, till it becomes positively obnoxious. Those who are in the room do not notice this, but the fact is very apparent to anyone entering from out of doors.

El Mehdi has proved himself to be a formidable foe for the British to cope with but just at present there is another one they have to encounter which is even more to be held in awe than the false prophet. This is the Khamsin wind which comes from the far south, or more exactly, south-south-east, and after traversing the burning sands of Africa at a time when the sun's rays fall almost perpendicularly, it reaches Egypt laden with all the noxious vapours of the desert. On its approach the sky, ordinarily blue and cloudless, becomes black, and heavy; the sun darkens into a dim, violet colored disk, and what is at first but a light warm breeze rapidly increases into a blast, hot and dry as from an oven, which shrivels up every green thing—warps and cracks wood, renders breathing difficult, and is generally hurtful to both vegetable and animal life. It lasts only from 24 to 48 hours at a time, during which all outdoor work is suspended and the inhabitants take refuge in their houses and endeavor to shut out the fine dust which is driven before the blast, and, according to an Arab saying, is so penetrating that it will enter even an egg through the pores of the shell. On the unsheltered desert these winds have often proved fatal to whole caravans and more than once to entire armies.

It will be seen that there is no such thing as putting this formidable assailant to flight, and the best way of contending against it is to take things as calmly as possible and wait till it retires of its own accord. The Arab, accustomed as he has been from his birth to this annual visitation, dreads the Khamsin wind; what must it be to the European, a native of a cold climate?

When Toronto is fortunate enough to secure a trustworthy and efficient public officer, she might surely evince her appreciation of the fact by remunerating him in proportion to the services he renders. There can be no doubt that Dr. Canniff, the Medical Health Officer of this city, is the right man in the right place, but his salary of \$1,500 is not such a tremendously large one that the Council should wish to reduce it. It must be remembered that Dr. Canniff has been unable to retain any of his private practice, all his time being taken up by the performance of his public duties, and \$1,500 per annum is not an extremely large income for an able medical man. His appointment by the Dominion Government to the position of Statistical Officer is productive of about \$400 in fees annually; but what do some of our magnanimous civic wise-acres propose to do, instead of increasing the salary of the Medical Health Officer to the somewhat more respectable sum of \$2,500 which a city such as Toronto is can certainly well afford? Why, they think that \$1,500 per

annum would be altogether too much for a medical man to be trusted with, so they propose to deduct the \$100 accruing from Dr. Canniff's position as Statistical Officer from his already meagre salary of \$1,500! Verily our worthy city fathers have a queer way of showing their appreciation of a competent public servant.

Pie-eating is one of the characteristics of the great Canadian people in spite of the asseverations of medical men that the practice of consuming pastry bears much suffering and dyspepsia in its train. To such people the news that Emerson ate pie all his life at pretty nearly every meal, will be most welcome, and more so when they hear that he never had a touch of dyspepsia and was an uncommonly healthy man. On the other hand we are advised and implored to consume plenty of oatmeal as a specific against dyspepsia. Carlyle made oatmeal the principal article of his diet and was a martyr to dyspepsia and a churlish old curmudgeon at best.

Perhaps the proper way to look at the matter is this: people who are liable to dyspepsia shouldn't eat pie, but they certainly should not eat oatmeal if they don't like it, as it will do more harm than pie which they do like. The wisest plan is for human beings to eat whatever they find, by experience, best suits their individual organs of digestion.

People are very fond of lamenting that the days of chivalry are past, but they need not carry their researches very far to convince themselves that their lamentations are without cause. That "the days of chivalry," in the steel-armor and horse prancing sense of the phrase, have passed into that limbo reserved for all social extravagances there is but little doubt; but the spirit which, in the eyes of thoughtful men, redeemed its otherwise vain shows and tinsel accessories from contempt, interfused with the prosaic drama of conventional life, survives in all its ancient vigor, and may be met with under a very humble exterior. An instance of this spirit of chivalry was witnessed in our streets a few days ago, the "gallant knight" being nothing but a little news-boy who was selling his papers to the passers-by. A gentleman stopped and asked for a paper, and the lad was about to hand him one when he paused, seeing a diminutive news girl hurrying up in the hope of disposing of some of her stock. "This little girl's got the paper you want, sir," said the lad, at the same time taking one from her armful and giving it to the purchaser, who asked whether he hadn't one himself. "Oh! yes, sir," replied the shabby little hero, "but I always lets the girls have the first chance." Now that boy had a truly chivalrous spirit, and in days of old would, doubtless, had he been older and wealthier, have girded on his trusty sword, taken his lance in hand and mounting his prancing charger, spurred away to the rescue of some damsel in distress as, we are told, was the wont of those steel-clad knights.

Truth's Controversy.

What I Saw in Ottawa.

BY COL. D. WYLIE.

Having said so much of "our Lords," what must we say of "our Commons." "Many men, many minds," is a well-known adage. So far as minds are concerned, Sir John may be said to carry the minds of the great majority of the members in his pockets. What he thinks all his followers think. The game of "Follow our Leader," known to the youth of Canada, is too closely followed in matters political. The interests of the country are of less importance than the interests of party. *Exigencies* are more to be considered than honesty. This was boldly asserted by Mr. Thomas White when the truth was known respecting the bargain made with Sir Hugh Allan, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars given to help on the party during the general election. Prior to Sir John's overthrow and the calling in of the McKenzie Government, in my own humble opinion such an episode would have damned for ever any English political leader guilty of the crime.

During our visit to Ottawa there was nothing of particular interest going on except the anti-Scott Act delegation proceedings. Sir John was as cunning as ever in the face of the ever-gathering conviction that the people are fully alive to the destructive effects of the liquor traffic; the wily Premier dared not openly give the delegates much encouragement, at the same time was equally guarded not to bring down upon himself the condemnation of the temperance people, who were eagerly watching his movements. The result—*nil*. As one of the delegates expressed himself, "What had they gained by the toil, trouble and expense of their journey to Ottawa?" Nothing; the very elements were against them. They had made their journey through a terrible snow-storm, and had gained nothing. The delegates all appeared well fed and well clothed. How different would a delegation of the victims of the liquor traffic have appeared! Scantily clad, bear-eyed, bloated and shivering; their money spent that should have clothed and fed themselves and children, and so it will be so long as the liquor traffic exists in the Dominion of Canada, or any other country.

In Parliament, as we have said, there was little of importance going on. "The Lords" had just concluded a week's holiday, and had yet nothing to do. In the Commons, the presence of Mr. Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright gave evidence of the watchfulness of these gentlemen, that nothing should be done without close scrutiny, but with all their watchfulness and criticism, the fact was plain that whenever Sir John took a stand his followers supported him, however unjust or unfair his position might be. In two or three points, however, he had to give way to the suggestions of Mr. Blake. His conduct in some instances exhibited his dislike to Sir Richard Cartwright. He hates the latter named gentleman with a bitter hate. He would not sustain him in his Pacific scandal transaction, and from that day till the present has done all in his power to persecute Sir Richard. It is all in vain, however, and the Government has felt the pain of his stings, and will continue to do so as long as their acts are so tortuous and hurtful to the best interests of the country.

In my former article the importance of the lumbering interests was alluded to.

The principal firms at present centred in Ottawa are those of Mr. Booth, (who probably stands first) and Messrs. Perley, Pattie, Bronson and Eddy. Mr. Booth pays to the Federal and Provincial Governments no less than \$75,000 per year in taxes. He sends to his lumbering locations no less than 2,000 barrels of flour and 1,600 barrels of pork every season; the others in proportion. In the Ottawa Valley the various firms employ about 10,000 men, principally residents of the city. From this it may be seen how important is the lumbering business not only to Ottawa but to the country generally, and how unjust it is to levy a duty upon articles of food and other articles required in the business of lumbering.

National and Anti-National Phases of Confederation.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

Two decades have nearly gone by since the country entered upon Confederation, and for a time hushed to a lullaby the strife of jarring interests and the din of faction. There are those, though we are not of the number, who not only doubted the wisdom of our politicians in committing the several provinces to Confederation without a direct appeal to the people, but who, after these years, see no gain from the alliance, or at least counterbalance the gain by a heavy loss. It is too late in the day to reopen the first of these questions; the second is a more practical one for consideration.

What the net results of Confederation are it is not difficult to say. There are, of course, two sides to the balance-sheet; and though exception may be taken to many of the entries on the debit side, and though the patriot heart may sink as it scans not a few of the items, there are off-sets on the credit side which must be taken into equitable account before a true and impartial balance can be arrived at. We do not shut our eyes to the fact that Confederation has not assimilated, nor is likely soon to assimilate, the whole people. A nation is not born in a day: it may be said, indeed, that a thoroughly fused nationality can hardly be looked for on the status of a colony. But has there been no gain, nevertheless? Let those who assert this recall the position of things a score of years ago, or go back a generation, to the elemental state of these British American Provinces before the era of railways. True, Representative Government was an achievement of the times; and in the Union of the Provinces a beginning was made towards reflecting that larger union which was to be attained later on. But the picture of the Canadas in the "forties" is the picture of a comparatively primitive community, awaking to the consciousness of the boundless possibilities before it, yet retarded by the rudimentary conditions that surround its existence. Since that era the whole face of the country has undergone change. What, emphatically and universally, was a wilderness, is now in large measure a cultivated garden. Nature has yielded up its tyranny; and civilization is everywhere illumining the dark places with its cheer and light. Politically, the contrast is no less sharp. The old system of irresponsible rule has long since disappeared; and through many a stormy scene and angry tumult the power of the people has triumphed, and has established itself, in the main, in justice and right. The political rule of to-day, we shall of course be reminded, is far from heavenly; and faction, notoriously, has not gone off in a sweet sleep. But though we have not reached the millennium, we have solved many ugly problems, and overcome or averted many calamities that menaced the State.

In trade and commerce the national development also presents gratifying results. The industries of the country are beginning to rival the operations of agriculture, and to furnish increasing means of employment, as well as to become a source of wealth. This much may be said, without questioning the soundness of the fiscal policy of the Dominion, or committing oneself on so delicate a matter as the pros and cons of the "N. P." The acquisition and opening up of our Western domain is another, and an important, feature in the progressive life of the nation, and a signal mark of national advancement. Here again the other side of the picture obtrudes itself; and the advantage of extending the arms of the Dominion over a continent are discounted by the burdens entailed in opening the country for settlement. The obvious answer to this, however, is the one given by both political parties, in drawing upon the country's exchequer for the means to build the Pacific Railway; for, as it has a thousand times been asked, "What is the territory worth if you can't get access to it?"

Nor has the progress of the country been confined to material concerns. Its intellectual life has grown and expanded; and more than a beginning has been made in developing a native literature. Journalism flourishes; and the reading habit is becoming general. Art and education have spread, and are spreading, their refining influences; and, in the cities particularly, some measure of culture has been reached. Intellectually, as well as materially, Canada has made considerable progress; and her social condition, it may safely be said, is not behind that of any other people.

But there is another side to the picture. Undoubted as is the progress of the country, one need not be querulous in wondering why the progress has not been greater. Canada, somehow or other, does not attract immigration; in this respect she is far eclipsed by her southern neighbor. The climate may have something to do in limiting the incoming of settlers; or the emigration system, possibly, may be in default. There is, we know, attraction in numbers, and an equally potent attraction in success. The greater wealth and immense population of the United States, together with the well-known enterprise of her people, must give her some advantage in drawing emigrants to her shores, and in retaining them when she has got them. But, relatively, Canada might expect her share of immigration; which, however, she fails to get. What is there that prevents her obtaining this? Is there anything in the oft-mooted gift of citizenship that explains the matter? We fear there is. Nationality, we know, is more a sentiment than anything else; and in these days of levelling democracy predictions of sentiment are bound to manifest themselves. One thing is clear, that a nation, in all things, has the advantage of a colony. Why Canada remains in theory a colony, while she has all but the status of a nation, is one of those puzzles we must leave the reader to make out. Confederation was a step, but not the ultimate one, in the evolution of the nation. What prevents Canada from taking the ultimate step?

The most manifest evil of the colonial state is the repression of national sentiment; and the lack of it in Canada, with all the indifference that marks its absence, we hold to be one of the anti-national phases of Confederation. There is plenty of British sentiment, and, in a section of the Dominion, perhaps more Gallic sentiment than the country is aware of; but of an ardent and wide-spread Canadian sentiment there is,

we fear, little. In its place we have an ever-active sectional feeling, and a tightening of provincial boundary lines, which if over-stepped at all, are over-stepped on the way to the Dominion treasury. Widely extended as are the Provinces of the Dominion, and as yet but sparsely and poorly peopled, it is perhaps to be expected that the connection of the extremities with the heart of the country shall be one that seeks the sources of life. Nourishment for the enfeebled no one would withhold; but let us be sure that the dolo of the treasury goes to the enfeebled, and not to the wanton and the prodigal. Self-reliance will come with self-sustenance; and with the latter, doubtless, a vigorous life and a more pronounced nationalism. Self-sustenance, however, may breed self-sufficiency, and this again, if our rulers are not careful, may bring in its train disaffection and finally secession. If Confederation is to be proof against this, it will be by the assiduous inculcation of national sentiment, and by the diffusion of a spirit of patriotism which can only come of fervent nationality and a full-bodied national life.

Among other untoward aspects of the present experiment in government is the attitude we have hinted at above, of certain provinces looking now and again to the Federal treasury for "better terms." If the only real union we are to have is one that gathers round the office of the Minister of Finance and plays snap-dragon from the Federal chest, then Confederation is confessedly a failure, and the end is not far off. The exigencies of party have made this game-playing an expensive sport to the country; and its most sinister aspects are seen in the case of the sister Province of Quebec, where enormous grants have been made to its bankrupt exchequer, on the plea of recouping it for railways built and afterwards sold to the Dominion, the money being wrung from the Federal treasury as the price of the sectional party vote. Aggressive raids of this kind, with the political immorality that brands them, are bound to have a disastrous effect upon Confederation. In the case of Quebec the evil is aggravated by racial jealousy, by religious cleavage, and by sectional hostility and isolation. The unifying process can scarcely go on while these things are permitted; and the consolidation of the Dominion must yet be a long way off. If the recent movement among the national societies of Quebec, in giving encouragement to the colonial schemes of Old France, means anything more than the arrogance and self-assertion of race, then more distant still must be the unification of the Dominion.

To contend against the separating forces in Confederation, we want, as we have said, the infusion of patriotic feeling and the diffusion of national sentiment. Through no influence more potent than literature and the literary spirit can this nationalizing of the Dominion effectively operate. Nothing will better contribute to the welding process, or be more efficient in bringing about homogeneity, and the consolidating influences the country so urgently needs, than a healthy native literature and an ardent national sentiment. With these, and due encouragement given to their exercise, we may see the various Provinces of the Dominion knit more closely together in the bonds of a common nationality, and sectional and disruptive influences dispelled as things of alien growth. Some difficult questions, no doubt, will remain to be faced; and not a few tendencies to be checked that look in one quarter or another to separation. But time and destiny are likely to work in our favor, and tact and

good judgment may be trusted to do the rest. With an added million or two to our population, if meantime we do not swamp ourselves with debt, the national outlook will be less grave, and there will be more room for hope. Never was there a time when the anti-national phases of Confederation looked more perplexing and sullen. It will become each of us to work for and brighten the obverse side.

THE CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1838.

Reminiscences of an Eye Witness.

BY JOHN YEASER, MONTREAL.

The winter of 1838 had closed and the volunteers were called upon to pile arms and lay aside their warlike apparel. It was, literally speaking, turning "their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks and to study war no more." Springtime came, summer passed, a bountiful harvest crowned the year and the chill blasts of November had once more made fields and forests bare. Low murmuring sounds of discontent were then heard here and there over the length and breadth of the land, something like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst forth at any moment. On Sunday morning, the 4th of November, 1838, a day long to be remembered in Canadian history—the standard of rebellion was again raised! The whole north side of the St. Lawrence was once more in open rebellion, the principal camps being at Beauharnois and Chateauguay. The first outbreak occurred at Beauharnois on Saturday afternoon, the 3rd, when the "Patriots," as they called themselves, seized the mail steamer, "Henry Brougham," while on her way from the cascades to Lachine and detained the passengers (amongst whom were old Sheriff McIntyre, of Cornwall, and Duncan Macdonald, now of Montreal,) as prisoners.

In the early morning of Sunday, the 4th, the patriots of Chateauguay marched in force on Caughnawaga to disarm the Indians. The Indians were attending early mass in a small chapel behind their village, which was surrounded by the patriots. They said they came as friends to have a parley. The Indians expressed their surprise that friends should come armed and asked them to pile their arms preparatory to a friendly talk. This was done and the arms were immediately taken possession of by the Indians. Sixty-four of the patriots were made prisoners, eleven more were secured during the day, making in all seventy-five prisoners. The rest escaped through the woods to Chateauguay.

The arrival of the prisoners at Lachine was the first intimation there of the outbreak of the second rebellion. The Indians crossed the river with the first lot of sixty-four prisoners and landed them near the wind mill, close by the old parish French Church. This happened at about 10 o'clock. The people of Lower Lachine were then on their way to church. Fancy their surprise! Here was now work for them. It did not take long to muster the Lower Lachine company of foot and twenty of the cavalry, who took the prisoners in charge. The line of march was then formed. The route taken being that by the Cote St. Paul road. It was a hard tramp of three hours. It had been raining most of the previous week; the mud was ankle deep, but the men would not hear of any conveyances being provided. The march of the escort and their prisoners through Cote St. Paul and the Tanneries caused great excitement.

By the time the escort reached the Tanneries fully one hundred stragglers had joined, not exactly comprehending what it

really was, as perfect silence was maintained in the ranks. News of the incoming prisoners with their escort had early reached the city. Their numbers were swelled by hundreds of stragglers. There were no telegraphs in those early days to convey the news and the report had reached Montreal that the Lachine brigade was marching in, having the whole rebel camp of Chateauguay as prisoners. Far out in the outskirts of Montreal, the escort was met by thousands. The sight that met their astonished gaze was strange and new to them. Here was a large body of men advancing, having been largely supplemented by stragglers. Ten of the Lachine troop rode in front and ten in the rear, and on both sides were thirty men of the Lower Lachine company on foot, having the sixty-four prisoners in the centre. The stragglers who had joined were totally ignorant of the whole affair, except the fact of seeing the prisoners and their escort, of which latter the writer was one.

There have been, time and again, many "programmed processions" on our streets, but never before nor since that day has so remarkable a procession as this escort passed along the streets of old Montreal. In front, as steady as regulars, rode the young boys of the far-famed Lachine troop, with their bear-skin helmets and drawn swords, and the foot company with fixed bayonets guarding and protecting the prisoners from the surrounding and enraged crowds of citizens. They moved along steadily and in perfect silence. No flags moving nor drums beating to announce their approach and onward march!

Come, reader, and take your stand with us on the front steps of the old French Cathedral and, in retrospect, let us cast our eyes up Notre Dame street. An immense crowd, reaching back to McGill street, is slowly advancing. What is it and who are they? It is this escort from Lachine with their sixty-four prisoners wending their way down to the then "new jail," with thousands of the citizens lining the street and following in the rear! It was a sad day for the poor prisoners, all young men. They had marched out in the early morning of that day in high hopes and full of vigor. They were now, in the afternoon, on their way to be enclosed within prison walls! A few of them were afterwards liberated, others of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the crime of high treason!

Parliamentary Points.

BY JOHN E. COLLINS.

Some of the following rough notes about the sayings and doings of our law-givers at Ottawa may be of interest to TRUTH readers not only in Canada but elsewhere. Necessarily they must be brief, as the Editor is imperative on that point.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT MEMBERS.

There is a general impression that Mr. Blake is cold-blooded, never permitting himself to get excited about anything, but from narrowly watching him I have come to the conclusion that the very opposite is the fact. At his desk he is either sitting solidly up, his arms folded across his breast, watching for a ministerial slip, or lying almost bundled up on his desk. I have seen him in the latter position sometimes for more than an hour; and what is inexcusable, and evidence of a deplorable lack of tact, he remained in that posture, and sound asleep, the other evening while his chief speaker, Mr. Patterson, was delivering the most telling and interesting speech that has been uttered in the Commons during the session. It was certainly neither flattering nor encouraging to this gentleman to see, while he spoke, during the three long hours that he occupied the House, the apparently lifeless body of his leader, prone upon the desk; while at every other bench the member sat upright, listening with all his attention. You would not find Sir John gathering him self up in a heap and going to sleep while

one his principal supporters made a good speech. On the contrary he sits there, even though he were wearied and half bored to death, turning round every few seconds to look in the face of the speaking member, nodding approval at one passage, and smiling approbation at another. When Mr. Tom White made his very long and exceedingly tiresome financial utterance the other evening, Sir Leonard Tilley turned round in his seat and watched him through the entire deliverance, with an air as if he were most deeply impressed and interested; though there was no fact that he heard at all new to him. If Mr. Blake ever hopes to awaken any personal enthusiasm among his followers, he will be obliged to cultivate *bonhomie*, and show that he recognizes wisdom in his party besides that possessed by himself. Towards Mr. Mackenzie he always behaves himself with scrupulousness, indeed I might say, almost gushing deference and attention; but I take it that this is for effect. There is a story that there is no coolness between the two; it is well to discredit the rumor. Mr. Mackenzie the other evening handed Mr. Blake a book; and such effusions of thankfulness I would be hardly prepared to expect from the receiver had it been a casket of precious stones that the ex-premier had presented to him. As a proof that Mr. Blake is not cold-blooded during discussion, I may say I have several times watched him at his desk when he had a chance to make a point. He jumps up suddenly, the blood flushes into his face and when he falls back into his seat after having launched his arrow he, flings himself around like some heavy ball, suddenly becomes nimble, and glances rapidly at two or three members near him. He clutches at his ruler, at a blue book, or at the corner of his desk, for a few seconds; and then subsides. "The honorable gentleman need not get excited," said Sir Leonard Tilley the other day; for the excitement was obvious to everybody. "Nonsense; I am not excited," Mr. Blake replied; but he was. Under circumstances, however, that would make some men reveal their feelings of triumph, he can be cool and expressionless as a lump of stone. When Sir John made his famous blunder of seeking to appoint a deputy-speaker the other day by resolution instead of by act of Parliament, Mr. Blake, who know well that he "had" the Premier hard and fast, sat calmly at his desk biding his time to arise. I saw a large book between his knees, and several works before him. He rose coldly as ice. He began with reciting some trivial objection, and just as the House and the Premier had made up their minds that his objection was of little consequence, he coolly opened his book and read a passage of the Act. "I now affirm and maintain," he said putting the book down, "that the appointment under this resolution is unconstitutional." A change had now come over Sir John. Every eye was upon him;—and to the wonder of all, and the regret of many, it was seen that he had made a grave blunder. Passages at once occurred between the two leaders, and Mr. Blake, triumphant, sat down fairly quivering with excitement. It was only the climax that carried him through.

*Author of "Canada under the administration of Lord Lorne," &c., &c.

TROPICAL TRIPS.

No. 2.—"Up-Country" in Ceylon.

BY "ALBATROSS," TORONTO.

Of late years more has been heard of the Island of Ceylon than for some time previously on account of it being the place of exile of Arabi Bey, but though the newspapers occasionally allude to this Island in the Indian Ocean, they fail to give any information concerning it and the people who inhabit it.

It is my purpose, in the present series of articles, to describe, as well as I am able, the island of Ceylon and the life of a coffee-planter thereon, as it was when I was residing there and doubtless as it is at present, though I am informed that a disease is

spreading over the coffee estates that is proving fatal to the cultivation of the plant, and which will, in the course of time, utterly ruin coffee planting in that island. A glance at the map will inform the reader of the exact latitude and longitude of Ceylon which is between 5° 55' and 0° 51' N. lat and 70° 42' and 81° 55' E. long. The climate in the low country is, at certain seasons of the year, most terrible, but, though a cool atmosphere may always be found amongst the hills which rise to the height of 8,000 feet, and at Newera Ellia, the sanatorium of the Island, at a height of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea, cool weather is the rule all the year round. It is with the "up country" portion of Ceylon that I intend to deal at present, and as coffee is only cultivated by the Europeans in the up-country districts, I may as well commence with some description of

THE COFFEE INDUSTRY.

which is or was the principal one in the island. The coffee plant grows, if permitted to do so, to a height of from 10 to 20 feet, but it is the custom to "top" it, that is to cut off the top at a height of from 3½ to 5 feet, according to climate, soil &c., this topping having the effect of causing the plant to become bushy and to bear a far heavier crop than if allowed to shoot up to a greater height. A coffee bush resembles, in a great measure, the English laurel, (though its leaves are smaller) the foliage being a rich, dark green, and from the branches of which hang the bright red berries in thick clusters, each berry looking very much like a red cherry. Every berry contains two beans, as a rule, though but one bean in a berry is by no means uncommon. These beans are, in fact, the seeds of the coffee-plant, though European planters prefer to raise their bushes from small plants which abound in the jungles, instead of planting the seed. The plant bears crop in its third year and is not exhausted for a number of years afterward.

Coffee in Ceylon is generally cultivated on the hillsides and in the valleys between the hills, an estate being laid out in uniform rows of bushes, each bush being six feet from its neighbor in every direction. This plan of planting has been found to be a good one in every respect, as a line can be assigned to each coolie to pick in crop time, to weed in weeding time, and to prune and to manure when these operations are in season; it is thus easy to see how much and how well each coolie does his work.

These coolies are natives of the Malabar coast of the Indian continent and are a totally different race, in color, physique, features, language and everything else from the real natives of Ceylon, the Singhalese, of whom more hereafter.

I must now say a few words about the planter himself before describing the operations of planting, weeding, manuring, gathering, pruning and curing in vague on most estates or plantations, and which it is his duty to oversee. No man should leave his home, wherever it may be, for Ceylon, thinking to obtain a position as assistant on a coffee plantation unless he has secured such a position beforehand; he may have to wait months, perhaps years, before a vacancy would occur that he would be selected to fill, and living in idleness in India is a very expensive luxury. We will suppose, however, that a young man has obtained a position as assistant: his salary for the first year, whilst he is learning his business and the Tamil language, will be from \$600 to \$1,000; his superior officer is the superintendent, and his subordinates are the conductor (generally a native or a Malay), the "canghanies," or heads of gangs, and all the coolies, of whom, on a large estate, there will probably be 1,000, men, women and children, whose pay is, respectively, sixteen, twelve, and eight cents per day, except in crop time, when twelve cents is paid for every bushel gathered, a good picker being able to pick two bushels a day. A young fellow can generally learn enough in a year to qualify himself for the post of superintendent, when, if a vacancy occur, he is promoted, his salary being all the way from \$1,500 to \$4,000 per annum, according to the size, prosperity, and so forth of the estate and the generosity of the company owning it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The U. E. Loyalists.

BY J. B. ASHLEY.

The circumstances preceding, attending and following the migration of the Loyalists to Canada were not calculated to improve their moral perceptions, or make them more charitable and forbearing. The course which they espoused with so much ardor, and for which they risked all they possessed, was lost. The confiscation of property by the republican authorities left them penniless, a majority witnessing a sudden transition from affluence to poverty. Persecution, often malignant and merciless, made them wretched, and aroused the worst passions of their natures.

In a sparsely settled community, and with an absence of the necessary moral and legal restraints, persons disposed to indulge the grosser passions easily became conspicuous. But the most degenerate never approached the limit that has been assigned them by our latter day moralists. An appeal for protection and assistance always met with a ready response from the rude men who boasted of their cruelty. These were exceptions, we have said, and we maintain the assertion. The Loyalists as a body were men and women of Puritanical morals and Spartan firmness. Several years elapsed, after settlement had been made, before regularly organized religious and educational services could be supported. In the meantime domestic instruction and family influences kept alive the smouldering embers of moral and intellectual ambition. By the lone fire side, during the long winter evenings, lessons of instruction were given which paved the way for future nobility of character, and which branded with disgrace all who shrank from an imperative duty. There was no "church-going bell" to call the pioneers to a regular worship of God, but a conscious duty erected an altar in nearly every household, around which reverential services were daily held. Deep-rooted were the convictions of divine power and protection, and a willing recognition of dependence upon this power was given. There was no class distinction, no lines of social demarcation. A common adversity and a common heritage were claimed by all. The sick were tenderly cared for, the dead buried with a consoling faith in the resurrection, and the wants of the needy supplied when such supply was possible. In this way from the primitive homes of the pioneer settlers an influence went out that proved a potent factor in shaping the destiny of succeeding generations. When, a few years later,

THE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST

ventured into the Canadian wilderness they received a hearty welcome from the Loyalist settlers. All denominations were treated with equal respect and liberality. At regular distances places were selected for the holding of religious services, and when an appointment was made minister and hearers did not fail to keep it. The settlers seemed hungering for the "bread of life," and gladly availed themselves of the first opportunity to satisfy their spiritual wants. Buildings specially dedicated to the worship of God were erected as soon as circumstances permitted, but there was no lack of accommodation, such as it was. Private dwellings, barns and even taverns were thrown open to the missionary. One of the settlers in Adolphustown had erected a large log building which was used as a tavern, hall for public meetings, court house, etc. When application was made for a place to preach the gospel the generous Bonifacio promptly offered his tavern to the preacher, and his offer was as promptly accepted. On one occasion the sermon was more convict-

ing than usual, and at the close the landlord expressed his resolve to discontinue the sale of alcoholic beverages, and as an earnest of his intentions took his axe and deliberately cut down the sign post. Henceforth his house answered as a dwelling, temple of justice, and a home for the preacher, but not as a tavern.

In like manner were

THE EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS

of the settlers provided for. Those who had received sufficient instruction in their youth to assume the duties of instructors found very little time to devote to the work, so imperative and unremitting were the demands of labor in clearing the land, planting crops and erecting the necessary buildings. Classes were formed in every neighborhood, which met in the evening at a central dwelling, and were carefully drilled in the fundamental principles of the three "R's." It was not long, however, before applications were received from discharged soldiers and others who had been favored with a fair education, to teach "the young idea" methodically, and under a regular school discipline. The recollections of these primitive schools and schoolmasters were never effaced from the minds of the pupils. The qualifications of the pedagogues were impressed upon them by frequent and the most severe floggings. Corporal punishment was then an undisputed virtue, and it was resorted to in the fullest sense of the term for trivial offences. Domestic discipline was Puritanical and the schoolmaster was subject to the same code in the management of his rustic temple of Delphi. Good use was made by many of the instruction thus imparted. They became eminent in law, theology, science and politics, and their names occupy places of honor and distinction in the records of our country.

A creditable and successful attempt was made last June to show the appreciation of the present generation for the characters of the U. E. Loyalists by holding a series of public meetings on the spot where the pioneers landed in

THE TOWNSHIP OF ADOLPHUSTOWN.

This is sacred ground. Almost simultaneously other settlements were made by the same people, but for several reasons that we need not recapitulate the Adolphustown event has been made the representative one in this recognition of nobility. The tents for the demonstration were pitched upon the very knoll where the noble band of Loyalists under the command of Capt. Vauastine first trod the virgin soil on the 16th day of June, 1781. Flagged stakes were placed in the small creek running in a zig-zag course inland from the bay for about one hundred yards, showing the route the Loyalists took with their flotilla of batteaux. The grand stand for the speakers was erected upon the spot where the first tent was pitched, and near by, under the shade of oak and maple trees, were the graves of many of the pioneers. All these surroundings and reminiscences filled the mind with retrospective thoughts, and recalled the scenes and incidents of one hundred years ago. Upon the rough, weather-colored stones that mark the resting places of the men and women who braved such hardships and accomplished so much could be read the names of those we love to honor after the lapse of so long a period. Their history is written all over the surrounding country. Descendants of nearly every family composing the pioneer company were present to show their appreciation of the work so nobly accomplished by their ancestors. It was a fitting tribute of respect from a happy and prosperous people, we recognize how much of their happiness and prosperity they owe to the unflinching patriotism and exalted sense of duty that characterized the lives of the dead pioneers. Eulogiums upon the Loyalists and the principles they so tenaciously clung to and so unselfishly defended were pronounced by speakers who could trace the results of their work through all intervening years. It needed no limning of the imagination to make the picture thus presented attractive and popular. The real merit and beauty was stamped upon the canvass by the artists of a hundred years. What the old heroes and heroines had taught with such firmness of faith and decision of character permeated the social, moral, and intellectual elements at the present day. The appeals for veneration and encouragement were made to sympathetic audiences. There was not a dissenting voice to the repeated declaration that the Loyalists were pre-eminently noble in professions and practices. When their virtues

were extolled a spontaneous and demonstrative endorsement of the sentiment testified to the prevailing opinion entertained by their descendants. Thus do the nobility of character and heroism of purpose as exhibited by the Loyalists live in the hearts of the people of Canada to-day.

There are, and will be, a diversity of political views in a country possessing so much freedom of thought and action, and such an elastic constitution, but there will always be but little difference of opinion regarding the work undertaken and accomplished by the United Empire Loyalists in Canada.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE'S CHATS.

People Who Wish to Have a Finger in Everybody's Pie—Gossiping Gada-bouts, and Prying, Inquisitive Neighbors.

How very much happier we should all be if people attended to their own business and let their neighbors attend to theirs. Some people, nay, a very large number of them, seem to be never happy unless they are interfering with matters that don't concern them in the least, and really it does look as if the more fault they can find with what other people do the happier they are.

And then what a terrible amount of injury is done sometimes by folks who are really not ill-meaning but on'y thoughtless, especially when those folks concern themselves too much about their neighbors' affairs. A very simple little speech, and apparently a very harmless one at first, may become magnified and distorted by repetition until its final effect is very injurious. As an instance of this let me state an incident that came under my notice. Three families occupied three detached cottages, but all close together, and in front of the middle one of which was a well. Of course whenever the occupant of No. 2 went to draw water, the tenants of Nos 1 and 3 could see them if they chanced to be looking out of their front windows. Well, some ladies of that gossipy order who gad about seemingly for no other purpose than to hear and repeat twaddle—and the more ill-natured the twaddle is the better they like it—called on the people at No. 1, to whom I will give the name of Brown. As the Browns and their visitors were sitting and talking, out comes Mr. Smith from No. 2, and goes to the well; draws a bucket of water and takes a drink from it.

"Dear me," exclaims Mrs. Brown, "that is the fourth time Mr. Smith has drawn water to-day and he took a drink each time; he must be thirsty."

Now, there wasn't, apparently, much to do harm in that speech, but see what follows. The visitors,—let me call them the Greens—have other calls to make in the neighborhood and in the course of one of them the name of Mr. Smith is mentioned.

"Oh!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "you mean Mr. Smith over yonder. I saw him to-day and he seemed uncommonly thirsty and Mrs. Brown assures me that he drinks a great deal. She has seen him take as many as four drinks in one morning."

"Dear me," cries Mrs. Black, "I shouldn't have thought it."

And so the story is repeated with variations and additions each time till Mr. Smith, unfortunate man, having eaten some very salt bacon for breakfast on the day in question and having quenched his natural thirst with a few draughts of water, is spoken of as "a heavy drinker."

"Mrs. Black tells me that Mrs. Green says that Mrs. Brown has actual proof that he indulges to excess." "I have it on excellent authority that he drinks heavily during the day," and so on.

From such neighbors as the Browns and Greens may I be delivered. The strange part of the matter is that they almost always disclaim any wish to pry into their neighbors' business. Now listen to this, I met

a lady one day who would be very impatient if you ventured to hint that she was an old maid, but she is about forty, and was never married; let us charitably call her a spinster between thirty and fifty.

"Oh! Mr. Cheeryble," she began, "I had just moved into a new house and I'm really afraid I shall have to leave again, for some of my neighbors are, I am afraid, no better than they should be."

"Dear me," I said, "how very unfortunate. I hope they don't annoy you."

"Well, no, but I am sure they are of good character. I fear they are pugilists or something of that kind."

"Pugilists!" I exclaimed, "what makes you think that, and where have you more to?"

"To No. 15, So-and-so Street. By the way, you used to live at that very number, now I come to think of it," answered my fair friend.

"Why, that is a very respectable part of the city, and I don't think pugilists would take up their quarters there," I said.

"Well, I will tell you," replied Miss Prymmo. "You know there are large yards at the back of those houses, and I can see my next door neighbors and their friends actually dressed in scarcely anything on Saturday afternoons, and out in their yard swinging great clubs and throwing a big weight about, and sometimes hitting one another with great padded gloves, just as I am told prize-fighters do. But the worst thing is their costume; dear me, it's really scandalous."

"But, Miss Prymmo," I said, "if I remember rightly, there is a board fence between each yard, fully eight feet in height; you cannot possibly see them from your premises."

"Mr. Cheeryble," was the reply of my over-modest young friend, "their is a fence, as you say, but there is a knot hole about six feet from the ground, and by standing on two bricks I can see everything that goes on through that."

Dear me, I thought, as I left Miss Prymmo, how very much shocked you must be by what you see if you have to pile up bricks to peep through a knot-hole at what shocks you! But Miss Prymmo is only one of a very numerous class. The beauty of this affair is that I discovered the "pugilist" to be Mr. Woolsock, a very estimable young barrister, but who has a passion for athletic games, and believes in boxing as a means of keeping his physical system in order. And yet here was Miss Prymmo worrying herself to pieces because her inquisitiveness had compelled her to actually demean herself by peeping through a hole in a fence to see what her neighbors were doing.

It is a wise man who has wit enough in his own affairs. It is very common for people, in fact it is part of their creed, to mind Number One, but it is by no means so common for them to mind it. People can all see where Number Two and Number Three make mistakes but when it comes to Number One being in the wrong they are as blind as bats. They poke their noses into other peoples' concerns when they are as welcome as a cobra di capella in one's bed if they give advice and tell their neighbors just what they ought to do; but as for attending to their own affairs or allowing that their own ways of doing things can be wrong, they wouldn't dream of such a thing. There is an old saying "The cobbler's wife goes barefoot; the baker's child gets no buns, and the sweep's house is sooty chimneys," and it looks as if it was a very true one.

Some of my neighbors appear to make a study of being as unpleasant as they possibly can, whilst others seem to try to be as tremendously agreeable and friendly that I don't think I have an article of kitchen furniture that they haven't borrowed at some time or another. And in return for my kindness in lending my property to them I know that they will insist on lending me their chickens all day long in the coming early summer and I shall be gratified to see these hungry feathered bipeds luxuriating in my garden seeds. Oh! yes, neighbors can be pleasant if they like, but really I don't care for them to be so pleasant as all that comes to. It is all very well to be neighborly and friendly and so forth, but neighbors are only human, after all, and it is just as well to keep a padlock on one's wretched door—and to keep it fastened, too. It is said that I should have to talk this way, but the older I grow the wiser I grow by experience.

CHARLES CHEERYBLE.

Vertical text on the right margin containing various words and fragments, including "Page 1", "In o", "Page 1", "Invent", "partim", "a prize", "sendin", "select", "tached", "of Tat", "quired", "the set", "person", "Page", "sere to", "contrib", "will be", "can cor", "access", "a chanc", "original", "distion", "competi", "In r.", "killed in", "On the lat", "through y", "died e", "Set here", "and?", "They com", "Arab 1", "Epitaph of", "Gibber", "is a", "General to", "Mount", "Grew down", "To o'er", "In the mid", "The braves", "From", "Blind", "For 1", "Soldi", "Ah, k", "The", "We d", "The", "For in", "Sup", "To rel", "As I", "No fal", "The", "No ch", "Bre.", "We dr", "We", "Of the", "June", "Ah, we", "How", "Else w", "Fille", "A haun", "To bl", "And al", "Qua", "No gift", "Fiere", "To Asi", "To as", "The ver", "Of de", "Were h", "And 1", "While t", "With", "Then, a", "Relie", "The Mr", "And th", "Repos"

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS
--WILL BE--
GIVEN EACH WEEK,

For the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in This Page.

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

A Dirge.

--For Truth.

(In remembrance of the British soldiers killed in the Sudan.)

BY P. A. DEMENT.

On the far distant Bayuda, halts a little band,
Though weary, thirsty, footsore, still they've trav-
elled on.
Hark! Hearst thou sounds that echo o'er the sand?
They come. Forward, men, to meet the shout of
And through I
Epiths of the west, have ye fanned a nobler scene?
Gleam eye, as iron sword, amid the silvery shoen;
A spectral sun above, below the burning sand,
Gleam eye, as iron sword, and man to man they stand.
Hearst thou, and a minstrel tune thy lyre;
Creed down to son the bravery of the sire;
Is o'er it has ceased, back are driven the foe,--
At the groans--the moans--the not least are laid low!
In the midst of life--life crowned with fame
Dearest of the brave are numbered with the slain.
From England's centre to the sea,
Blings out the cry of sympathy;
For brother, husband, friend, why weep?
Soldiers--triumphant glorious--they sleep.
And hearts with grief torn,
They've only gone before--
Who doth mourn?
Be still!

--For Truth.

Waiting.

BY SYDNEY LOCKWOOD.

Ah, love, when hand in hand we roamed
The sunny aisles of June,
We dreamed not of Death's presence, dread--
The parting all too soon!
For in June's gold-paved palaces
Supernal summer seemed
To reign, those "faded, by-gone days,
As love-entranced we dreamed.
No faintest premonition dimmed
The brightness of our skies;
No chilling airs from Death's cold shore
Breathed through our Paradise.
We dreamed not, as "mid fragrant bloom,
We wiled the hours away,
Of dear December's blight, and that
June's roses might not stay.
Ah, well for us we could not know
How brief our span of joy!
Else would the fleeting days have been
Filled with a dread alloy!
A haunting sense of Death's advance
To blight each perfect hour,
And all the swelling buds of hope--
Our hearts most precious dower.
No fatal, carnal flame was ours--
Fierce passion of a day--
To flash, volcanic like, then turn
To ashes cold and gray.
The vows we pledged, solemnly,
Of deep undying love,
Were heard, dear heart, by angels pure,
And registered Above.
While this lower world seemed glorified
With mystic golden light;
Then, suddenly, upon my soul
Rolled grief's abysmal night!
The birds are hushed, the roses dead,
And December gloom;
And thy dear form, 'neath chilling snows,
Reposes in the tomb.

But, Christ, the most compassionate,
Gave me that time of bliss,
Its tender memory to soothe
The bitter wood of this.

As, stricken low and sore bereft,
I lie beneath the sod,
While thy soul soars beyond my sight
In the pure realm of God.

And, waiting patiently, I dream
Of the Eternal Shore
Where, hand in hand, 'mid fadeless bloom,
We may walk evermore.

Leproux, N. B.

Bime Bye.

When gro't big clouds come gatherin' 'roun,
A dark'nin' up de sky,
Chile, put yo' faith in de Blessed Lam'--
He'll roll 'em away, bime bye.

When Satan pops up in do way,
And winks his wicked eye,
Honey, look him right squar' in do face--
He'll take his hole, bime bye.

If false frien's try to load you stray
Wid promises o' "chicken pie,"
You keep right straight in do "middle o' de road"--
You'll walk into "town," bime bye.

If yo' enemy use his cunning' tongue
To stab you on de sly,
Jes' give 'em de rope, 'n he'll hang bissof--
Yes, dat he will, bime bye.

When men do wrong an' 'fy de laws
O' man an' heab'n on high,
You k'n bet de worl' 'gin a Barlow knife
Dey gwine'er get 'em, bime bye.

So, I 'vise mankind to plum de line
An' here's de reason why:
When de Lord of Hosts lift up His han'
It's gwine'er come down, bime bye.

Only These.

Only a little soft brown curl,
That kissed the baby brow,
And danced in the merry sunshine,
Is all that's left me now.

The robe that draped the precious form
Folded and laid away,
With all the choicest hopes and joys
Crumbled into decay.

Only a pair of faded shoes
The dainty feet hath pressed,
Two little rosy, chubby feet
That never were at rest.

The picture hanging on the wall
Time never will efface
Fond memory can evermore
Each darling feature trace.

The laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks,
And sunny smile I see,
And I can hear a sweet voice call
In loving tones to me.

The coming of those little feet
I listen oft to hear,
As all alone I sit and dream--
To-night they seem so near.

My brow is furrowed o'er with age,
And silvered is my hair,
My weary steps are leading me
Where my beloved ones are.

I Will Not Question His Intent.

MRS. ANNIE WITENMAYER.

Shall not the Lord of all the earth
In every thing do right?
Why should I question His intent
Whether He bless or smite?

His love and power are infinite
And marvellous His skill;
A single atom cannot fall
Without His sovereign will.

Safe in the sunshine of His grace
The whole creation moves,
Better than we can love ourselves
The Lord His creatures loves.

I see but little of His plans,
And cannot know what's best;
I'll take His precious promises
And trust Him for the rest.

"Whatever is Best--is Best."

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have a clearer sight,--
That under each rank Wr'ng some hero
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose--
By the sorrowing oft unguessed.
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is best, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime, punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is saved
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow, means often to suffer,--
But whatever is best, is best.

I know there are no errors,
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know that when my soul speeds onward
In the grand, eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is best, is best.

Living Waters.

MRS. EMMA F. DOWING.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth!"
Hark to the prophet's cry!
"Come ye to living waters;
Haste to the fount and buy!"

"And he that hath no money,
The flowing stream see:
Yea, wine and milk are waiting;
And God hath made them free!"

Again comes down the message,
Above life's tumult heard;
And blessed is the people
Who trust the Saviour's word.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth!"
In no thy longings slake;
Salvation's cup is offered,
Stretch forth thy hand and take."

"For whosoever drinketh
The water I shall give,
A fount of joy unspending,
Within his soul shall live."

Thus, take He of the Spirit,
Who like a brook shall flow,
A wellspring, pure, eternal,
In hearts that trust and know

Nor hunger, nor thirst, nor sorrow,
Have power to atter their breast,
Who through the Saviour's promise
Thus "enter into rest."

Little Mary.

BY E. M. JAY.

Little Mary--blue-eyed darling,
Treasure loaned by Heaven above--
Came she, like a blessed angel,
Filling hearts with joy and love;

Like a cheerful sunbeam, shedding
Light and gladness on her way;
Ever joyous, laughter-loving,
Turning darkness into day.

Here a mission pure and holy I
Winning, by her artless love,
Hearts that were too cold and worldly,
And then drawing them above.

In the bright and joyous Spring-time,
When the earth was fair and gay,
Little Mary, pure and loving,
Gently passed from earth away.

Tearfully, we left our darling
In her innocence to rest,
With the birds above her, singing,
And the violets o'er her breast.

Now we listen vainly listen--
For the sounds we used to hear;
For the merry, childish laughter,
And the pattering footsteps near.

Yet, beyond all earthly sorrow,
Where the flowers never die,
Now our little Mary liveth,
In that brighter home on high!

Toward that world of light and glory,
Father, let our footsteps tend:
Guide us safely, to our darling,
When life's journey here shall end.

God Save Our Land.

BY MRS. A. P. LAW.

God save our glorious land--
Stretching from strand to strand I
God save our land I
Long may her banner wave
O'er freedom true and brave I
And shade each patriot's grave I
God save our land I

God make our Union strong--
Untouched by hate and wrong I
God make it strong I
From foes our land release I
Grant us Thy perfect peace I
Thy blessings! increase I
God save our land I

God make our Nation pure!
Through time may she endure I
God make her pure I
Tried by refiner's fire--
Blood-bought by son and sire--
Let not her fame expire I
God save our land I

God bless our noble land!
With unctio from Thy hand,
God bless our land I
Make her in might to grow I
On her rich gifts bestow I
Guard her from every foe I
God bless our land I

Daisy's Lesson.

BY J. A. BELLOW.

Once in cloudless summer weather,
Many years ago,
Wandering among the heather,
Where the flowersets blow,
Roamed a little, dark-eyed maiden,
Pretty Daisy Graeme,
"Life is all the same--
Dodge, drudge, work and work I
Can there be no rest?
Is there not some happy isle,
Where, forever blest,
Children play and sport lighthearted,
All the summer long,
While the tranquil air above them,
Bright birds fill with song?"

But the flowers, and rocks, and brooklet
Flowing very near,
All alike gave back the answer
To her listening ear--
"Work, my child, is blessed and holy,
He who does the most--
Works for his suffering fellows,
Counts no moment lost--
Is the happiest of the happy;
Try, my child, and see:
For earth is bread, and daffing,
Know it waits for thee!"

Little Daisy stored the lesson
In her childish heart,
Promising in life's great warfare
Well to do her part.
Think you not she is as happy
As long years ago,
Roaming idle among the heather,
Where the flowersets blow.

The Rest of the Way Alone.

BY HAZARD H. BROWN.

Slowly he passed, from the house of God,
O'er the path that he from youth had trod;
And he sighed, in a sad, grief-laden tone,
"The rest of the way I must go alone!"

He had lived for nearly threescore years,
And one, who had shared his hopes and fears,
To rest 'neath the Summer flowers had gone--
And the rest of the way he must go alone!

He thought of the time long years ago,
When the form, now laid in the church-yard low,
Beside him a fair young bride had gone--
From that church that now he must leave alone!

The sunbeams now as brightly glow
As on that morning so long ago;
But the light from his heart and hero has gone--
The way is dark--he must go alone!

He lived o'er, in thought, each by-gone year
She had walked beside him to bless and cheer;
And he pined for the gentle, loving tone
Of the silent voice--he was all alone!

Few tears he wept, and few words he said,
When others spake of the loved one dead;
But ever a still small voice made moan
In his aching heart, "Alone! alone!"

And the drops his eyes refused to shed
Fell on his heart like molten lead;
And his form grew bent, and his face was strewn
With lines of grief--he was all alone!

And thick fell the frost upon his brow,
Till his raven locks grew white as snow;
Not long had the weary man to moan,
"The rest of the way I must go alone!"

A Lovers' Quarrel.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected
Wait for three hours to take me down to New,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every walk by two,
I would not dance with odious Miss M'Zavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who now you cannot suffer
A hint of the best--the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review";

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation stiffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite
delightful--
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan, I would not look so freshful,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile, Adieu!
I shall retire, I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will, at once, and by express air I
Where shall it be? To China--or Peru?
Go, I should leave inquirers in a daze, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

No--I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do,
Ah, you are strong--I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted--
FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue--
NELLIE.

If I confess that I a well-built pouled!
FRANK.

I should admit that I was "pouled," too."
NELLIE.

Ask me to dance, I'd say no more about,
If I were you!

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER LIII.

"I wander east, I wander west,
Where'er my fancy guides me;
And laugh and sing, and care nothing,
If west or east be to me.
Once—was it long, long years ago,
Or yesterday?
I had a dream that some one cared
For me—well-a-day!" Song

What of Rachel Estonia and Joy meanwhile?

A year found them wandering still, and still in vain, from town to town, after the elusive *faisollet* that ever flitted before them—a lost soul, indeed, according to the old superstition.

They had not been without some gleanings here and there of actual news of poor, wayward Magdalen on her erratic course.

In London, the police discovered for them after some time, that she had left before they arrived. She had gone to a quiet hotel, where she called herself by her rightful name of Countess of Rivello. Rachel and Joy listened breathlessly to the account from the very lips of those who had seen her; of how quiet and winning the "foreign lady" had been in her manner, though a little whimsical in her ideas. "Very restless she was only in this, that morning, noon, and evening she must always be driving about or walking." "She wanted a hundred eyes to see all the sights with," she said. At night, she complained that sleep only came to her if she was quite tired out.

Presently her loneliness in "London, that great sea," seemed to weary the countess. She told the people of the hotel, vaguely, of having left friends behind her in the country, who liked its dulness; but for her, she was tired of gray skies and green fields, and wanted to enjoy a little gaiety, movement, life. London had grown dull and stupid of late years, she said; it used to be different! She should go to Paris!

To Paris they followed her, and through France. Then said Rachel, with a sudden inspiration, "She will go to Genoa; to our old home there!" It was so indeed!

Magdalen had been there before them! had stood once more on the echoing marble halls of the old palace, the place whereof she knew her no more. She had turned away light as a thistle-down blown by the wind. It was dreary there, she said, but Italy was bright and gay outside, and she was happy. She was happy! they repeated, looking wonderingly at each other; she had not said that for years.

But Rachel her father's home gave a thousand sweet welcomes to the daughter whose happiest days had been spent there, listening to his words of wisdom fostered by maternal love. And to Joy she told a thousand memories of those dear dead ancestors, whom the girl thus learning to imagine and know by loving description, in their own stately chambers and amid those beautiful associations, thenceforth learned to revere and think of with such affection that she believed she should recognize them by instinct as having been of her own kindred on earth when, in some future blissful state, they might meet her face to face.

Those months were a wonderful education to Joy. Her mind was drinking in all it saw with keen delight; for albeit her zeal to find her mother slackened no less than Rachel's, yet her eyes perforce took in at every glance beauties of sights and scenery she had never before imagined.

Oh, the glorious "roof of blue, Italian weather!"

Who could long be unhappy under such a sky? Surely, thought Joy, knowing her mother's light spirit unfettered by thoughts of duties left behind or the anxieties of those who loved her, surely she was happy too. She had said so. Every additional scrap of news, discovered with difficulty, described her as rambling wayward but wildly gay, it seemed, past classic marbles and lemon-groves, where Florence basked under her hills, and on, on, straying south, through towns once famous and stirring, now still as in a noonday siesta.

"Let us go straight to Rome. We shall find her there," both the lips of the loving who followed her agreed.

So they went to Rome, the mother city, whose mysterious influence has drawn travellers through so many ages to herself—but Magdalen was not there. They turned back, seeking her, and then, once more get-

ting on her track, found she had gone there as they went away!

Back to Rome with the new year they hurried, with beating hearts, every hour, every minute, expecting to meet Magdalen face to face round some street corner; settling how gently they would greet her, as if nothing unusual lay in such a meeting. They feared to frighten her now by making many inquiries.

It seemed that Magdalen had somehow become aware she was being followed. For, when last they heard with their own ears intelligence from a peasant woman with whom she had actually lodged in a village of the Alban Hills, the poor soul had been only fitfully gay, at other times nervous and suspicious, hinting at being pursued by unknown, mysterious enemies. She was so cunning, too, that at the least alarm she would most likely dart away and elude their grasp.

But to-night, or else to-morrow morning, or certainly on the following evening, they would meet her by some fountain, or in a garden, or among the grand ruins of the *Colosæum*.

She would not be frightened at them—no! now their task was indeed almost at an end!

Joy learned fresh lessons of heart and head she never forgot in those long weeks of search; but, above all, in those last few days of excited waiting and hope, Rachel Estonia was her silent teacher. Never too eagerly excited, nor cast down in the bitterest moments when her hopes proved fruitless for the thousandth time; steadfast, sweet, and loving, however weary, she walked as one who knows not, asks not, why her path should be so full of difficulty, but cheered and guided by faith, still pressing on her way, undoubting that all is for the best.

So three or four days passed in vain. Then, one evening, they heard Magdalen's voice!

It was after sunset, and already dusk and cold, so that both the women watchers had wrapped themselves against the chill night air. By staying at home they could do no good in their quest, and feeling that Magdalen, with her constant craving for air and movement, was sure to be abroad even when the Romans would be in-doors, they stole out together.

They were passing down a street, being anxious to gain the better-lighted Piazza di Spagna, for here the gleam of only a few lamps fought with the dark shadows thrown by projecting buildings. Here and there open church portals revealed glimpses of interiors where dreamy lights, music, and incense might still be seen and heard for some special services were being performed, contrasting strangely with the barking and quarrel of street-dogs that were ravenously searching the dust-heaps for offal, while making night hideous with their clamor.

On a sudden, Joy, who had a quicker musical ear than Rachel, caught her aunt's arm, whispering,

"Stop; listen! That is my mother's voice singing."

As you shall hear a bird's note thrilling above all the bustle and roar of a street, so they distinguished now, to the accompaniment of a few chords struck on a mandolin, Magdalen's very tones singing, as of old, the Indian song they had so often heard,

"Tara be tara,
No be no."

A few words followed, as both listened spell-bound. No more!

Then Rachel raised her voice in a clear call.

"Magdalen! Magdalen! It is I, Rachel, calling you. Come to me."

No answer came back.

They rushed across the street through the darkness, heedless of jostling passers-by, of fruit carts and flower-baskets, against which they stumbled. Where had she been? Alone there in some one of those dark houses, at a balcony; or down here on the footway? They had not been able to distinguish from the sounds. Rachel and Joy tried hither and thither; searched and asked and waited up and down for long, till only utter exhaustion drove them at last lingeringly away to rest awhile before dawn

—all, all in vain!

When, in despair, daughter and sister applied for help and information to the authorities, there was long waiting before it was tardily found that the street-singer they sought had some time since disappeared.

A street-singer? Impossible.

Nay, it was true. She did not make her livelihood altogether thereby, but seemed to eke out slender means. A foreigner she was, of what country none precisely knew, but she called herself Maddalena. A woman who seemed of middle age by her profuse gray hair, but younger in mind, as gay and lightly pleased as a child. But also she was quick, shifting, never to be depended on, and dangerous in her sudden tempers. She was *gone! gone!* Yes, very certainly; but none knew whither.

But to loving hearts how much is not possible!

The two women, guided only by some blind guess at truth, something in their hearts seeming to whisper that was right, tracked her to Naples. Thence, after a short rest, Magdalen had started northward, seemingly in ill-health and daily poorer. With what difficulty they slowly followed! now taking a wrong route and having to retrace their steps, now overhooting the mark in a right direction. But after some weeks all trace seemed lost.

A whole month they waited near where Magdalen's last footsteps had certainly passed. One steadily, one eagerly, the young girl and the elder woman examined carefully every track, watched for any clue; finding many kind hearts and much sympathy.

At last came a message from where a little town lay clinging to a steep hillside among olives. A good priest there had taken in the poor wanderer, footsore, hungry, and ill. Her brain had become distracted, but she had been pitifully dealt with, most kindly nursed. And the warm, simple hearts had grown fond of her, she had such a light charm and helpless but coaxing ways, like a petted child masquerading in a body of one of its elders.

She was still white and weak, but able to sing again to the accompaniment of a little mandolin she carried, when one spring morning (as all the earth seemed bursting into flower) they found that in the night passed she had slipped away.

Without a word of farewell, ungrateful one! But may the saints protect the poor innocent! She was not to be blamed for aught she did.

The months that followed were spent in fresh journeyings and inquiries made from town to town under the Alps. But no sign, no faintest trace, now ever came to stir Joy's warm, impulsive heart to fresh energies and hope, or to cheer in the least Rachel's more resigned spirit. The latter seemed wandering in the desert without a well of water anywhere, or prim-tree to rest and refresh her. But for Joy's love now she would have broken down; her mind turned often to lean on the younger one for comfort. Dark doubts came in lone watches, whispering that she had been given one charge and care on earth, and had lost it! That at the end of her trial she had been found wanting; was a careless, unloving sister; a faithless servant.

The bravest pilgrim of life may suffer such temptings and torments, when the journey is already almost well ended.

In those days, the darkest of those hours, the gleam of Joy's smile and her voice, even her laugh, broke the spell; and Rachel would lift up her voice to bless her in heart.

At last, when the fiercest summer heats came and both women drooped in their task, and had begun to look silently at each other with almost hopeless but still patient eyes, there arrived an urgent letter from Blyth Berrington.

"Come back, if only for two days," he wrote to Joy. "My father is very ill and wishes to see you; he thinks it may be for the last time."

The girl's tears fell like warm rain as she thought of the kind old man who had been a true father to her in her childhood.

"Surely I can go, now—at last!" she appealed to Rachel, as if distrusting the quick beats of her own heart.

"Go! we must go, of course," replied Rachel, surprised, as if a priestess had heard a divine call doubted by a young attendant in the temple. "Yes, I am going with you. We are no longer required to stay here, I believe; and there we are needed."

CHAPTER LIV.

"Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?
"I shall I tell thee where,
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all others beside;
'Tis where those we love abide;
And that little spot is best,
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed."

—The Rose-garden of Persia.

"East and west, home's best," says the proverb. Joy felt that true, in every thumping pulse, as once more she saw the well-known towers rising one after another against the sky into view; and as she rejoiced in the wild freshness of the moorland, reviving her jaded senses and mind wearied by hasty travelling. And when the twisted chimneys of the Red House came in sight, and its glittering vanes, even from afar her heart leaped to greet them.

There was home to her where Blyth Berrington dwelt!

They had hastened back, fearing to be too late. But Blyth met them at Moorstown, and said in his first greeting,

"My father is still alive. The doctors say he cannot recover, but that he has lasted so wonderfully against all their experience, he may still hold his ground for some days."

How strange it was to Blyth that here was Joy again by his side, as he had planned; seeing the new lands by the windings of the Chad that now owned a Berrington as master; and admiring with honest unspoiled gladness like a child almost, all the wonders and additions that had improved but not changed, the dear old house once bit, so she declared. It was not the homecoming he had dreamed of. For however often and lovingly they would turn to look each other in the eyes (and that at the same moment, almost always, by some strange mutual prompting,) yet there was a weight of sadness on their faces, and they smiled each to each in the sad way that says "We could be so happy now, if—!"

No; are such meetings again, as most things planned and looked forward to too eagerly, ever quite what imagination dreamily and delightfully pictured? Happily they who have least imagination, when the inevitable disappointment comes.

Blyth had a steady fancy, luckily for himself. He felt so humbly glad to have his Joy back that he cared little how she came, so long as she cared for him.

And she did care; she loved him, so her own soft lips told him that evening under the low-spreading, great elm-tree, where the bench was, in the old close, now a lawn; loved him as well—yes, and far better than ever.

"But how long are we still to be parted, dear?" asked Blyth, holding firmly the main point within his mind in view. "A year has gone that we have passed away from each other! That is lost to both of us! No, I must not say lost to you, for you have grown even far more beautiful, though I could not have believed that possible before. And you have a new air, too, as if a princess had come back to our old farm."

"Oh, Blyth, I have not heard such flattery all the months I have been away! That is new to you—and you 'are changed in other ways, too. But," her warm, red lips laughing prettily up at him, not to seem accusatory of his past, "I really believe it is an improvement!"

Joy felt, but knew not yet how to describe what came to her intuitively by woman's quick divining, forestalling experience, that Berrington was in much a different man; softened in his pride of strength, youth, and good fortune; more patient and thoughtful for others, and forbearing.

Blyth paid her for her praises; which, however, she had altogether forseen. Then he repeated his question,

"Joy, dearest, promise me that now you have come back, we two shall not be parted any more."

The girl sighed and looked round as if for counsel to the well-beloved trees, the valley and river, but all seemed to echo Blyth's request, "Do not leave us, Joy; do not leave us!"

"It seems so strange that we mortals should so often talk of not being parted any more," she murmured. "Why, see how death comes, or misfortune of all kinds, and against their will and vows, those who love best, and have had, perhaps, very little time to be happy, are sundered. The only

thing we can be sure of having in life is some duty, it seems to me; and there is a satisfaction, too, though it may not be happiness. Well, our duty now is to see to your father, Blyth. Let us wait till later to talk about ourselves."

A week later the two lovers were out rambling once more together.

It was afternoon; and while Rachel stayed indoors by old Mr. Berrington, who was sleeping, Blyth and Joy, who had both sat up several nights watching in the sick-room, were glad to go out for fresh air and a little while of each other's company alone.

They had strayed down into the newly bought fields.

How warm it was but with a fresh wind rustling the branches of the elms in the great hedgerows they passed under, skirting the wheat that stood green and as high already as Joy's waist. Here and there, through the gaps could be seen peeps of the distant sunlit hills, lying free and uncultured, fleeting shadows passing over them like light thoughts.

And ever and again, as the breeze drove the clouds by overhead, they would see what Joy loved, how

"A ripple of shadow runs over the whisperous wheat."

Then Blyth spoke once more. Farmer Berrington was no worse, but indeed marvellously retaining his strength in a stout-hearted way against the grim enemy. The doctors had given him up. Good nursing was all that could now be of any little service to him, they said, shaking their heads in kindly dolorousness. Good nursing the old man now truly had since Joy returned, with Rachel to help her; though he loved best to see his "beauty, his daughter to be, with her voice drawn out as fine as a bell-wire, and as sweet as a flute," he slowly uttered, with admiring affection.

And, lo and behold! instead of turning his face to the wall, and being gathered to his fathers by now, as was prophesied, old George Berrington was, somehow, no worse—nay so incredibly better, that Blyth had to check his own lightheartedness, for it was indeed "too good to be true."

"Now, we may allow ourselves to consider our own future a little," he pleaded of his love. "Surely—surely, Joy, dearest, our two lives need not always be sacrificed to following a wraith! You might as well try to catch one of those shadows on the hillside yonder—"

"Our lives need not be *always* sacrificed, as you say, Blyth," replied the beautiful dark girl beside him, slowly, with slightly quivering lips. "If—if, say in two years from now, we have not found my mother, then I will come to you as your wife—if you still wish to have me."

"In two years! Good heavens, darling, you must be joking with me. You do not seriously think it necessary to wander for two whole years longer on such a wild, hopeless task—when all trace and chance is lost too!" uttered Blyth agast.

"It is almost hopeless indeed; a tangled skein!" whispered Joy, low, not having strength of heart enough at that moment to speak louder.

It was hard indeed, with Blyth's arm round her waist, and his handsome face looking down in hers, appalled; or sorrowful reproach in his blue eyes as he stood stock-still on hearing her words in the narrow path between the tall wheat and the shady, high hedgerow.

Then she looked aside, her own eyes full of pain; and somehow she noticed just there how red the poppies were that burned in crimson spots through the green waving army of wheat-spears that rustling, overtopped them. And was that a woodpecker in the deep oak-wood yonder, tap-tapping!

All the while—it was but for a few silent seconds—the poor girl was aware, in a vague way, that she must cling fast to a resolve taken some time back in her own mind. There was pain in holding to the duty, abnegation; and so somehow she seemed trying to divert her own inner self, as if it were a different being, by noticing the outer landscape and sounds. How often again, in later years of her life, she remembered those poppies and the summer scene; recalled the past pain, and could hear the woodpecker plying his trade so busily, once more!

So Joy did not finish her sentence. "It pains you too? You don't wish truly to part from me for all this weary while?" Blyth exclaimed, seeing only her face, not what was passing in her heart; and he passionately drew Joy close to him, her

head resting on his broad breast. A moment or two Joy so stayed still, then, raising her face, she murmured,

"It pains me, but I *must* go! Were it only for Aunt Rachel's sake I must go, not to leave her so lonely. When I am with her, she says every fresh roof she sleep under on our wanderings is home to her. Think of her desolate and disappointed, she who is a saint on earth. Oh, Blyth, if you love me, don't tempt me!"

"I won't! I won't! not to leave her entirely. But think of my old father, Joy! you are the light of his eyes. Marry me first, darling—put up the banns next Sunday. He will be satisfied in his old age; and when you have stayed with us a little while the dear old man will be either laid to sleep in peace, or else so much better than you and I will go on our travels together. There! let me have one kiss and say you will meet me half-way."

Thus Blyth uttered in return hurriedly, and not waiting for Joy's assent, he had just sealed the compact on one side, thinking to secure victory, when the sound of some one coughing violently at a little distance made both start.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI:

As Chronicled by Huckleberry Finn.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

On the river front some of the houses was sticking out over the bank, and they was bowed and bent, and about ready to tumble in. The people had moved out of them. The bank was caved away under one corner of some others, and that corner was hanging over. People lived in them yet, but it was dangerous, because sometimes a strip of land as wide as a house caves in at a time. Such a town as that has to be always moving back, and back, and back, because the river's always gnawing at it.

The nearer it got to noon that day, the thicker was the wagons and horses in the streets, and more coming all the time. Families fetched their dinners with them from the country, and eat them in the wagons. There was considerable whisky-drinking going on, and I seen three fights.

Well, that night we had our show; but there weren't only about twelve people there—just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway, before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep. So the duke said these Arkansas lunkheads couldn't come up to Shak pere; what they wanted was low comedy—and may be some something rather worse than low comedy, he reckoned. He said he could size their style. So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping-paper and some black paint, and drew off some hand bills and stuck them up all over the village. The bills said:

"AT THE COURT-HOUSE!

FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY!

The World-Renowned Tragedians,

DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!

AND

EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!

Of the London and Continental Theatres,

In their Thrilling Tragedy of

THE KING'S CAMELOPARD;

OR,

THE ROYAL NONESUCH!!!

Admission 50 cents."

Well, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage, and a curtain, and a row of candles for foot-lights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the Duke he quit tending door, and went around the back way and come onto the stage and stood up before the curtain, and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on a-bragging about the tragedy and Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing

out on all fours; and he was painted all over, ring-streaked and striped, all sorts of colors, as splendid as a rainbow. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering, and capering, and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and Haw-hawed till he come back and done it over again; and after that, they made him do it another time. Well, it would 'a' made a cow laugh to see the abines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on account of pressing London engagements, where the seats is all sold already for it in Drury Lane; and then he makes them another bow, and says if he has succeeded in pleasing them and instructing them, he will be deeply obliged if they will mention it to their friends and get them to come and see it.

Twenty people sings out:

"What, is it over? Is that all?" The duke says yes. Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out "Sold!" and rose up mad, and was going for that stage and them tragedians. But a big, fine-looking man jumps up on a bench, and shouts:

"Hold on! Just a word, gentlemen." They stopped to listen. "We are sold—mighty badly-sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. No. What we want is to go out of here, and talk this show up, and sell the rest of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat. Ain't that sensible?" ("You bet it is!—the judge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then—not a word about any sell. Go along home, and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was. House was jammed again that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft, we all had supper; and by and by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river, and fetch her down about two miles below the town.

The third night the house was crammed again—and they warn't new-comers this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had something bungling, or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn't no perfumery neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and rotten cabbages, and such things. Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people, the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute, and then he started around for the stage door, I after him; but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark, he says:

"Walk fast, now, till you get away from the houses, and shin for the raft like the dickens was after you!"

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience; but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, Duke?"

He hadn't been up town at all. We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below that village. Then we lit and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

"Greenhorns, flatheads! I knew the first house would keep mum and let the rest of the town get roped in; and I knew they'd lay for us the third night, and consider it was their turn now. Well it is their turn, and I'd give something to know how much they'd take for it. I could just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity."

Them rascallions took in four hundred and sixty five dollars in that three nights. I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.

By and by, when they was asleep and smoring, Jim says:

"Don't it 'prise you, de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

"No," I says, "it don't."

"Why don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it don't, because it's in the breed. I reckon they're all alike."

"Dat, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reglar rascallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rascallions."

"Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rascallions, as fur as I can make out."

"Is dat so?"

"You read about them once—you'll see. Look at Henry the Eight; this'n's a Sunday-school superintendent to him. And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxo heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain. My, you ought to see old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom. He was a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day, and chop off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. 'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says. They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' And they chop it off. 'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!'—and they chop it off. 'Rig up Fair Rosamun,' Fair Rosamun answers the bell. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!'"

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't 'a' done no good; and besides, it was just as I said; you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

Next day, towards night, we laid up under a little willow tow-head out in the middle, and there was a village on each side of the river, and the duke and the king begun to lay out a plan for working the towns. Jim he spoke to the duke, and said he hoped it wouldn't take but a few hours, because it got very heavy and tiresome to him when he had to lay all day in the wigwam tied with the rope. You see, when we left him all alone we had to tie him, because if anybody happened on him all by himself and not tied, it wouldn't look much like he was a runaway nigger, you know. So the duke said it was kind of hard to have to lay roped all day, and he'd cipher out some way to get around it.

He was uncommon bright, the duke was, and he soon struck it. He dressed Jim up in King Lear's outfit—it was a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig and whiskers; and then he took his theater-paint and painted Jim's face and hands and ears and neck all over a dead dull solid blue, like a man that's been drowned nine days. Blamed if he warn't the horriblemst-looking outrage I ever see. Then the duke took and wrote out a sign so:

Sick Arab—but harmless when not out of his head.

And he nailed that thing to a lath, and stood the lath up four or five foot in front of the wigwam. Jim was satisfied. He said it was a sight better than laying tied a couple of years every day and trembling all over every time there was a sound. The duke told him to make himself free and easy, and if anybody ever come meddling around, he must hop out of the wigwam, and carry on a little, and fetch a howl or two like a wild beast, and he reckoned they would light out and leave him alone. "Which was sound enough judgment; but you take the average man, and he wouldn't wait for him to howl."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Your Boy's Companions.

See that your boys have good associates. A mother is quick to observe; she can judge the kind of companions her boys have by their behavior in the house when the boys bring them home, and, if she knows they are not all she would wish, will advise and admonish they are not good. Better let them have a few good companions than many who are "half fellows well met." A father has more opportunities for observing the outside life of the boys than the mother, and should spare a few minutes of his surplus time to inquire into the outside life of his boys just entering into life. A well regulated household depends upon the conduct of the father as of the mother. Command your children's respect from their infancy and you will always have it through life.

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CLARK, G. W. B., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

Fermented Liquors and Prohibition.

BY HON. JOHN D. FINCH, P.W.O.T.

Some years ago, when the alcoholic liquor traffic was on its trial before the voters of the State of Kansas, the men who were paid to defend it gave up all thought of defending the traffic on the grounds that it was not guilty as charged, and urged that the prohibition should be confined to distilled liquors and that fermented liquors should go free. Their claim was: "Beer is comparatively a harmless beverage, containing only about four per cent. of alcohol, and experience has shown that its use tends to diminish the amount of distilled liquors required, and thereby decreases drunkenness and promotes temperance."

The prohibition leaders accepted the issue and with facts and figures proved the statement to be absolutely false. The people of Kansas found a verdict against the whole trade, and it was branded as a social outlaw and traitor.

To day in Canada the defenders of the traffic are trying the same game to prolong the existence of a traffic which cannot be defended on the record it has made as a social institution. The history of intemperance completely exposes the fallacy of the brewers' argument. The process of distilling alcohol was, in rude forms, undoubtedly known to the early alchemists, but it was first taught by Albucaasis, an Arabian chemist or alchemist, who lived about 1100 A.D. Distilled liquors were not used as a beverage until after the thirteenth century. Brandy, whisky, gin, rum and other distilled beverages were unknown eight hundred years ago.

The worst drunkenness recorded on the pages of history, existed before distilled beverages were used or the process of making them was known. The use of fermented liquors then, as now, created a desire, a craving, for stronger stimulants. As the process of distilling, condensing, the alcohol was unknown, fermented liquors were drugged and became the strong liquors of history. The drunkenness of Babylon, Greece, Rome and other ancient cities, was the drunkenness caused by the use of fermented liquors, and the craving caused by the use of such liquors, which led to the use of drugged liquors. The teaching of history is that the use of fermented liquors is the byway which leads to the valley of drunkenness.

The experiment of prohibiting distilled liquors has been thoroughly tried by several countries, so that the result of such legislation is no longer a matter of theory.

In the year 1835, the people of the State of Iowa, by a vote of 25,535 to 22,645, adopted prohibition. The brewers at once asked to be released from the prohibition. A new political party was working for supremacy and a bargain was made between the politicians and brewers by which beer and wine were exempted from the prohibition. The policy of Iowa from 1837 to 1884 was:

"Prohibit distilled liquors and allow the sale of beer and wine." The system was thoroughly tested and proved a terrible failure—drunkenness and debauchery increased rapidly, and in 1882 the people by 30,000 majority rejected the beer system.

Hon. E. R. Hutchins, Commissioner of Labor Statistics of Iowa, in reply to a recent letter of mine inquiring as to the liquor laws of Iowa, says of the old and present laws:—

Sec. 1555, Code.—"Wherever the words intoxicating liquors occur in this chapter, the same shall be construed to mean alcohol and all spirituous and vinous liquors, pro-

vided that nothing herein shall be so construed as to forbid the manufacture and sale of beer, cider from apples, or wine from grapes, currants or other fruits grown in this State."

The above was approved and became a law Jan. 25th, 1857.

The following amendment to the constitution of the State having been voted on by two successive sessions of the General Assembly, was voted on by the people at a non-partizan election, June 27, 1882, and was adopted by 30,000 majority:

"No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage any intoxicating liquor whatever, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions hereof."

From 1857 to 1882 pauperism and crime, as a direct result from intoxicating liquors, was steadily on the increase. This was especially true in the larger cities where breweries existed, and it became so apparent that a vigorous demand was made by the people upon the Legislature for a repeal of the law.

This demand resulted in submitting the question to the people, and it resulted in a great victory for prohibition. A clerical error brought the case into the Supreme Court, and that Court, solely in account of that error, decided the amendment unconstitutional. The people, however, alive to the stubborn fact that beer was doing as much if not even greater harm than whisky, still made their demands that it be prohibited. The Legislature listened and passed a prohibitory law which covered beer, ale and wine, and which went into effect July 4, 1884. It is true that this law is violated only in some of the "river cities"—those on the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and clandestinely in other places, but in a very great number of places it is absolutely and literally in force, and there the results for the good of the people are manifestly grand, and even in places where it is but partially enforced far less drunkenness, crime and misery exist. The people of Iowa everywhere believe the law should apply to beer as well as whiskey, and they mean it shall. The splendid effects of the law are apparent on all sides.

E. R. HUTCHINS,

Commissioner of Labor Statistics.

The Honorable Mr. Hutchins' position makes him a reliable witness in this case, and the other State officers and the clergymen of Iowa endorse his statements.

Having examined the matter closely in the United States, I am fully convinced—

1. That the use of fermented liquors has a tendency to create a diseased craving for stronger stimulants.
2. That the use of distilled liquors in creases proportionately with the increase in the use of fermented liquors.
3. That when the sale of beer and wine is allowed all kinds of liquors will be sold under the name of beer and wine.
4. That if either class of liquors are to be exempted it would be far better to exempt the fiery distilled liquors because the fermented liquors are used by the young, who would never use distilled liquors until a craving had been created by the use of fermented liquors.
5. That the Good Templars will not accept as a temperance law any law that exempts fermented liquors and thereby opens the primary schools of drunkenness.

Lincoln, Nebraska, U. S.

The Respective License Acts.

We are glad to see that the Ontario Provincial authorities have determined to ignore any shop or retail liquor licenses that may be issued by the Dominion Government in future. Last year, it is well known, licenses were issued under the authority of the Dominion License Act in addition to the large number issued under the Crooks Act. The result was that hundreds of men were legally authorized to retail liquors more than should have been, or even could have been under the authority of either Act alone. Of course there was a great deal more drinking and drunkenness in consequence of all this, to the serious detriment of the interests of the people. The excuse was last year that, pending the decision of

the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Dominion Act, this increase was a sort of necessary evil. The Supreme Court decided, unanimously, that the Dominion, or McCarthy Act, is not constitutional, and surely that ought to end the matter so far as issuing of a large number of additional licenses are concerned, at least. The Ottawa Government announces its intention of appealing to the Privy Council against the adverse decision of the Supreme Court, but we see no reason in all this for attempting to keep legally open a large number of additional liquor shops. There is certainly no necessity for doing so, as Sir John Macdonald supposed there was when the McCarthy Act was first introduced. Indeed, so doubtful had Parliament become of the validity of its own Act even before it went into force at all, that it passed another law providing that the legal penalties of the Act should not go into force. That is still the law. Under the circumstances we see no good reason why issuing of licenses should not be stopped, or, at least, unless a final decision of the Privy Council should be in its favor.

The Hon. Provincial Secretary has issued a circular to all the Provincial Inspectors to ignore any Dominion shop or tavern licenses that may be issued after the present ones expire, which will be on the 1st of May, next. Outside of all constitutional questions the well meaning people of the country will have good reason to applaud any decisive step to lessen the number of authorized drinking places. We hope the Provincial authorities may have all the moral support of the people they may need in this issue,—if an issue there must be. It is a well known fact that all the licensed liquor grocers of Toronto must stop their liquor-selling business on the first of May so far as Provincial licenses are concerned. Last year the electors of Toronto, by a very decided vote, declared it was their desire that no shop licenses shall be hereafter given to grocers. The Provincial authorities recognized the will of the people in this matter and provided that no such licenses should be issued here in future. It is announced that shop licenses will be issued to shops in Toronto under authority of the McCarthy Act. If they are issued it will be in violation of the well expressed and well understood wishes of the people. If the Provincial authorities prosecute all sales made under such authority we feel that they ought to be well sustained by the people in doing so. An important constitutional question may be involved, in this issue, about which parties may be divided in opinion, but it must be remembered that a still more important question of temperance and good morals is also involved about which there need be no difference of party. All parties ought to unite in reducing liquor selling and intemperance to the smallest possible amount.

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE SCOTT ACT ENFORCEMENT.—A prominent county judge, in a private letter to the editor of TRUTH writes:—"The enforcement of the Scott Act will soon be a burning question throughout the country. I am satisfied that the Act will be the law in nearly every county in Canada before the licenses are issued for 1886. A few earnest, prudent men in each county can enforce the Act with ease if they begin right in some of the States joint stock companies have been formed for the purpose of enforcing such laws and they have been very successful. Something of that kind will be needed here."

THE FARMERS' POSITION.—Anti Scott Act men usually manifest much concern about the farmers' interests in connection with the "barley question." The fact is, the farmers are quite able to mind their own affairs, and a large majority of them vote to stop the liquor selling business as early as possible. At the meeting of the Dominion Grange, held in the city last week, a report was adopted recommending all farmers to vote for the Scott Act, and to do all in their power to see that its provisions are enforced. Probably two-thirds of the farmers of the country are favourable to the Act.

ROYAL TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

COMMUNICATED BY J. H. LAND, D.M.

The Grand Council of Ontario, after endorsing the mouthly assessment plan adopted by the Dominion Council, asked the members of Ontario to express their approval or disapproval of the plan. So far about two-thirds of the members have voted, and the result shows that the Beneficiary Law of the Dominion Council is endorsed by about three to one. The Councils outside of Ontario are a unit in endorsing the Dominion Council and its law.

This week adds two more to the Dominion Council list, from the Select Councils holding out on account of the change of law. Some members think that the medical certificate required with each application, is a hardship upon those who are in good standing, but it is an absolute necessity, and no Dominion certificate will ever be issued save those who can pass such an examination.

Council 135, of Ayr, held a memorial service on the evening of the 26th ult., a tribute to the worth of the late brother, Rev. John Elliott, who was the father of the Council, and a very prominent temperance worker; a beautiful address of condolence was presented to the widow, Mrs. Elliott, and a cheque for \$2,000. Mr. W. W. Buchanan, Dominion Vice-Councillor addressed the large audience on behalf of the society, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, Presbyterian minister, paid a tribute to the memory of the departed. The Dominion Secretary received the proofs of Mr. Elliott's death on the 24th ult., and on the 26th the cheque for the benefit of \$2,000 was in Mrs. Elliott's hands.

Council No. 68, of Hespler, held a grand public entertainment on the evening of the 25th ult., and drew out one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in Hespler. An excellent musical programme was presented, and an address on the Order by Mr. W. W. Buchanan, Dominion Vice-Councillor. The Hespler Council is very strong, and is increasing rapidly.

Council No. 121, of Orangeville, had its commodious hall packed with an appreciative audience on the evening of the 27th ult., to hear an address on the Order by the Dominion Vice-Councillor. The meeting was enlivened by a few musical selections, and was a decided success.

The 24th inst. is the day fixed for the institution of another Council in the city of Hamilton. Already upwards of forty names are on the petition for charter, and the active spirits declare that the number will reach sixty before the date of organization. This will be the fifth Council in Hamilton.

Rev. John Straith, Presbyterian minister, of Shelburne, an active and prominent member of the order, died recently.

Victoria Council of Manitoba, Manitoba, petitions for the Select Degree, and has an encouraging list of applicants for Dominion certificates. The Manitoba Councils are full of vigor.

Aurora Council, of Winnipeg, gave one of the best public entertainments of the season last week, and was greeted with an immense audience. Bros. Rev. E. A. Stafford, L.L.B.; Hon. H. J. Clarke, and Rev. J. E. Allen, agent of the Manitoba Alliance, were among the speakers.

Fair Prospect Council of Windsor Mills, Quebec, was chartered last week. This is the fifth council in that Province.

Nova Scotia has increased the number of its Councils to ten.

Council No. 4, of Newfoundland, located at Black Head, opened its doors to the public lately and welcomed an audience which crowded their spacious hall. Addresses were given by Rev. Bros. Swan, Matthews, and Curtis, and after the close of the public meeting eight candidates were made Royal Templars.

Mintin Council No. 9, of Manitoba, has instituted the Select Degree, and sent in a number of applications for certificates to the Dominion Council.

The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but they are seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure good heart.

Our Young Folks

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Not altogether himself, but somewhat," said a voice; and Davy, looking around, was astonished to find the Hole-keeper standing beside him. He was a most extraordinary-looking object, being nothing but Davy's parcel marked, "CONFEXIONNY," with arms and legs and a head to it. At the sight of him the Goblin fell flat on his back, and covered his face with his hands. "I'm quite aware that my appearance is not prepossessing," said the Hole-keeper, with a scornful look at the Goblin. "In fact, I'm nothing but a quarter of a pound of plain," and the price isn't worth mentioning."

"But how did you ever come to be alive again, at all," said Davy. "Well," said the Hole-keeper, "the truth of the matter is that after you went away, the Cockalorum fell to reading the Vacuum; and if you'll believe it, there wasn't a word in it about my going back into the raw material."

"I do believe that," said Davy; but the Hole-keeper, without noticing the interruption, went on:

"Then, of course, I got up and came away. Meanwhile, the Cockalorum is filling himself with information."

"I don't think he'll find much in your book," said Davy, laughing.

"Ah! but just think of the lots and lots of things we won't find," exclaimed the Hole-keeper. "Everything he doesn't find in it is something worth knowing. By the way, your friend seems to be having some sort of a fit. Gave him some dubbygrams," and with this the Hole-keeper stalked pompously away.

"The smell of sugar always gives me the craw-craws," said the Goblin, in a stifled voice, rolling on the ground, and keeping his hands over his face. "Get me some wa'er."

"I a'en't anything to get it in," said Davy, he plessly.

"There's a bat! scarp behind you," groaned the Goblin, and Davy, turning, saw a buttercup growing on a stem almost as tall as he was himself. He picked it, and hurried away across the meadow to look for water, the buttercup, meanwhile, growing in his hand in a surprising manner, until it became a full-sized tea-cup, with a handle conveni-ly growing on one side. Davy, however, had become so accustomed to this sort of thing that he would not have been greatly surprised if a saucer had also made its appearance.

Presently he came upon a sparkling little spring, gaily bubbling up in a marshy place with high sedge-grass growing about it, and being a very neat little boy, he took off his shoes and stockings and carefully picked his way over the oozy ground to the edge of the spring itself. He was just bending over to the cup into the spring, when the ground under his feet began trembling like jelly, and then, giving itself an convulsive shake, threw him head foremost into the water.

For a moment Davy had a very curious sensation as though his head and his arms and his legs were all trying to get inside of his jacket, and then he came sputtering to the top of the water and scrambled ashore. To his astonishment he saw that at the spring had spread itself out into a little lake, and that the sedge-grass had grown to an enormous height and was waving far above his head. Then he was startled by a tremendous roar of laughter, and looking around, he saw the Goblin, who was now apparently at least twenty feet high, standing beside the spring.

"Oh, my!" cried the Goblin, in an uncontrollable fit of merriment. "Another minute and you wouldn't have been bigger than a peanuz!"

"What's the matter with me?" said Davy, not knowing what to make of it all.

"Matter?" cried the Goblin. "Why, you've been and gone and fallen into the Elastic Spring, that's all. If you'd got in at e'ch tide, early in the morning, you'd have been a perfect giraffe, but you got in at shrunk tide and—oh, my! oh, my!" and here he went off into another fit of laughter.

"I don't think it's anything to laugh at," cried Davy, with the tears starting to his

eyes, "and I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Oh! don't worry," said the Goblin, good-naturedly. "I'll take a dip myself, just to be companionable, and to-morrow morning we can get back to any size you like."

"I wish you'd take these in with you," said Davy, pointing to his shoes and stockings. "They're big enough now for Madorf."

"All right," cried the Goblin. "Here we go; and taking the shoes and stockings in his hand he plunged into the spring, and a moment afterward scrambled out exactly Davy's size.

"Now that's what I call a nice, tidy size," said the Goblin complacently, while Davy was queezing his feet into his wet shoes. "What do you say to a ride on a field mouse?"

"That will be glorious!" said Davy.

"Well, there goes the sun," said the Goblin; "it will be moonlight presently," and as he spoke, the sun went down with a boom like a distant gun and left them in the dark. The next moment a beautiful moon rose above the trees and beamed down pleasantly upon them, and the Goblin, taking Davy by the hand, led him into the wood.

"Freckles," said the Goblin, "what time is it?"

"They were now in the densest part of the wood, where the moon was shining brightly on a little pool with rushes growing about it, and the Goblin was speaking to a large toad.

"Forty croaks," said the Toad, in a husky whisper; and then, as a frog croaked in the pool, he added: "That makes it forty one. The Snoopers have come in, and Thimble toes is shaking in his boots." And with these words the Toad coughed, and then hopped heavily away.

"What does he mean?" whispered Davy. "He means that the Fairies are here, and that means that we won't get our ride," said the Goblin, rather sulkily.

"And who is Thimbletoes?" said Davy. "He's the Prime Minister," said the Goblin. "You see, if any one of the Snoopers finds out something the Queen didn't know before, out goes the Prime Minister and the Snoopers pop into his boots. Thimble toes doesn't fancy that, you know, because the Prime Minister has all the honey he wants, by way of a mouse-stable, and don't you speak a word, mind!"

As the Goblin said this, they came upon a little thatched building, about the size of a by-house, standing just behind the pool; and the Goblin, cautiously pushing open the door, stole noiselessly in, with Davy following at his heels, trembling with excitement. The little building was curiously lighted up by a vast number of fire flies, hung from the ceiling by loops of cobweb; and Davy could see several spiders hurrying about among them and stirring them up when a light grew dim. The fire-flies were stabled in little stalls on either side, each one with his tail neatly tied with a bow-knot to a ring at one side; and at the farther end of the stable was a buzzing throng of fairies, with their shining clothes and gauzy wings sparkling beautifully in the soft light. Just beyond them Davy saw the Queen sitting on a raised throne, with a little mullen-stalk for a sceptre, and beside her was the Prime Minister, in a terrible state of agitation.

"Now, he's a this Bandybug," the Prime Minister was saying. "What does he know about untying the knots in a cord of wool?"

"Nothing!" said the Queen, positively. "Absolutely nothing."

"And then," continued the Prime Minister, "the idea of his presuming to tell your Gossamer Majesty that he can hear the bark of the dog-wood trees—"

"Boah!" cried the Queen. "Paint him with raspberry jam and put him to bed in a bee hive. That'll make him smart, at all events."

Here the Prime Minister began dancing about in an ecstasy, until the Queen knocked him over with the mullen-stalk, and shouted, "Silence! and plenty of it, too. Bring in Berrylegs."

Berrylegs, who proved to be a wiry little fairy, with a silver coat and tight, cherry-colored trousers, was immediately brought in. His little wings fairly orisled with diamonds, and his manner, as he stood before the Queen, was so impudent that Davy felt,

morally certain there was going to be a scene.

"May it please your Transparent Highness—" began Berrylegs.

"Skip all that!" interrupted the Queen, flourishing her mullen-stalk.

"Skip, yourself!" said Berrylegs, boldly, in reply. "Don't you suppose I know how to talk to a queen?"

The Queen turned very pale, and after a hurried consultation with the Prime Minister, said, faintly, "Have it your own way," and Berrylegs began again.

"May it please your Transparent Highness, I've found out how the needles got into the haystacks."

As Berrylegs said this, a terrible commotion arose at once among the Fairies. The Prime Minister cried out, "Oh, come, I say! That's not fair, you know," and the Queen became so agitated that she began taking great bites off the end of the mullen-stalk in a dazed sort of a way; then Davy noticed that the Goblin, in his excitement, was trying to climb up on one of the mouse-stalls so as to get a better view of what was going on. At last the Queen, whose mouth was now quite filled with bits of the mullen-stalk, mumbled, "Get to the point."

"It ought to be a sharp one, being about needles," said the Prime Minister, attempting a joke with a feeble laugh, but no one paid the slightest attention to him; and Berrylegs, who was now positively swelled with importance, called out in a loud voice: "It comes from using sewing machines when they sow the hay-seed!"

The Prime Minister gave a shriek and fell flat on his face, and the Queen began jumping frantically up and down and beating about on all sides of her with the end of the mullen-stalk, when suddenly a large cat walked into the stable and the Fairies fled in all directions. There was no mistaking the cat, and Davy, forgetting entirely the Goblin's caution, exclaimed, "Why! it's Solomon!"

The next instant the light disappeared, and Davy found himself in total darkness with Solomon's eyes shining at him like two balls of fire. There was a confused sound of sobb and cries and the squeaking of mice, among which could be heard the Goblin's voice crying, "Davy! Davy!" in a reproachful way; then the eyes disappeared, and a moment afterward the stable was lifted off the ground and violently shaken.

"That's Solomon, trying to get at the mice," thought Davy. "I wish the old thing had staid away!" he added aloud, and as he said this the little stable was broken all to bits, and he found himself sitting on the ground in the forest.

The moon had disappeared, and snow was falling rapidly, and the sound of distant chimes reminded Davy that it must be past midnight, and that Christmas-day had come. Solomon's eyes were shining in the darkness like a pair of coach-lamps, and as Davy sat looking at them, a ruddy light began to glow between them, and presently the figure of the Goblin appeared dressed in scarlet, as when he had first come. The reddish light was shining through his stomach again, as though the coals had been fanned into life once more, and as Davy gazed at him it grew brighter and stronger and finally burst into a blaze. Then Solomon's eyes gradually took the form of great brass balls, and presently the figure of the long lost Colonel came into view just above them, affectionately hugging his clock. He was gazing mournfully down upon the poor Goblin, who was now blazing like a dry chip, and as the light of the fire grew brighter and stronger, the trees about slowly took the shape of an old-fashioned fire-place with a high mantel-shelf above it, and then Davy found himself curled up in the big easy-chair, with his dear old grandmother bending over him, and saying, gently, "Davy! Davy! Come and have some dinner, my dear."

In fact, the Believing Voyage was over.

THE END.

The Pharaohs.

The Egyptians called their kings Pharaohs. The first Pharaoh was Menes, about 3000 or 4,000 B. C. He built the city of Memphis, on the banks of the Nile, and turned the river from its course to make a foundation for it. Around it ran canals and basins of water, and embankments of earth and sand, to protect it from the annual floods. The city rose to great splendor.

The Pharaohs adorned it with immense temples, long rows of sphinxes, obelisks, and vast pillars of stone. Behind rose the pyramids, the most enduring and the most useless of buildings. Memphis was for many centuries the finest city in the world. It decayed slowly under the Roman rule; the Saracens pillaged it of its stones and marble to build Cairo; and now the position of the great city can only be traced by its ruins. Only the pyramids and some huge sphinxes and lions remain unchanged.

The next famous Pharaohs added to the splendor of Memphis. But a later dynasty removed the seat of their government to Thebes. This splendid city grew up on both banks of the Nile. It was even more magnificent than Memphis. Its temples, Luxor and Karnak, are the largest ever built by man. Their vast and ruined ranges of columns are well known to all who sail up the Nile. Not far off is the famous statue of Memnon, that was said to utter musical notes at the rising of the sun. One famous Pharaoh, Amenemhat III., built the Labyrinth palace with three thousand rooms, which is described by Herodotus. Thothmes I. made war in the East. A woman reigned as Pharaoh, and clothed herself in a man's dress; her name was Hat-hepu. She was the Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history, and surrounded herself with fine workmen, architects, soldiers and sailors. Her fleets went on voyages of discovery on the Red Sea, and along the African shore. Thothmes III., her younger brother, was the conqueror of the East. His name is carved on some of the finest of the obelisks, temples, and countless stones and gems. He is called the greatest of the Pharaohs.

Ramses I., about 1,400 B. C., was the founder of a famous family. His son Seti made war on all sides, and was victorious. He built splendid temples at Memphis and other cities, and burdened his people with taxes. His more famous son, Ramses II., completed Seti's works, and showed the purest love and reverence for his father. Ramses conquered all the East, and in his reign Moses was probably born. On the banks of the Nile, in some humble cottage, the famous Jewish lawgiver first saw the light. He led out his people, perhaps, under Meneptah II., and the reign of the cruel Pharaoh must have been disturbed by plagues and civil wars. Another famous Pharaoh, Ramses III., plundered all his neighbors, and lavished his wealth in building new temples in the cities of the Nile. The family of Ramses reigned many years; their names constantly appear on the tombs and statues.

But Egypt now began to decline; powerful states grew up around it; civil wars divided its people. The Assyrians invaded the wealthy country, and the Kings of Assyria became the Kings of Egypt. Sesostris I., the first Assyrian Pharaoh, has left his name carved on many monuments. Next the Ethiopians invaded the unfortunate land, captured Thebes, and drove off the Assyrians. From about the year 1000 B. C. the country knew little repose. The great cities were full of sorrow. Cambyses and the Persians, who conquered Egypt about 527 B. C., ruled with severity. The great bull Apis, who was the Egyptian god, died about this time, and Cambyses was said to have killed him.

Once more the Egyptians drove off the enemy, and were for a short time free. The last Pharaoh ascended the throne of Thothmes and Ramses the Great. But Egypt was soon conquered by Alexander. The last Pharaoh died; his name was Nektcheb. His descendants are probably to be found among the dusky beggars who crowd around the American travellers on the Nile. The Pharaohs are passed away. But the pyramids, the sphinxes, the Memnonium, Karnak, Luxor, and countless tombs and monuments record their memories.

The troubles in Egypt recall their history. Egypt is now powerless and fallen. It is burdened with heavy debts, and foreigners control its principal affairs. The European has long been the superior of the Egyptian. Once the Egyptian taught and conquered Asia and part of Europe; but the Egyptians became vain, insolent, refused to learn anything new, and sank into indolence. The Europeans and Americans build railroads and bridges instead of useless pyramids and decaying temples.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 17.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at about \$75 is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for TRUTH for at least four weeks, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. 3rd. Two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at TRUTH office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Paris Bazaar, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

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

VERILY THOU SHALT BE FED.

SENT BY MRS. C. DEAMER, LISTOWEL.

She was a widow, the little woman in rusty black, who drew her veil so closely over her face, as she hearkened to the reading of the Thanksgiving proclamation on a November Sabbath of a year not so very long bygone,—the Thanksgiving proclamation, which brought smiles to many countenances in that New England congregation, but not to all. For never yet was the call for universal Thanksgiving read, without falling cold and empty on some listening ear! For when did ever a year slip by, without bringing sorrow into some heart and home? And how can we be thankful for sorrow?

It is such a slowly-learned lesson, the "sorrowful, yet rejoicing;" so slowly learned the secret of that divine compassion, which at the bitterest hour murmurs, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, like as a father he pitieth."

No, Widow Blair was not the only one who sighed as she listened to the words, not the only one whose heart tremblingly asked, "How can I give thanks?" not the only one who prayed, "God help me to remember his mercies." Mercies! yes, thank God, in the Christian's cup of anguish, there are ever mingled draughts of blessing.

Closely the veil concealed Mrs. Blair's face during the remaining hour of the service, and she did not lift it, as speedily she walked down the village street, and entered the doorway leading into her humble home—the home that on the morrow she was to leave.

It is a common enough story—Mrs. Blair's—so common, alas, its like is familiar to many and many another little woman, who walks life's ways in garments of rusty black.

Nigh twenty years it was since she first entered that home, and twenty years cover a wide space in one's life story; so wide, that to Mrs. Blair, they almost seemed to bound the whole of her history, for they held, those twenty years, her youth, her coming as a bride to that home, and the record of a happy love, of a husband's tender care; held the memory of the patter of children's feet, and the music of children's voices—little voices that grew silent so soon—so soon. They held, too, the tale of that husband's sudden death, the hour "after which God's earth had never seemed so fair" to the widow—and then they told of the slender means of support which were all that were left Mrs. Blair, after the settlement of her husband's affairs. Means which, with every passing year, had grown less and less, till that November time, when, at last, sympathetic poverty had forced Mrs. Blair to sign away her claim to call her own that home of her twenty years' bygone life.

Everything stood ready for her departure—her little trunk was already packed; for on the morrow she was to go forth, a lonely woman, a middle-aged woman, (for youth ended the day her husband died,) to ask support, by a service, which seemed hard for one reared as Mrs. Blair had been.

But we must not linger to detail Mrs. Blair's story; all we want to tell is, how she found heart, even amid her trials, her poverty and loneliness, to keep a Thanksgiving.

It was nearing the close of the day when again Mrs. Blair wrapped her thin shawl about her and drew her veil close over her face, for she had no heart to look on the village street, no heart to look on the homes where happy wives and mothers dwelt. Almost all her farewells had been said on the

yesterday, but one good-by she had left for that twilight hour. It was not far distant, the house she sought—a poor little unpainted house, and the room she entered was a but scantily furnished, and yet in that poor home there lived a servant of the Lord, so rich in faith, love, and hope, that happier was her lot than that of many a wealthy neighbor, whose earthly possessions were counted by broad acres and well-stored barns.

"I have come to say good-by, Mrs. Picket," were Widow Blair's greeting words to the only occupant of the room, an old woman, bent with the weight of seventy years of toil, but with a face that, as she turned it towards Mrs. Blair, was so bright with heart-peace and gladness, almost like the face of a child it seemed, spite the wrinkles that furrowed the brow, spite the snow-white hair that framed it.

Full half an hour Mrs. Blair sat with her old friend, and as they talked together, slowly as the clouds lift and roll away before the rising sun, so the trouble which had weighed so heavily on Mrs. Blair's heart, lifted and rolled off.

But not till she was parting from her, did old Mrs. Picket utter the promise text, that rang out for the Widow Blair, the first notes of her Thanksgiving song.

"I could not but think," Mrs. Blair had said, "when they read the proclamation in church this morning, how could a woman like me give thanks—a woman widowed, childless, and poverty-stricken, a woman who does not even know where the next week's meat will come from!"

"Trust in the Lord, and verily thou shalt be fed." This was old Mrs. Picket's reply—this, and nothing more.

But it was enough. The twilight had deepened when Mrs. Blair turned homeward. As she entered her little sitting room it was almost dark, yet she did not light the lamp. No, she sat down in the gloom to think—and though she had looked forward to that Sabbath-evening hour at a time when, once more, before she left the familiar place, she would live over again her life's history, memory did not waken thoughts of the past, for those words old Mrs. Picket had said, they kept repeating so loudly in her heart she could not silence them, and they widened out so wonderfully to that lonely, sorrow-touched woman, that, as she sat there in the dark, they illumined for even the going forth from her home, seeming to take the lightness away from the trial.

"Trust in the Lord," softly Mrs. Blair repeated the words; and as never before she grasped that Trust word. Trust! Into her heart came its meaning when applied to love for an earthly friend. She thought of the sweet sense of security with which she had leaned on the husband of her youth, on the dear sense of comfort with which she had entrusted herself and her all to his keeping—and, as the blessedness of that trust came over Mrs. Blair's heart, there came too, like the shining of a sunbeam, a clearer vision of how faint a hint the confidence and trust we repose in even the dearest earthly friend is to the trust with which we may cling to the heavenly, the One who said, "Lo, I am with you always."

"And all I have to do," she murmured, "to dwell in the peace of His felt presence, is to trust—and then I will be fed."

But the food promised, Mrs. Blair well knew, it was not of this world's wealth and bounty; she knew it was of that "bread of

heaven," of which "if any man eat, he shall never hunger." The bread of Christ's love, his support, his strength, his comforting, revealed amid her trials, comforting, that no earth-words are broad enough to bound.

Ah, what food for a hungry soul!

She knew, too, the water of which Christ would give her thirsty soul to drink, was that "water of life," drawn from the "rocks of salvation;" wells that are fed by a thousand streamlets, that flow every one from the "river of God;" wells that never are empty, though the land be famished and dry from drought.

It was pondering on these thoughts that Mrs. Blair gathered up the "fragment-laden basket," that she carried out with her into her new life. The plenty-laden basket, that supplied her wants when the November day, appointed as a time of gratitude, came—the day which, spite her fears, was a Thanksgiving day to Mrs. Blair, though she was a stranger then in a strange city, though her meal spread on that day of bounty and cheer in thousands of homes all our broad country over, was scanty, scanty meal, yet, "I am fed," she said, and loudly the Trust-song sang in her heart, for no heart-song sings so loudly as that born of "Trust in the Lord."

And now, you know how the Widow Blair found, after all—and that "after all" meant much to that tired woman—that she could keep a Thanksgiving day.

And this Thanksgiving, that is not limited to one appointed day, but that may reach over and on, to every day of the year, is open to us all, however lonely our lot, however thorny our life's path, open to us all; for all we have to do to secure it, is just to "Trust in the Lord, and then, verily, we shall be fed;" and

Every thorny crown of care
Worn well in patience now,
Shall grow a glorious diadem
Upon the faithful brow."

The Mother-Harry.

Another dangerous spoiler of matrimonial plans is the mother-harry. Her own daughters are scarcely sufficiently attractive to play the part of harpy themselves, but they are dexterously moved about, like pawns in a game of chess. It is a feature in the mother-harry's tactics to rout her enemies by means of numbers. When one daughter is invited she brings two or three. They are all slightly inclined to *embourgeois*, the mother especially being of ample proportions, and clothed in voluminous garments of velvet and fur, which take up an infinite amount of room in a small London box. The entrance of Lady Gargantua and her daughters is usually attended with noise, bustle, and considerable sensation. They are flowing over with good nature, and have a way peculiar to themselves of hovering round their friends. Should any young man on whom Lady Gargantua has fixed as a future son-in-law be talking to another girl, the mother-harry interposes her substantial form between him and the doomed maiden, to whom she addresses a flood of meaningless civilities. In the meantime one of her daughters has seized upon the young man, in her turn deafening him with her voluble chatter. Nor, for the rest of the evening, do the victims escape from their ponderous persecutors. Many a promising flirtation has been nipped in the bud owing to Lady Gargantua's elephantine manoeuvres; many a damsel rues the day when the rotund matron literally, as well as figuratively, "stops the way."

How China Got Its Name.

Upward of 1,100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, of whom, like the Pharaohs of old, there is no clear history, and not until the "Chow" dynasty, B. C. 1125, is there any clear history of the main Chinese state. The Chinese take their history back to the time of Noah. This very ancient empire has borne in its time many names, for it was the custom when a new dynasty ascended the throne to give another name to the empire, as Hai-qui, Chum-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name is said to be Chum-que, "the center kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to Chin-que, at which time the Portuguese gave it the name of China. China proper consists of eighteen provinces, containing 260,000,000 people.

BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Arabi Pasha teaches and lectures in Ceylon.

There are "zenana" cars in India for the use of women.

The Marquis of Lorne is a staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone.

Ex-Senator Cameron celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday in the city of Mexico.

Professor Weir, of Yale, says that sculpture is an easy art, and anybody can make a statue.

It is said that in the Harvard Divinity School there are eleven students and seven professors.

Colonel Fred Burnaby is said to have been a Guy Livingstone without Guy Livingstone's vices.

Glady's, Lady Lonsdale, is said to be the most beautiful of British women, and, for her rank, one of the poorest.

Miss Caldwell receives the Pope's Golden Rose this year, being the first American, except Mrs. General Sherman, so honored.

Mr. Howells is very short, quite portly, with masses of black hair falling over his forehead not unlike a bang, and with a thick mustache.

The home of President Arthur, on Lexington Avenue, New York, has been put in readiness for occupation for himself and family.

Mr. Gladstone's brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, owns forty five thousand acres in one shire alone, besides other landed property.

George Eli acknowledged that Rousseau and George Sand were the authors who had had the most influence over her, although not embracing their opinions.

The national flower of Japan is the chrysanthemum, and every year the Mikado gives a chrysanthemum garden party in the palace gardens of Akasaki.

Felix Moscheles says Miss Cleveland is a strong and interesting woman, with refined and vivacious play of features, and a distinct knowledge of the fine arts.

At a recent concert in Albany for an African church there, the President elect stepped upon the stage and shook hands with the members of the colored troupe of performers.

Dr. Christopher Graham died recently at Louisville, Kentucky, at the age of one hundred. He had never lost a tooth, and three years ago could shoot with the best marksman of his State.

The Shogya Arabs, allies of El Mahdi, have been led by a young woman during their campaign, it having long been their habit to be summoned to attack by a richly dressed virgin on a dromedary.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jun., is one of the youngest men ever sitting on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, and looks younger than he is. His wife is a celebrated painter with the embroidery needle.

Miss Winifred Howells, Mr. Howells's young daughter, is petite and dark, with a pleasant face and a good deal of artistic talent. Mr. Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet crowned by the French Academy, who is a connection by marriage of the Howellses, once addressed her a charming sonnet.

After all the talk about the Civil List, the royal family of Great Britain receives but one-tenth of one per cent. of the state funds, while the Czar receives eight times that proportion, and the petty Prince of Montenegro receives all of seven per cent., British royalty being really the poorest paid in Europe.

At a recent fancy ball in Washington, Miss West, the British Minister's daughter, appeared as Madame De Pompadour, in blue and rose, and her sister Eva as a Russian peasant. Miss Blaine appeared as Winter, Mrs. John Biglow as the Associated Press, Miss Bayard as a lady of the First Empire, and Mrs. Don Cameron as a lady of the court of Louis XIV.

Among American girls who have married titles is Miss Lorillard Spencer, who is the Princess Vicarara Genoi; Miss Field, who is the Princess Brancaccio; Miss Broadwood, who is the Princess Ruspoli; Miss Conard, who is the Marchesa Teodoli; Miss Fay, who is the Marchesa Torregiani; Miss Gillender, who is the Marchesa di San Marino; and Miss Mackay, who is the Princess Galatro Colonna.

THE SPHINX.

"Puzzle me this and guess who if you can."
—Dryden.

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

NO. 58.—A REBUS.

Two asses sat down side by side,
Although the hour was late;
They drew two circles, and drew them wide,
The curving circles were crimson dyed.
The adjacent circles that thus I spied
Looked like the figure eight,
And the asses in their side by side
Made a name for their Deed of Hate.

J. K. P. BAKER.

NO. 59.—A NUMERICAL PLANT.

Eight characters all standing in a row,
And a pair of duplicates my name will show;
And I am a plant, as there is no denying,
Useful in the arts of tanning and dyeing;
A plant numerical, for, as you look at me,
Twice five hundred you cannot fail to see;
Two fives are visible, and four times one,
Place them in position, then all is done.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 60.—A TRANSPOSITION.

By transposing the letters in *misrepresentation* make four words which shall recall an event in the life of one of the twelve apostles

NO. 61.—A FROLIC SOME FELLOW.

As droll as any one can be
In that queer fellow, *one—two—three*,
Who often shows his funny ways
In the Italian comic plays.
There he may caper, sing, or dance,
Or like *two three* may yell, perchance;
Or he may frolic, jump or run,
Till he does *one*, or *g's* *one two*;
And he is such a *one—two—morph*,
He may a giant seem or dwarf.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 62.—A DISAGREEABLE ROAD.

I am the way of pain; but when I say
I am in a region very far away,
You will not dread me, thankful your abode
Is nowhere near so sorrowful a road;
For none would wish to pass o'er me and wait
To enter in the fearful Judgment Gate,
Even though upon that consecrated ground
The Holy Virgin's place of birth were found;
Traditions gloomy cluster round my name,
That has in Jewish Church unsavory fame.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 63.—A NUMERICAL CHARADE.

On the banks of the 1, 2 my partner and
I pitched our 3, 4, 5, 6, and there we regularly
7, 8, 9 our frugal fare, undisturbed by
army or 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 of any hostile nation.

BEN.

NO. 64.—AN ANAGRAM.

A word that means a publication
Would seem to have but slight relation
To decks of any kind;
And yet the seekers and the strivers,
When they look at *ten tame divers*,
Will the solution find.

AS.

NO. 65.—AN ENIGMA.

Though an apprentice and a pie,
The fact there's no denying
That I am what you'd hardly say
To one who's loudly snoring.

N.

FOR ANSWERS.

The desirable prize announced last week will be awarded the sender of the best lot of answers to the "Sphinx" of March. Each week's solutions should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

- 1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1888.
- 2. A prize of two dollars will be given

the sender of the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, this prize not to be awarded the winner of prize No. 1.

ANSWERS.

- 45.—A stove fire.
- 46.—Cur-able.
- 47.—God is now here.
- 48.—Emulation.
- 49.—HANK
OQUE
LIME
DRAP
- 50.—Time.
- 51.—A chicken's escape from its egg.

Adulteration of Food.

Food adulteration is now done so skillfully that it is hard to detect it in many cases. A leading New York paper, writing on the subject says:—

"In many cases chemistry has so nearly imitated food products or drinks that the artificial is not distinguishable from the natural. For instance, wines have been made so accurately to imitate that from the grape that Prescott and other chemists claim that the result is not to be called false but merely artificial wine. Glucose is as real a sugar as that of the cane, and honey itself is glucose. Yet when it comes to be sold as cane sugar or run into bee-like molds of comb made from paraffine, it is hardly a mercantile transaction. Oleomargarine, when best made, is so nearly like the butter of kine that no one can distinguish it. Cheese has been made of skim milk and lard which has been passed off as the best of Cheshire upon good judges. Tea has had so many imitations that it is hard to keep track of the various leaves which, at different stages of growth, may be mingled with it. The entire small package system gives the largest opportunities for the introduction of some mixture which takes from the value of the original article. All the modes of preservation by canning admit of the putting up of inferior qualities of meat or other foods. As to meat, it is now quite certain that, in close cans, changes have taken place which result in a peculiar, modified decomposition, such as has caused sickness or death."

Plan the Lawn Improvements.

Those who expect to occupy a new place next spring, or propose to remodel and improve the home grounds, will find winter highly favorable for the most important part of the work. We do not say that winter is the most favorable for grading and shaping the surface of the ground, for making durable road-beds and opening walks, the sowing of lawns, and the construction of beds and borders. There is work that precedes these, and more important than either. The determining of where roads and walks are to be, the decision whether this part shall be graded, or left with its present undulating surface. The most important part of the work of the laying out of a new place, or the improvement of an old one, is not that done by the laborer, but the brain work which directs the mechanical operations. If a landscape gardener is employed, he is paid, not for doing the work but for showing what is to be done. In building a house, the work of the architect is of more consequence, and is paid much better than that of the mechanics who carry out the design. —*American Agriculturist*.

Forgiveness is the most refined and generous point of virtue to which human nature can attain. Cowards have done good and kind actions; but a coward never forgave. It is not his nature.

He who is full of eagerness and zeal, quick to perceive chances and ready to improve them, naturally fearless and intrepid, yet who cannot keep what he acquires or finish what he begins, whose plans often fail for want of cautious foresight, and whose hopes are often wrecked for want of steadfast industry, should use all the force of his manhood to cherish the indispensable qualities of sober moderation, plodding perseverance, careful deliberation, watchful economy, and unceasing diligence.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

A True Story of Hunting Adventure.

BY HARRY NICHOLS.

In the fall of 1879, my father, two brothers and myself started for our annual hunt, our destination being Boundary Lake, some twenty miles north of where we then resided. In due time we reached our camping ground and after spending a couple of days getting things snug, we arranged to have a run the third morning of our arrival. It fell to my lot to put the dogs out, so writing till the others had had time to reach their watching places, I started inland from the camp, leading the two hounds. I had about half a mile of very thick swamp to go through before reaching the place I intended to let the dogs loose.

On reaching the top of a ridge I spied a splendid buck and two does in the valley beneath, and, letting the dogs go, I started for Silver Lake, about a mile distant, where I was to watch. I had not gone over a couple of hundred yards when, on rounding a big rock, I came on an old bear and two cubs. Unfortunately, I was only armed with a breech-loading shot gun, one barrel loaded with buck shot, the other with small shot. Immediately on perceiving me the old one started off on a run, the two cubs following.

I ran forward a few yards, and taking quick aim fired, wounding the old dame in the side with the buck shot, and gave one of the cubs the other barrel killing it instantly. Hastily ramming in another cartridge, and while trying to get the second one in the old bear, who was badly wounded, turned, and rearing up on her hind feet, gave a most diabolical growl and charged me. Slapping down the lever I waited till she was within ten or twelve feet, and then let her have it. She was coming with such a rush I couldn't get out of the way in time, and in a second the bear and myself were mixed up in a heap. My gun fell out of my hands, and on regaining my feet I made a jump for it, and turning a few paces tried to get the shells out, but found, to my disgust, the lever was broken. By this time the bear had discovered my whereabouts, and although very badly wounded by the second shot, prepared for another rush. Close to where I was standing there was a precipice some thirty or forty feet in height, and I noticed an evergreen tree growing some few feet from the edge, its top showing only a few feet above. I saw my only chance was to make a flying leap for this tree and try and get a hold among the branches. So, taking a long breath, I made a run for it, the bear within five feet of me; just as I was in the act of springing I felt the brute's claws, and fortunately my old clothes gave way, and I lodged in the tree, and getting a good hold hung on for dear life. The bear, mad with rage and pain, did not seem to notice the precipice, and fell headlong over the edge, crashing through the branches of the tree I was on and, alighting on a lot of jagged rocks, I found after, had broken her back. I sat in my perch for nearly half an hour, afraid to venture down, the warm blood trickling down my legs from a bad scratch in the back, my hands all torn in catching the branches, and pretty generally used up.

When I reached the ground the bear was quite dead. So, making a careful note of the place, and recovering my gun I started for the camp, where I found my father and brothers with a fine buck and a year old. They were rather astonished at my appearance, and still more so when they heard of my adventure of the morning. I have the two skins now set up as racks, and I never look at them without thinking of the "nice time" I had getting them.

There is a kingdom of love for every man and woman who is willing to accept its laws. The secret of winning these crowns is an open one, and he who runs may read it. Direct your thoughts from yourself and fix them upon others, study their moods, weaknesses and wants, and minister to them.

Seeking Advice.

Few persons embody all wisdom. Our range of observation and information is necessarily limited. The stand-point of observation is not the same with all. Hence different persons look at the same thing in different lights. And the more comprehensive our view the more correct our information and judgment. Self-reliance does not preclude seeking and receiving advice. It does not follow that we abandon our judgment in doing so. The self-reliant person assimilates what he receives in the way of advice, and acts on it as incorporated with his own judgment. In this form advice is valuable, because weighed and tested. A person can be heedless and thoughtless in this. To impulsively follow up every suggestion is to act without proper thought or care. Such persons fail in life, because they are subject to all sorts of conflicting proposals.

Advice needs to be carefully considered and sifted, as well as sought. It may be given under misapprehension of facts, and so lead astray. If we desire the advice of another, in whose judgment we have confidence, it is important that all the data on which sound judgment may be based, should be furnished. If this is not done the advice is erroneous, through no fault of the giver. Persons often go to their attorney and present a partial and interested statement of a case, only to go into court to be defeated. The advice of counsel, based on the statement's made, was proper, but the facts were not as stated, and hence the advice was wrong. Seeking advice, therefore, presumes at least two things. The application to persons capable of giving it, and the proper presentation of all the facts on which the advice may be given. These are obviously necessary to even sound and right advice.

It is not, therefore, advisable to seek suggestions from all who come. There are those ever ready to give advice who should be carefully avoided. They are of the self-opinionated class, who are unequal to any sound judgment, but who are ever ready to pass judgment on anything that comes before them. To seek or give advice is a very serious, important matter. If the occasion be one that calls for evenly balanced estimate, it also calls for all the facts, and these shall be weighed with judicial calmness. And a prudent person would hesitate to give advice till all the facts are at hand. And were it given, it would be of little value.

Nor is it wise to take all advice. Even good advice is not desirable if we lean on another's judgment and do not incorporate it with our own. Self-reliance is essential to success in life, and this depends on much else than the opinions of others. It must rest on confidence in our own judgment, and, however that judgment is reached, we are to have confidence in it. Thus advice should be sought, not to be blindly followed, but to be assimilated and made part of our own. So used it simply is an aid in forming conclusions, which, once reached, will be carried out in our own way. Thus received it is of great value. It does not take the place of the independent action of our mind. Rather it is a stimulus to our judgment, in that it imparts light to it. This is the real use of advice. It helps in the operations of our mind and so benefits. But if allowed to usurp the place of our judgment it becomes an injury. The effect of all this is evil; but where advice is merely an aid it is of great importance and stimulates self-reliance, which is the basis of all success in life.

To suppose that certain individuals are favored through life with a frequent recurrence of advantageous chances, while others are exposed to the reverse, is inconsistent with the laws of nature and with every idea which we can form of a just and beneficent Deity.

For a wife to hope that she can enchain the affections of her husband after marriage merely by her brilliant qualities and beauty or intellectual charms, without the cultivation of the heart and reason, which can alone rivet and hold fast the chain, were as foolish as to endeavor to twine a garland of flowers with their petals only, without their calyxes and stalks.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. Cut it from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head.

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest vote will be awarded the premium.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. A. Grigg, Hamilton, Ont., writes:— Permit me to thank you very much for \$20 you promptly sent me, the award for TRUTH tid-bit recently published.

THE AWARDS.

Of the Tid-bits published February 23th, No. 78 received the largest number of votes. It was sent by Miss Etta McKenna, 190 King St., Toronto, to whom the \$20 prize will be paid on application. Number 69, sent by Annie R. Kilcup, Woodville, N.S., received the next largest number.

(Original)

The Battle of Abraham's Plains.

Wolfe faltered not in purpose, But steadfastly did view The rugged steep before him, Tho' beneath he knew Stood ready with their challenge His progress to arrest, While up the winding pathway Scarce two could climb abreast.

No marching orders needed, Each man his duty knew, The rocks were steep and rugged, But Briton's hearts were true, In silence and in darkness Eight thousand rolled away, And gained the Plains of Abram Before the rising day.

There, waiting for the signal; Oas on the Plains were spread, Eight thousand British soldiers, Who were prepared to shed Their blood for Britain's honor, To win her sons a land Whereon the angels' anthem Might sound from strand to strand.

Calmly they stood and moved but To fill a comrade's place, Till between the foemen Lacked forty yards of space Then from their fire so deadly The nearer columns reeled, And their impetuous charge swept on Over the bloody field.

They plant the British banner, The victory is won; They wave it now in triumph And shout, "They run? They run?" But oh! the cup of bitterness Is mingled with the toast, For now their fallen leader They carry to the rear.

His ear grows dull of hearing, For life is ebbing fast, But to the dying hero Has caught the cry, and asks, "Who runs?" and then the tidings That cheer his near release He hears, and whips a fainter, "Praise God! I die in peace."

No sovereign now can raise him, And place upon his breast The star, that radiant token, Of service and of rest, The crown of laurel faded, As doth the victor's brow, He dead of valor lies, And claims our tribute now.

A column in Westminster Among the honored dead, Now tells to other nations The homage England paid To him who won for Britain This land so fair, so free, Our beautiful Dominion, This land of liberty.

Peterboro, Ont. Mrs. E. Brown.

(184) Kings and Queens of England.

The Romans in England did first bear sway, The Saxons, they afterwards led the way; They tugged with the Danes, till an overthrow, When all of them met with the Norm-an-bow.

William the Conqueror long did reign, Billy his son, by an arrow was slain, Henry the first was a scholar bright, But Stephen was forced for his crown to fight.

Henry the second, Plantagenet's name did bear, Richard the first was his son and heir, Magna Charta was signed from John, And Henry the third put his seal thereon.

Edward the first, like a lion was bold, His son by traitors was bought and sold, Edward the third was England's pride, But Dick, his grandson was popped aside.

Henry the fourth was a warlike wight, Henry the fifth, like a cock did fight, Henry the sixth like a chick did prout, When Teddy, his cousin, he kicked him out.

Poor Edward the fifth was killed in bed, By butchering Dick, who was kicked in the head, But Henry the seventh, who looked so big, And Henry the eighth was as fat as a pig.

Edward the sixth made prayer and praise, But Mary made fire and fagot blaze, Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame, And bony King James from Scotland came.

Charles the first was a martyr made, Charles the second, a comical blade, James the second his country fled, And William and Mary were crown'd in his stead.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and by sea, George the first, a good king was he, George the second could old Canada gain, And George the third had the longest reign.

To George the fourth his wife gave an alarm, William the fourth was the friend of Reform, Victoria now reigns, and long may she be Victorious by land and victorious by sea; May peace be established at her command, And slavery cease in every land.

353 Dorchester St., Montreal. (Original)

(185) Religion—What is It?

The late excellent Bishop Heber has written better poetry, but not truer theology, than is found in some lines attributed to him, in answer to the inquiry, "What is religion?" It is thought that rules in verse are more easily committed to memory than in prose, and it is quite certain some people fail sadly to remember the prose direction of the Bible about evil-speaking; suppose these short memories make trial of learning Heber's homely verses, repeating them daily until the practice of their precept becomes easy:

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

Is it to go to church to day, To look devout and seem to pray, And ere to-morrow's sun goes down Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sapientious face Denote the certain reign of grace? Does not a phiz that scowls at sin Out veil hypocrisy within?

Religion shows a ill report, And warns with human words to sport— Of other deeds it speaks no ill, But tells of good, or else keeps still.

(186) "Sensational Science."

The rage for knowledge grows apace, A pace that quite terrifies us, To-day the woe of Adam's race Is cruelly scientific.

No more in cloister science roams, No t'rail gives a knock to it; It writes, we rush to buy its tomes; It lectures, and we flock to it.

For science now our girls and boys Teach us for three recant, to mimic I 'be clown is slurred for hisher J's, and Tyndal beats the pastime-line.

The "Institution" lectures draw The ladies who once loved meritment; And lay lots can lay the law That governs each experiment.

Our laughing girls give up their play, At "listen to the man," To hear what Huxley has to say On Patagonian crania.

Edin-bury little croquet stand, And east side down tennis is For Evolution's doctrines and The charms of Jugetera.

On Life and Death and Hell (O S S) These famous men enlighten us; They wing their flight so very high The, pedicure frighten us.

On our cherished creeds they fall, Without the least apology, And hurl the bowl that scatters all The mine-pins of theology.

We sit enthralled when Huxley shows, Or writes about, in articles, The stream of life that ebbs and flows In protoplasmic particles.

And when the microscope reveals What lies in specks infinitesimal, The tint matches almost equals. — "O, dear, to think we've that in us!"

Then Darwin said that our papas, (Is it science this or lunacy?) Run up the trees with our manmas In man's old world, Baboonary.

Our girls, from views so wild as these, Half angry and half lucky rise; To say they come from chimpanzees Does make the darling's dander rise.

Island Pond, Vermont. James Strathern. (Original)

(187) Have Faith in Truth.

Truth is of God, have faith in truth, And in the True One trust! Though bright with fancy's brightest hues, Abhor the lie thou must.

Truth is mighty, hold fast to truth, For truth can never change; It grows not old, 'tis ever new, However vast its range.

Truth is of God, make sure of truth, And truth will make thee sure; It will not shift, nor fade, nor die, But like the heavens endure.

Napier, Ont. Annie Mitchell. (Original)

(188) Truth Prevails.

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail," So spake an ancient sage, Stillma its power he felt, nor fail To grace thine every page.

To east and west and south and north, With banners fair unfurled, May stainless truth go boldly forth To elevate the world.

Killarney, Manitoba. Mrs. P. H. H. (Original)

(189) The Second Wife.

A melancholy wail In a kitchen on her laid, And, in a faint and broken voice, To her husband said:

"Dear David, when my earthly form Has turned to life no more, O wait and weep a little while, Not three-quarters away."

"I know a woman kind and true, On whom you may depend, O marry Anabella Jones — she is my dearest friend."

"Yes, Hattie I have much desired, To talk of this before, For Anabella Jones and I Have thought the matter over."

"Then you and Anabella Jones, Have been too smart and say; I tell you, David Wilkinson, I'm not a-going to die!"

Her dark eyes flashed, her strength returned, She left her bed of pain; A week had hardly passed away, When she was well again.

Stratford, Ont. M. A. Marshall. (Original)

(190) Keep Nothing From Mother.

They sat at the spinning together, And they spun the flax white thread; One face was old and the other young, A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song That was so tenderly sweet, And the mother's heart beat deep and calm, For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson, Interwoven with silent prayer, Taught to the gentle, listening child, As the two sat spinning there.

"And all that I speak, my darling, I mean my child to hear and heed, God's will to me is just thing to say, And with it thou shalt not part."

"Thou wilt listen to many voices, And all were that this must be! The voice of praise and the voice of love, And the voice of flattery."

"But listen to me, my little one, There's one thing that thou shalt fear Let never a word to my love be said When her mother may not hear."

"No matter how true, my darling one, The words may seem to thee, They're not fit for my child to hear If they cannot be told to me."

"If thou'll ever keep thy young heart pure And the mother's heart from fear, Bring all that's said to thee by day As light to thy mother's ear!"

Madison, Ont. Mrs. J. Brock. (Original)

(191) For Man's Delusion Given.

These girls are all a wicked show, For man's delusion given, Their smiles of joy and tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, Not one is true in seven.

They love you for a little while, And tell you naught shall stander Two loving hearts, then full of guile, But others with their witching smile, And you may go to thunder.

Walcott, Iowa. G. F. Smith. (Original)

(192) Strapped.

Yes, I've been strapped by my mother, Pete, And dad took a hand in, too. It made me jump, well, I guess so, Pete, And I yelled—some what. Did you?

And I've been strapped by my teacher, Pete, For tricks that I often rue, And though he strapped with a right good will, I didn't give in. Did you?

But I've been strapped for the needful, Pete, Perhaps you've been there, too. It's ten times worse than the others, Pete, But I didn't wince. Did you?

Wingham, Ont. Frank Holloway. (Original)

(193) Epitaph

Upon an African, inscribed upon a Grave Stone in a Grave Yard in Concord, Mass. GOD Will us free; Man Will us slaves, I will as God wills, G.D.'s will be done.

Here lies the body of JOHN JACK, A native of Africa, who died March, 1775, Aged about sixty years.

Tho' born in a land of slavery, He was born free, Tho' he lived in a land of liberty, He lived a slave.

Till by his heart, tho' stolen labor, He acquired the source of liberty, Which gave him his freedom.

Tho' not long before Death the brand Tyrant, Gave him his final emancipation, And set him on a footing with kings.

Tho' a slave to vice, He practiced those virtues, Without which, Kings are not slaves.

Alliston. Mrs. M. K. Dale. (Original)

(194) Forgiveness.

Among the pitfalls in our way The best of us walk thrifty; O man, be wary watch and pray, And judge your brother kindly.

Help back his feet, if they have slid, Nor count him all your debtor; Perhaps the very wrong he did, Has made yourself the better.

Amosett, Mass. Mrs. H. N. Winslow. (Original)

(195) Dynamite.

They are going to send it out for the Sudan, And I hardly think a man's own pistol plan Can be found between Paris and Japan To ounce the brave Turkish invader.

It is a twelve-lb. cased, bowlegged son of a gun, A product from Wadsworth, a Child of the Sun, A darling, a daisy, a dandy, a hum, Is the numerous, traitorous, son of a gun.

It is a twelve-lb. cased, bowlegged son of a gun, And he thinks every one is equal to four; They are not much for a job, but they are double for a gun.

They have Frenchmen around them to be sure Gen. Gordon's been killed, and to relate, While Stewart and Burnaby, Gen. Earle and not have all gone, which just takes the pick of W-S-E's best.

And he thinks his luck has quite left him, So strike well ye red-coated sons of England's bright day, One more blow to crush out this French 12 lb. ball, I would the insolent Mahomedan band, And shake off this insolent son of the sand.

Latigo Oakes. (Original)

(196) Preaching and Practice.

"See here, Mr. Blank, what are you going out to-night for?" asked Mrs. B. "Big political meeting to night," replied Mr. B., apologetically.

"Political meeting, ah?" echoed Mrs. B. "You have been going to political meetings now every night for five weeks, and if it had not been for me you would have worn your boots to bed every single time."

"But just think how nice it would be if I should get nominated for something."

Madison, Ont. Mrs. J. Brock. (Original)

Think of the loads of money I could rake in, and the furniture and new clothes, and—"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Blank; "I have heard that story before. You made a speech last night?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Blank, with pardonable pride. "And I see by the two or three lines notice of it in the papers that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.' Now you just take off that overcoat, sir, sit right down, and if the office comes and knocks, I will let it in."

He sat. J. WARREN. Torrie, Ont.

(197) She Knew She was Right. -Selected

"Is the gentleman of the house in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, he air."

"Can I see him a moment?"

"No, sir, you can't see a hide nor hair of 'im."

"Why can't I, madam? I would like to speak to him on business."

"If you was a dyin', an' Jim war the only doctor in Dakoty, you couldn't set an eye on him till he gives in an' talks decent. At dinner a while ago he told me to pass 'im the apple sass, an' I told him it wasn't sass but sass, an' he said he knowed better, it was sass, an' I told him that when he tuk a notion that a little apple sass'd feel soothing to his stomach to say so, and he said he'd have that sass or die. Then I told him I'd defend that sass with life, and made a break for the shot gun, an' he made a break up through the scuttle into the loft. When his senses come to him, an' he gives in that sass is sass, he kin cum down, but if he makes a break afore that, off goes the top of his head. That sets the sass, stranger, an' that's Jim up in the loft, and that's the way the matter stands jist now, an' I reckon you'd better moove along an' not get mixed in't this row."

As the gentleman moved away he heard her voice sayin:

"Jim, when you git tired of yer hang fo-din' an' want this sass, jes' squeal out!"

And a gruff voice from the darksome garret responded:

"Sass!"

J. C. BROOKS. North Hammond, N. Y.

(198) Where They Were. -Selected

A colporteur once called on an old lady and inquired if she owned a Bible. "I hope you don't take me for a heathen," she said. "I have a Bible, and know how to read it, too." He kindly asked if she would show it to him, whereupon she went upstairs, returned with it, and handed it to him. Upon opening it, out slid a pair of spectacles. "Sakes alive," she exclaimed, "if there ain't my spectacles I lost seven years ago!"

Heath, Mass. Mrs. M. A. Rice.

(199) Practical Advice. -Selected

Young man, it is not at all necessary for you to go to a gymnasium to get your muscle, or to expand your chest. It's an unnecessary expense. But if you really want a broader chest, a bigger muscle, and a larger heart, just take a saw and buck and saw up some poor widow woman's wood, if you have no wood-pile of your own. It will do you more good than monkeying on a trapeze or horizontal bar. There is less danger, more real muscle and health developed, and above all, more good to yourself and others, and now is the time to begin. Try it.

Sarnia, Ont. JAMES THOMPSON.

(200) An Irishman's Will. -Selected

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Doxan, of Barrydownerry, in the County of Clare, farmer, being sick and weak on my legs, but of sound mind and warm heart—glory be to God—do make this my first and last will and my old and new testament. First, I give my soul to God when

it pleases Him to take it, and no thanks to me, for I can't help it thin, and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownerry chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me, and those that live after belonging to me are buried, I place to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my god-father and godmother, who lie separated altogether at the other side of the chapel yard. I have the bit of ground, containing tin acres, to my eldest son Tim after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Patrick O'Regan, are to get the white sow that's a-going to have twelve black bonigs. Teddy, my second boy, that was killed in the war in Ameriky, might have got his pick of poultry, but as he has gone I'll leave them to his wife who died a wake before him. I bequeath to all mankind the fresh air of heaven, all the fishes in the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I have to them all the moon, sun and stars. I have to Peter Rafferty a pint of pottchen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

Mrs. Geo. Beckwith. Colorado Springs, Colorado.

(201) Dean Swift's Humor. -Selected

Dean Swift was walking in the Phoenix Road, Dublin, when a thunder storm came on, and he took shelter under a tree, where a party was sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the young girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears fell. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was their wedding-day; they were on their way to the church, and now her white clothes were wet and she couldn't go. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean; and took out his prayer-book, and there and then married them, and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocketbook, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

"Under a tree in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together. Let none but them who rule the thunder, sever this man and woman asunder."

JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's. Everton, Ont. Mrs. J. W. Royce.

(202) It Wasn't a Jersey But an Alderney. -Selected

Two girls met another, who wore a Jersey, which was patched in places.

"Gracious me," said one, "just see what a Jersey that girl has on."

"That's no Jersey," replied the other, "with confidence."

"Yes, it is, too; I guess I know."

"No, it isn't either; it's an all darney."

Hamilton. M. A.

(203) A Hibernian Lesson in Economy. -Selected

Bridget: "O! have a shurprise in a shore fer yez, Patrick."

Patrick: "Have yez, an' what is it?"

Bridget: "It's a patent a shove damper, me darlint. The agint told me it would save wan half the expinse in coal. Think av that, Patrick, jist wan half the expinse."

Patrick: "Faith, and did yez buy but wan av them?"

Bridget: "That's all."

Patrick: "Shure an' ye are not a shmart, Bridget. Why didn't yez buy two av them an' we wud save the whole expinse."

Dundas. L. W.

(204) His Usual Method of Eating Hash. -Selected

"Do you eat hash with a fork?" asked the landlady of her new boarder.

"No, ma'am," he responded kindly.

"Ah, you eat it with a knife, then?" with some evidence of disapproval.

"No, ma'am," he repeated more timidly than before.

"Indeed! Pray, may I ask how you do eat it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How?"

"With fear and trembling, ma'am."

He left the same day. Toronto. D. R.

(205) Very Likely. -Selected

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him and then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while and then answered: "Well, for people who like that sort of thing I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

Mrs. H. S. Williamson. Brampton, Ont.

(206) Six Months Married. -Selected

They were talking very earnestly about the dreadful sufferings of the Greely party.

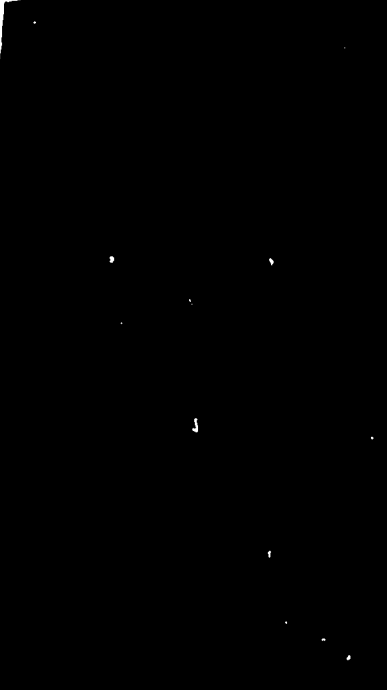
"It's a terrible thing, isn't it, Clara, to live off the flesh of human beings?" said Charles.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Clara, a bride of six months. "You are a cannibal too, Charley. You live off father."

Charley fainted dead away at the ancient flavor of the cutting remark.

Bowmanville. T. S.

(207) -Selected



Billings Bridge, Ont.

(208) Give Me Something Better. -Selected

Many years ago, says Dr. W. Lamson, while I was pastor at Brooklyn, I took a seat in the cars one morning for Boston, by the side of Professor Hackett. I always felt that such a position was a providential privilege to be improved. Soon, therefore, I drew my learned friend into conversation by mentioning a skeptical work I had lately read, remarking that some of the infidel objections in the work were new to me and seemed very strong.

"Strong, strong!" said he in his nervous way. "I see stronger difficulties than any which infidelity ever presented; but give me something better than Christianity to stand on, and I'll step off. Till that something better is presented, I stand, and shall stand, where I am."

The remark, like many another from the good professor's lips, has abode with me and done me good. When some new skeptic comes forward to try his hand at demolishing Christianity, I ask, "Can you offer anything firmer and better? If not spare your pains and leave the believer the one standing place to which he clings, and on which millions are reposing. Amid the troubled sea of life there floats this one refuge. If you know a stronger and safer one, do, for humanity's sake, point it out, and guide me and struggling souls everywhere to its rest."

Mrs. E. WATSON. Bleeker St. Toronto.

(209) Time a Great Healer. -Selected

"Good-morning, Elder Heupeck, you have been away?"

"Yes. I just returned from Australia."

"How is your family?"

"Alas, I found my poor wife dead on my return."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, poor soul, she died six weeks ago, and I didn't hear of it until I got home yesterday."

"The sad news must have well nigh broken your heart."

"No, not so bad as that. You see time is a great healer of the wounded heart. She has been dead six weeks, you know."

Hamilton. D. O.

(210) A Frenchman's Difficulty. -Selected

Here is the difficulty a Frenchman recently encountered in trying to understand English:—"When I was going to leave my hotel I paid my bill and said to my landlord, 'Do I owe you anything else?' He said, 'You are square.' I said I never knew I was square before. He shook me by the hand and said, 'I hope you'll be round soon.' I said, 'I thought you said I was square—now you hope I'll be round.' He laughed and said, 'When I tell you I hope you'll be round I mean you won't be long away.' I do not know how many forms he wants me to assume. I'm glad he did not say I was flat," however.

Blaney, Ireland. MARGARET TERRIS.

(211) A Quaker's Letter to his Watchmaker. -Selected

I herewith send thee my pocket watch which stands in need of thy friendly correction. The last time it was at thy friendly school it was in no way reformed, nor is the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar and the truth is not in him; that his pul is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not a even temper. At other times it waxeth sluggish notwithstanding I, frequently urge him when he should be on his duty, as the knowest his head denoteth. I find his slumbering, or, as the variety of hum: reason phrases it I caught him napping. Examine him, therefore, and prove him, beseech thee thoroughly, that thou mayest bring well acquainted with his inward sin and disposition, draw him from the error of his way, and show him the path which should go. It grieves me to think, a when I ponder thy craft I am verily of opinion that his body is foul, and that a whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him the more, with thy cunning physic, for all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will pay him for a few days under thy care, and for his board as thou requirest. I urge thee, friend John, to discharge thyself this occasion with judgment, a cording the gift which is in the and prove thyse workman, and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him, let it be without passion lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou restate his mind not the light of truth the day, and when thou findest I converted from the error of his ways, moving comfortable to the above mentioned rules, then thou send him home with a bill of the charges drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent thee in root of all evil.

Pt. Biloisic, Ont. S. WILKINSON.

(212) The Friar's Puzzle. -Original

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Glenora P.O., Man. C. G. LAWRENCE

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

Taking Time By The Forelock.

We find our Spool Trade increasing to such an extent that it has been necessary to open a special department for spools, at three cents each. These are not penny spools, as some would have them, but run over 200 yards each, and as regards quality we have simply to mention the makers' names, Kerr's and Clark's spool cotton, known the world over as the best thread manufacturers. We can, if necessary, supply you with Cates', but nothing is superior to Kerr's or Clark's.

On Time.

Our first shipment of Spring Kid Gloves are on time, mostly in black and tan colors, dark, medium, and light tan, not to light and not too dark, simply tan. They comprise best French goods, medium prices. Ladies' 4 button Kid Gloves, in dark color tans and black, 50c. a pr. 6 button do., 75c. pr. 6 button Mousquetaire Gloves, same colors, 75c. a pr., do with embroidered backs, \$1 a pr. 4 button Castor Gloves, embroidered backs, 75c. a pr. 4 button Undressed Kids, in two greys and brown, 50c. a pr., and a hundred other styles.

Ahead of Time.

Our parasols are ahead of time, but they are worthy of timely attention. Not many lace trimmed, mostly plain silk, satin, satinette, shot silk. We have opened a parasol and umbrella department in the place occupied by corsets; corsets and hoop skirts will now be found at back of store on the north-west side.

In The Nick of Time

There is to be five per cent. extra duty on Carpets. Our Carpets are just now coming forward in the Nick of Time, minus the five per cent. Our display of Brussels and Kidderminster Carpets is going to exceed anything we ever had

before; we are showing now some good patterns in Tapestry, 39, 35, 38 and 40 cents.

Some few new patterns (say twenty) Union Carpets, 40, 45, 50, 55c. a yard.

Any Time.

At any time we can show you an immense stock of lace curtains, but at this season, double; to day 100 new patterns entirely new.



changing them for something more congenial. Our mantle department is now one of the attractive departments. We are showing fifty different styles of young ladies' Jersey jackets, the latest and most comfortable garment to be had for spring wear. Also a splendid assortment of Ladies' Dolmans in Ottoman cloth and silk. Take the elevator for the Mantle Department



\$12.00 Watch for \$6.00

Biggest Bargain Ever Offered

On receipt of price, \$6, we will send, per registered mail, a Silver Key-Wind Watch, jewelled chronometer balance, with dust band in Men's size, dust proof silver case, smooth or engraved.

Same Watch, in 4 oz. Silver Dust Proof Cases for **\$8.00.**

Send for our 120-page Catalogue, illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

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27 Church Street, Near King, Toronto.

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity, but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.

Character is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies become.

WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE Chartered and Attorneys, York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

50 Perfumed, Embossed Midden Nuts, &c., Cards, 11 Scrap Pictures and Agent's Sample Book, 10c., 15 packs cards and agent's large Album of samples, \$1. Best inducements ever offered to agents. Send 5c. for pocket sample book and special terms, Stevens Bros. & Co., Northford Ct.

WORK FOR ALL! 85 to 88 per day easily made. Costly outfit FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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

R. J. EDGAR, M.D.,
ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN.
Chronic Diseases a Specialty.
28 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.
Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and deodorised by Marchmont & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHMONT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
Accordeons, double bellows, and Brown, large bugles only \$6, Violins, Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, etc., at a large reduction. Organs sold on weekly payments. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto. Telephone No 229

LADIES!
If you want to try a fine style in Laundry Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., inclose your shade of hair in letter, and amount, and I will send you any style or color by return mail. If you have "no lock" cut hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. A. A. DOREN, 108 YONGE ST., TORONTO, Ont. Circular sent on application.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK A FULL LINE IN **PLUSH IN ALL COLORS,**
at \$2.50 and \$3.00 per yard, 24 inches wide.

THE NEW SATIN PLUSH IN ALL DESIRABLE SHADES!
Also a Large Assortment of Tassels, Pompons, Crescents, &c.

SEE OUR PRICES FOR THESE:
Round Plush Drops, 40c. dozen. Small Crescents, all colors, 40c. a dozen. Large Crescents, all colors, \$1.00 dozen. Large plush Spikes, 3 inches long, \$1.00 dozen. Pompons, large double drop, very handsome tassels, \$1.25 dozen. Chenille Cords, all colors, 10c. per yard. Chenille and Tinsel Cord, best quality, 15 cents per yard. A full stock of Berlin, Shetland, Andalusian, Saxony and Ice Wool, which we sell at 12 1/2c. per oz. for all colors.
We give all letter orders careful and prompt attention, and can send goods to any part of Canada. Ladies should write for our PRICE LIST, as they will save 25 per cent. by ordering from it. **A Trial Solicited.**

HENRY DAVIS, DIRECT IMPORTER, 232 YONGE ST., TORONTO

SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.

A QUICK SHAVE.
A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES. When you are disgusted with overgrown hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of **DOREN WENDS, "EUREKA" HAIR DESTROYER.**

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observation of directions destroys the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion: It is safe, harmless, and painless.

Send to any address on receipt of price. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

Doren Manufacturing Company
108 YONGE STREET TORONTO.
A. DOREN WENDS, Mace

BLOW THE BELLOWS, BLOW!

As sung in EDWARD HARRIGAN'S New Play: "McALLISTER'S LEGACY."

Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

1. It's all day long I work at the forge. And blow, blow, cheer - i - ly Oh!
 2. The tink - ling of my an - vil is heard With bang, bang, cheer - i - ly bang!
 3. The chil - dren as they're com - ing from school, Say: "Bal - dy, shoe me a mare."
 4. Then ev - ry Sun - day morn - - ing, Oh! It's just out - side of my door,

Proud as a - ny roy - al King George, I blow, blow, cheer - i - ly Oh!
 Sounds to me as sweet as the birds, Oh! bang, bang, cheer - i - ly bang!
 Bless their hearts, I act like a fool To please them ev - er - y - where;
 Smok - ing my old Du - - deen, boys, Oh! alt - - er church is o'er;

With ham - mer and sledge I pound a - way, All the long day I keep on the go. And
 I'm up with the lark at break of day, Summer and spring or win - ter - y snow, I
 The mill - ion - aire horse - men, track - men too. (Come to all Bal - dy sure, they all know That
 The ham - mer is still the bir - des' toll. Beau - ti - ful na - ture's all of a glow. Oh,

mer - ri - ly sing that la - dy's King, as I blow the old bel - lows, blow!
 mer - ri - ly sing that la - dy's King, as I blow the old bel - lows, blow!
 I am the boy to put on a shoe, So blow the old bel - lows, blow!
 that is the day I read and pray, and On Mon - day my bel - lows, blow!

Health Department.

(A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondence on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of an envelope. No.)

Exercise and its Effects.

Strictly speaking, exercise signifies the performance of its function by any part of the body; thinking, for instance, being an exercise of the brain, digestion an exercise of the stomach and respiration an exercise of the lungs, but when we speak of a person taking exercise, the term is generally accepted as meaning exercise of those muscles of the body which are under the control of the will and which are called voluntary muscles, and of exercise in this acceptation of the term we shall proceed to say a few words.

Now it is a very common fallacy to suppose that exercise wears out the muscles in the same manner that constant use wears out machinery; true, it would do so were it not for Nature's power of renewing tissues as fast as they become worn out—up to a certain age; but as to exercise wearing out the muscular system, nothing could be a greater error than to think so, for the actual fact is that it increases the working power of the muscles, owing to the self-renewing power they possess. Any one who doubts this and imagines his arms are wearing out through his use of some gymnastic appliance—(though probably none of our readers are foolish enough to imagine any thing so absurd)—need only take the trouble to measure his arms—upper and lower—and then go in for three months' course of "bell" exercise, at the end of which let him measure his arms again. We don't think he will find them much worn out.

The nutrition of the muscles is improved by rational exercise. The blood which they contain is increased and they become larger and harder and stronger in consequence of this increased afflux of blood.

Exercise increases the action of the lungs. Everyone knows this or should know it. Suppose the amount of air inspired by a man when lying down is represented by unity. The amount is increased to 1.9 when walking at the rate of one mile an hour, and to 5 at four miles. Under ordinary circumstances a man inspires 480 cubic inches per minute and if he walks four miles an hour he inspires 2,400 inches. Not only is the activity of respiration increased by muscular exercise, but the size of the lungs is increased and their vital capacity is considerably augmented, and corresponding with this increase of capacity, muscular exercise, especially such as calls the muscles of the arm and those of the chest into play, increases the size of the chest itself, as any reader can demonstrate to his own satisfaction by measuring the girth of his chest before and after a three months' course of such exercise.

In addition to these things the action of the skin, and of the heart and blood vessels are increased and strengthened if exercise is not overdone.

There can be but little doubt that the usual effect of exercise on the digestion is a beneficial one; the appetite, or should be, increased, and digestion rendered more perfect, especially if exercise be taken in the open air. The importance of outdoor exercise cannot be over-rated, and it is safe to assert that it is three times as beneficial

as exercise taken indoors; in fact exercise may be positively injurious if indulged in in an actually impure atmosphere, such as is frequently found in rooms where several people are assembled.

Of course everything may be overdone and if a person takes too much exercise when his system is in such a state that rest is what he requires, the result cannot but be bad; but if moderation in this as in everything else be duly observed there are few people who will not feel the beneficial effects of judicious and systematic bodily exercise.

Nervousness.

We are peculiarly a nervous, excitable, if not an irascible people. In hot haste in the matter of business, the nervous system is almost constantly thrown into a condition of its greatest tension—so to speak—while the use of excitants, such as are found in the ca-tor, to say nothing of intoxicants, will account for some of this excitability. Under this excitement the human machine is run at a fearful rate of speed, as dangerous and as ruinous to the human organism as the same speed is to an ordinary machine. Again, our nervousness is attributable, in part, to a lack of nerve-food, so much of our fashionable food being bereft of some of the most important elements—the nutriment for the muscles, nerves and brain. Late hours, also, are destructive to nerve health. This is particularly true of our delicate females, those who have a fine, delicate and nervous temperament, who, as a rule, spend too great a part of the early night in raving, in amusements and recreations, at home and abroad. Such cannot sleep too much, particularly in the early part of the night, as much as possible before midnight. In general terms, how much shall one sleep? This depends upon three conditions—age, health, and habits; as a general rule, the quantity of sleep being greatest in infancy, and gradually diminishes until extreme old age, when it often increases again, especially near the close of life. The young and healthy child, while the body is undergoing the rapid progress of development incident to that age, sleeps most of its time; the youth of fifteen sleeps much less; the adult still less, and the aged comparatively little. The laborious require more sleep than the sedentary, and the feeble and complaining more than the vigorous and the healthy. From ten to twelve hours for youth, from six to eight for middle age, and from four to six in advanced life in ordinary health, is about what nature demands. By retiring at a certain hour regularly, we shall soon acquire the habit of waking at a certain hour, and this defies nature's demand for sleep in each individual, and no one should ever venture to indulge in a second nap.

Condiments and Indigestion.

The scientific world is just waking up to the mischievous results of the dietetic use of substances which burn and sting the mouth and stomach, against which dietetic reformers in this country have been declaiming ever since the time of Sylvester Graham, and perhaps for a longer period. The wave of reform has at last reached England, the land of rich gravies, savory sauces, and plum puddings, and that eminent professor of the art of eating, in a recent article in *Knowledge*, republished in this country in the *Popular Science Monthly*, thus discourses on this spicy topic—

"Cayenne pepper may be selected as a typical example of condiment properly so-called. Mustard is a food and condiment combined; this is the case with some others. Curry-powders are mixtures of very potent condiments with more or less fattening material, and sulphur compounds, which, like the oil of mustard, garlic, etc., may have a certain amount of nutritive value.

"The mere condiment is a stimulating drug that does its work directly upon the lining of the stomach, by exciting it

to increased and abnormal activity. A dyspeptic may obtain immediate relief by using cayenne pepper. Among the advertised patent medicines is a pill bearing the very ominous name of its compounder, the active constituent of which is cayenne. Great relief and temporary comfort are commonly obtained by using it as a "dinner-pill." If thus used only as a temporary remedy for an acute and temporary, or exceptional, attack of indigestion, all is well; but the cayenne, whether taken in pills, or dived over the food, or stewed with it in curries, or any otherwise is one of the most cruel of slow poisons when taken habitually. Thousands of poor wretches are crawling miserably toward their graves, the victims of the multitude of maladies of both mind and body that are connected with chronic, inoperable dyspepsia, all brought about by the habitual use of cayenne and its condimental cousins. "The usual history of these victims is that they began by overfeeding, took the condiment to force the stomach to do more than its healthful amount of work, using but a little at first. Then the stomach became tolerant of this little, and demanded more, then more, and more, and more, until at last inflammation, ulceration, torpidity, and finally the death of the digestive powers accompanied with all that long train of miseries to which I have referred, was the result."—*Good Health*.

ADVICE GRATIS.

ASEPTIC SILK FOR SUTURES.—Parth (Ibid.) recommends that ordinary silk be soaked for two days in a ten per cent. solution of iodoforn in ether, and then dried by wrapping it in blotting paper. The advantages are said to be that it can be kept for a long time without deteriorating, and that it does not cause suppuration when left in a wound. It is consequently useful in the operation for laceration of the cervix uteri.

JABORANDI IN ERY-SIPILAS.—Dr. Sydney Thompson (*Therap. Gazette*; Edinburgh *Med. Jour.*) suggests the following formula: Fluid extract of jaborandi, 24 parts; laudanum and glycerine, each, 4 parts. This mixture is to be painted over the affected surfaces every four hours.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT IN BURNS.—Brame (cited in the *Lancet*) recommends this drug as an external application in case of burns. The burned surface is moistened with water, and then painted over with the oil, the effect being to relieve the pain very quickly.

VERIENA AS A SUDORIFIC.—*Veriena lactata* is recommended by Weber as a valuable sudorific, when given in doses of half a drachm or a drachm of the fluid extract.

AN APPLICATION FOR PAINFUL TETHING.—According to the *American Journal of Pharmacy*, Unger recommends the following: Chloroform, 10 drops; tincture of Spanish crocus, half a drachm; honey, half an ounce; glycerine, one ounce. To be rubbed on the gums to allay irritation.

Valoid of coca is mentioned by the *Lancet* as a "new and reliable preparation," and is specially recommended for nervousness and sleeplessness from mental causes.

COLD IN THE TREATMENT OF SCIATICA.—Debove (*Prog. Med.*) recommends the direct application of cold along the course of the sciatic nerve, and especially over the painful points, by means of a spray of chloride of methyl. He reports several successful cases. The atomization is continued until the patient complains of a burning pain over the seat of application.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

X. Y. Z., Pickering, Ont., writes as follows:—"Would you please tell me what diet is best for one suffering from nervous exhaustion, consequent upon severe mental work. Four years ago I was nearly becoming a paralytic, feet and legs becoming numb. Am a great deal better now, but still suffer pain in limbs after severe mental work. Tendency to shed tears from over excitement, but without lowness of spirits. Am full-blooded man, with a tendency to corpulency, between 30 and 40 years of age. Ans.—Avoid spiced food and game, tea and pickles. Take coffee in the morning. Live plainly but generously. Give up severe mental work and take plenty of physical exercise, but do not overdo it.

H. C., Mount Forest, says:—"Will you mention what is the best inhalation for weak lungs? My right lung is affected at the top and I spit blood at times. Ans.—

Compound tincture of benzoin and spirit of chloroform. Six drops of each for each inhalation. Drink rich milk freely.

W. C., Woodstock,—Ans.—The disease can be cured. 2. There is no fixed period for its duration. The cure or no cure depends entirely upon the sufferer himself. His diet should be generous, and a cold nip-bath should be taken at least three a week. He must be careful not to put on too many bedclothes at night, and he must refrain from hot spiced food. Fifteen drops of tincture of iron in a little water may be taken after meals. Have nothing whatever to do with quacks who pretend to effect cures in such cases. They only aggravate the trouble.

The Best Time for Exercise.

About mid-afternoon is the best time for gentle outdoor exercise. Early morning exercise has been favored, but it is as much to be reprobated as early mental or physical labor, because at that time vitality is at its lowest ebb, and it needs stimulating rather than further depletion; certainly none but the gentlest exercise should be taken until the exhausted system has been supplied with abundant nourishment. In the early afternoon, especially if a hearty dinner be taken, the results of mental labor are not, as a rule, satisfactory, because digestion and sound thought cannot proceed simultaneously; besides, from noon until after three o'clock there is a perceptible disinclination to work; the comparative absence of electricity from the atmosphere makes the head heavy and induces drowsiness; the same condition prevails again between nine or ten o'clock at night and sunrise. There is little question that atmospheric electricity affects the quality of mental labour; when it is in excess, from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, the best work is done, all other conditions being favorable; again, from about six o'clock in the evening, it rises and is maintained for some three hours. In regard to seasons, there is less atmospheric electricity in mid-summer than in mid-winter. In default of the ability to engage in the requisite exercise, persons living sedentary lives should bathe nightly in as cool water as their capacity for reaction will permit, and employ subsequent vigorous friction with bath towels or flesh brush.

Two Things to Teach Children.

There are two things which, among many others, should be taught to every child, and which we mention specially because they are pretty certain to be neglected:—

1. Every child should be taught to breathe through its nose. The habit of mouth-breathing is frequently established by a succession of colds, which render nasal respiration difficult or impossible. The continued habit of mouth-breathing is apt to produce diseases of the throat and larynx, a deformity of the chest known as pigeon breast, and even distortion of the face.

If it is impossible for the child to breathe through the nose freely, it should be taken to a physician for examination, and the cause ascertained.

The obstruction of the nose may be due to a hypertrophy, or overgrowth of the walls of the nasal cavity, or the growth of different forms of polypus. When such obstructions are present, they should be removed by a surgeon, and such treatment should be employed as will prevent their re-formation.

2. Every child should be taught to spit whenever there is anything present in the nasal cavity which requires expectoration. It is quite possible that the swallowing of catarrhal secretions from the nose and throat may communicate disease to the mucous membrane of the stomach.

Move About.

Young folks, never sit moping over the fire if you wish to live long. A boy or girl should walk at least every day ten miles—out at a stretch, but through out the day—and, mind, every day. The roads and pathways may sometimes be dirty, but a good thick pair of boots will soon remedy that difficulty.

An old physician says, "If our boys and girls will but enure themselves to cold water and cold air while in their teens and twenties, they will never feel the want of whiskeys in the forties and fifties."

Regular bodily exercise is worth a host of physicians.

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Ladies' Department.

A Good Figure.

Every young lady, probably, is desirous of having a comely figure, that is, what is usually called a good figure. That such is the case is evidenced by the pains taken by ladies to give artificial grace to forms somewhat neglected, in this respect, by nature.

Now, when a young woman, not positively deformed, finds that her figure lacks some of those graceful curves which really are essential to female beauty, she may remedy many of these defects without resorting to those temporary cures effected by the use of cotton-battings and other kinds of pads. It is astonishing what wonders can be accomplished in a mediocre figure by a system of regular exercise, which, if persisted in, will transform many an angular figure into a curvi-linear one, and many a "scrawny" limb into a shapely one.

- 1. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, invariably breathing through the nose, and keeping the mouth shut, and in walking as deeply as possible at each breath.
2. Participate freely in such pastimes as lawn-tennis, croquet (the former is the better of the two) walking, skating &c., and do not play the two former merely to display graceful attitudes, but go about them with a vim.
3. On rising in the morning, which should be done moderately early, open your chamber window a few inches at top and bottom, take a glass of milk and a soda cracker before dressing: then stand upright to the floor, heels together, knees pressed back, head erect, and chest thrown out and chin drawn in. Next, raise the arms sidewise slowly from the sides till the hands meet above the head, the arms being kept straight; pause a moment, then bend over from the hips and bring the arms down slowly in front till the finger tips touch the floor, still keeping the knees pressed back and the arms straight: then slowly resume the first position. Keep this up for five minutes or so, increasing the duration of time by five minutes each week till the exercise lasts for a quarter of an hour. This

will tell on the arms and all the upper part of the body.

4.—Stand in the same position as above, the arms hanging by the sides; rise slowly on the balls of the feet; poise yourself for a few seconds; then lower yourself and repeat this operation from one hundred and fifty to five hundred times; the aching of the muscles will inform you which ones are getting the benefit of this exercise.

5.—Next, bend the knees till they approach as nearly as possible to the floor, but keeping the feet flat and without raising the heels; then slowly rise and repeat till you have had enough of it. Measure chest, arms and legs at the end of each month and you will be surprised.

Very light dumb-bells, from two to five pounds in weight, may be used by ladies who have no organic disease and who really feel able to use them.

The advantage of this system of beautifying the female figure is that the effects are permanent and beneficial; artificial shape is not, and moreover is, very often, easily detected.

Some Witty Retorts.

A slower-witted man always hates the quicker intelligence which can worst him in a verbal conflict; and bitterer revenges have been taken for sarcastic speeches than for actual injuries. There have been historical instances of polite retorts, like the one chronicled by Horace Walpole of the Danish Minister at the Court of France, who, when a French lady began to censure the conduct of the King of Denmark during his visit to Paris, remarking: "Ah, monsieur, c'est une tete"—interposed the word "couronne" as a quiet rebuke. A less courteous but more emphatic interpolation was the well-known exclamation of the fellow in the crowd who, when one of George II.'s favorites addressed the mob around her carriage, "My good people, we are here for all your goods," indignantly growled, "Ay, and for all our chattels too." It is unfortunate that ignorance of the language must have caused the lady to miss the point of the retort; but many witty replies have been similarly unappreciated by their hearers. A scale of what might be called historical retorts might be formed, ranging upward from the blunt, downright, verbal blow, to the polite and honored sarcasm or the delicate hint. Perhaps the most courteous and, at the same time, most sarcastic of retorts was that made by a pious bishop to the notorious Cardinal Dubois, when the latter offered him a second benefice. The good prelate declined the offered dignity, on the ground that he could not do his duty to so large a diocese. Dubois exclaimed, in admiration, "You deserve to be canonized as a saint." "It would be well, Monseigneur, if I possessed sufficient virtue to receive such an honor, and you sufficient virtue to confer it." Dubois's name recalls the well-known retort of George IV. when Regent. At a dinner in Holland House the conversation turned upon the demerits of the chief French personages of the seventeenth century, and Sidney Smith remarked that in his opinion the Regent Orleans, "a Prince and a Regent," was the wickedest man of the time. "I should give the palm to his tutor, Dubois, a priest, Mr. Smith," said the Regent dryly. Equally bitter was the retort of the French general who, after achieving a great success, was asked by a rival, "What will those who envy you say now?" "I was about to inquire of you," was the cool reply. Sometimes a retort is of a purely complimentary character, as in the case of Louis XIV. a reply to the Prince de Conde. Crippled with gout, the Prince apologized for the slowness with which he followed the King up a staircase. "Cousin," said the monarch smiling, "under your load of laurels it is difficult to walk quickly." Less flattering was the reply of a celebrated lawyer to a medical friend, who interrupted some anecdotes of the legal profession by the exclamation, "Well, I see that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted the barrister, "but yours often does." Reviewing the history of re-

torts, it must certainly be confessed that the complimentary ones are in the minority, and that these speeches are much as Shakespeare's clown described them—likely to lead on to a "quarrel on the seventh cause."

Ladies as Poultry Keepers.

An English contemporary declares that "when poultry keeping came into fashion with the introduction of the Cochon from Shanghai some thirty years since, many ladies from the aristocracy embarked in the pursuit, and were among the most ardent aspirants for the honors of the prize lists. Not only were the newly introduced varieties affected by them, but the older breeds were equally in favor. The late Viscountess Holmesdale was at one time the most successful exhibitor of Dorkings in the kingdom, and the sale of her birds was chronicled in the daily papers with as great an amount of detail as if they had been short-horns. But when the showing of poultry became a professional pursuit, and was followed by breeders and exhibitors for the mere object of gain, the ladies, in the greater number of instances, retired from the contest.

"Recently a great change has come over the poultry interest. The fanciers, to whom the exactest details of marking and character of comb are of the utmost interest, are left to fight their battles out between themselves, and those people who regard the primary interests of poultry as being to supply chickens and eggs for the table, are pursuing their own objects apart. Among them it is gratifying to find the names of several ladies, who prefer practical utility in place of being led away by the idle fashions of the day. At the late dairy show, Lady de Rothschild and Miss Rose Hubbard were among the most successful exhibitors of fowls for the table—birds which had been bred with especial reference to their usefulness as opposed to fanciful characteristics, and the last named lady had also taken a vast amount of trouble in testing the various processes by which summer eggs can be preserved for winter use. Other ladies, notably Mrs. Freeman and Miss Croady, have also interested themselves in breeds which are characterized as profitable as distinguished from fancy and exhibition poultry. We cannot but regard this change in the aspect of poultry keeping with interest. Ladies who cannot descend to the petty tricks of the professional exhibitors have little chance in competing with them, but they can hold their own bravely with the breeders for the table, for the fancier's fowls, by the forcing processes to which they are subjected in order to promote early maturity, and the extremely artificial conditions under which they are reared, are very frequently not equal to ordinary stock either as market fowl or as producers of eggs.

"In recommending this pursuit to ladies we must not be regarded as advocating poultry farming, or even poultry keeping on a very large scale, inasmuch as it has always been found that the attempt to rear a large number of birds in one locality terminated in the most serious loss. There is not, in fact, a single poultry farm, properly so called, in existence at the present time, the scores that have been established from time to time having, one after another, resulted in total failure."

A Sicilian Betrothal.

When there are no objections to the marriage, the mother of the young man takes the thing in hand. She knows that the son wants to marry because he is silent, rude, contradictions, and fault-finding; because last Saturday night he hitched up the awl to the hook in the house wall, instead of stabling it as he ought, and himself passed the night out of doors; or because—in one place in Sicily—he sat on the chest, stamped his feet and kicked his heels, so that his parents, hearing the noise, might know that he was disturbed in his mind, and wanted to marry as soon as convenient. Then the mother knows what is before her, and accepts her duties as a good woman should.

She dresses herself a little smartly, and goes to the house of the Nina or Rosa with whom her son has fallen in love to see what the girl is like when at home, and to find with her. She hides under her shawl a weaver's comb, which, as soon as she is seated, she brings out, asking the girl's mother if she can lend her one like it. This latter answers that she will look for one, and will do all she can to meet her visitor's wishes. She then sends the daughter into another room, and the two begin the serious business of means and dowry. In olden times the girl who did not know how to weave the thread she had already spun had small chance of finding a husband, how great so ever her charms or virtues. In Modica the young man's mother sets a broom against the girl's house door at night, which does the same as the weaver's comb elsewhere; and if all other things suit, the young people are betrothed the following Saturday. And after they are betrothed the girl's mother goes to a church at some distance from her own home, where she stands behind the door, and, according to the words said by the first persons who pass through, foretells the happiness or the unhappiness of the marriage set on foot. The inventory of the girl's possessions chiefly house and body linen—is made by a public writer, and always begins with an invocation to "Gesu, Maria, Giuseppe"—the Holy Family. It is sent to the bridegroom elect wrapped in a handkerchief. If considered satisfactory, it is kept; if insufficient, it is returned. If accepted as sufficient, there is a solemn convale of the parents and kinsfolk of the two houses.

USEFUL RECIPES.

APPLE MINCE PIE.—Twelve apples (part sweet) chopped fine, six eggs well beaten, half pint cream, spice, and raisins.

COMMON FRUIT CAKE.—Butter, 1lb; sugar, 2lb; 10 eggs, flour, 1lb; powdered mace, two teaspoonfuls; currants, 1lb; raisins, 1lb; candied orange or lemon peel, cut into shreds, 1lb. Make, mix and bake thoroughly.

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.—Roast and coarsely grind 1/2 lb of best old government Java coffee; put it into a 1/2 gal. stone jug and pour upon it one quart of deodorized alcohol and half a pint of water; cork up tightly and set it in a warm situation for 10 or 12 days; then decant and strain and keep it in a closely-corked bottle for use as required.

BUCKWHEAT GEM CAKES.—Those having much buckwheat flour to use will find it an agreeable change to make a stiff batter, using buttermilk or sour milk, or sweet milk and baking powder, adding a little wheat flour and baking in gem pans or shallow tins. This can be eaten by many who cannot partake with safety of the griddle cakes owing to a weak digestion.

LEMON PATTIES.—Boil the thin yellow rind of 2 or 3 lemons in water till they become quite soft; then pound them to a paste in a mortar; melt 1/2 lb of butter and stir into it 1/2 lb of powdered sugar; when well mixed, add the lemon paste, beat up the yolks of six eggs, add these and the juice of two lemons to the other ingredients, line a sufficient number of pattipans with puff paste, fill these with the above mixture and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

CIDER CAKE.—To make a really delicious cider cake beat three cups of sugar, one of butter, and yolks of four eggs to a cream, then stir in six cups of flour (not leaping cups), beat till smooth and light. Put one teaspoonful of soda into a large cup of sour cider and stir quickly before it stops foaming; beat it into the cake batter; when this is accomplished add one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, well floured, and last of all the whites of four eggs be ten to a stiff froth. Bake at once in a loaf. Put a buttered paper in the bottom of the cake pan.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two quarts of milk, a cup of Indian meal, half a cup each flour and molasses, a large teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and the same quantity of cinnamon. Beat three pints of milk, mix all the other ingredients with the cold milk and add to the milk. Let the pudding cool a little and pour it into a buttered earthenware pan. Bake in a moderate oven. When the top begins to brown pour a little cold milk over it and cover it. Milk may be added several times while the pudding is baking. It should be in the oven four or five hours and served while hot.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER X.

"With but one heart, in weal and in distress."

"I wonder what the governor's ball will be like?" says Lord Clontarf, lazily.

It is the evening of the same day, and Lord and Lady Clontarf, with their guests, are dining at Coole. The ball referred to is to be given by the Marquis of Dundeady on the Tuesday in the following week, in honor of his daughter-in-law, Kit, who has been looking forward to it for a fortnight, expresses an opinion that it is safe to be charming.

"Sir Watkyn Wilde is coming to us tomorrow," says Clontarf. "He will be just in time for it."

"Who is Sir Watkyn?" asks Vera, turning her face from Gerald Burke, and the beauty of the silent night outside, to ask the question. Dinner is a thing of the past, and they are all standing in groups about the drawing-room.

"Don't you know him?" asks Kit, lifting her brows.

"I know nobody," says Vera, lifting hers in turn and smiling. "At least, certainly not Sir—what was it?"

"Oh, what a sad reflection that is!" says Dicky Browne; "seventeen good years gone by without even a bowing acquaintance with that remarkable man!"

"He is a toothless old baronet, with more money than he could spend in two lifetimes. He is the very thing for you, Vera," says Lord Clontarf, laughing.

"What on earth did you ask him for?" demands Desmond, who is smitten with amazement.

"I have just told you"—still laughing—"for Vera, to give her a chance of settling herself honorably in life. You owe me a debt of gratitude, Vera. A title always counts with a woman, you know."

There is a slight exclamation from Lady Clontarf. She has upset a tiny vase upon the gypsy table near her, and now busies herself picking it up again. Her face is very pale.

"Whenever I see Sir Watkyn," says Monica, "I always think how well he would look on a bracket labelled, 'a rare antique—priceless.'"

"Or—a fossil, date unknown," says Dicky Browne. "Do you know he has forgotten the time of his own birth, it is so long ago since his mamma presented him to an admiring world? As there is now nobody on earth as old as he is, I fear the precise year in which the presentation took place can never be exactly ascertained; that is, not to about a hundred years or so. Such a pity, isn't it? It would be so interesting to know whether it occurred the month or two before or after the flood. Before, I should say; but nothing is certain. When you get him down to your place, Lady Clontarf, be sure you ask him for a few private particulars about the first great traveling menagerie. As he was beyond all doubt in the Ark with Mr. Noah, he must know some little interesting details about that epoch that as yet have not been published."

"I don't think Dicky ought to get champagne at dinner," says Clontarf, regarding him with pity. "It disagrees with him, and I don't like to drown the little brains he has."

"Is Sir Watkyn really so old?" asks Vera.

"No, so old as Dicky makes him," says Mrs. Desmond, "but certainly not bordering upon youth. How funnily he used to dress himself at one time!" They all laugh at some well-remembered joke.

"Do you recollect his hats? his umbrellas? He was like an old clo' man."

"He used to wear a long black coat All buttoned down before,"

quotes Kit, with an irrepressible outburst of merriment.

"Ah! how uncharitable all this is!" says Mr. Browne, gazing reproachfully around him. "How would you feel, Mrs. Desmond, if any one were to call you an 'old clo' man'? And really, of late poor old Sir Watkyn has been doing his best to reform. When nature failed him in the complexion line, he took to art, and paint worked wonders. When his crumbling old legs refused to obey further orders, he took to steel, with the most marvelous results. What more could he do to oblige his friends? He now wears nice little steel bands all over his body to keep him together. So good of him! What on earth should we do if he be-

came dismembered? He sleeps in 'em! If he took 'em off, or even loosened 'em, he'd instantly fall to pieces. Isn't it interesting?"

"Dicky, I wish you would stop. It is really very horrid," says Kit.

"There is nothing horrid about Sir Watkyn, Katharine," says Mr. Browne, with severity. "He is a very dear old man—so bland; so courteous; and his chuckle! why, one would walk a mile to hear it. You wonder at that, Miss Costello, but I assure you, to hear it is to feel mortally refreshed! In spite of his patriarchal years his imagination is richly adolescent, and there is all about him, indeed, a carefully cultivated air of irrepressible youth, that, combined with his dyed locks, makes him—er—makes him—"

"Go on, Dicky; you have been so eloquent up to this that we can't bear to see you stuck for a word now. Collect yourself. It makes him,

"Well—er—very sweetly, too utterly quite!" says Mr. Browne, with a genial smile.

"I think I like old men," says little Vera, prettily. "They are always so kind to me."

"And what about the young men?" asks Brian, amused: "are they cruel to you?"

"I don't know anything about them," returns she, with a serious shake of her blonde head, that sets agoing all the short rings of her golden hair.

At this moment, The Desmond, who has been trying amiably, but in vain, to explain to Mr. Mannering the present state of affairs in Ireland, calls to the others from across the room.

"Come away from that window," he says; "I thought I got a scolding from somebody last week because I stood at one after nightfall for five seconds. Well, Brian, what's to be the order of the evening, eh? Whist, ch? Mannering and I will play any two of you. There!"

This the old squire says heartily, laying his hand on Mannering's arm, because he fears the latter has been feeling himself rather out of it during the last hour. But in truth, Mr. Mannering's opinion of his own social qualities is too sound to have admitted any such doubt.

Brian and Clontarf, after a smothered but heated argument with Mr. Browne, in which the latter comes off victorious, cross the room, and are soon seated at the whist-table. A nightly rubber is the joy of The Desmond's life; to hold even losing cards at it is a delight; to win, a supreme bliss! The other occupants of the room still stand chattering idly at the window, laughing at this thing, arguing over that. Remarks from the whist-players reaching them now and then, turns their attention in that direction; a louder remark than usual tells them that Mr. Mannering has unwarily trumped his partner's trick.

"It was the best card; the ace, king, queen, had been played; you must have seen it was the best card." The Desmond, poor man, is more grieved than angered. Clontarf and Brian are a little red, possibly from suppressed mirth.

"Mr. Mannering seems to be a very indifferent hand at whist," says Lady Clontarf.

"Give you my word," says Dicky Browne, in a confidential whisper, "I don't believe he has yet mastered the exact meaning of the word trump. It is still to him a sealed mystery. I'm sure he thinks it is a name for a fifth suit, for which he is always searching. Look at him now. He is solemn enough to be a parish beadle."

"Does he ever smile?" asks Vera, regarding the unhappy delinquent at the other side of the room with a calmly wondering face.

"Not often. He has been known to do it, but I heard it was a relief to the observers when he left off."

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit That could be moved to smile at anything."

This should be written below his portrait," says Dicky.

"He is dreadful," says Kit, suddenly. It must be said that her lover's interview with her sister in the morning had been described to her in a very graphic fashion five minutes after it took place. Some words

then used are still rankling in her mind; and she is prepared to pour out the vials of her wrath at every available opportunity on the head of the unhappy man upon whom she most unjustly visits all her troubles.

"He is dreadful!" she says again, with a little frown bent upon the unconscious Mannering. "How wondrous wise he looks! There is no need that any one should write him down an ass, as he has it always broadly written upon his forehead. Nay, but do look at him, Monica; his head is exactly like one of Brian's mangles, only there isn't half as much inside it."

She throws up her head with a naughty little laugh as she says this.

"He is an exceedingly good man," says Mrs. Desmond, severely—"upright in all his ways, and—very much to be esteemed." She thinks of his thousands as she says this, and Kit knows that she does. "I cannot see that there is any fault to be found with him."

"You forget his revoking powers and his nose," says Miss Beresford, who indeed is now quite from under all control.

"You are too young a girl to allow yourself sarcastic speeches," says Mrs. Desmond, in an even voice, but with open reproof.

"You are unkind to me," says Kit, flushing hotly, "and all for the sake of an unmitigated bore."

"But yet 'a good young man,'" interposes Mr. Browne, solemnly. "Let me impress that fact upon you. Mrs. Desmond has said it, and she knows. And, indeed," looking round him, "which of us can lay a sin to his charge? which of us can say we have ever heard him give way to so much as a great big D? No answer! Silence is loud in his defense! He is a good young man. Be generous, Kit (now that you can't help it), and acknowledge the fact."

"I have acknowledged it. I have just said he is a bore. All good young men are bores," says Kit, turning away.

Throwing open the window, she steps lightly on to the balcony, and, leaning over the railings, stares, without seeing them, at the brilliant stars and the softly floating moon. Vera, gliding past her, lays her hand upon her arm.

"That was funny—what you said about Mr. Mannering's nose," she says, with her pretty childish laugh. "There is a great deal too much of it, isn't there? Why don't you tell him so? Perhaps he could get it shortened. And, even if he couldn't, why, here she laughs again—"plain speaking of that sort does a great deal of good sometimes."

She runs her fingers lightly, in a seemingly aimless fashion, up and down Kit's bare arm as she says this, then slowly withdraws them, and with a swift inexpressible glance at her, follows Gerald Burke down the steps into the moonlit garden.

Kit gazes after her. Her tone had been the most careless thing possible, her laughter full of the thoughtless gaiety of childhood. Yet had she meant anything? Had she meant to hint that it would be wisdom on Kit's part to say some small thing to Mr. Mannering—not indeed about his nose, but some decided things, that might enrage him, and cause him to desist from this "persecution" that is so distasteful to her? In this light has she brought herself to regard the unhappy man's devotion.

Whether Vera had meant it or not, at least she has put the idea into her head. But, then, how to carry it into practice? She—Kit—has indeed at times said harsh things to him, but nothing absolutely wounding to his self-love. Self-love is the rock on which most men's sentimental affairs can be wrecked. It seems to her that, though the advice—meant or unmeant—is sound, she can hardly bring herself to avail of it. Even now, as she only thinks of this indefinite word that ought to be inflicted, she grows flushed and hot and miserable. How is she to willfully make sore the heart of a man whose greatest fault is loving her against her will?

Then again she thinks of Vera. The pressure of the soft little fingers is still upon her arm, the ring of the silvery laugh within her ears. It has seemed to her now and then that there is about Vera a touch of subtlety that in a dramatic fashion has at times puzzled her—in a fashion, indeed so dramatic as sometimes to admit a doubt of the subtlety being there at all.

Beneath that babyish exterior there cannot be a surface as yet unprobed by friends or foes! It is impossible! Thinking again of the merry laugh, the sweet mouth, the tender azure trusting eyes, she casts out the

doubt as being unworthy, and once more turns her eyes upon the starlit heavens.

"Dreaming!" says a voice at her elbow. "Get me a covering of some sort, and let us go down to the garden," she says, looking gravely into Brabazon's face. As he turns to the drawing-room to obey her behest, she follows him with her eyes, and Lady Clontarf leaning forward in earnest converse with Monica.

"Yes, I hope she will marry him," Lady Clontarf is saying; "he is sufficiently well off; and, even if not, she has enough fortune to enable her to marry whom she chooses. I cannot tell you how fond I am of him; and I want Vera to be happy—have her life filled with love. Nothing that is of any good at all."

"Vera is fortunate," says Monica, positively: "she can afford the man of her choice. But you would not surely advise any girl to rush into poverty for the sake of love."

"I don't know; no, I suppose not, hastily, but uncertainly; and yet, to give a true and lasting love, would not the world be well lost in such a cause?"

"I think she must have been in love with somebody before she met Lord Clontarf," says Kit to herself, pityingly. But, just then, Brabazon coming back to her, Dicky and her supposed woes are speedily forgotten.

The gardens are flooded with a cold radiance. The moon, that "goddess excellently bright," seated in her silver chair, is dispensing abroad unlimited hospitality in the way of rays and beams. Vera and Gerald Burke, fitting like ghosts among the deserted flower-beds, disappear into the yew-walled garden beyond, as Kit and Neil read the shrubberies.

"You were angry just now, darling," says Neil, fondly. "I was sorry for that, but yet I cannot altogether blame your sister."

Nevertheless, there is a soreness in his own heart as he remembers how she had accused him of that "breach of honor."

"I couldn't help it. She seems to spend her life of late fostering the cause of that silly man—just as if"—angrily—"I should look at him. It is abominable of her; and before you, too! It is almost indelicate. But there is no knowing what a woman will not do where a 'good match' is concerned. How I hate it all! Then she throws out her hand with a little angry gesture. "She meant you to hear it all," she says; "I could see that, and it offended me. It was cruel of her! It was—Oh, do no!" with a vehement burst of penitence.

"Dear, sweet Monica! I must not talk of her like this!"

"You must not, indeed. It is all for your own good she does it."

"That is as she thinks. It is all for my bad, as I think. And then she will speak of you as though you were only a passing acquaintance, a man met to-day to be forgotten to-morrow. She will take no notice of our love. That frets me so. She mentions your name to me just as if you were nobody in particular—anybody, in fact!"

"I don't suppose I am of much account in her eyes," says Neil, gloomily.

"But you are, if only because she fears you. She only puts on that indifferent manner to discourage me—as if she could! But it makes me wretched too, in spite of my scorn." This she says with a half-smile, that dies, however, almost as it is born. "She cannot prevent my being true to you, at all events; but I know she would if it were possible, and all because that old man of yours—your uncle, I mean—has chosen to marry again."

"That was indeed my undoing; and now I am of course to be forbidden the house!"

"Oh, no, not that. I am sure she did not mean that."

"I think she did. At least she meant enough to keep me from Coole until—"

"Until she sent for you. Oh, Neil! you would come to me then?"

"Well, yes, then." As he says this he knows he is not altogether angry with Monica. "But, sweetest heart, I am afraid that will be—never!"

"No, it will be some day; it shall. Brian is on our side, I'm sure. He will not say so, but yet I know it. And I will speak to Aunt Priscilla and Aunt Pen; they are not Mr. Mannering's trumpeters, and you shall come to see me at Moyné whenever you are staying at Lislee."

Lislee is about fourteen miles away, and is the property of a cousin of Neil's, with whom he sometimes stays.

"That—
"says
to get on
is a dupli
this that
grief is to
his. "I
to-night,
The tears
is in his
his breast
"I sha
ball at the
least, and
says, brig
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hays"—d
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And—an
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"I alwa
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"I ba
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d once more; heavens! it her elbow sort, and she says, loudly. As he obeys her by eyes, and in carnal him," Lady efficiently enough for whom she fond I am Nothing else.

Monica, per man of be surely advise or the asked propose not, I yet, to gain not the world in love with rd Cloutier, o her, Dr. edily forgot h a cold radi as excellently chair, is dis itality in the a and Genial ong the act into the year and Neil read ow, darling, orry for that me your sit eness in his she had ac onior." ems to spend ause of that /—"I should e of her; and e indelicate, hat a woman tech" is co "Then she he angry gra r it all, she it maddened was—Oh, de of penitence, ust not talk d

It is all for t is all for my so will speak y to be for ke no notice She men if you were, in fact! such account ly. so she feat at indifferent f she could; in spite of a half-smile, it is born; true to you, would lift that old man—has chosen ng; and now the house? sure she did t she meant until—" h, Neil! you says this be angry with t, I am afraid y; it shall He will not I will speak in; they are us, and you ne whenever s away, and Neil's, with

Latin Versification Made Easy.

Below are given two sets of tables by the use of which any one who is not so utterly illiterate as to be unable to read the letters of the alphabet and to count up to nine may make excellent Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. It is to be hoped that no dishonest collegian will take advantage of this aid to Latin versification; but should he feel disposed to do so, he has it in his power to "grind out" no less than 590,049 lines with the help of these two sets of tables.

The rules for composing hexameter or pentameter verses from their respective tables is simply this: Select any one of the first nine (capital) letters in Table I; the letter chosen, with every subsequent ninth letter in that table, will form the first word; then take any one of the first nine letters in Table II, and every subsequent ninth letter in the same table to form the second word; proceed in like manner through the tables; Table VI. in the Hexameter and Table V. in the Pentameter furnishing the last word of the line or verse; colons, where they occur, must be counted the same as letters.

These are the Tables:—

HEXAMETER.	PENTAMETER.
TABLE I.	TABLE I.
TIPHAMBLEU	TAPISITTNE
geosaufrrn	romouruotd
rrrrrrfbes	rrrrrrxruf
retbleiaii	rdispilalo
riardrmda	latiaciddb
aaaaa:aa:	ia:aaaaa:
TABLE II.	TABLE II.
fdbysoqta	ppppccs pr
iaiaiaocdg	rroooorico
minsolann	nrnngosoo
lcttr:aa:	dfgnctoli
lrr:;:aa:	lulfuarucc
aaa	mo fr bidum
TABLE III.	TABLE III.
stptdpppe	miabunuum
oaouaaeqr	cnunntnra
tlmtrrull	ttntttan
elcoauls:	ttttttan:
ttm:;:;:	ttttttan:
TABLE IV.	TABLE IV.
pppppppppr	dppnosmsno
rrrrrrrrrro	uroruoiald
ooonooomrm	ofupinloct
tdsgnmo:le	aeo:lit:en
ut:iaunt:nv	nrs:ga:rdt
rg:la:adua	btntav:aa:
ng:tnunbn	ara:ra:;:a:
aa:ttununn	TABLE V.
na:ttinttt	natvsmvmo
n:;:;:tttt:	llicca:lyl
TABLE V.	TABLE V.
tpvvlfaose	brialdhlil
oromdgrimo	io:le:;:s:
ormdmidpul	;;:s:
blomioelle	TABLE VI.
nrnrrraara	dsqapmdneu
aa:na:;:a:;	ouarullioyp
TABLE VI.	ooalrgvaed
dsqapmdneu	rrtar:;:tab
ouarullioyp	aa:;:;:tma
ooalrgvaed	
rrtar:;:tab	
aa:;:;:tma	

Now we will take an example and manufacture a perfectly correct scanning couplet by this patent process. Suppose we take in Table I, Hexameter, the letter H in the first line; the ninth letter from it, counting from left to right, is O; the next ninth K, and so on, and we find that Table I. gives us the word *Horrida*. Then proceed in the same way through the other five Tables and the following hexameter line is the result:

Horrida bella tuis protendant verbera acerba.

The Pentameter to go with it, being:

Improba prodicunt verba nefanda vitia.

One more example: Suppose we take the seventh letter of Table I.; the fifth of Table II.; the ninth of Table III.; the sixth of Table IV.; the eighth of Table V.; and the sixth of Table VI.; we get the following hexameter line:

Barbara vincula ferunt monstrant crimina multa.

Its pentameterical companion, proceeding on the same plan, being:

Triasta percliant astra superba mea.

By following these rules the reader will find no difficulty in extracting the verses. The Latin scholar will at once perceive that most of the words in the first and sixth may be transposed with those of the fifth and second tables, and the lines be varied almost to any extent. The only things not guaranteed are fine poetic sentiment and sound sense in these lines; a false quantity, however, will be hard to find.

Important.

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

Mr. Evans being once a guest at a dinner given by Rev. Henry Potter to Sir T. B. Potter, M.P., remarked, upon rising for his after-dinner speech, that when he remembered that they were invited by the Rev. Henry Potter to meet Sir Thomas Bailey Potter, and on his right saw Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, and on his left the Rev. Eliphaz Nott Potter, he was reminded of the flustered young clergyman who once opened prayer with a remarkably inverted text: "O Lord, help us never to forget that Thou art the clay, and we are the Potters."

When soul and stomach both hunger feed the latter before endeavoring to satisfy the appetite of the former.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. J. A. NORTON, 149 FOWLER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A naturalist says that the sponge of commerce has a nervous system and secretes gall. The social sponge has also considerable nerve, and his gall is immense.

A Decided Hit

Hagyard's Yellow Oil touches the right spot every time when applied for rheumatism, neuralgia, pain, soreness or lameness, and internally for colds, sore throat, etc., it is equally infallible.

"Ah, Jimmy," said the teacher, shaking her head, "I fear you will never get anything to do in anybody's gas office. I can't get fractions into your head."

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant; keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

Jersey silk corset covers come in light shades of color, and are finished with a frill of lace around the neck and armholes.

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

The pug's blanket for early spring wear is of orange and brown checked Gilbert cloth, bound with orange satin and braided with gold.

John Hays, Credit P. O. says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Even mantles of wool are trimmed with gold, silver, and steel braids, while jackets glitter with metal buttons, braid, and cord.

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

Khavan suitings are canvas woven camel's hair novelties, that come in both plain colors and bars and plaids, suitable for combinations in costumes.

A Plant of Rare Virtues

Is the common and well known Burdock. It is one of the best blood purifiers and kidney regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters possesses wonderful power in diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys and stomach.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and nobis men."
"My farm lies in a rather low and miserable situation, and
"My wife!"
"Who?"
"Was a very pretty blonde!"
Twenty years ago, became
"Sallow!"
"Hollow-eyed!"
"Withered and aged!"
Before her time, from
"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased our remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had
"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain.
C. L. JAMES.
BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md.,
May 36th, 1863.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Why find fault with the Boston girl—There are specs on the sun.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease even to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, colds, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs, or with general debility, seem to vanish under its use. No other remedy acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the most obstinate cough is overcome by its penetrating and healing properties. When children are affected with colds, coughs, inflammation of the lungs, croup, quinsy, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at such a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Short mantles defining the form with a jacket-like effect, and with high shoulders, will be the leading spring wraps.

No Matter. No matter where pain, lameness or soreness exists, Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken or applied will give immediate relief, and a positive cure quickly follows its use.

Jerseys of wool rival those of silk for dressy suits. They are elaborately but tastefully braided, with Hercules and Titan soutaches, and buttons of small size. They come in every color and shade, as well as black and cream white.

A Hearty Recommendation.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cunnamore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.

Waistcoats of Jerseys are, as a rule, narrow, of a contrasting color with the rest of the jacket, and are braided or beaded to match the braid of the jacket, and fastened with small lasting, metal, or enamel buttons.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates:—50 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.

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

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

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

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

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 125 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—50 cents per single line, one month, \$1.50 per line; three months, \$3.25 per line; six months, \$4.90 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work. S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 83 and 85 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES: MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St., O. B. Scott, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 220 Main St., Wilson Bros., Managers.

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

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 83 & 85 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ABOUT RENEWALS.

SPECIAL PRESENT INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once. We do not like any such cut off the list. Don't part company with TRUTH.

As a special inducement for immediate renewals, the Publisher has resolved to make the following special offer, which is the best he has ever made:—

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Buritt's great work Chips from Many Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free at TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly. This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them. Don't let the chance slip. It is seldom such a liberal offer is made, and it may not be made again. In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

THE WINNERS

—IN—

OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

SHAKESPEARE'S OR OTHER POEM.

(CONTINUED.)

- 526, Wm. James, Moorfield, Ont.; 527, Duncan McPherson, Carmington, Ont.; 528, John Thorhill, Arthur, P. O., Ont.; 529, Alice Sayer, Chatham, Ont.; 530, John N. Isaac, 353 Oxford St., London; 531, G. Masters, Box 136 Parkdale, Ont.; 532, Walter W. Burgess, Parkdale, Ont.; 533, Helena Hamilton, Rockwood, Ont.; 534, David Sylvester, Vanauely St., City; 535, Mrs. David Maraden, Seugog; 536, Mrs. Jas. Day, Sebright P. O., Ont.; 537, Maggie Pirt, Lornoville, Ont.; 538, C. D. McDonnell, Pickering, Ont.; 539, John Greig, Lefroy, Simcoe Co., Ont.; 540, Walter F. Waines, Udora P. O.; 541, Jane E. Baker, Black Heath, Haldimand; 542, Mary Ferguson, Markdale, Grey, Ont.; 543, Eliza Bentley, 400 Bathurst St., City; 544, Jol McKelvie, 33 Markham St., City; 545, Eliza Eastley, Bolton St., Kingston Road, City; 546, Hy. Lloyd, 13 James St., City; 547, J. M. Ferguson, London, Ont.; 548, Elizabeth Jane Alexander, 205 Brunswick Ave., City; 549, Geo. W. Edgar, 97 King St. East, City; 550, Essie C. Richardson, 81 Wooley St., City; 551, Mrs. R. Fair, 439 Queen St. West, City; 552, G. Hart, 47 John St., City; 553, J. R. Morris, 463 King St. East, City; 554, Allan Jameson, Stromness, Ont.; 555, Mrs. C. T. Hain, Teston; 556, Maria Hunney, Bowmanville, Ont., Box 17; 557, Wellington Irwine, Janetville, Ont.; 558, H. Stanton, 28 Toronto St., Room 5; 559, S. Sylvester, 22 Vanauely St., City; 560, E. Bishop, 31 Bellwoods Ave., City; 561, Annie Stibbard, 69 Winchester St., City; 562, L. Murray, 269 Berkeley St., City; 563, T. Menge, 326 Hope St., City; 564, Mrs. Taylor, 78 Victoria St., City; 565, Mary McEdward, Neustadt, Ont.; 566, E. G. Francis, Orillia, Ont.; 567, Mrs. C. C. Thompson, Box 371, Port Hope; 568, Kate Meagher, Belleville, Ont.; 569, Wm Ritchiehouse, 636 13th Place, Chicago, Ill.; 570, F. Wakley, Port Hope, Ont.; 571, Minnie Smallpooce, 17 Yorkville Ave., Toronto; 572, Ed. Carleton, 26 Marbleborough Ave., City; 573, A. Mitchell, 19 Bird-st., Toronto; 574, Mrs. S. S. Lehman, Box 93, Markham, Ont.; 575, Mrs. J. R. Smith, Brussels, Ont.; 576, Geo. A. Gills, Almonte, Ont.; 577, Geo. Murrell, 156 Lippincott-st., Toronto; 578, Wm. Bannerman, Drysdale, Ont.; 579, Mary A. Menzies, Almonte, Ont.; 580, Mrs. T. P. Warner, Guilds, Ont.; 581, Wm. Durkin, Bowling Green, Ont.; 582, Mrs. Thos. Stevenson, Stratford, Ont.; 583, Larica Gray, Parkhill, Ont.; 584, Wm. E. Fountain, Beaverton, Ont.; 585, Mrs. J. B. Crosson, Brucefield, Ont.; 586, J. Allen, 79 Tecumseh-st., Toronto; 587, J. Densmore, Luther, Ont.; 588, E. Brabazon, Saintfield, Ont.; 589, R. Brackenbury, 41 Hannah st. West, Hamilton; 590, Wm. Drainie, Fergus, Ont.; 591, M. Brown, Ayr, Ont.; 592, Mrs. W. Thompson, Chesley, Ont.; 593, Miss Paul, Weston, Ont.; 594, J. Orr, Ancaster, Ont.; 595, Mrs. F. Jones, 127 Wellington North, Hamilton; 596, J. Finlayson, Ripley, Ontario; 597, Mrs. A. Dickson, Parkhill, Ont.; 598, M. Karkuff, Oakville, Ont.; 599, A. Walden, Harriston, Ontario; 600, Richard Thompson, Stromness; 601, S. Munten, Odell, Ont.; 602, Mrs. Joseph Mattress, Ont.; 603, Lizzie Mayne, Waverley, Ont.; 604, C. E. Whyte, Dominion Bank, Cobourg, Ont.; 605, Lillie Elliott, Box 11, Cobourg, Ont.; 606, L. Damude, Flesherton, Ont.; 607, Wm. H. Herble, Miller, Sterling, Ont.; 608, Bella Taylor, Peterboro, Box 101, Ont.; 609, W. F. Kitchen, Brooklin, Ont.; 610, C. L. Von Gunten, Blenheim, Ont.; 611, Asa Ford, Wyoming, Ont.; 612, S. G. King, Arkwright, Ont.; 613, A. T. Colten, Pukerton, Ont.; 614, Mrs. Beaton, Kincardine, Ont.; 615, Annie Douglass, Owen Sound, Ont.; 616, Ed. C. Hall, Markham, Ont.; 617, Mary S. Guthrie, Ayr, Ont.; 618, Abijah Howard, Round Head, Ont.; 619, Mary Robertson, Clayton, Ont.; 620, Frank Cober, Galt, Ont.; 621, M. E. Heimbecker, 7 Victoria Ave., Hamilton, Ont.;

- 622, Mary Tabin, Waterford, Ont.; 623, Annie Lackie, Lansing, Ont.; 624, Maggie McCauley, Massie P. O., Ont.; 625, Mrs. E. Ehhardt, Falkirk, Ont.; 626, Ada Thompson, Buttonville, Ont.; 627, Wm. Mather, Buscom, Ont.; 628, Mrs. S. Bush, Chornside, Ont.; 629, Jos. J. Pope, Clinton, Ont.; 630, Louisa Secord, Niagara, Ont.; 631, Lottie Logie, Courtright; 632, Mrs. Jno. A. Stupp, Box 21, West Flamboro; 633, B. H. McColl, Forest, Ont.; 634, Amada L. Pardon, Monroe, Mich., U. S.; 635, Mrs. Wm. Wisner, Lowell, Kent Co., Mich.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following persons acknowledge receipt of prizes in TRUTH and LADIES' JOURNAL Competitions: PRIZE.—Gold watch:—Maggio Aikins, Stratford; Mrs. G. Elmalie, Toronto. PRIZE.—Williams' Sewing Machine:—Mary Lamb, Rathburn. PRIZE.—World's Encyclopedia:—Mrs. Robert W. Davidson, Uniacke Mines, N. S.; Mrs. Wm. Adam, Cambridge, Dan County, Wis.; Miss S. F. Griffith, Kingston; Ullie Kulso, Tilsonburg; T. S. Bell, Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. C. Tindall, Mi land; Lavinia J. Spence, Parrsboro. PRIZE.—Volume of "Toronto Past and Present."—E. Jarvis, London East; Thos. Fields, Thornbury; Thos. Roe, Milverton. PRIZE.—Gold Ring:—J. L. Wadleigh, Sherbrooke. PRIZE.—Gold Brooch:—Daniel McPherson Westville, Pictou Co. N. S.; Edwin Cars, well, Nicola Lake, B. C.; M. D., Goderich. PRIZE.—Butter Knife:—I. Harris, Brockville; Beattie Witham, Springfield; W. H. Creed, 671 Saucinet St., Montreal; Lizzie Hartley, Brandon; L. W. Alington, Gay's River, N. S.; Mrs. Kylo, Toronto; Emma Jacobs, Stanwood; Mrs. Battersby, Hamilton.

KIND WORDS.

REV. T. CROMPTON, Barrie, writes: I am a constant reader of TRUTH, and like it very much. It must be doing a good work. CAPT. HENRY HUGHES, Lindsay, writes:—I desire to join in with your large army of admiring subscribers in speaking in terms of high approval of TRUTH. I trust that you may yet boast of a hundred thousand bona fide subscribers. MRS. LORETTA ARMSTRONG, Olney, Illinois, writes:—I am very much pleased with TRUTH. The music alone is worth the price of the magazine. I will send you some bits of information regarding household matters occasionally that may be of interest and value to your readers. (Thanks for those sent.—Ed.)

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and the nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—Pianos, \$10.00; cabinet organs, \$5.00; sewing machines, \$2.00; guns and tea-services, \$1.50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

To Whom It May Concern.

Will those subscribers of TRUTH who do not intend to renew kindly inform the publisher as soon as their time expires? or if it has expired will they please pay up for what they have received and order the paper stopped? It has been sent to some beyond the time paid for in full expectation of square and honorable dealing. Don't let us be disappointed.

The Prize Clock and Enigma.

The winner of the prize for the best Scriptural clock and the correct solution of Enigma No. 1 is MISS BAXTER, Thorold, Ontario, to whom the prize will be forwarded on receipt of 12 cts. in stamps to pay postage thereon. The clock and solution will be published next week.

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the address given before sending the articles called for.

Minerals, for Indian relics or curiosities. H. D., 15 Railroad St., St. Johnsbury, Vt. Eight good books, for a pair of Vineyard Blue skates, size 10, or a good banjo. EROSK LK BAZZ, 100 Swan St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Eight postmarks and 12 foreign stamps, no duplicates, for a triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp. L. C. WOODWORTH, Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y.

A hand-bracket saw as good as new, a box containing 10 good tricks, and 200 foreign and domestic postmarks for a 4-joint fishing-rod in good condition. FRANK GRAMBL, Greenfield, Montclair Co., Ill.

Over 300 foreign stamps (including 60 1d. Embl of the issue of 1840-1, unpostmarked), and a coin from Prince Edward Island, for Indian curiosities. C. B. FRASER, Box 100, Pictou, N.S.

For exchange, books and other articles for old newspapers, periodicals and story papers. Write giving a list of what you have; accepted offers will be promptly answered. Address, J. H. MACDONALD, Boon, N.S.

Wanted in exchange for an Indian tomahawk, Canadian copper coins of old issues or United States Colonial copper coins. Address, COLLECTOR, drawer 73, Port Hope, Ont.

To exchange for any useful articles, a first-class printing press and outfit—cost \$14.00, also a heavy 6 shooter, .32 calibre revolver, which has never been used. Address, FRANK CHADWICK, 202 John St., Hamilton, Ont.

I have a single barrel breach loading gun and also a pair of Acme Club spring scales No. 10, which I will exchange for a bicycle from forty-five to fifty inch; silver watch, or engine and boiler no smaller than one horse-power. Accepted offers answered. I have a silver coin, 50 centesim, Emanuel II, also eye-stones Address, FRANK E. MCLENNAN, Middle Sackville, N. B., care of Mrs. JAMES MCLENNAN.

I have a rifle barrel (Snyder) C. Ingram, Glasgow, would exchange for B-flat Cornet or tenor cornet, books, printing press, music box or any useful articles of equal value. Correspondence solicited. ROBERT GAMB, Shubenacadie, N. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. DUFFIELD, Hamilton.—Almost any bookstore could get it for you. Price 15 cents.

JAMES F. and several more:—William Blaikie's "How to get strong, &c.", can be obtained at P. C. Allen's Stationery store: see above.

"SIM TAPPERTIT," Port Credit:—Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by Booth on the 14th of April, 1865; he died at 7.22 a.m. on the 15th.

"NAUTICUS," Kingston:—The pay of a United States admiral is \$13,000 per annum whether at sea, on shore duty or on leave waiting orders.

J. D., Kingston:—The new great bell of St. Paul's London, England was cast in 1881 and weighs 17 1/2 tons, and is the largest in the United Kingdom.

A. S. GLENNY, Joliet:—You can get James Grant's Legends of the Black Watch at P. C. Allen's, Stationer &c., 35 King street west, Toronto:—

"X. Y. Z.," Lyndon, Ont.:—Yes. Note dated Sunday are void. An endorser has a right of action against all whose names were previously on a note endorsed by him.

JENNIE DEANS, Parrsboro:—The Egyptian flag is scarlet with a white crescent about a quarter of the way from the staff. The Turkish is somewhat similar, but the crescent is larger and there is a star in the centre of the flag.

H. JONES, Peterboro:—Lake Superior is 32,000 square miles in extent; Huron, 21,000; Erie, 10,815; Ontario, 6,300. The Caspian is the largest inland sea in the world, its extent being 176,000 square miles; its depth is only 250 feet, while that of Lakes Superior, Huron, and Ontario are 1,000, 1,000 and 336 respectively.

Men who despair of mankind and of the future are happily seldom successful in persuading others to accept their advice or their systems. There is a healthy instinct in man which leads him to believe that the future will be better than the past, and that the labors of the present generation will not be without their effect in improving the condition of the next.

ment.

Music and Drama.

Last week was a somewhat eventful one in theatrical circles. The week was ushered in at the Grand by the appearance of the Rentz Santloy variety company. The opening performance was witnessed by the largest audience of the season, composed, with two or three exceptions, entirely of men. The play produced is entitled "Orpheus and Eurydice," and is of the class known as "andress opera."

appear in Paris called the Revue Wagnerienne and is to be devoted to be devoted to a critical study of Wagner's works. It is proposed to give intelligence of all the worthy performances of that master's works. Evidently Paris is trying to make some compensation for the treatment that Wagner received there during his lifetime.

Opinion is not yet crystallized about Bulwer Lytton's new play, and already people begin to discount the undoubted success of its first performance. Its sentiments are described as those of the French revolution rather than of old Rome; the blank verse is called very blank indeed; the first act is intolerably slow and the second unnecessary; but enough remains to make a very striking play, with many splendid situations, and with two splendid men's parts and one good part for a woman; and that gives plenty of opportunity for splendid mounting.

Mme. Sainton-Dolby, one of England's greatest ballad and oratorio singers, is dead. Some years ago Mme. Dolby was regarded as the most talented contralto artist on the concert stage. Mendelssohn composed for her the contralto part in "Elijah," and she was said to have been very grand in her interpretation of the music. She was the wife of Mr. Sainton, the violinist, and retired into private life twenty years ago. She is mostly known in America as a song writer. One of her compositions—"Out on the Rocks"—is often sung on the concert stage. As a musician and teacher, as well as a singer, she had stood at the head of her profession for many years.

The Model Washer.

In other pages of this week's Truth will be found an advertisement calling attention of readers to the Model Washer, an entirely new invention of Mr. C. W. Dennis, of this city. All who have used these Washers speak in terms of the highest praise of them, and of the extreme facility with which the ordinary fatiguing labor of washing is accomplished with their aid. The man who hits upon any device by which woman's hardest work may be lightened is a benefactor of the human race in general and of the female portion of it in particular.

Few men can be won by truth when falsehood brings them a revenue.

It is the part of a wise and of a good man to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior deal with him. He that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress either upon the one title or upon the other.

Most people suppose that the manufacture of tobacco consists merely of taking the leaf and pressing it into plugs. The fact is, however, that the process is a very delicate one, and the least false step will injure the flavor. The leaf must be carefully attended to for months after it leaves the planter's hands. It must neither dry too quick nor too slowly. Even after it has reached the factory the utmost delicacy of manipulation is required.

Robert Buras' birthday was celebrated in London with a concert by her Majesty's Scots Guard at the Royal Albert Hall. Mme. Patey, Miss Davies, Sims Reeves, and Mr. Stanley, with Mme. Stirling and Mr. Lloyd, gave a programme of Scotch songs. It was considered quite a musical event to the lovers of Scottish songs, and the great hall was filled to overflowing.

Misco's Humpty-Dumpty at Montford's last week was well patronized, notwithstanding the peculiar attractions at the Grand. This week the original Georgia Minstrels, a company of more than usual strength and merit, are playing to crowded houses.

Temple Bar, in an article on Mme. Patti, speaks of "that perpetual, uninterrupted homage called the life of Patti."

In Cornhill music lovers will find a tender sketch about Dr. Arne, and dramatists in a story called "The Two Carnegies," will find the basis of a fine play.

Manager Coleman in Longman's contributes a stirring sketch of Gustavus Brooke, the actor, with unkind allusions to Avonia Jones, his wife, and for the first time giving details of Brooke's death by shipwreck.

Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ" was given recently in London by the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is one of the most simple and harmonious works that the composer wrote, and its performance was received with satisfaction by the critics.

Mary Anderson will probably not retain the "Hunchback" for any length of time, as the play is too weak to be galvanized into life again, and Helen Barry is generally declared to have been improved in her acting by her visit to America.

Mr. Walter Damrosch has been chosen conductor of the New York Symphony Society, succeeding his father in this as in other positions. He is very young for the position, and the experiment will be looked upon with interest by musicians. Mr. Damrosch was born in January, 1862, and came to this country when nine years old.

It is a curious fact in connection with Gilbert and Sullivan's Japanese opera, which is to be produced March 14, that the suits of armor, which are exact reproductions and perfect examples of the fifteenth century Japanese armor, are too small to be worn by any Englishman, and yet are so heavy that none but athletes could carry them.

A monthly publication is shortly to

G. M. D.

Walking down Broadway is very pleasant when you fool well, and T—K— never felt better than when his friend asked him how he got over that severe cough of his so speedily. "Ah, my boy," said T—, "G. M. D. did it!" And his friend wondered what G. M. D. meant. He knew it did not mean a Good Many Doctors, for T—K— had tried a dozen in vain. "I have it," said he just hitting the nail on the head, "you mean Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or Gold Medal Deserved as my friend J—S— always dub it." Sold by druggists.

Harriet O. Cummings advertises in a Western paper that she wants "a man with red hair and blue eyes, who does not wear fine shirts much, and is not afraid to cut too much wood for the cook." She may succeed in getting a man with red hair and blue eyes, but if she had desired one with blue hair and red eyes her want would not have been so easily gratified.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday:

Johns Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smith How can I? You know I am a nutty to catarrh.

J. D. as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do so. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

The Deutsche Medicinal Zeitung gives an account of a series of careful experiments made in the Prussian army as to the utility of serving schnappa to soldiers in active service. After prolonged trials the army surgeons abandoned the use of spirit, and gave tea or coffee in place of it.

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's NERVILINE is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove NERVILINE to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

Within a week of the day when he received his commission to relieve Khartoum, Lord Wolseley told a friend that his calculations were that he would join hands with Gordon about the 20th of January. That was on the 30th of August. Gordon's steamers met Gen. Stewart's troops on the 21st of January.

How They Do It.

So-called respectable people would hesitate considerable before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

TREES! TREES! TREES! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

We have a full stock of all the best quality of trees for planting out in large or small quantities, on short notice, a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Roses, Russian Mulberry, &c. Railroad to our ground.

H. H. HIRD & SON, Proprietors, Halifax, N. S. W. L. H. G. O. N. T.

MALEDONIAN LAUNDRY

Mrs. Ross, 154 Richmond St., W.

Garments of all Descriptions including Shirts, Collars, Undershirts, &c., rendered equal in appearance to new at Reasonable Prices.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies, and addressed to the Hon. the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon, Friday, 23rd March, 1885. Printed forms of Tender, containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned. No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of all articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.

Ottawa, March 14th, 1885



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and enclosed in a cover marked "Works," will be received until 10 o'clock on the 2nd day of April next, inasmuch as, for strengthening the East Pier at Kingston, Essex County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to the Collector of Customs, Kingston, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. COBURN, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,

Ottawa, 16th March, 1885.

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When speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, causing corresponding pressure on rupture. This part is so perfect as to instantly imitate the action of the tongue. It holds worst cases under any circumstances. No need refunding money. Only had 13 cases to exchange in '84. The most perfect system to give satisfaction by post. Sent either to U. S. or Canada. Free by mail and registered. Factory—Toronto, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y. No custom trouble. Trusses warranted for five years. Established 1870. Medals, etc., Centennial, and wherever exhibited. Send for stamp for new book on Rupture and Human Frame: 5th edition, registered, by Chas. Cluthe. Valuable information. All deformed people should have it. Address, CHAS. CLUTHE, 119 King-st. W., Toronto, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

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Needles, Oils and Parts

For all kinds of Machines always on hand. Machines of all kinds repaired promptly. Needles and all parts sent by mail.

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LOVE... and MAJAZZ... wonderful secrets, revelations and... for married or single... health, wealth and happiness... 100 pages, mailed for 25 cents by the... Co., Toronto, N. Y.

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER AND BLEACHER, &c.

PATENTED, AUGUST 2, 1884.

THE IMPROVED Model Washer & Bleacher

\$1,000 REWARD
FOR ITS SUPERIOR.

SCIENCE TRIUMPHS OVER LABOR.

Retail Price, \$3.00,

When delivered by Agents \$3.50.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.
Special terms to Agents on application.

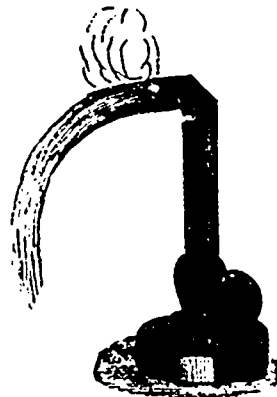
Delivered to any Express office in Ontario or Quebec, charges paid, for \$3.50; to any Express office on the line of railway in Manitoba or North-West Territory, for \$4.50, charges paid.

Read what the Patentee says:

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER AND BLEACHER. - My attention has been drawn to the various methods and the many devices now in use for cleaning fabrics which in many cases were either utterly useless or cost a great deal more labor to operate them, and knowing full well the vast amount of unnecessary labor the house-wife was obliged to subject herself to, to perform the drudgery of the family wash, I sought the invention of some method by which the ordinary washing for families, hotels and public institutions could be successfully performed without the exhausting labor and the ruinous tear and wear of garments involved in the old method of the wash-board, and the later process of pounding, squeezing and dashing the life out of the fabrics, has long been a public consideration; and impressed with the great necessity that existed for a simple machine that would cleanse soiled linen without the destructive agency of friction, and with the least possible physical exertion, I was led to invent the MODEL WASHER.

It was of vital importance that the method invoked should be of the simplest nature, in order that it might be successfully employed by the most unskilled persons, because otherwise its usefulness must be necessarily limited. And it was, at the same time, essential to the popularity of such an invention that it should be sold at a price that would place it within the reach of every family in the land. Now after two years of unremitting labor it affords me sincere gratification to announce that I have succeeded in perfecting and patenting a Washing Machine so simple in its mechanism that a child can use it—so durable it cannot wear out—so cheap that the poorest may purchase it—so economical that no family can afford to be without it—as it will do

the washing in one-half the time of any other known process.



THE IMPROVED Model Washer and Bleacher.

WHAT IS IT?

THE MODEL WASHER is a small portable machine, weighing about five pounds, and can be used in any family wash boiler. It is composed wholly of metal, and hence one of its prominent qualities is durability; and from the nature of the material entering into its construction, and the simplicity of its mechanism, it is impossible for it to get out of order by use. In form it is a circular base, with a diameter of seven inches, and a depth of one and a half inches. In the centre of this base is inclosed a horizontal tube called the discharge pipe, which is fourteen inches high and one and a half inches in diameter, and capable when in full operation of throwing out fifteen gallons of water per minute. Within the base, which is hollow, are located a succession of tortuous passages, so arranged that by a well-known principle of hydraulics the hot water in the boiler is rapidly sucked up, and continually forced from the bottom to the surface of the boiler through the discharge pipe. In simple language, by the operation of the machine all the water within the boiler is drawn by the irresistible force of suction through and through the soiled linen, until the dirt is removed from it, leaving the articles, after rinsing, thoroughly cleaned and purified.

An entirely new and original device, invented, patented, and exclusively used by me, are the Globe Tubes, a special feature of the Improved MODEL WASHER, and an invaluable adjunct to suction Washers, by reason of the powerful additional force with which it drives the water through the fabrics of the goods, causing it to search out and eradicate every atom of dirt that lurks within them.

WHAT IT DOES.

It is not as well understood as it should be, that the energetic action of boiling water containing a small percentage of alkali (in the form of common soap) af-

fords the only effective means of removing dirt from linen and cotton goods.

It has long been erroneously assumed that nothing short of violent friction, produced by hard rubbing, in a strong solution of alkali, was capable of cleansing cloth. The fact is that the cleaning process consists, not in rubbing the goods, but in forcing the water repeatedly through them, after the alkali has loosened the dirt in them. The washer-woman of the past toiled hard to do just what the Improved MODEL WASHER does without effort, viz., force the soap suds through the articles in the wash-tub, but with this difference, that she forced the water roughly through them by laborious effort, with the aid of the wash-board, while the Improved MODEL WASHER gently infuses the water through and through them, without in the least impairing their value.

The Improved MODEL WASHER is especially valuable, if not indeed indispensable, for washing all kinds of fragile fabrics, such as laces, lace curtains, fine lawns, cambrics, etc., which are too fine a texture to be successfully subjected to the harsh treatment of the wash-board. As all housekeepers are aware, it has hitherto been an expensive luxury to cleanse lace curtains, as it could only be done without injury by adepts, whose secret skill enabled them to charge exorbitant prices for their work. Happily, however, the Improved MODEL WASHER has entirely revolutionized this state of things, and made it practicable for every family to perform the most delicate laundry work with the same facility with which they accomplish the ordinary washing of the household.

The Improved MODEL WASHER leaves no longer any excuse for yellow and discolored clothes, which are so often a source of annoyance to families, and which usually proceeds from careless washing and the use of water of too low a temperature. In washing with the wash-board, of course the hands must be plunged in the water, and to render this possible the water must be reduced to a temperature which the hands can bear; whereas these Machines, being composed of metal, retain their heat and do their work best in boiling suds, and only boiling suds forced through soiled linen will thoroughly cleanse and impart to it the pure whiteness which so delights the heart of the good house-wife.

Then there is the important labor-saving feature of our Machine to be considered. The family washing has ever been regarded the most irksome and slavish of domestic duties, and from time immemorial has inspired the whole household with dread. This terror, however, is fast becoming a thing of the past, for by the beneficent aid of our Improved MODEL WASHER a young child or a feeble invalid can do the washing for a large

family in a short time without fatigue. No rubbing whatever is required. The clothes are placed in the boiler of hot water, and softly pressed at frequent intervals, to keep them entirely submerged, and subjected to the action of the water that continually passes through them. This is the only exertion required; and, remember, the clothes are thoroughly cleaned without being rubbed threadbare on the wash-board. No chemicals whatever are required to be used with these Machines. Clean soft water, or water softened by borax, and a little soap, only are necessary.

By the use of the Improved MODEL WASHER at least one-half of the soap required by the old process of washing is saved. This is an important item where a large quantity of washing is done.

Directions for Using the Model Washer and Bleacher.

Fill the boiler two-thirds full of water; set the Washer with the opening in the end of boiler over the hottest part of the fire; cut up one-fourth small bar of soap. When the Washer commences to work (the water will run out of the tube), then put your clothes in, having first wet them a little and soaped well the dirty spots (this is best done by laying them either upon a table or wash-board; be careful not to pack the clothes, as you will stop the circulation). Put those that are least soiled in first; soak clothes over night, if you desire it, but it is not really necessary. Bed and table linen, towels, etc., will wash in ten or fifteen minutes; underclothing and other articles that are much soiled, will require from twenty to thirty minutes.

As each boiler of clothes is washed, put them into a tub with plenty of water (warm is the best), and rinse well through two waters, the last being the blueing water. Keep a kettle of hot water on the stove to fill up the boiler after taking out the clothes, and add a little soap to every other boiler full. Be sure and keep plenty of water in boiler. If you are using hard water, add a little borax just enough to soften the water. Put flannels into clean water to wash, and rinse them in hot water, as cold water will shrink them—they will wash in fifteen minutes. Calicoes and brown towels only require from six to eight minutes. Should any part of the clothes be not quite dry rub them through your hands in the rinsing water, or else soap them again and put them back for a few minutes. Bo suds and soak well collars, cuffs and bands of shirts. To wash lace curtains, or anything of that kind tie them up in a pillow case.

Keep the cover of the boiler on except when it steams too freely, then raise it a little by placing the clothes stick across the boiler and resting the cover on it.

Our Latest Order by Telegraph--March 10th, 'Send me one dozen Model Washers, G.O.D. to Kenyon Station, Que., by Express.'--J. H. CALLAY.

THE IMPROVED MODEL WASHER AND BLEACHER, PATENTED,

Questions and Answers.

Q. What kind of a boiler do you use?
A. Any kind of a boiler that has a bottom either concave or flat, or the old-fashioned wash-pot. It is the only machine that will work in any kind of a boiler.

Q. How can you have a flow of water at the rate of eight or ten gallons per minute in a boiler holding eight or ten gallons?
A. The same water is used over and over again; and in order to be thus used it must pass down through and through the fabric, and this, with soap and heat, is what does the work.

Q. How can you use a large quantity of water in a boiler already full of clothes?
A. Fill the boiler three quarters full of water; as soon as the washer commences work put in the clothes. They absorb the water.

Q. Can you wash flannels and colored clothes?
A. We wash anything that can be washed in soap, and from five to ten minutes operation of the washer. Flannels could be rinsed in hot water. It is a change from boiling to cold water that contracts the fibre, causing them to shrink. Any FULLER will tell you this is so. Fugitive prints will part with their colors by this or any other process, but fast colors will not be injured. It is not best, as every housekeeper knows, to use strong soap or alkalis in washing colored goods. Many prints and other colored fabrics have some kind of wax as a base, and if alkalis are used strong enough to destroy this acid the dye will part with its color. This is why English scarlets, which will not fade by the sun, or by ordinary washing, are ruined by strong soaps. These facts are worth remembering by the inexperienced housekeeper.

Q. Can you use the common soft soap for the farm house?
A. Yes, if good.

Q. Is it not better to put very dirty clothes to soak over night?
A. Yes.

Q. Will your washer remove the streaks and dirty waistbands and collars, such as farmers and mechanics wear, after having worn a whole week, as they usually do?
A. Will not these require extra care cleaning?
A. The washer will cleanse the dirtiest thing. Much soiled portions may require a second operation to remove the dirt entirely. Give the clothes a thorough washing.

Q. We sometimes find a whitish scum on top of the washer. What is the cause of this?
A. The water is HARD. When soap is added to hard water, a chemical change takes place. Certain substances in the

water having an affinity for the alkali of the soap, unites with it, thus sets other substances; these are heavy and fall to the bottom or rise to the surface in the form of a whitish scum, according as their specific gravity is more or less than that of the water. Why it is impossible to wash with hard water. It may be done by the use of borax or sal soda. Water is best for any method of washing.



The Washer is made entirely of Metal and is non-corrosive and indestructible. Not a particle of wood in its construction, nor a pin, rivet, bolt or nut—consequently nothing to get out of order.

Opinions of the Press.

SARNIA WEEKLY CANADIAN: "The Model Washer,—one of the neatest, simplest and most useful household inventions of late years, is the Model Washer for which our townsman, W. Alex. McLagan, is agent. Housewives who have used it all agree in pronouncing it if not perfect yet something a very great deal nearer it than washing machines generally prove to be.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE: "We are often asked our opinion as to the best Washing Machine in the market, as there are a great many kinds. We do not hesitate to say that the cheapest, most durable, and best washer in the world, is the Model Washer."

THE CANADIAN BAPTIST: "From personal examination of its construction and experience in its use we commend it as a simple, sensible, scientific and successful machine, which succeeds in doing its work admirably. The price, \$2.50, places it within the reach of all. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is cheap. From trial in the household we can verify to its excellence."

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN: "The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many valuable advantages. It is a time and labor-saving machine, is substantial and enduring, and is cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence."

DOMINION CHURCHMAN: "Having tested the Model Washer and Bleacher, sold by Mr. Dennis, 213 Yonge Street, Toronto, we can heartily recommend it. Its work is performed thoroughly, and the saving in labor is so great that, combined with its cheapness and simplicity, should bring it into use in every household."

EVANGELICAL CHURCHMAN:—"We desire to direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. C. W. Dennis, which will be found in our advertising columns. The Model Washer and Bleacher has many and valuable advan-

Among the many machines brought before the public with this end in view, the Model Washer and Bleacher, patented by C. W. Dennis, 213 Yonge-st., Toronto, is certainly one of the very best. It is constructed strictly on scientific principles, and does all, and more than all, than is claimed for it. Washing is made light and easy, and the labor becomes almost a pleasure. It saves time and labor, is substantial and cheap, and very enduring. No rubbing is required, and the clothes are not, therefore, worn out 'in less than no time,' as is the case in the ordinary method adopted. Its price is placed at the low figure of \$2.50, and if not found to be all that is claimed for it the money will be refunded.

TORONTO TRIBUNE:—"In the olden times and in semi-barbarous countries to the present day, apparel was cleansed by beating it between two flat stones. The modern wash-boards and the numerous washing machines operated on the same principle are only in a degree less destructive to clothing than the former process. The idea that hard rubbing is necessary to get the dirt out of articles is entirely erroneous, and the only reason why hard rubbing does take the dirt out is that the water and soap used are forced through the texture with considerable force and carry the dirt along with them. Now if this can be accomplished by a process that saves the great wear and tear of rubbing, a very important point is gained. Clothing will wear ever so much longer, buttons will stay in their places, and the discomforts of 'washing day' be greatly ameliorated, to say nothing of the saving of labor. With this end in view the Model Washer was invented, and there is no gainsaying the fact that it does its work effectively. To those ladies especially who are in the habit of doing their own washing, the Model Washer is a boon for which they may well be thankful, while the price is so low that none need be without them."

TESTIMONIALS:

Admaston, March 9th, 1885.
C. W. DENNIS, Esq.
 DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find the sum of \$— for which you will please forward me by express to Renfrew one doz Model Washers and Bleachers. Send by Canadian Pacific Railway to Renfrew, and oblige,
 Yours, etc.,
GEO. G. GILLAN.

Colborne, March 11, 1885.
MR. C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO,
 DEAR SIR,—Find enclosed nine dollars to pay for 3 doz. Model Washers. Send at once by freight and oblige,
GORDEN ESTATE,
 per G. A. G.

Wales, Ont., March 12, 1885.
DENNIS, Esq.
 I have received your sample Model Washer and have tried it and think it works to perfection. Everybody that has tried it thinks it works to perfection. How many sizes of wringers do you handle and what is your trade price for them? Have you an agent for Ganabruk Township yet? Hoping to hear from you on the above, I remain,
 Yours truly,
FRED WARREN.

Colborne, Mar. 12th, 1885.
MR. C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO,
 SIR.—Your letter to hand and in reply, I have spoken to Wm. Coxall, my brother-in-law, merchant, in regard your Model Washer, and we concluded to take the two townships I mentioned, providing we have the sole agency for the two townships, namely:—Haldimand and Cramahé; and you will protect us against all other agents that trespass on our ground. Providing this is satisfactory you can send on two dozen machines and draw through Standard Bank for the same, and also forward papers required as per agreement for sole right. For Haldimand and Cramahé of course you need not send on machines unless you can make it satisfactory to all parties, as we intend to canvass thoroughly the townships, and it would be more satisfaction to you than to have it in the hands of half a dozen agents.
 Yours,
J. GEO. CORBAN.

Brampton, March 13th, 1885.
 DEAR SIR.—I want you to send me half a dozen of your Washing Machines and one wringer, for which I send you — Send them to-morrow if you can, or Monday, to Brampton by express.
THOMAS MCCONNELL,
 Brampton, Ont

Cardinal, Feb. 23, 1885.
C. W. DENNIS, Esq.
 DEAR SIR.—Enclosed find post office order, for which please send me one dozen Model Washers, and the agency for the Township of Edwardsburg (Cardinal village included.) Send by freight to Cardinal Station. Send the last patented.
 Yours, &c.,
JAS. M. THOMPSON.

Jarratt's Corners, Jan. 19th, '85.
C. W. DENNIS, Esq.
 DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find — for two dozen Washers and Bleachers, one for Mr. Turcotte and one for me. Please pack all in one box, as it saves freight charges. Please send by freight to Orillia.
 Respectfully yours,
J. H. CLAPHAM

Jarratta Corn's, Jan. 6th, 1885.
C. W. DENNIS.
 DEAR SIR — Please send me one doz washers and bleachers.
J. H. CLAPHAM.

Address all Orders---C. W. DENNIS, 213 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The Question of the Day.

"What is good for a cold?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. We can answer to the satisfaction of all, if they will follow our advice and try Hayward's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

Easter cards and Easter boxes are already in the shop windows around the retail business centre of the city.

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

Chemists are going out of fashion, the corset cover and short petticoat taking their place.

Mr. Parquet Boileau, Ottawa says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

The fashionable flowers for gentlemen at the moment are Neapolitan and Parma violets.

PREMONITIONS OF APPROACHING DANGER, in the shape of digestive weakness, lassitude, inactivity of the kidneys, pains in the region of the liver and shoulder blades, mental depression coupled with headache, furred tongue, vertigo, should not be disregarded. Use Northrup & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and avert the peril of death. It removes all impurities and gives tone to the whole system.

Ladies wear bunches of heliotrope or fine roses for corsage bouquets this spring.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alternative is needed, as this condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood, and impart energy to the system.

When a dress is said to be made of Irish galine, it means that it is of Irish poplin.

A Valuable Patent.

The most valuable discovery patented in modern times is that of the best blood purifier and liver and kidney regulator known. We refer to Burdock Blood Purifiers, which is making so many wonderful cures and bringing the blessed boon of health to so many people.

The spring ribbons of "kye terriers are de rigueur sky blue or rose pink.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator discharges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Sashes are important items in children's dresses.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO.

We have advertising space reserved to one hundred and ten of the best weekly papers in Canada published in towns and villages. The total circulation of these papers is 11,000 copies per week. Rates very low. Send copy of what you wish to advertise and we will promptly return you an estimate of the cost for one time or one year's insertion in any entire list. Our list is suitable for almost every style of advertising, such as "Farm for Sale," "Dresses and Changes," "Qualities of All kinds merchandise," "Every sort," in fact anything which goes either direct or indirect to the consumer. Address

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ROSES For all best varieties of Hybrid, perpetual, moss, tea, or climbing. ALSO DAHLIAS Standard, fancy, pompones and single varieties, comprising all the latest English prizetakers; also STRAWBERRY PLANTS in twenty best varieties. Greenhouse and bedding plants in great variety. Send for catalogue to WEBSTER BROS., Florists, Hamilton, Ont. Mention "Truth."

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

NOTE ADDRESS, 183 WILTON AVE FOR PERFECT FITTING

BOOTS & SHOES, Elegant, Comfortable, Durable, call at

W. PICKLES' NOTED SHOE STORE, 328 YONGE STREET.

22 BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES. Dr. SPROULE, M.A., Member Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, member of King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland.

Graduate in Midwifery, Bachelor of Medicine, Paris University, France, member of the Imperial College of Surgeons and Physicians, of Royal Medical Society, London University, England; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, late Surgeon Royal Navy; late Commissioner on Cholera and Fevers, India; Staff Surgeon Indian Medical Service; Foreign Corresponding Member of the Vienna Institute of Science; Author of "Cholera and Fevers, in relation to diseases of the heart and lungs."

"Health and Healthy Homes in Canada," "Practical Directions for general readers," "What can we do till the Doctor Comes," etc. Correspondence by letter solicited on all legitimate diseases. Office and residence 34 Lippincott Street, Toronto.

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JAS. HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier, 232 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

IMRIE'S PRICE TICKETS 28 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO. Send Fifty Cents and get a box containing over 200 useful prices.

TO THE AFFLICTED. During the past twenty-eight years I have seen many cases of acute and chronic diseases after old plans had failed. I have been enabled to do so not by any superior skill, but by following a new treatment, (the Physio-Medical, excluded from all my unjust laws!)

If you are progressing favorably under your plan do not call on me, as it is my purpose to treat those whose cases have been abandoned, or who have, after a long course of trying, failed to get relief. Office and residence, 1-2 Carlton Street, Toronto. Consultation at office, or by letter, free. THOMAS W. SPARMAN, M.D.

GAS FIXTURES. Bennett & Wright NEW SHOW ROOMS are now open with a Large Assortment

New & Elegant Designs by the best makers.

GLOBES IN GREAT VARIETY. 72 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO

The Improved Model Wash and Slicer.

Weights in pounds. It carries 12 lbs. water. It is the most efficient and economical of all washers. It is made of the best material and is guaranteed to last for years. It is the most improved model wash and slicer.

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