

Grain

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The lot at West Toronto above mentioned will be given to the person solving the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the first hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answer following the middle one.

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The list of consolation rewards will be given to the last one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of the 11th September, the closing day of the competition.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantage—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid.

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JUNE 28, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 195.

Dominion Day Ode.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR.

While the nations of antiquity,
The feeble and the strong,
Have their deeds embalmed in history,
Or immortalized in song,
Let us stog of youthful Canada, let her banner be un-
furled,
And her name, and her fame, be proclaimed throughout
the world.

May her sons be aye her glory,
And her daughters be her pride,
May her morals be her bulwark,
And her Bible be her guide,
May wisdom be her counsellor, alike in church and
state,
And her motto ever be that the good alone are great.

May her press be aye untrammelled,
And her senate ever pure,
May her pulpit aye be honored,
And her school be made secure,
Till intelligence and enterprise be seen on every land,
And science and religion, be the glory of our land.

May her arts and manufactures,
With the products of her soil,
Be at once the wealth and witness
Of her hardy freeman's toil,
And in the cause of truth and freedom, may she ever
lead the van,
In fostering and defending all that's dignified in man.

May her ever-growing commerce
Be aye rattling o'er her rails,
Or, borne onward by her navy,
Amid steam and prosperous gales,
Till her men and manufactures, be diffused through
every zone,
And honored, loved and valued aye, wherever they are
known.

May rapid be her progress,
May lofty be her name,
May honor, truth and liberty
Be lawren in her name,
Ever rising 'mid the nations, till like yonder shining
sun
She reach that meridian glory, which can never be out-
shone.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

The two men hanged at Picton for the murder of Peter Lazier went out of the world protesting their innocence of the crime, and there has been a good deal of controversy over the matter. Some are convinced from this fact that the men were innocent. The Minister who attended them during the time of their imprisonment appears certain as to the innocence of one of them. Quite a number are inclined to raise the cry of a judicial murder. On the other hand the County Judge, who gave a good deal of attention to the whole case, is particularly severe in his denunciation of those who have given expression to any such sympathy. He is of opinion that the men got their just deserts and that those who cry out otherwise are acting a most criminal part in thus attempting to destroy confidence in our Courts of Justice. There is little or no evidence of the innocence of the two men but their own protests of it and, of course, it would be an unsafe precedent to set to reprove men on any such evidence, for it would soon encourage every criminal to stoutly deny his crime up to the moment of his execution. It is just possible that facts may yet come to light to show that the poor fellows were unjustly dealt by, but it is not probable. It is a very serious thing for men to be ushered into the presence of their final Judge with a falsehood on their lips—if falsehood it was—but what else could be done under the circumstances? No doubt the efforts made to save them,—the petitions in their favour, and the fact that a good many actual criminals have been reprimed by the present Government all had their influence with the doomed men.

It is certainly a very serious thing to punish an innocent man, it is also a very

serious thing to allow any man to escape punishment when little general doubt exists in regard to his criminality. Let it be well understood that every crime is sure to be confronted with its legal penalty and a good thing has been done for the community. The *Independent* goes so far as to suggest that it is even safer to execute an innocent man than to allow a murderous crime to be committed and no one punished at all. That is certainly going a great way. It says: "About a thousand years since that plan was adopted with most admirable results, for every 'hundred' was held responsible for the crime within its boundaries, and when a murder was committed, one of two things had to be done by the 'hundred'—either the criminal had to be found and executed, or some one of the residents in the 'hundred' had to be executed as his proxy. This plan was singularly effective. It had a remarkably deterrent influence, for the knowledge that in the event of murder being committed somebody would be inevitably hanged, made every man a policeman and crime was almost unknown."

Such a system was more in accord with the ninth than the nineteenth century. It is evident enough, however, in too many criminal cases, that our present system of trying and punishing criminals is seriously defective and out of joint. A man with plenty of money at his command to pay large fees to the most clever criminal lawyers evidently stands a fair chance of escaping speedy punishment, if not of escaping punishment altogether.

Recently Philip Emery, said to be a respected citizen of Guelph, became temporarily insane and committed suicide when in that unfortunate condition. He had been attending the meetings of the Salvation Army, and the blame of the poor man's aberration of mind is laid to the Army. It is not an uncommon thing for a man to attempt to do himself harm while "under religious excitement," and generally a good deal is said about it. The possibilities are that religious excitement is not so much the cause of insanity, as is often supposed, in many instances it is the effect and not the cause of insanity. This was the view expressed by Dr. Workman several years ago when he was the Superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum. Few men were considered better authority on such matters, and his opinion was generally received with a great deal of respect. He argued that in many instances the "unusual religious excitement" was the first indication of insanity and that other unmistakable indications followed, and people were too much inclined to mistake the effect for the cause,—that religious excitement did not naturally tend to mental aberration, but rather otherwise. This is a subject about which doctors differ and TRUTH will not undertake to decide. It is well worth inquiring into, however, whether the popular idea of the mental dangers of such ex-

citement are as great as many people are inclined to imagine they are.

Another outcry has been raised about "bungling hanging" in connection with the recent Picton executions, and the man who had the job of hangman on that occasion, has since been disowned by his fellow workmen at Kingston. The hangman's business as such, ought to come to an end, whether hanging ceases to be a legal penalty for capital crime or not. Why should not the sheriff in every instance be compelled to do this part of his official duty as well as anything else that may be disagreeable in connection with the duties of his office? The Sheriff is, in this instance a representative of law and authority and no one should be legally allowed to tamper with the life of a criminal but some such representative in his official capacity. There is something revolting in the very idea of allowing any one else, for the sake of a few dollars, to be the instrument of taking life. As well might the Judge hire some court crier to do the disagreeable work of pronouncing sentence. Surely the system of employing common hangmen, at so much for the job, ought to cease.

The semi-centennial celebration here next week promises to be a grand affair, and TRUTH would advise all its friends to come to the city and enjoy as much of the week's festivities as is at all practicable. Toronto is a fine city for a summer visit, anyway, and everything may be expected to be at its very best during next week. Little fear need be apprehended about procuring accommodation during the visit, and, judging by past experience, little fear need be entertained that such extortions in the way of charges will be practiced upon strangers as have made some localities to be dreaded. By all means visit Toronto next week if you can find it at all convenient to do so.

The dynamite agitators appear to be as active as ever in England, and the vigilance of the authorities is not of much apparent consequence in putting an end to their plans and schemes. The latest sensation is the proposal to carry dynamite across the country in balloons, dropping the charges in such places as very serious harm can be done. Some are inclined to treat the rumors with a good deal of ridicule, but it is quite evident that the government authorities are well convinced of the gravity of the situation. As it is, the country is kept in much suspense and dread because of the dynamiters. Nearly every public building of importance in London, or elsewhere, is constantly guarded, the Thames embankment is carefully watched, the leading members of the government are escorted by guards wherever they go, the Queen when on her travels is a source of continual anxiety, a pilot engine is sent in front of her train to see that all is clear, and the people are excluded from the stations through

which she must pass. How long this state of terrorism is to continue no one can tell. The only wonder is that lynch law is not resorted to in order to rid the country of such human pests.

The revelations made during the past few days in connection with the "Mutual Marriage Aid Association" in the Hamilton Police Court are additional evidences that "the fools are not all dead yet." Men are so greedy to become rich without honestly earning their money by actual industry that almost any proposed scheme of rapid money getting is sure to find devotees. For some time past the "Association" has been advertising very generally the facilities it gave to people to put in one dollar and take out five or ten, and it is now pretty evident that its leading spirits reaped a good harvest. It is well that the fraud has been exposed. In one small town alone it appears that three or four thousand dollars have been paid to the concern, and no one got any thing back. Some of these victims have the reputation of being sharp business men, too. Probably there is not a county in the Province where there are not some victims. Few can pity them. It is said that so many were the "insured" that, at times, as many registered letters passed the Hamilton post-office to this Association as to all other business men of the city combined. What will be the next grand scheme to induce people to part with their money? Probably we shall soon see. It generally happens that one scheme is hardly exposed before another one is proclaimed, and it generally happens, too, that each scheme has a fair share of dupes.

In Washington Territory, U. S., women enjoy equal rights of citizenship with men and serve on juries in the same way. As the experiment is now, as well as important the result must be of interest everywhere. One of the High Court Judges, Roger G. Greene, in his recent charge to the grand jury, gave his experience as follows.—The number of courts holden by me, since our laws that put woman on her present political plane became operative, is seven, at six of which women served on both the grand and petit juries, and as to the manner in which they performed jury duty I have yet to hear from any one who, by actual presence in the court and intelligent following of what was going on became qualified to pass an opinion, a single adverse criticism, or any word but praise. Heartily I concur in what thus appears to be the general judgment of competent observers. In selecting from the entire panel of jurors parties at every term have shown a decided preference for the women as jurors, and no grand jury ever in session in this Territory has done prompter, cleaner, better work than those which have sat in this district during the last six months.

Every year the question of good openings for women in which they can independently sustain themselves is becoming more earnestly inquired into. Times are so changing that it is quite evident many worthy women will not be married, and it appears a cruel thing to raise any cry of sentimentality in regard to the propriety of women entering any legitimate branch of industry for which they are well adapted. In England it is stated on good authority that there are now at least three quarters of a million more women than men, and even in America women are finding it more and more difficult to find sufficient demand for their services in the lines of industry ordinarily open to the sex. Not long ago Miss Emily Faithful, the well-known English philanthropist, made a tour through California, and she appears to have been a good deal surprised at the new openings in that country for female industry. Since then she is doing what she can to provide a number of enterprising English women with the means of emigrating to California to engage there in the business of bee keeping and grape raising. She is of opinion that such lines of industry in such a climate and such a country are well adapted to the wants of many of her native country women.

In Canada grape growing, for raisin manufacture, or indeed for any other purpose, can only be successfully carried on in few localities, and it is not at all probable that the climate is so well adapted for female labor in that respect as in the Golden State. There is no good reason, however, why the business of bee keeping might not be entered into much more largely by females here than it now is. A few enterprising women here are becoming bee-keepers, and they are likely to become successful. There is good reason to believe that many hundreds more might engage in it to excellent advantage. The labor is not hard, and the business requires that care, tact, and attention of which women are generally much more largely possessed than men. With the new and improved systems of bee keeping increased attention and skill are needed while less actual physical strength is necessary. Many women would soon become enthusiasts in the business if they only once paid attention to it.

There is no good reason why many women could not engage themselves pleasantly and profitably in the several branches of poultry raising. The thrifty farmer's wife generally gives about all the attention to poultry that they ever get about the farm, but her duties are so many that her attention is necessarily divided among many things. The demand for better poultry and for a much larger supply increases and the prices keep advancing. Poultry raising on a much larger scale, and on much more scientific principles, is now demanded. Women with a small capital can find healthful, pleasant, and profitable business here. Our Canadian home market is not by any means well supplied now, and the foreign demand is very brisk. Last year there was exported from Canada 13,451,410 dozen eggs valued at over

two million and a quarter dollars. Had there been double that quantity to export the foreign demand would have been equal to the supply. The value of poultry shipped is placed in the government returns at \$161,229. It is well understood that double or treble that quantity could have been readily sold to American and English importers. In many sections of country where good tillable land is scarce, and where the lines of industry now open to women are few, and limited poultry raising on a large scale could be carried on to splendid advantage. Some Canadian patriot, desirous of serving well the interests of the female population, would do well to pay attention to the proper development of the openings here referred to.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have been doing good practical work towards inducing agricultural settlement along its line in the North-west Territory, by establishing experimental farms here and there, where the various kinds of grains and vegetables are being cultivated. Travellers have thus an opportunity of satisfying themselves in regard to the adaptation of the soil and climate of the country, such as they could not otherwise have. This season the complaints are of a great scarcity of rain in many parts of the Territory, and there is much disappointment in consequence. Especially is this the case in the vicinity of Moose Jaw and Calgary, but yet the crops on the experimental farms are reported as excellent. It is estimated that there will probably be a surplus of five million bushels of wheat in the North-west this year. By some the estimate is made larger still. The railway will soon find a very large grain trade between these fertile wheat-fields and the sea-board.

Australia is a fine country in many respects and many an adventurous Englishman has found his fortune there. Some as fine wheat as has been produced anywhere has been grown in Australia, but it is a well-known fact that the climate is too uncertain for much dependence in successful grain growing. Sheep raising has been the one noted industry of the country but even this business suffers greatly at times from the long and severe droughts. In some parts of Australia—in New South Wales especially—great suffering exists now for want of rain. It is stated that there has not been a rainfall of very much importance for an entire year, and the whole country presents the appearance of an arid desert in consequence. Sheep and cattle are suffering greatly for want of water and growing vegetation and thousands are said to be dying. Of course many men engaged in stock raising are discouraged or ruined. These facts will have their importance with intending emigrants from Britain. Canada is certainly a more reliable agricultural country, and the opening for hundreds of thousands of additional farmers is good in the Dominion.

Queen Victoria is enjoying one of the longest and most popular reigns of any monarch who ever occupied the British throne. What a blessing it is to any country to have at its head a monarch of

virtues and such sympathy with the people as our beloved Victoria. She has now entered on the forty-eighth year of her reign, and it is the earnest prayer of the nation that she may continue "long to reign over us." The *Mail* says of the Queen's forty-seventh anniversary that, "It is a length of time which has been exceeded by three kings of England only:—Henry III, who reigned 56 years; Edward III, whose reign reached 50 years; and George III, whose reign lasted nearly 60 years. Her Majesty, who is sixty-five years old, is also the oldest reigning European monarch, with three exceptions—the Emperor of German, who is 87 years of age; the King of the Netherlands, 67; the King of Denmark, 66. Only nine English sovereigns since the Norman conquest have lived beyond the age of sixty-five. And the people still say, 'Long may she reign.'

A Bill has been introduced in the British House of Commons to disfranchise the established church in Wales, and it is rumoured that Mr. Gladstone is so far in sympathy with the measure that he will not oppose its passage. The fact is indicative of the signs of the times. It is not many years since, under Mr. Gladstone's guidance disfranchisement took place in Ireland, and it is said that some such measure may be looked for in the near future in Scotland. In England "The Establishment" appears to have a stronger hold than elsewhere in the United Kingdom. Years ago there was a strong agitation in favor of disestablishment in England, but of late less has been heard about it. The probabilities are, however, that it will break out again. A Church ruled by the state is certainly not in harmony with the spirit of the times. The experience of the United States and Canada goes to demonstrate that the church can thrive very well without state aid, and in England the dissenting churches have been well sustained by the voluntary efforts of their own members. In Wales the established church is not the church of the majority of the people, just as was the case in Ireland.

The following facts in connection with the names of the supporters of female suffrage in the English House of Commons are gleaned from a very intelligent Canadian exchange. It will be seen that the movement counts among its supporters some of the ablest statesmen that England can boast of. Mr. Gladstone was opposed to the female franchise amendment to his Bill, not so much on the ground that he opposed the principle as that to incorporate it might endanger the whole measure. His son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone M. P., is in favour of female franchise. So is the Hon. Prof. Fawcett, Postmaster General. Sir Stafford Northcote, probably the ablest man of the Tory party in the House, is also in its favor. Lord Randolph Churchill, though more liberal in some respects than most of the leading Tory members, opposes it. Jacob Bright is in its favor and John Bright opposes it. The question is evidently not a party one, as it counts its adherents and opponents from both parties.

The *Canada Christian Advocate* after forty years successful existence as the or-

gan of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, ceased to exist last week, having been merged into the *Christian Guardian* of this city in consequence of the Methodist Union. The *Advocate* has been a well conducted religious journal and has done its share of the good work of educating public opinion in regard to temperance and the other great moral and religious questions of the country. Hereafter there will be but one organ for the Methodist Church,—the *Christian Guardian*,—probably the largest and most influential religious journal in Canada. Its sphere of usefulness will be greatly extended and it will probably be better sustained than ever before. Rev. Dr. Stone will hereafter assist Rev. Dr. Dewar as Editor of the *Guardian*. They are both gentlemen of ability and energy and great things are expected as the result of the united energies of the two editors. A good condensing machine would be of real value in the *Guardian* sanctum, but a practical working one has yet to be invented.

The *Scientific American* gives the particulars in regard to the recent casting, in the South Boston Iron Works, of the largest gun ever made in America. It is for the use of the U. S. Government and will be a most formidable implement of human destruction. The hope of all parties is that it may never be used at all. Such weapons have been usually made of steel but it is thought that this one is large enough to be sufficiently strong of common cast iron. A pit of about forty feet deep and a dozen wide was used in the foundry for the mould. There were three furnaces surrounding it, each of which contained thirty six tons of iron, and these were heated for twelve hours, when the molten mass was let flow into the immense flask. "When complete the great gun will be about thirty feet long, with a twelve inch bore, and it will weigh 212,000 pounds, and be worth \$28,000, which is about one half the sum a steel gun would have cost. It is calculated to throw a projectile six miles." The same company have a contract to furnish the Government a ten inch wire-wrapped cast iron rifle gun, also a twelve inch rifled mortar, and another monster gun similar to the one above described.

Chicago may be congratulated on the fact that it has, this year, a Mayor determined to stamp out gambling in that city. Last year it seemed as though the gamblers swayed the city. A mayor in sympathy with the gamblers was elected and the better class of citizens appeared powerless and discouraged. Of course the whirlwind was reaped. Gambling houses, were all but undisturbed and a gamblers harvest was reaped. Policemen sharp enough to discern the signs of the times knew quite well that whatever he saw about the gambling houses, except those of the lowest class possessing little political influence, had better be kept quiet. Things appear better now, however. At the instance of the present Mayor seven gambling houses were raided last week and three hundred inmates were arrested. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present campaign against the popular sin of the great city may be very successful.

How differently things turn out from what was expected. When railways were first introduced it was confidently expected that the demand for horses and waggons would fall off most seriously, but it turned out that many more were required than ever before. A Boston paper says:—"Singular as it may seem the telephone has been the best friend of the telegraph. Just as the elevated railroads in New York increased street travel, and made horse railroads more profitable; just as the use of the telegraph increases the postal revenues, so the telephone has educated the whole country to a more liberal use of all methods of quick communication, and largely increased the telegraph revenues." It was just so, too, that the art of printing increased largely the demand for paper, and the newspapers increased the talk of the gossipers.

When a system of protection begins it is a pretty hard thing to draw a line just where it should stop. Protection was inaugurated in the United States first for the especial advantage of the manufacturers, and the enquiry soon became general among other classes why they too, were not entitled to it, and so it has kept extending. All through the list it turns out that what is "raw material" to one class of business men is the "manufactured article" to some other class. This is the case with wool, and there is, just now, a good deal of agitation over the tariff question so far as it is concerned. A year ago the American duty on wool was reduced from fifteen to twelve cents per pound so as to give cheaper raw material to the woolen manufacturers, but it is said that there are over 50,000 sheep owners in the country to whom wool is a finished product and they want protection as well as the manufacturers and so they are working hard to have the duty raised again to the old standard, or higher still. One writer in a leading agricultural journal claims that there are five million owners of poultry and the product of their fowls is worth each year several times more than that of all the sheep. The complaint is that the native bird is not adequately protected against outsiders and so far as the tariff is concerned, it has to compete on equal terms with the "cheap labor" of birds of foreign feather. Against such "fowl injustice" a demand for redress is springing up.

"Vexatious Hardships."

The *Week*, though the latest journalistic adventure of any importance in Toronto, is certainly not up to the spirit of the times on the most popular question of moral reform in Canada to-day. It comes out decidedly in opposition to the Prohibition movement. Its leading contributor, Dr. Goldwin Smith, is a well known anti-prohibitionist, and the *Week* does not hesitate to range itself on the same side. Last week it defined its position very clearly. Prohibition, it urges, means compulsory teetotalism, and "compulsory teetotalism would saddle the poor man with a vexatious hardship, and at the same time scarcely affect the capitalist or man of even limited means." The man who now looks on teetotalism as a "vexatious hardship" has been born rather late in the day. What vexatious hard-

ship is there in total abstinence from alcoholic liquors? What sacrifices of health or happiness does it imply? Thousands and thousands of the prosperous, happy, healthy, people of this country are total abstainers from mere choice, and they earnestly recommend their friends to follow a similar course. On the other hand how many a "vexatious hardship" does many a poor man in Canada endure simply because he is not a total abstainer, and how many vexatious hardships are endured by many others, who abstain themselves,—principally women and children—because of the non-abstaining habits of others? There can be no denying the fact that the men who drink to excess,—as far too many do under the present system—entail very serious hardships and wrongs on many others besides themselves. So long as the innocent most surely suffer for the acts of the guilty, so long do strong reasons exist for legislative interference.

The *Week* remarks: "Excessive drinking does lead to disease, pauperism and crime; but is that a reason why moderate drinking should be prohibited? It is not as if the evil were on the increase." There are certainly abundant reasons given above why excessive drinking should be prohibited. Disease, pauperism and crime are serious evils, and serious burdens in a community and the causes producing them ought to be dealt with. Surely every one will admit that moderate drinking, with thousands and thousands at least, leads surely on to drunkenness. Surely every one knows that there would not be any drunkenness if there was not any moderate drinking,—that every drunkard in the world was a moderate drinker first—that every poor drunkard is the result of an ineffectual attempt to drink at all and to continue a moderate drinker. It may be urged that such failures ought not to be, but it is well known that they continue to be and will always continue to be so long as our present drinking system continues as it now does. It need never be expected that drinking to excess will cease so long as drinking in moderation is popular and general. All past experience teaches another lesson. Of course, not all, or nearly all, who use alcoholics in moderation ever fall into the misfortune of an uncontrollable appetite, but the number is fearfully large every year, as the sad examples all round us abundantly testify. No one can tell in the commencement of the habit of temperate drinking who the victims will be, and no one can therefore tell who is safe to begin. Teetotalism is safe and practicable, and it does not involve "vexatious hardships." Why, then, should it not be generally commended, even at the pain of being considered "compulsory?"

Scarcity of Ministers.

Bishop Sweatman at the recent meeting of the Church of England Synod here, spoke earnestly of the lack of young men offering themselves for the Ministry in connection with his Church. In the case of several missions there are not now available men to supply the vacancies, and so evident has it become to the Bishop that the want will not be supplied from among the young men of the country that

he suggests trying the experiment of inducing young churchmen from England to emigrate here for that work. The remark has been quite general that the young men of Canada and the United States show very little inclination to enter the ministry. In several of the churches the supply is drawn largely from the ranks of those of foreign birth. The lack certainly does not come from any want of the proper educational facilities. There are in Toronto alone two theological colleges for the training of young men for the Church of England ministry, but the statement is that few men, or at least few with any desire for mission work, are turned out from either one of these schools.

It is quite possible that one of the great reasons why so few able young men are willing to devote their lives to a work of this kind is that in nearly all the country places, especially, the people are so much divided up into sects and denominations that no one congregation is large enough to adequately support a minister, or even if well paid the congregation is necessarily so small that he does not feel he is doing much work. There are few towns in this Province to-day where the number of churches and congregations is not entirely too great for the number of inhabitants. The result necessarily is that the congregations are very small and the minister works under discouraging circumstances. In many places there are two or three congregations of less than a hundred each, and no wonder that few men are found content to devote their lives to the work of supplying such. The evils of denominationalism are too apparent in all such cases to be gainsayed. And yet how few churches are willing to give up these handful congregations in order to swell some other congregation? That is about the last thing that any one church appears willing to do. This spirit may be quite natural enough, but so long as it continues to exist the evils referred to will surely continue.

In this particular instance the Bishop points out the danger there is of leaving any of the small openings unoccupied. His warning to the Synod was, "If the opportunities now offered to us are not soon filled they will be taken possession of by others." That appears to be the very common dread of all our churches. It surely might be otherwise, it surely ought to be other wise, but the probabilities appear to be at present all against it.

The scarcity complained of by the Bishop is not felt in all our Churches. The Methodist Church, for example, has now more efficient men for the ministry than it can well find work and pay for. This has come largely out of the present union:—a movement in the right direction for putting an end to the divided congregation system, but there has seldom been complaints of a want of men, and a good deal of real hard rough work is required in the Methodist Church.

TRUTH will not pretend to decide why some Churches are better supplied in this respect than others. That might be a delicate question to speculate about any

way, and besides all that TRUTH does not pretend to know. TRUTH only knows that such is the case.

There is not a scarcity of men, and of able men, too, for all the larger congregations; the great difficulty is to get the smaller ones supplied.

Our Wool Supplies.

So much has been said of late, especially by the politicians, in regard to the "wool interest," and the need of protecting them, or otherwise, both in the United States and Canada, that some facts in regard to the sources of wool supply may be of general interest. A large American woollen manufacturer has been recently lecturing in Boston, and among other things he said: "Those parts of the world which grow wool in excess of consumption are few. Europe has 66 sheep to every 100 inhabitants, the United States 76, and Canada 77. None of these countries supply their own needs. Where, then, does the wool come from? It comes first from South Africa, which has 980 sheep to every 100 inhabitants, second from Australia where there is an average of 2,402 sheep to every 100 inhabitants; and thirdly from the regions of the River Plate, which has 2,580."

The great agricultural industries of the last mentioned countries consist in sheep growing and wool raising. In Canada such lines of industry have not usually been found profitable, compared to many other branches of agriculture.

According to the official Trade Returns of last year there was imported during the year into Canada, for home consumption, 9,803,419 pounds of wool valued at \$2,054,107. This was of the free of duty class, being the fine wools such as are but little grown in Canada. Besides that there was imported of wools, such as the Leicester and combing wools, generally produced here, and paying an import duty of three cents per pound, 17,687 pounds valued at \$7,031. The total amount of wool importations according to the above figures was nearly five thousand tons, valued at over two million dollars.

During the year there were imported into the Dominion of woollen goods, of cloths, carpets, flannels and the like, equal to 10,229,153 pounds, valued by the importers at about that many dollars, or in exact figures to \$10,202,901.

During the same year there was exported of wool of Canadian production, to the extent of 1,375,572 pounds, the estimated value of which was \$280,550, and of "woollens"—the total value of the export is put down at but \$31,296.

It will be seen by comparing the above figures that though Canada has the reputation of being one of the finest sheep growing countries in the world it is still very largely dependent on other countries for its wool supplies, and for its manufactured woollen goods. These figures ought to furnish good subjects for the careful consideration of those who advocate home production to the fullest practicable extent.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man's Weekly Lucubration—
About Dead-heading and R.bery
and Corruption and Sundry
Other Matters of More or
Less Interest.

You could not suppose that a magnificent painting such as the "Raising of Jairus' Daughter" could be exhibited in Toronto without my going to see it. I did go, and I put my quarter like a man. No dead heading with Jacob. Had I intimated who I was, of course the civil attendance would have been only too glad to have given me the freedom of the whole place. But I did not. Every time I have gone into that dead-heading business, I have felt as mean as a tainted oyster. It takes all the life out of me. I feel the sense of being a pauper tinkling to the very tips of my fingers, and I have actually resolved to deal no more in that line of things unless I am actually going to do work as a reporter or critic as the case may be. I do wonder as people spin round for free tickets. Do they ever feel as if every person knew? As if the very perfumers are saying in their hearts, "Now then you mean cads." I can't say. I know this, however, that I feel far better over that twenty-five cents cash down than ever I did in my worst toggery with a free pass. It was the same when I used by favor of TRUTH to travel on a free ticket. Every time I produced that piece of printed paper I got red all over, though I tried to look as unconcerned as I know how. No, you don't catch me dead-heading any more. I have learned a more excellent way. What I thought of that picture I won't say. It was my own concern and I keep my feelings gently in my own pocket when I pay my way with my own cash.

I am so far a convert to the semi-centennial business, and if you ask me why, I tell you frankly that it is because in the prospect of it, the city is being cleaned up to an extent I never witnessed before. So much is this the case, that for my part, I wish it were semi-centennial all the time. And why shouldn't it? The officials are not doing a bit more than they ought to do, and they are not a bit too busy, but oh, if they were only always as diligent, what a change it would make and what an addition to the city's amenities. I never was a great admirer of "E. Coatsworth." He always seemed to me a somewhat dull and withal a lazy individual who earned his salary in tolerably easy going fashion, but if he were to keep the city always as clean as he is doing just now I do believe I would half begin to change my opinion about him.

This bribery affair in the City Council is very uncreditable, but very characteristic. I don't pretend to know the true inwardness of the whole thing, and should be sorry to say who is innocent and who guilty. But this is certain, that if Judge don't push it to the very bottom by brushing aside all technicalities and all limitations he will be the greatest offender of the lot. The Yankees apparently have got so much into the idea that

THEY MUST BUY THEIR WAY

to all such things, that they go into this bribing business as simply the most ordin-

ary and most necessary of proceedings. What did they call that man with the timber and mineral limit? For the life of me I forget his name. That one for whom that most fantastic of purists light Goldman Smith went bail? It was to him as innocent a proceeding as over a man could set his face to. He would spend \$40,000 on it as he would spend a dollar on a particularly good dinner, and the idea of being charged with a criminal act for so doing no doubt filled him with as much astonishment as did the well-known and oven celebrated case in which a man was charged with murder when all that he meant was fornication. Just so. "What an awful smell," cries a visitor to a man who keeps a dunghill before his main door. "Smell! I beg your pardon. I have lived in this house for the last twenty years and I have never during all that time been conscious of a disagreeable odour!" You don't say? Fact, positively! The fact is, I fear the contractors run the municipal business in Toronto. The place is getting big and there are plenty of pickings going when one gets the inside track. Curious occasionally how officials with very modest salaries get in time to be very reputable and even extensive property holders. We'll so long as the stealing is on a moderate scale not much may be said about it, but waken up the citizens of Toronto to the idea that there is a ring and that they that dwell at home divide the spoil, and there will be a shindy.

As things go, I would rather be a contractor whether at Ottawa or Toronto than set my face to any other kind of occupation. By all means let every thing be done by contractors. They are nice reasonable men, and many a dozen of liquor and box of cigars will tumble down where they can do most good, exactly as if they had come direct from heaven. See reason! I should just say so, and a good job it is too.

That explained business is not finished yet. If we could only get two or three Aldermen run over by the cars, or still better an official or two,—things might come to a bearing. As it is the railways have it apparently all their own way. Do they find it also best to make all people reasonable by very solid and substantial means? In any case it is very horrible for a civilized set of people, such as the inhabitants of Toronto claim to be, to have such a state of things prevailing from year to year as may be seen on the explained any day of the week and all the day. It is simply disgraceful, and is the horror and alarm of every sensible visitor who honors the Queen City with his and still more with her presence.

I was over at the and the other day, and staid over-night just to see and hear what might be going on. If what I saw and heard is called order and propriety, the respectable people there are thankful for small mercies. I came away home with a good bit of the Pharisee strongly developed in me. I thought that my quiet street was the place for my money where all was as peaceful, and as still as the mist slumbering on the hill. But

IF I DID NOT GET A SQUELCHER

I'll wonder at it! I went to bed with the most self satisfied "God I thank Thee" spirit, imaginable, and what was I

very speedily serenaded by? By the loud, wild, hysterical, obscene giggling and talking of one or more who, if not "unmentionables," ought to have been coming in full steam as if from the next house, and kept up till the dawns of midnight led them to close the exercises. I was taken aback. What do you think it was? What must I do? I am afraid I must fold my tent like the Arab and silently steal away. It is too bad, however, to have the character of a decent quiet street so suddenly and so shockingly compromised.

I don't take much stock in Talmage. Almost as little I do in Beecher. They are both among the wealthiest of woolly hounds. Still they sometimes stumble on a good, true and well put thing. Now I'll take the following. It is almost as good as some of JACOB'S own remarks, perhaps better. It is on a smaller scale just as true of Toronto as of New York or Brooklyn:—

Shall we have the Tombs for a man who steals an overcoat and all Canada for a man to range in it if he robs the people of three millions? A different measure has for years been applied to the crimes of Wall street from that applied to the spoils which the wretch carries up Reg alley. For a man who steals an overcoat, a ride in the city van without an opportunity of looking out of the window. For the man who steals a large estate, splendid equipage dashing through Central Park. There is an impression abroad that the poor way to get money is to earn it. A poor young man gets fired, and although he gives up his situation he has more money than he ever had. If he can escape the Penitentiary three or four years he will get into politics and have fat jobs. Then he gets so far along he is safe—for perdition. It is quite a long road before a man gets into the romance of crime. These are caught who are only in the prosaics of it. If the officers let them alone while they will steal as well as anybody. If God should put into money the capacity of going to its lawful owner there would not be a bank or safe deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip, and gold would shoot and beggars would get on horseback, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

Now, friend Talmage that's not bad, neither is this:—

Young men have got to find out that God looks upon this in a very different light. My young friends, you can be a great deal happier in poverty than in prosperity which comes from ill gotten gains. It is always safe to be right, and it is never safe to be wrong. It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. Almost every one in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. That is a sacred trust. When a man takes such money and goes to speculating with it he is guilty of theft, falsehood and perjury. There are families to-day with nothing between themselves and starvation, but the thread of a needle red with the blood of their own hearts, who had been left with a competency by husband or father. Let us all understand that if I steal from you \$1 I am a thief, and if I steal from you \$500,000 I am 500,000 times a thief.

We have not perhaps, many five hundred thousand dollar thieves, but we have a good many that do all they can in that line, and they dress well and dress on the best, all the same as if there were no crookedness in them, when there is really not much else, of course all within the limits of the law, and on the safe side of penitentiary bars.

We are always having the poor wretches

who ply their trade of sin and in a poor, shameless fashion, raided by the police, but what about the painted Jozobels of high places? Nobody seems to disturb them. They have it all their own way and welcome. Didn't I tell you about a syndicate of "golden youth" proposed—No, I won't repeat it—It was worthy of Pompeii in its palmy days. And many wretches, old codgers know all about it, though one would think to see them that butter would not melt in their mouths.

Come, come now, old man, you are getting on forbidden ground. Am I? Talmage says the pulpit has been so cowed that it dare not refer to the thing at all and that matters have come to such a pass that a man dare scarcely read the ten commandments, especially the seventh without a word of apology for being so out of "form." All right! No more at present, but remains"

JACOB FAITHFUL.

About Fish.

On the 28th ult. Professor Cassart Ewart delivered the fifth lecture of a series on "the Hatching of Food Fishes" in the Industrial Museum, Edinburgh. At the outset the lecturer showed that in regard to the distribution of fish, as in the case of animals, the weak form disappeared before the stronger. This was observed from the study of rocks in which the fossilized forms of many kinds of fish and animals were found that were now quite extinct. Some fish, like birds, were extremely migratory, while others were, like the animals, very settled. The herring were like the crow—they might go away, but they came back again. Professor Ewart then minutely described the habits of the herring in the spawning season, the character of the ground which they selected for the spawning, and also the process of hatching. The ground on which they deposited their spawn was generally covered with shrimp-prawns, and other crustacea on which the herring feed. In spawning the water must be quite still, and the temperature from 41 to 43 degrees. The females descended to the bottom, moved slowly about, selected a suitable place and there deposited the ova. If the water became rough the spawning ceased. Referring next to the salmon the lecturer said that the fish ascended the rivers to spawn—the very opposite of eels, who went to the sea. The salmon deposited their eggs generally among small gravel about November, and hatching took place about the end of April. For about six weeks the young fish remained among the gravel, and as soon as they began to feed they were known as parr. In the course of a year or so, the fish developed into smolts, and they then proceeded down stream to the sea. On their way down in the month of May they generally weighed about thirty ounces, but when they returned to the higher reaches of the rivers in August they weighed from 4 lbs. to 9 lbs. At this stage they were called grilse, but when they began to spawn they were known as salmon.

Statistics of the loss of British ships, and of lives at sea on British ships, during the years named are given officially as follows:—In 1876, vessels (excluding collisions and strandings) 233, lives (sailmen only) 1,221; in 1877, vessels 236, lives 964; in 1878, vessels 219, lives 786; in 1879, vessels 196, lives 990; in 1880, vessels 323, lives 1,414; in 1881, vessels 394, lives 2,023; in 1882, vessels 255, lives 1,258; in 1883, vessels 315, lives 1,804. The statistics for last year are in-

"Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker and sadly shaking his head, his father replied: "My son, I can not tell a lie; I do not know."

Temperance Department.

Beer Drinking.

The *Scientific American* is certainly a very ably conducted journal, and is considered excellent authority on all subjects of which it treats. The following article from its pages on beer drinking is commended to the careful consideration of those who are inclined to look so favorably on the general use of this "harmless beverage."

For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment, also that bitters may have some medical quality, which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observations of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organism, profound and deceptive. Fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease ending fatally. Compare with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. It is asserted by competent authority that the evils of heridity are more positive in this class than from other alcoholics. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality. In bitters we have a drink which can never become general; its chief danger will be in strengthening the disordered craving, which latter will develop the positive disease. Public sentiment and legislation should comprehend that all forms of alcohol are dangerous when used.

He Swore Off

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking. I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up. What is it?"

"Well, boys, I will. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawn broker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get them?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your

wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No; she won't because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the chow case, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Temperance in England

A London educational journal of a recent date says:—The question of temperance is of prime importance, as its opposite is often the root of both poverty and crime. It is even more important to the prosperity of the working classes than the question of wages. The liquor business has an invested capital of 120 millions, and absorbs one-tenth of our producing power by employing an army of a million and a half of men. Two hundred thousand persons are annually convicted for drunkenness and 50,000 lives sacrificed to drink. Though we consume one-fifth less liquor than we did seven years ago, we still spend annually on it over 100 millions, which is more than we spend on bread. Increased intelligence would divert this stream of wealth, which would bring to the people's home comfort and happiness, to replace destitution and misery. The success of bands of hope, which have done noble, very noble work, proves to us that it is to the young especially we must show, by example as well as by precept, that excess is not only opposed to morality, but leads to no real or lasting joy, and is in every way damaging and deteriorating to the health, the pocket, and the reputation. Education has already done something to promote the cause of temperance, and will do more. In the army, twenty years ago, men of "superior education" numbered 8,711, but on the first of January this year the number had increased to 137,000. In 1871 the number stood at 23,593. In 1864 those who could neither read nor write were put down as 22,570, but now are only a little over 5,000. At the same time drunkenness is diminishing among our soldiers. Last year's record of court-martial was again the lowest, 1,719, as compared with 3,803 in 1869.

The Drink Traffic.

John B. Gough, in a speech: As a boy said: "I know So-and-so's saloon is finished." "How do you know it?" "I saw a fellow coming out of it drunk." A liquor-seller was very angry with a boy who, when he saw a drunken man had fallen down in front of a saloon, said: "Mister, your sign has fell down."

There was in Connecticut, I think, a man named Solomon Camp, who put up a sign "S. Camp's Tavern." The painter forgot to put the dot in after the initial S, and everybody read it "Scamp's Tavern." It nearly broke up his business; he had to have a dot put in; but that didn't do, as the letters were too close together, and he had to have a new sign painted with a wider spacing and the dot in. Let them show the benefits that are derived from the sale of intoxicating liquor in this country.

I hate it because we have no redress. There is not a mother here that has any redress. There is not a wife here that has any redress. A woman went into a grog-shop—and I give you facts that I can prove—to plead with the liquor-seller not to give her husband any more liquor. He took a tumbler of dirty water, and threw its contents in her face. She told her boy, and he thrashed that liquor seller so he was on his back several days. Then the liquor seller prosecuted the boy for assault and battery, and got the damages. They tried to prosecute him for throwing water in the woman's face. They failed, because she was intruding on his premises. There is not a liquor-seller that can't sell your husband a drink, and you may plead with him if you will. You talk about moral suasion. Make it your

own case. A young man once said to me: "I believe in moral suasion. I believe we have no right to attack these men." I told him a little fact that occurred, and I asked him "Suppose that was your mother that was kicked out of the rum-shop when she came to plead with Mr. Leonard not to give her boy drink, and when he made her little boy nine or ten years old drunk and sent him home out of spite, because she tried to prevent his selling liquor to her boy, what would you do?" He said: "I would shoot him as I would a woodchuck." I said: "I would not. I believe in the annihilation of the traffic in intoxicating liquor; and the sooner we get rid of it the better."

You Have Had Enough.

When a man has drunk up his farm, his house, his furniture, when he has ruined his wife, beggared his children and lost his home; when he is too dissipated to find employment, too worthless to obtain a situation; when no one can trust him; when credit is gone, and the last cent is spent; when no man is willing to treat him or give him a penny with which to obtain drink, when every other resource has failed, and life has become a curse, and he stands before the liquor dealer's bar and begs for a drink to quench his raging thirst and quiet for an hour the hell of torment that rages within him, then the time has come, and, as the liquor dealer shoves him out into the cold and darkness, he says to him, "You have had enough." So long as he had in his pocket a dollar or a dime, he had not "had enough," but when he has spent all, and has come for charity to the man who has robbed and ruined him, he makes this stereotyped answer, "You have had enough." While his money lasts he may drink as he will, but when money is gone and all is gone, he has "had enough."

Young man, entering upon a course of dissipation, you may not know when you have "had enough." When you are a poor, broken down, penniless wretch, the rum-seller will give you the information. He informs you, "you have had enough," and then you can crawl into your grave in the potter's field; "you have had enough." Perhaps you will prefer to determine for yourself when you have "had enough," and if you will take the advice of a friend, you will say: "I have had enough now to last me as long as I live. I drink no more."

"Take the Safe Path"

A gentleman said to his pastor, "How can I best train my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." He had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifted his feet carefully along over projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out, "Take the safe path, father; I'm coming after you." His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that the boys are indeed coming after them, how differently they would talk. If they smoke or drink, they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same in their children. God gives lives into our keeping, to be returned at least fitted for an endless future. Knowing well our fearful responsibility, we yet carelessly set poor examples for our dearest ones to copy, and thus not only endanger our souls, but theirs.

NEWS AND NOTES.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING.—The Rhode Island Legislature has passed a law requiring the scientific principles of temperance to be taught in the schools. Five of the American States have now similar laws.

A SIMPLE CURE.—At a festival at a reformatory recently, a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given

me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage with a neighboring drug-st. When I called on him he said: "Now that you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect among my friends for twenty years." I expected of course, some nasty medicine stuff, but no; he prescribed an orange every morning a half-hour before breakfast. "Take that, and you will neither want liquor nor medicine." I have done so regularly, and have found that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

A Death Warning.

Towards the close of November, 1879, Lord Lyttleton had gone down from London to Pitt-place for the purpose of spending a week or two in vivid sports or other recreation, and he had taken with him a gay party of friends. On the 21st of that month he had retired to bed at midnight, after spending the evening at cards with his guests, when his attention was attracted by the fluttering of a bird's wings, as if a dove or a pigeon, tapping at the window of his bed-chamber. He started, for he had only just put out his light, and was about to compose himself to rest, and sat up in bed to listen. He had not long listened for a minute or so, when he saw, or at all events fancied that he saw, a female clothed in white enter, whether by the door or by the window we are not informed—and quietly approached the foot of his bed. He was somewhat startled, and not agreeably surprised, when the figure opened its pale lips, and told him that three days from that very hour he should cease to live. In whatever manner this intimation, real or unreal, from the other world was conveyed to him, whether by sound of the voice or by any other mode of communication, one thing is certain, that Lord Lyttleton regarded it as a reality, and a message from the world of spirits.

The third night came, and everything had gone on as usual. The guests had sat down to dinner, played their rubbers of whist and retired; but none of them had dared to rally the young Lord Lyttleton on the depression of spirits under which he labored. Eleven o'clock came; the party broke up and went to their several rooms, wishing each other good-night, and heartily desiring that the night were passed and gone, so restless, anxious, and uncomfortable did they feel without exception. Twelve o'clock came, and Lord Lyttleton was sitting up in bed, having given his servant orders to mix him a dose of rhubarb, though apparently in the best of health. The dose was poured out, and he was just about to take it when he found there was no teaspoon. A little out of patience with the valet for neglecting to have a spoon at hand, he ordered him to go and fetch one from the pantry at the foot of the stairs. The man was not absent from the room more than a minute, or possibly a minute and a half, but when he returned he found his master lying back at full length upon the bed speechless and motionless. No efforts to restore animation were of any avail, and no symptoms of consciousness showed itself. His lordship was dead, having died on the third day, as the spectre had foretold.

A Texas Bishop made a trip lately to Del Rio, to dedicate a new church, just completed, but it was nowhere to be found on his arrival. A cyclone had passed that way and swept away the entire structure.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wauzer "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wauzer" improved machines sailing in Canada to-day than any other make. Reasons why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine. —82 King St., West, Toronto.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

When we were taking breakfast together the next morning, he said—

"Now, Gertie, let us talk about business. Tell me what you have done about the dictionary."

I told him all the publishers had said to me about it, and that I ought to have gone to see W. Z. on the morning before.

"And why didn't you go?" he asked.

I thought that I would far rather lose the fortune than John Brown, and I was just about to tell him so, feeling wonderfully happy and careless, when it struck me that perhaps I ought not to let him know how much I liked him; so, after looking at him in confusion for a minute, I dropped my eyes, feeling the colour rush into my face, for I did not know what to say if I could not tell the truth just as it stood in my mind.

"Well, we'll go and see W. Z. together," he said, "and find out definitely what the fate of the book is to be. Do you want anything before starting?"

"I've no tooth-brush; and I want clean cuffs and collars."

"Some one shall go with you to buy what you want, while I settle another matter of business. When that's done, we will go to our publisher's."

The chambermaid went out with me, and, having found that John Brown really did not object to pretty things, I bought a new bonnet and a pair of lovely gloves with six buttons, and several other things I needed. It was fully an hour before I got back to the hotel, though how so long a space passed without my knowing it I could not imagine.

"I have settled with your landlady," said John Brown, when I came down from my room; "and your boxes will be brought here this afternoon. Now, if you're ready, we'll be off. The cab's at the door."

It seemed to me quite natural that he should take my affairs in hand, and I did not attempt to argue with him as to the advisability of leaving the square. To tell the truth, I was more concerned at the moment as to what he would think of my new bonnet and gloves.

We went to the publisher. His manner was much more deferential to John Brown than it had been when I was alone (I have observed that John Brown's presence obtains respect from every one; even the rude men in the street, who would push me off the pavement if I did not make way for them, got out of his way, wisely, no doubt, for very few could have pushed him an inch from his path); but he said he must beg to decline the work so kindly placed at his disposal; it was not precisely—

John Brown waited long enough for him to finish the sentence; but, as he only made a little gesture and smiled very blandly, John Brown said—

"Not precisely what, sir?"

"Not precisely in my way," replied the publisher, looking very ill at ease.

"Why did not you say so when it was offered you?"

"Oh, I do occasionally publish works of this kind, and, had it been by a well-known writer, or strikingly original in design and execution, I might have ventured to produce it! But even under those conditions the risk would have been enormous."

"Would you publish it if you were secured against loss?"

"Not without a distinct understanding that I should be held free from moral as well as substantial responsibility for its failure."

John Brown turned to me and raised his eyebrows.

"Papa made a mistake," I said.

"Undoubtedly," said the publisher. "There is no class of intelligent men so prone to make mistakes from a business point of view as literary men. I say no-

thing whatever to disparage the dictionary; the author may be as correct as Euclid and as talented as Buckle, but he did wrong to devote his attention to such a work as this. He is not alone in this. I could take you to the British Museum and point out a dozen men of undoubted ability and acknowledged learning who are literally starving because they will use their brains to a wrong purpose."

"From a business point of view," said John Brown curtly. "Be good enough, if you please, to have these packets brought out to my cab."

It seemed as if nothing could dishearten me now, and, as soon as we were in the cab and moving, I forgot the pang of regret I had felt for my dear father's wasted life. As for the failure of the book, so far as it concerned my prospects, that did not distress me in the least. John Brown seemed much more unhappy than I.

"Shall we try another publisher, Gertie?" he asked.

"No," I said; "we have tried the best. It would be only waste of time and a source of little worries and disappointments if we went to all the rest, one after the other. W. Z. was quite right perhaps."

"What shall you do?" he asked gloomily.

"I think I could teach children, if they were not too clever."

"I don't think I care greatly for that suggestion. Try another."

"I fancy I might learn to be a good nurse in time. There are a great many hospitals, aren't there?"

"Oh, lots!"

"If I hadn't to look at any very dreadful operations—"

"Try again, Gertie."

I thought for a few minutes, and then I said—

"What do you think of my going into a bar?"

He turned his head and looked at me in blank astonishment; then—

"Good heavens!" said he. "What put that notion into your head?"

"Kitty Burnes was in a bar, and Miss Dreincourt says I am just like her."

"Miss Dreincourt made a very great mistake. You're not at all like Kitty Burnes, and never can be, thank Heaven. You behind a bar!" he exclaimed; and then he burst into a loud laugh.

After that I dared not suggest going into a milliner's, because that had been Miss Dreincourt's business; but I hinted that I could use a needle very well.

"I suppose the best thing, after all, will be governessing," said he; "but you'll find it a horrid kind of life Gertie."

"You don't think I expect to be always happy as I am now?"

"The majority of girls think that's all they're born for."

"Ah, they are young ladies!" said I.

"Yes, that's just what they are—young ladies," he said bitterly; and then I recollected his repugnance.

"And you think you would like to teach children as well as anything?"

"Better than anything else," I replied.

"Then we will take the first steps at once." He thrust up the little trap-door in the top of the cab and said "Printing-House Square" to the driver, who turned his horse round and drove in a different direction.

When the cab stopped again, John Brown got out, and after being absent for five minutes, he came back and told me that the next morning the world would know that I wished to be a governess, explaining to me that he had put an advertisement in the *Times*.

"Lombard Street," he said to the driver; and away we went again.

At Lombard Street he went into a bank and stopped for nearly ten minutes. As he came from the bank to the cab, he

was followed and overtaken by a little stout gentleman with a shaven fat red face and very stiff shirt-collar. They spoke a few words, shook hands and separated.

After luncheon we went out for a walk, the afternoon being beautifully fine and bright, and looked at the shops, which was a very great pleasure to me, but must have been rather tedious to him, though he showed no signs of impatience, and actually made me stop to look at some bonnets which could not possibly be of any interest to him. But in little things, just as much as in great, he was generally considerate of my happiness. I found. Then we entered a picture-gallery, which opened a new field of wonder and delight to my mind; and I thought I could stay there for ever and talk with John Brown about the beautiful things we saw without growing tired; but I found that my head ached by the time we left to go to dinner. I said nothing about it; but his quick eye detected what I wished to conceal.

"You are tired, Gertie," said he. "Do you want to see your beloved fields and breathe the pure air again?"

"I want nothing," I said.

"Nothing?"

I shook my head. I was not forgetful of the friends I loved at Neufbourg, yet I thought how wretched I should feel to be transported to that still village and begin the old life, with its dull routine of little duties, its irritating jealousies, its petty prejudices and purposeless existence.

"Nevertheless I think we will spend to-morrow among the water-lilies."

To be in the country with John Brown—that was another thing. I started from my chair—we were dining in the private room—and clasped my hands with delight. He saw how pleased I was, and smiled.

"Come here, Gertie," he said in a tone of fervent tenderness.

I put my *seriette* on the table, and went round to his side, wondering what he wanted me for. But his manner changed suddenly, and, pushing back his chair, he rose, turned his back upon me, and looked toward the open window.

"Fetch my pipe, Gertie—its on the chimney-piece. I think," he said almost harshly.

We went out on to the balcony, he smoking his pipe, and we looked down and watched the people flowing in an endless stream along the street below, and gradually we came to talk in our usual unconstrained way about what we saw. But it was a long while before I ceased to wonder what had passed in his mind while I was in the course of going to his sides, and why he wished me to go to him, and then why his tone so suddenly changed. Even now I cannot understand it.

A waiter came while we were on the balcony to know if he should light the gas.

"Yes," said John Brown. "And now, Gertie, as you had better be up and dressed by eight to-morrow morning, go to bed now."

"Are we going into the country?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Yes; there'll be no answer to the advertisement to-morrow. After that, there's no knowing what may happen; the holiday will be ended, and your troubles taking a new departure perhaps. Good night."

He gave me his hand without changing his attitude, and kept his pipe, the only thing he has which I dislike, between his teeth.

I suppose it was the aching of my head that depressed me; but certainly I felt sad and disappointed as I went to my room.

Yesterday we went to Pangbourne, a little village on the Thames, where the river is more lovely than anything at Neufbourg, or between there and Noailles. We had luncheon at a lovely little inn, quite unlike the dirty *auberges* in Normandy, where you must eat at a table without a cloth, and with your own

pocket-knife. Everything was clean and fresh and quaint, and through the open window we could look at the river bordered by beautiful trees that hung right over the water, and see the ducks swimming among the rushes, and the boats lying ready for us to choose from, and the leaves of the *cor volulus* trained up the window, which swayed gently in the soft air that just tempered the heat of the blazing sun. Oh, it was beautiful indeed! And there was a lovely currant-and-raspberry pie, which made me feel that, with all my quickness at cookery, I had a great deal to learn yet, for nothing I have ever made or eaten in France could at all compare with that pie.

If I told all that happened during the day, I should not finish writing to-day, nor to-morrow either. We had the prettiest little boat I could find—for John Brown left the choice to me—but not the smallest, for I feared that John Brown's great weight would surely sink it, and I was told how to steer by pulling the little ropes attached to the rudder; but I could not think of them for two minutes together, for every stroke of the oars brought some new beauty of the river in to sight, and I could think of that only. If John Brown had not been accustomed to ships, I fancy we should have been run ashore very often; but he kept the boat straight despite me, and could do just whatever he wished to do. I found some beautiful large white water-lilies, and it seemed a shame to pull them up out of the water that they made to look so lovely; but I took some all the same. And then I rowed. At first I made a dreadful business of it; but, after a while, under John Brown's guidance, I got to row without hurting my knuckles, and the banks ceased to go the wrong way a little. We were very happy and gay. While I was rowing John Brown, who sat in the back seat and could look up the river, exclaimed suddenly—

"Oh, confound it!"—and then pulling his jacket, which hung on the back of the seat, over his head, as if to shield his face from the sun, he said, "Pull away steadily, Gertie—a little harder with your right."

The next minute a long narrow boat shot past, rowed by three ladies and three gentlemen, and steered by a fourth gentleman. The ladies were dressed in white flannel, with blue trimmings and straw hats. They looked very hard at me, and the gentleman steering turned round when they had passed.

"Let me know when they're out of sight," said John Brown.

It was clear that he knew the people, and I think that the gentleman had recognised him, and that all suspected who he was. This made me very uncomfortable for a time, thinking that John Brown was ashamed of me in my poor black frock; but I think that I did him wrong to suspect that, and that it was only his strange horror of young ladies which made him anxious to escape observation.

We went as far as a village called Streately, and, after resting there some time, we returned; and I rowed the whole distance, having got accustomed to the use of the oars, and liking the exercise extremely. It was much easier going down moreover, as there was no disagreeable current to twist the boat in among the reeds and catch hold of the oar when one did not expect anything of the kind. The sun was setting as we reached Pangbourne; the air was clear and still, and a delicious mellow light softened the view. High up in the air swallows were skimming with sharp cries; a few swept swiftly over the water touching it with their breasts fluttering upwards and away; gnats gave promise of a fine day on the morrow; the ducks were still busy amongst the reeds; there was a sound of falling water that came from the weir; there was a smell of wild-thyme and new hay—there was something to delight every sense.

I slept in a sweet little chamber, with a low ceiling and a latticed window that

looked out toward the mill. In the morning, quite early, I was awakened by the swallows. They had a row of nests built under the eaves, and from each a little black head peeped out through the hole in the side; and there was a great deal of noise when the parent with a sharp cry swept up to the side, and, clinging for a moment, conveyed the insects he had caught to his hungry family within and then darted off again for a fresh supply. The river looked very soft and gray, with a thin veil of mist spread over the water. No one was moving, and I was wondering whether I should dress, when a church clock struck four. I crept into bed and fell asleep. When I woke again, the sun was shining through the window; and now, as I peeped out of the window, I found that the mist was gone, and everything stood out sharp and clear and particularly bright and happy looking. The swallows were still very busy. There were sawyers at work near—I could hear the long sweep of the saw through the timber; and a man was mopping out the boat, who had used the day before, while the ducks foraged round and about for the morsels of biscuit I had let fall in the boat.

I wanted to get dressed, yet I could not get away from the window until I caught sight of John Brown coming down the hill with great strides. Then I felt ashamed of my laziness, and lost not another moment in dressing. I went down into the room below, where the snowy white table-cloth was spread and the breakfast-things were laid out—large cups and saucers of homely earthenware, and forks with steel prongs, but all very bright and clean, and a big brown loaf that made me hungry to look at it. The window was open, and a wholesome fresh breeze wafted the hanging foliage of the convolvulus and one or two great purple blooms, just opened, to and fro. The good-looking fresh-coloured old landlord came and asked me if I would have the bacon cooked, and I said "Yes, by all means," thinking of my own hunger rather than of John Brown's convenience—as I told him afterwards. I leaned on the sill of the open window and looked at the lovely river covered with a ripple that set the boats dancing gaily; and, while I leaned there, with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude and happiness in my heart, John Brown came up on the outside with a pleasant smile on his handsome open face. His head came only as high as the window-sill, and he had to look up at me as he said good morning. He looked handsomer than ever that way, I thought; and I would have given the world to have thrown my arms round his neck and kissed him as I used to kiss my dear father. And I do not think he would have objected either, for his expression had all that was sweet and amiable in it as I looked at him with this wish in my heart.

"If you were only my sister!" he said softly, still holding my hand.

"And if you were only my brother!" I thought; but I dared not say so. And my face flushed and my heart beat fast, and a number of thoughts rushed into my head which made it giddy. Why should there be constraint between us just because we happened not to be of one mother? I thought. Why, if I love him like the dearest brother and he loves me like a sister—why should we not say so and kiss? That seemed so natural at the moment; yet the very thought of his kissing my lips made me tremble so that I know it must somehow be wrong. He put his lips to my hand and let it go, turning his head away and looking up the shining river in silence. Just then the landlord bustled into the room and set down a tray; and, as I turned, I smelt a delightful smell of coffee and toasted bacon that diverted my thoughts in a new direction.

"Oh come in quick!" I said to John Brown. "The breakfast is served; and I am so hungry!"

I think I ate almost as much as he— which is saying a great deal for my

appetite—and there was no further constraint between us, but we laughed and talked as much as eating and drinking would allow, he telling me of what he had seen in his walk, and I describing to him the ways of the never-tiring swallows. After breakfast we took the boat and rowed down to the place called, I think, Maple Durham, where some artists, with umbrellas over them, were painting. And I do not wonder that they chose that spot, for it is extremely beautiful.

After an early dinner at Pangbourne, we bade the dear little village of Pangbourne good-by, and took the train to London. John Brown thought I should be grieved to go back to London; but I was not, for it seemed to me that wherever I went with him I must be happy—the happiness differing only in kind. Nevertheless I was sad before the day was over.

At the hotel a letter was given to me. This is a copy of it—

"Gauntly House, Camden Square, N."—printed in gold letters.

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower"—written in a very scratchy angular large hand, about three words in a line—"having seen Miss Graham's advertisement in this morning's Times, will be pleased to see her at the above address with regard to instructing her children in the French language, *et-cetera*, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock to-morrow or the day following.

"July 1st, 188—"

I handed the note to John Brown in silence, my heart sinking at the thought of separating from him, which was course unreasonable and wrong; but I could not help it.

"If the mamma can take some lessons in English from you amongst the *et-cetera* it won't be amiss," he said, throwing the note upon the table. "Well, Gertie, you'd better go to-morrow and see if you like the engagement; but don't let the old woman impose upon you. I know what she means by *et-cetera*—doing work that she ought to employ some one else to do. Ask her what she means by that *et-cetera*; and let her know that, if you accept the post of governess, you will do only that which a governess does. And don't let her know anything about your private affairs. There are no bounds to the curiosity of that woman—of a woman, that is, who writes in such a style as that. She'll ask a hundred questions, and never stop until she has turned you inside out, or is quietly snubbed."

"What can she ask me?"

"Oh," he replied, with an uneasy impatient air, "I dare, say she'll want to know what you have been doing since you came to London—how you came, whom you know, and all the rest of it!"

"That's natural," said I; "and I—and don't see why I should not tell her."

"She'll insult you if you do, and refuse to take you as well."

"Why?" I asked in astonishment. "I have done nothing wrong."

"Of course not; but perhaps I have. In the opinion of the little world you propose to enter, it is highly improper for a young woman to receive any sort of help from a man."

"I know it is thought so in Neufbourg; but papa always laughed at those restrictions, and said that they did not exist in England."

"I don't think your father knew much about modern society in London. I don't care to talk about those things to you; they make me sick. I should like you to be for ever as innocent and ignorant as you are now."

"My ignorance makes me feel very helpless. What shall I say to this lady? I can't tell lies—you wouldn't have me do that?"

"I would rather your lips were silent for ever than guilty of falsehood!" he exclaimed passionately; then with impatience, turning aside—"I told you I should do you no good! Look here, Gertie—there's no need to mention my name at all. Tell her as much as you please about the dictionary and your

failure in selling it. Say that you have been staying at this hotel, and that if she desires further particulars respecting your career, the most satisfactory means will be to write to the Cure of Neufbourg and Madame Piquois for particulars. And then you can draw yourself up at a full stop, and decline to say anything more on the subject."

With that he sauntered to the window, and I went up to my room to take off my bonnet and things. I made haste to rejoin John Brown; for, in the first place, realising that in all probability we must soon separate, I begrudged every moment that was spent away from him; and, next, I felt that if I gave myself time to think of that parting, I should cry, which was what I wished with all my heart to avoid, fearing that he would misunderstand me and attribute my grief to the discovery that his friendship had compromised me in the opinion of society. Just as much I feared that he should understand me, and see that I was like a child over-excited with pleasure, and broken-hearted to think that happiness cannot exist for ever.

I tried my utmost to be gay and light-hearted that evening. We set near the window that opened upon the balcony. The lamp, deeply shaded, cast a circle of light which did not reach us; the reflection from the street was sufficient to show me his face. A little table was between us, on which our coffee-cups stood. He smoked and I talked. He was thoughtful and silent. It is quite likely my perpetual chatter about little things worried him; but I talked with a kind of desperation—just as, when the clouds are heavy, the wind seems to be trying its utmost to prevent the rain from falling. The shops on the opposite side of the way shut up, the throng of vehicles diminished; and it grew so quiet that we heard Big Ben strike the hour.

"Time to say good night, Gertie," he said.

I rose, fearing I know not what, and held out my hand to him. He took it, and holding it tenderly, said—

"You will go to-morrow and see about that engagement?"—"Yes."

"I suppose you will take up your residence in Camden Square at once—in a week or ten days, say—if you accept?" I nodded my head. I could not speak now. My courage was all gone.

"You will be quiet safe here. I shall speak to the manageress and see that you are not neglected."

"Are you going away—soon?" I asked, my voice sounding strange to my own ear.

"To-night. If you fail to get that place, or if you feel in need of help, send me a few words by telegraph—'John Brown, Marine Hotel, Dover' will find me. But you are going to be a brave girl, Gertie, and carry out your idea of being independent—eh?"—I had dropped my eyes from his face, and a tear was trickling down my cheek. "Otherwise I shall believe more firmly than ever that I bring evil to those whom I most desire to see happy."

"I will be brave," I said, gulping down a sob. "And, oh, please don't think that anything but happiness and good will come by your seeing me sometimes!"

"That's what I want to think; so good night."

I turned away, saying "Good-by," but my voice was hardly audible; and as I walked from him to the door, the recollection of all his kindness from the first day of our meeting passed in a flash of thought through my mind; and then I felt what trouble would have befallen me but for his help, and how terrible this beautiful city would have been without him; and thereat my conscience reproached me with ingratitude, for I had parted without giving him even a word of acknowledgment. I could not bear to think of his going away and leaving me with all that debt unpaid, and I turned about that very moment and ran back to where he stood, meaning to say something suitable; but, when I was before him, I could find never a word to say, but stood there

looking up into his face like the dumb creatures that can do no more than that to express the love they feel for their masters. Suddenly every consideration broke down before the restless rush of my heart's desires, and I flung my arms around his neck and held up my mouth to be kissed. And he kissed my lips twice, and then, having gently disengaged my arms, led me by the hand to the door and bade me "Good-night" for the second time. And I went up to my room in the dark, and cried there as if my heart would break—with too much joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

English Customs in the Middle Ages.

It was also possible for a woman to purchase a royal license to marry "whom she would," always granted with the proviso that it was not to be one of the King's onomics. Widows very often had recourse to this measure; maidens more rarely. With the former it might denote either an attachment to some particular person, or a mere desire not to be forced into re-marriage; but a spinster who was not a nun was never heard of in the middle ages.

There was a very few old bachelors—rare phenomena—but an old maid was never seen outside the cloister. The nearest approach to it was in the case of a few ladies, difficult to please, who delayed marriage until middle age was reached. It was rarely that this could be the case, since they were seldom allowed to please themselves. The *coiffeur* which was pretty certain not to be worn at a wedding, was white, for white was the deepest possible mourning, and was worn by widows immediately after bereavement.

Medieval education was a very different thing to that of the present day. Among the higher classes both sons and daughters were sent into the service of a lady or gentleman, and educated in the necessary duties of gentle people. Why they were not taught at home is not quite clear; probably a better discipline was secured under stranger guardianship.

A girl was thoroughly trained in housewifery, medicine, and some light surgery, if fortunately placed, needlework, etc., sometimes to read and to write also.

The boys were trained in warlike arts, to ride, to shoot, and many other things; most frequently the reading and writing were omitted in their case. Royal personages were obliged to study both reading and writing, and the Royal signatures are interesting and often characteristic. Henry VIII.'s hand is very characteristic; doubtless, as Isaac Disraeli has said of him.—"He split many a good pen." Mary wrote a pretty Italian hand, but rather irregular. "Never could any lady write a more beautiful hand than the early Italian one of Elizabeth; and I hope no lady ever wrote any uglier than the horrible scrawl of her queenly years."

The food, cookery, and medicine of the middle ages were alike in respect that they were most elaborate and astounding concoctions, often repulsive to the last degree. Only iron constitutions, it would seem, could sustain such fearful admixtures of indigestible and unlikely food, yet our forefathers and mothers thrive and grow hearty upon them.

They chopped down one of the big trees of Mariposa, Cal., a few days ago, the rings of which betokened its age to be 3,300 years, and imbedded in the heart of the monarch of the forest was found a joke about house-cleaning and a man falling down stairs on a piece of soap.

It is not sufficient to constitute ourselves just men and women that we may strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information to be regarded to the Temperance work everywhere always than fully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

The Grand Lodge Meeting

The Annual Session of the Grand Lodge began in this city on Tuesday, and it is being continued as this goes to press. It will not be possible, therefore, until next week to give much report of the proceedings. There were over seventy delegates and members present at the opening session representing various localities from Ottawa to Sarnia. The following extracts from the officer's reports may be of interest:—

The G. W. C. Templar, Bro. J. H. Flagg says in his report:—

"We have had a good year. God has blessed us in the work, and I trust has also made us a blessing to many others, for which we should return to Him our hearty thanks. In our efforts to save men from vice to virtue, we should not forget to seek the guidance of Him whose wisdom is unerring."

"We began this year with the incubus of a balance of debt hanging over us. I am pleased to state that from the correspondence received from our G. W. S. that that debt has been entirely paid off during the year, and we have done some aggressive work, and only regret that, for want of means, we were not able to have done much more. Your Executive Committee have not felt warranted in contracting bills with no present prospect of paying or, if any, very uncertain as to when they should be paid. We have made gains during the year for which I would refer you to the report of our G. W. S. This is more than we have done for some years past; and while I rejoice at what has been accomplished more should have been accomplished. We have thought and heart in our Order in this Province. Men who have the courage of their principles, also, but they cannot take the field without means. Give us the sinews of war, and I believe grand results would follow."

The G. W. Secretary, Mr. T. W. Casey, in his report says:—"We have now reached that time we have been desiring to see for years, when our indebtedness is all paid, and we have an increase to report after deducting all losses from all causes. Our members have—many of them at least—worked hard during the year for the success of the cause of Temperance and Templary in general and of their respective Lodges in particular; and much success has crowned these efforts. Not for years have we been in a better position for active and successful Temperance work than we now are."

The statistics of the Order for the year are as follows:

The number of working Lodges is..	243
Lodges instituted during the year..	33
Lodges reconstituted.....	25
Total membership in good standing 10,917	
Initiated during the year.....	4,673
Members re-instated.....	263
" admitted by card.....	144
" violated obligations....	638
" expelled for violation..	319
" expelled for non-payment 1,597	
" suspended.....	977
" withdrawn by card....	219
" withdrawn from Order..	843
Deaths.....	41

During the past year the lodges in the Province of Manitoba, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, withdrew and were organized into a separate Grand Lodge of their own. In consequence of this we lost about a dozen lodges and nearly a thousand members. After deducting these losses, however, we now have an equal number of lodges with last year, and an addition of over a hundred members.

In concluding the Secretary says:—"Never before in the history of the temperance work in Canada has there been

such interest and activity displayed as now. Public opinion is aroused and as a leading temperance organization a great duty lies before us. We cannot help the local option campaign more effectually than by strengthening our existing lodges, and planting the largest possible number of efficient new ones. Let us, in view of the gravity of the present crisis, unite as never before to press on our work."

The G. W. Treasurer, Mr. J. B. Nixon, reports that he has received from the Secretary during the year \$2,911,044 and after paying off the balance of the old debt and meeting all the expenses of the year there is a balance in hand of \$308,093.

I have very great pleasure in presenting the above report which shows that the Grand Lodge is in a much better position financially than it has been for many years past. With our present source of income, which I hope will not be curtailed by any action of Grand Lodge, we will be enabled during the coming year to take the position which we, as the largest and most influential order in the Province of Ontario, should take in helping on the change, which appears to be taking place throughout the whole Province in favor of our ultimate object, the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The debt which has been a burden to us for so many years has been all paid; and the estimate presented by me to Grand Lodge two years ago, which was received rather dubiously by some of the members, has been entirely fulfilled.

Why I am a Good Templar.

BY DR. A. BAXTER, DUNS ACADEMY.

The ancients represented Plutus, their god of riches, as blind and lame, but furnished with wings to intimate that he flew away much more quickly than he approached mankind. In our modern times there are too many worshippers of a god who, neither lame nor blind himself, has the power of making his votaries lame and blind enough; who with active eagerness induces them to spend their all in his service, and then requites their devoted attachment by forsaking them in their utmost need, and leaving them weltering in pain and poverty. To avoid the snares and fascinations of this god I am a Good Templar. In other Temperance Societies I felt the want of a tangible bond of unity; that simply signing a declaration, without witnesses, supplied to many minds an insufficient evidence of moral obligation; that there was little or no opportunity given for the mutual interchange of thought and opinion and that no attempt was made to make the evenings of the members pleasant and enjoyable—indeed, one hardly knew the other members but by report. I do not mean to decry the old Temperance Societies—they have done good work in their day—but I would like to see them coming out of their seclusion. Let them do this, and show to the public more vigorous life and increased activity, and that they have something more than a name. On entering the Lodge I found the wished for bond, rendered sacred by the forms of religion, and making the obligation binding. Personally I feel that if I break this solemn obligation I shall be guilty of having perjured myself. He who enters this Order is bound as strongly to fight against strong drink as the soldier who has taken the oath of fealty is bound to fight against the enemies of his Sovereign. I at one time was led to believe that Good Templars were a set of fanatics, banded together for some wild, impracticable purpose, but when I came thoroughly to understand what was their real object I willingly cast in my lot with them, determined to do all I could toward helping forward what I cannot but call a good and noble cause, and if I can be of special use at any time, my services will be given neither reluctantly nor grudgingly. I see in the Templars a society of men and women—not many high, not many noble—banded together by a solemn obligation, in all humility

and prayerfulness, to wage constant war upon strong drink, in two ways: first by being total abstainers themselves; and secondly, by discouraging its use by others. No man has ever yet been able to say what moderation in the use of strong drink is, and therefore, although I may have thought I was in no special danger, I resolved to leave the hazardous path entirely and enter the Order, that I might, by example at least, do something to help others engage in the work.

I cannot but think that the weekly meeting is a grand feature in the Templar Lodges. It causes that healthy motion which prevents stagnation, fosters life and activity, engenders a kindly interest, and gives a right impetus to every individual member. I have no doubt many, like myself, look forward with great pleasure to the weekly meeting when the taste and skill of so many Brothers and Sisters are exercised to instruct and inspire their less gifted companions—to instruct them in the fittest means of overcoming the scruples, prejudices, and objections of outsiders, and influence them to enter our Temple of safety—to inspire them with new courage, and patient endurance in the arduous struggle which must ultimately end in a triumphant victory. We should endeavor to make our weekly meetings such that we may look back on them with feelings of delight, and recall the memories of this song, that reading, or such an address, with the greatest satisfaction.

For forty years Wilberforce labored and waited, and died happy in the accomplishment of his life dream—the abolition of slavery. This was the labour of one man. The Templar lodges are to my mind the one man—strong in unity, resolute in purpose, pure in patriotism, and eminent in moral courage. Let us then plant our feet firmly on sure ground, and not give one inch to the enemy, but wisely and judiciously move our lever on the fulcrum of public opinion, and with our shoulders to the wheel of legislation so move it to action that long before the Templar movement is forty year old, the country shall have—not Local Option, a Permissive Bill, or a Veto Bill, things excellent in themselves, but—Total Prohibition. For these reasons I am a Good Templar, and earnestly desire that we all should be scrupulously careful of the reputation of the Lodges by being extremely jealous of our own characters. There must be no violations—a breach of obligation is a downward step, causes a loss of self respect, and is degrading in the eyes of friends and enemies alike. The friend will pity, the enemy will sneer at your fall, and despise you for it. Once in the Lodge keep in; and if temptation comes in the way, be strong and firm in your principles and all will be well. A healthy appetite for food is a good and desirable thing; but an appetite for strong drink is a key with which the devil may wind a man or woman up to any mischief.

How to Make Our Lodges Grow

To make our Lodges increase in numbers we must make them increase in interest. We must make our meetings attractive and agreeable, as well as instructive. To do this, we should select some topic connected with temperance for discussion every night we meet, and this should be done when we call for the "Good of the Order."

Every member of the lodge should have some work to do during the week, and every one can do something, and even though that something be little, in the aggregate it will prove most beneficial to the lodge. Let it be the duty of one to circulate temperance literature during the week and to prevail upon all who have any desire to join the Order to do so without delay. In addition there should be a public meeting once a month, at which there should be music, recitations, essays and short addresses; excellent temperance pieces, either selected or original, might be read, and the reasons which induced members to join might be given. The

music, vocal and instrumental, would be peculiarly attractive and would draw large audiences. These meetings might be made of great interest and exceedingly profitable to the Order, if conducted in some such manner as indicated. If nothing more, a vast amount of temperance information can be imparted in a most attractive manner, which would find lodgment somewhere. We would also recommend that all lodges organize themselves into County Conventions and meet, say, quarterly, and that they meet at some designated place and hold lodge meetings in the day and public meetings at night, which can be made interesting and a source of much good. The chief feature of these public meetings should be good music and short addresses.—Tem. Good Templar.

Templary in Sweden.

The G. W. C. T. of Sweden, Herr Carl Hurtig, has recently written a letter to Dr. Lees, of England in which he refers as follows to the work in that Kingdom:—"The order is growing very fast in Sweden. Nearly 700 lodges are now unitedly working against King Alcohol. But we have had last year a great controversy, and have been fighting most seriously against the "Workers' Ring," organized by Mr. L. O. Smith, the mightiest liquor seller in this country. The "Workers' Ring" simulated temperance, attacked and assaulted the companies of Retail liquor sellers. These companies are organized in the towns throughout the entire country, on the Gothenburg Liquor Companies Line. The "Workers' Ring" did not advocate prohibition, but proclaimed a new system of license with low prices! The Liquor Companies in Sweden are composed of—strange to say—temperance men who, by legislative steps and measures, and by high prices, endeavor to raise up difficulties in the way of the industrious classes getting the destroying drink. They are kind to Good Templars, and have, especially at Gothenburg, established several temperance and reading rooms for us. About 20,000 kronor (a kronor is about 1s.) are spent upon these saloons. Besides, at several places, these companies have given money to the Good Templars, amounting to several thousand dollars. The liquor traffic is thus bound and confined within certain hedges, the consumption having sunk (1880-1883) from 40,000,000 to 30,000,000 litres in one year, or about 25 per cent. This is in no respect agreeable to the great whiskey king, L. O. Smith. He therefore formed the "Workers' Ring." I hope you will understand why."

Good Templars' Directory.

- SOUTH WOODSLEE, ESSEX CO. HOPK**
No. 15, meets Friday evening. W. C. T. J. A. Smith; W. R. Frank Fair; L. D. E. J. Smith. 180-200.
- ENGLINTON, YORK CO., UNION STAR**
No. 285, meets Wednesday evenings at Templars Hall. W. C. T. S. J. Douglas; W. S. A. J. Brown; L. D. Wm. Norris. 182-303.
- SARNIA—UIBWAY (INDIAN) LODGE**
No. 283, meets on Monday evenings at the Indian Reserve Church. Visitors welcome. W. C. T. PETER R. DDD, W. S. J. THOMAS, Sarnia P. O. 181-303.
- QUELPH, ONT.—BEAVER LODGE, NO. 26**
meets every Monday evening in Good Templars Hall. Visitors from other lodges always welcome. W. C. T. R. McDONALD; W. S. HENRY MOULDER; L. D. J. J. MAHONEY. 181-304.
- HUNTERSTONE, WELAND CO.—HUM**
berstone Lodge, No. 274, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars visitors always welcome. W. C. T. H. H. CROW; W. V. MISS H. WEAVER; W. S. MISS A. NEFF; L. D. JAMES KIN; NEAR Port Colborne, P. O. 182-305.
- LEHRVILLE (GREENSBORO P. O.)**
Northumberland Co., Misses W. S. Lodge, No. 284, (Indian) meets Tuesday evenings at the Mission School House. W. C. T. Miss Hyndman; W. V. T. Stiles; J. Marsden; W. S. Wm. Baker; A. S. A. S. G. W. T. Miss M. G. Webb; W. S. Mrs. Marsden; W. S. W. S. W. S. G. Miss M. Jack; O. G. E. Conroy; W. C. S. Black; L. D. M. Jones. 182-306.
- LONGFORD MILLS—SMOCONOX, KISSASNO**
ABETA Lodge (Indian) meets at Good Templars Hall, Sarnia, every Saturday evening. W. C. T. Mrs. Ann Sturdy; W. V. Fanny Sandy; W. V. Sarah Sandy; W. F. S. Joseph Te-Jaw-head; W. C. Chief Joseph Remson; W. T. Lillian Williams; W. M. John Wesley; L. O. Mary Yellowhead; O. G. Sam Roche; L. D. G. Har Williams. 182-307.

Our Young Folks.

No Money in It.

"My mother gets up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get \$2 a week, and father gets \$2 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us she does; but there is no money in it."

Too many boys and men who earn much larger sums than those mentioned above, act as though "mother" not only had no right to share their earnings, but received what she did by some special grace on their part.

Among other factors in home happiness the right management of home finances is an important one. The silent partner in the world-business, the wife who takes care of the husband, keeps the home bright and sunny, and manages the children, is entitled to what she thinks fit regarding the disposal of funds, and to have her own share of them to spend as she pleases.

A Sketch of El Mahdi.

Beyond question the "prophet" is a man of considerable intelligence and extraordinary force of character. In barren discussion as to the nature or authority of his mission, he loses no time. If any man be bold enough to challenge his divine origin, or express disbelief, he is permitted to choose between submission, open acknowledgment, and decapitation. On the other hand, he protects and encourages those who voluntarily accept him as the true Mahdi—the man sent by Allah to reform mankind.

He boasts some education, as it is understood in the East; that is, he reads and writes, and is well versed in the Koran and the commentators. He speaks both the Barabari and Arabic languages. His life is simple in the extreme. He indulges in none of the luxuries or vanities of life, except, perhaps, a weakness for a large number of wives. He is credited with the possession of thirty-nine of these aids to happiness, though the orthodox number allowed by the Koran is only four. By a system of temporary divorce, it seems he keeps within the letter of the Mohammedan law; the ladies taking their turn to be divorced and taken on again. The Mahdi, the correspondent also says, is a fighting prophet.

He takes part in all the battles, and does not spare his own person. There is a report current, that in the fight with Hick's army he received a sword cut across the forehead which divided the brass cap which he wears under his turban, and inflicted an ugly wound. For some time after the battle he did not appear in public, and it is suspected that the wound may have had something to do with the extraordinary inaction of the Mahdi's forces since the defeat of General Hicks.

Dora's Housekeeping.

One morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You

did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go out in the carriage with her mother. She thought that it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go out so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself: "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said: "I like to see children do their work well, then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

Oh how Dora felt! she was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed that could not find the dust-pan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-pan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now. She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure if she ever forgot; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat housekeeper.—Our Little Ones.

A Fish's Affection.

The Week says:—A singular story of a salmon's persistent attachment comes from the Fowey. Some time ago a gentleman, fishing with a trout fly, hooked and lost a salmon, which he judged to be eight or nine pounds. A week later he came again with a friend, who used an artificial minnow; and the friend hooked in the same spot what was judged to be the same salmon. While he was playing it, another salmon, about sixteen pounds, joined the hooked one, and to all appearance made great efforts to release the captive by plunging on to the gut, &c. When the smaller fish appeared beaten and was hauled into shallow water the big friend followed, and the other gentleman, to prevent an accident, walked in, and with the greatest ease took it out with his landing net. He put an elastic band around it, and took it to the next pool, where after a few moments' hesitation, it sailed off. The editor of *The Field* commenting on this says:—"The question of attachment in fishes is an open one, offering a wide range for the imagination. We have seen other fish, in sea and fresh water, follow a captive comrade in the same way as that described above. Their motive we never quite made out."

Effect of an Arctic Climate

The effects of the climate upon materials and men are exactly the same as in a tropical country. The boards which were unloaded from the ship to make our house, shrank and cracked open as if under the influence of a torrid sun. And I have suffered from thirst there even more acutely than on the arid plains of Arizona and New Mexico. The natives suffer terribly for want of water in the winter time; and before the cold season thoroughly sets in, I provide against that for ourselves by cutting and cording up a lot of ice about a foot thick, which we melt as needed. The natives pleaded with me often for a drink, and as that was some-

thing that there need be no lack of as long as our fuel lasted, they had plenty in that respect. As in the tropics, the children reach the age of puberty in a few years. Extremes do meet. By a wise provision, some of the ordinary demands of nature are, in a measure, suspended in that latitude, and a minimum of inconvenience is secured. Some of the natives, however, abuse even this indulgence, which may extend over a period of two weeks without hurtful results, and the most frequent calls upon my physician's stores were for relaxatives."

"How deep does the snow fall?"

"Only about a foot during the season. You see, there is no evaporation to speak of, consequently no precipitation, and the snowfall is very light. It drifts in the gales, and after we got our house built it was not long until it was covered. We ran tunnels then to our ice pack and to two observatories, some distance from the house, and all the time we were there the tunnels were our only lines of communication."—*Lieut. Ray in Indianapolis News.*

Colors of Insects.

It appears that many insects have two sets of colors, seemingly for different purposes; the one set protective from the attacks of enemies, the other set attractive to their own mates. Thus several butterflies have the lower side of their wings colored like the leaves or bark on which they rest, while the upper sides are rich with crimson, orange and gold, which gleam in the bright sunlight as they flit about among their fellows. Butterflies of course fold their wings with the underside outward. On the other hand, moths, which fold their wings in the opposite manner, often have their upper surfaces imitative or protective while the lower sides are bright and beautiful. One Malayan butterfly, the *Kallima paralecta*, has wings of purple and orange above, but exactly mimics dead foliage when its vans are closed; and, as it always rests among dry leaves it can hardly be distinguished from them, as it is even apparently spotted with small fungi. In those and many other cases one cannot help believing that, while imitative coloring has been acquired for protective purposes, the bright hues of the concealed portion must be similarly useful to the insect as a personal decoration.

The Tichborne Claimant.

The following sketch of the celebrated "Tichborne case" will be of interest as the prisoner is about to be liberated on parole. It was one of the most interesting legal cases ever before the English courts:—Roger Charles Tichborne, born January 5, 1829, was, after his father, heir to the title and great estates of his uncle, Sir Edward, who added the name Doughty to Tichborne. After an education in France and at the Roman Catholic College of Stonyhurst, Roger entered the army in 1849. In 1852, owing to disappointment in love, he resigned his commission and went to sea, and was lost on the ship *Bella*, which sailed from Valparaiso on 20th of April, 1854, for New York. In 1865, Lady Tichborne, widow of Sir James, began to advertise in English and Australian papers for her son Roger, whom she believed to be alive. In 1866 a butcher in Wagga Wagga, Australia, supposed to be Arthur Orton, but then calling himself Thomas Castro, asserted that he was Roger, and had been saved from the wreck of the *Bella*. He proceeded to London, was accepted by Lady Tichborne as her son, and was supplied by her with money. In March, 1867, he filed a bill in Chancery to restrain the trustees of the estates from setting up certain outstanding terms as an answer to any action that he might bring to recover the property. The commencement of the action was delayed nearly four years by the sending of commissioners to South America and Australia, and in the

meantime Lady Tichborne died. On May 11, 1871, the trial for the recovery of the Tichborne estates in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, valued at £24,000 a year, was begun in the Court of Common Pleas. With two adjournments it continued 103 days, till March 6, 1872, when the jury interposed, declared themselves satisfied that the claimant was not Roger Charles Tichborne, and he was non-suited. He was immediately ordered into custody on a charge of perjury. This trial was commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench on April 23, 1873, and continued 188 days to February 28, 1874, when he was found guilty, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. He was sent to Milbank, and subsequently transferred to Dartmoor prison. As at the time of the trials so at the present day, notwithstanding the sentence of the court, there are a large number of persons who believe that the claimant is the real Roger, but that the combined influence of social and religious influences were brought to bear to prevent him inheriting his estates.

A Bundle of Chips.

"Now children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?"

"Oatmeal," promptly returned a member of the class.

"And what is this animal called," asked the teacher of the class in natural history, as he pointed to a picture of a sloth.

The class all shouted at once—

"A messenger boy."

"Have you confidence in me for a sovereign?" asked a fellow journalist of Douglas Jerrold, when Mrs. Caudle was still in embryo.

"I have all the confidence, but I haven't the sovereign," was the reply.

A wit will have his joke even at the expense of his gallantry. It was Lord Houghton who, when a lady, more beautiful in her own eyes than in those of the world, was boasting that she had hundreds of men at her feet, remarked in an undertone,—

"Chiropodists."

"Wadsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly overrated."

"There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote," he said, "and the people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakspeare."

"So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

The Poodle and the Whip

A friend of mine knew of a gentleman who had a poodle dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was under little command. In order to keep him in better order, the gentleman purchased a small whip with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterward found concealed in an outbuilding, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, he was actually seen to take the whip from the table and run away with it in order again to hide it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Talk to your children about the Lord Jesus Christ, and the redemption which He brought into the world. Teach them what redemption is; impress on their minds the awfulness of sin; make them see that sin is real—a violation of God's law which incurs as its penalty the forfeiture of the divine favor, and make them understand that a sinner alienates the soul from God and heaven; be thus faithful, and they will not be careless and indifferent about their eternal destiny—no, they will be anxious to provide for the future.

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth.

The Wind and the Flowers.

BY MRS. H. PERKINS.

The Goddess of Spring had just alighted
On this bright land of ours,
When the wind so shy went murmuring by,
To get the first kiss from the flowers.

Then so soft was his sigh, as they timidly
ICED,
So gentle and sweet was his kiss,
That the queenly rose with each flower that
blows,
Cried "There's nothing so charming as this."

Then he whispered so softly to each bloom-
ing flower,
As she hung down her delicate head,
That from that fatal hour each sweet-scent-
ed flower
Believed in his promise to wed.

The flowers were faint in the hot summer
day,
As they stood in the blazing sun,
Then they sighed to find no truth in the
wind—
He had flown from them every one.

In autumn the truant returned back again,
But loud was his angry voice.
Then each gentle flower shrank down in her
bower,
Repenting her hasty choice.

Cold Winter set in and the cruel wind
Had laid each blossom low,
The beautiful red from the roseleaf had fled,
She was dead in her shroud of snow.

—Written for Truth.

Faithless.

BY TARIO.

"Oh! how often has he sworn
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,
E'er he would falsify his vows to me?
Make haste, confusion, then, sun; lose thy light
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth!
False as the wind, the water, or the weather!
Cruel as tigers o'er their trembling prey!
I feel him in my heart—he tears my breast—
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood!
O away.

Do you remember, love, one glorious day,
When you and I rested upon the sand,
And watched the sun sink behind the bay
Together heart to heart, as hand to hand?

I said our love! Nay, mine can never wane,
I meant to say that one so false could prove,
Whose vows were weak as snow melted by
rain,
Mistaken word! Nay, it was never love!

You wrote my name upon the sandy shore,
Which the next wave washed far into the
tide,

As now the tide of years will bring no more
The faithless one, who stood then by my
side!

I wrote your name upon my loving heart,
Which time, nor tide can ne'er deface again
Tho' years roll on, and we are far apart
And thinking of you only brings me pain!

—Written for Truth.

Sunshine After Evening Showers.

BY J. E. JANSAY.

Green foliage waving low over green paving
While fair clouds are laying white sails in
the blue.

Like rose-bayes flowing from Eden bestow-
ing
God's argosies, glowing with opaline dew.

Those vapory showers debarking rare dowers
On far away bowers forecast of hues,
Dream sunward in shady effulgence of May-
day.
A skyey arcadian home for the muse.

The spirit of musing awakens purusing.
The tender transfiguring of virified shade
Aware that you ocean of light and emotion,
Like bardic devotion, is fated to fade!

For evening is ending in emerald bleeding
With jacinth transcending Jerusalem's wall
Whose gates are left alight ajar, and so
brightly
Soft tarone-rays fall lightly, like rainbows
o'er all,

Those rainbows of glad dew, ablush o'er the
meadow,
Are wedding the shadow of rain to the sun
With ring-symbols given by opulent heaven
To vindicate even the storm that is gone.

No wonder mute nature with joy in each
feature,
Half dumb like some creature subdued by
surprise,
Looks up to the azure in evident pleasure,
And takes the great treasure with tears in
her eyes.

O! May how completely thy robes shine,
how sweetly,
O May, whom my fleet lay would lure to
remain.

Some fair human creatures have love kin-
dled features,
But something in nature abolishes pain.

Your children are quitting their pastimes,
regretting
The gloaming and flitting of robins to rest;
And slyly a lover wends hopefully over
A valley of clover to the one who is best.

Hail delicate greeting, such moments of
ecstacy
Are ever too fleeting, too happy to stay:
Hail reason and science in every appliance,
But love's first alliance is purest away.

For somehow it promises no sooner wanes
from us
Then clouds overcome us to vanish no more
Except when some vision reveals in division
The lovely elysian we long to restore.

Then woo her awhile ere thy lovely beguiler.
Or age, the despoiler, may wither the
bloom;
A little time longer when wisdom grows
stronger

The great iron-monger called duty will
come,
Will come with the paling of roses in wailing
Of breezes assailing florescence foredoomed
And all that is cheery may some day be
dreary
With antheming eerie o'er Flora entombed.

When reading of folly in passion unholy,
Or dark melancholy that follows false love,
One vowed he would master that foolish dis-
aster
But his heart throbs faster than reason
approves.

Baby Helene.

C. H. M. BYERS.

She was only a child of the May-day,
That came when the sweet blossoms fell.
But rarer than any fair lady
Of whom the old poets may tell.
Then the days brought everything sweeter,
Of sunshine and love in their train;
But better than all and completer
Was baby Helene.

With a smile and a kiss she came to us,
The sunshine of God in her hair,
Ah! never a sweet wind that blew us
A blossom so tender and rare.
We sang a new May-song together,
New-found and of jubilant strain:
Ah! our hearts then were light as a feather,
With baby Helene.

Would she stay with us—love us? we bade
her
Unloosen the notes of her song.
And tell where the sweet angels hid her,
And why had we waited so long.
Would they sorrow in heaven to miss her?
Would they wait for her, weary to pain?
Would they anger to see us but kiss her—
Our baby Helene?

And all the day long, like new lovers,
Like words that are ever in tune.
Like songs the fresh May-wind dis-
covers,
Like birds that are mating in June,
Together we loved and we wandered,
Forgetting of sorrow or pain,
Forgetting the sweets that we squandered
With baby Helene.

Oh! lips running over to kisses,
Red cheeks kissed to brown by the sun.
Shall we ever again know what bliss is,
When the song and the kisses are done?
Oh! baby, brown-haired, on thy tresses
The hands of the angels had laid,
And joy laughed new-born in caresses
Of baby Helene.

Years went—seven years with their story,
More bright than Alladin's of old,
To love and be loved was our glory,
Our hearts were our castles of gold,
But broken our castles, and falling
Hope crushed—true hearts bleeding and
slain,
God's angels in heaven were calling
Our baby Helene.

Dim-eyed, and heart-broken we waited
The sounds of invisible things,
While the soul of our soul was re-mated,
Borne off on invisible wings,
In the far-away purple and golden,
Went up an ineffable strain,
And the far away gates were unfolden
To baby Helene.

One moment God's earth and its brightness
Seemed darkened and turned into dross,
And the manifold stars and their lightness,
Were dimmed and as nothing to us
For the bowl that was golden was broken,
The hearts that were one heart, were twain
And the last words of love had been spoken
By baby Helene.

Ah! seven years gone as the dream goes,
Oh! baby love lost to our ken,
Will the brooklet still flow where the stream
flows?
Will the lilies still blossom as then?
Will the sweet tongues of birds be unloosed to
The songs of our love and its pain!
Will the violets bloom as they used to
For baby Helene?

Oh! baby love, heart-sweet, the sunlight
That fell on the way that you went,
Shall be to our feet as the sun light,
The lamp the sweet angels have lent.
And the nights and the days shall be lighter,
And the ways that were dark ways be plain,
And the stars where thou art shall be brighter
For baby Helene.

Why the Cows came Late.

BY JOHN HENTON.

Crimson sunset burning,
O'er the tree-fringed hills;
Golden are the meadows,
Ruby flashed the rills.
Quiet in the farm-house,
Home the farmer hies;
But his wife is watching,
Shading anxious eyes,

While she lingers with her pail beside the
barn-yard gate,
Wondering why her Junny and the cows
come home so late.

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandering down the lane;
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.
Deeper grow the shadows;
Circling swallows cheep;
Katydid are falling;
Mists o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the
barn-yard gate,
And wondering where her Jennie and the
cows can be so late.

Loving sounds are falling,
Homeward now at last,
Speckle, Bess and Brindle,
Through the gate have passed;
Jennie, sweetly blushing,
Jamie, grave and shy,
Takes the pails from mother,
Who stands silent, by.

Not one word is spoken as the mother shuts
the gate,
But now she knows why Jennie and the
cows came home so late!

What Can I Do?

CHARLES H. GODMAN.

"How can I make this busy world
The better for my living?
How can I make some slight return
For all it is me giving?"
The fittest answer to this quest
Millions have sought around it,
Is this: To leave it, by your aid,
Some better than you found it.

To sow 'tis given, by heroic deeds
Whole peoples to be lifting,
Or to point out the dangerous reefs
Towards which a nation's drifting;

But each may do some simple fact
(Its praise no one to sound it)
By which the world may yet be left
Some better than he found it.

It may not be a work so great
Men gaze at it with wonder,
Nor that the powers of Church and State
Its praises loudly thunder,
And yet its influence be so broad
The future cannot bound it,
And leave, perhaps, this dear old world
Much better than he found it.

So let us seek out simple ways
Man's daily life to better,
From every slave of fear and ill
Strike all that seems a fetter,
Till free to think on every theme
With which man's thoughts have crowned it
The world will surely come to be
Much better than he found it.

Give woman, as you give to man,
Fair wages, power, position,
The right to wield voice, vote, or pen
To better her condition,
By lifting her, man lifts himself,
Though all the earth resound it.
And you will help to leave the world
Far better than you found it.

Set pride and fashion both aside,
Let justice rule your actions;
Togeth'er let all work in love
Knowing no creed or factions;
Strive here to build a bit of heaven,
And when success has crowned it,
The world will learn to help you make
Earth better than you found it.

Not through a selfish home wherein
We only think of ours;
No care for others' weal or woe,
Through all Life's sacred hours,
But let us strive that all may have
Peace, plenty, hope, around them,
And we shall surely leave them all
Much better than we found them.

Men long have taught the way to reach
A selfish distant heaven,
But how to make one on the earth,
To mortals must be given.
So change our daily life, 'twill have
Heaven in it and around it.
And you will then have left the world
Far better than you found it.

Let the Sunshine In.

Let in the golden sunlight,
Yes, open wide the door,
And the gloom will quickly vanish—
Life's brightness come once more.
Drink in the healthy nectar,
That God doth give to thee—
The bracing air of heaven—
The light so pure and free.
Throw every window open.
And sad faces will depart,
The sky will smile upon you,
And beautify the heart.

Let in the golden sunlight
When you are sad with pain,
And bliss will come to cheer you,
Your heart will smile again;
The darkest clouds will vanish,
Fair rainbows span the sky,
And sunny hours will leave you
When happiness is nigh.
Then open wide the window,
And healthful vigor win—
If you would be contented,
Just let the sunshine in.

Let in the golden sunlight!
Its priceless wealth untold
Will bring you many pleasures,
And warm the heart that's cold.
How many suffer anguish,
And paths of gloom pursue,
Who close Life's windows ever,
And keep no light in view.
But if they would be happy,
And priceless blessings win,
With life, and health, and vigor,
Just let the sunshine in.

Farming World.

Japan has at present 155 miles of railroad
—from Yokohama to Tokio, 15 miles; Kobe
to Oita, 55 miles; Tsugogaria, in the Province
of Omi, to Sekigahara, in the Province
of Mino, 41 miles, and Tokio to Koumagai, 38
miles. There is besides in course of con-
struction a road to unite Maybe-hashi to
Tokio a distance of 54 miles.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

NO. XIX.

No. XVI. must have been a puzzler, or, if such were not the case, many of our usual correspondents must either have been away from home or too busy with other matters to attend to the nine precepts which we asked them to find out. There were a good many answers, however, though not nearly up to the ordinary amount. A good many of those sent were not quite correct from the writers overlooking the fact that the nine answers required were to be nine precepts and not merely nine features or parts of sentences beginning with the necessary letter and even to a certain extent conveying the desired sentiment. We shall not enter into controversy with our respected co respondent in Ottawa, over the Sabbath question. On that, as on a great many other difficulties, every one must be fully persuaded in his and her own mind. It may be said, as was done by the late Dr. Norman McLeod, that so far as they were part of the Mosaic Institute, not merely the fourth, but all the commandments had ceased to be binding. It needs to be added, however, as that well-known gentleman took always care to do, that every part of the decalogue is still binding, not because it is of Moses, but of the fathers. What was merely ceremonial and Mosaic has disappeared, what was olden and moral has remained. The principle of the seventh part of our time being consecrated to absolute rest and religious exercises may be established fully without the order of the day, or the penalties for sabbath-breaking laid down in the ceremonial enactments of the Jews, having to be taken as still binding in all their rigid severity. This also is clear from all experience, that unless the day of rest is hedged round with sacred sanctions, it soon ceases to be even a day either of rest or recreation to the toiling masses who need it most, and in a vast majority of instances have it least. When the Lord's day ceases to be in a very pronounced and decided sense a holy day it very speedily ceases to be even a holiday to those to whom such a seventh day's rest is a physical as well as mental and moral necessity.

The correct answers to No. XVI. are as follows:

1. Love one another, John xiii. 34, xv. 12.
2. Enter ye in at the straight gate, Matt. vii. 13.
3. Abide in me, John xv. 4.
4. Remember the Sabbath day, Exod. xx. 8.
5. Neither be ye idolators, 1 Cor. x. 7.
6. Obey your parents, Eph. vi. 1.
7. Fight the good fight of faith, 1 Tim. vi. 12.
8. Mind not high things, Rom. xii. 16.
9. Envy thou not the oppressor, Prov. iii. 31.

LEARN OF ME, Matt. xi. 29.

Those who have this week been successful are the following:

W. H. Shrapnell, Glen Walker, Ont.
A. E. Chamberlain, 109 Davenport Road, Toronto.

Martha Marvin, Elmira, N. Y.

It will be seen that two of these friends have been successful two or three times before. We are always glad when such is the case. Indeed we are always glad in any case whoever is successful, for we have no favorites and no preferences. We are equally pleased when a book goes to Newfoundland and when it stays in Toronto. Indeed we could give a dozen of prizes more easily than we give three and we sometimes fancy that for this hot weather season it will be better to give the enigmas and let every one search out the answers without sending them to us at all and without any rewards being given but the reward which will always come to the faithful searching the Scriptures.

Two or three have sent the answers to the Sphinx to us. This is a mistake. They ought to go to Mr. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine. We ought to have mentioned the following fact before. Some how we have always forgotten it at the right time. Friends sending answers to the Enigma and leaving the envelope open or putting up their paper in a roll open at the ends and marking on outside "Printers' Copy" can send as much as four ounces for a cent. Some pay six cents by enclosing their MSS in a letter, when the open way would do equally well and only cost a cent.

It may be thought that we rather overdo things in the matter of giving extracts from the commendatory letters which reach us. We scarcely think so. We give every one of a fault-finding description which we receive, and do it as good-naturedly as we know how, but we do not, by any means, publish every word of encouragement and praise with which we are privileged. We have, through the Enigma Column, made a good many valued friends whom we shall in all likelihood never see on earth, and who also will never see our venerable or youthful countenance. If we have helped any to pleasant as well as profitable employment for leisure moments we shall be entirely satisfied, while as for those who don't care for the Enigma Column (and no doubt there are many such among the readers of TRUTH) all that we can ask is, as we have already said, that they should pleasantly and good-humoredly pass it by as suitable and attractive to others if not to themselves, and as only affording another illustration of the variety of tastes, and of the multiplicity of characters it takes to make up a world. We are all too ready to measure other people's oats with our own bushel, and to wonder how it comes to pass that what seems very uninteresting to ourselves should be so attractive to others. These others, we may be sure, are equally ready to return the wonder with interest. It is absurd, though it is very natural, to fancy what we are employed about and interested in must be especially important, and those who don't know what we have known long must be awfully stupid and ignorant. It does not follow. Walter Scott used to say that he never talked for ten minutes with the dullest fellow that ever rubbed down a horse without learning something he did not know before, and something which it was important that he should know. While John Locke used to say that the reason why he knew so much was that he was never ashamed to confess his ignorance, and never ashamed to ask and receive information from any body who could give it. If every body were acting on this principle there would be a good many much wiser than they are. But ignorance and prejudice give a sort of eternity to each other for practically, a great many find it very difficult to say right out—"I don't know; please tell me."

We want our thousands and tens of thousands of readers to be frankly like the one who this week says: "I confess I look forward to receiving TRUTH at the end of every week with great eagerness." When we are told that "TRUTH amuses and also instructs and edifies" we feel that we are bound to try to make it still more worthy of universal acceptance not only in the "back woods" but also in the "clearing"; not only in the busy city but also in the leisurely hamlet or in the solitary farm house.

Now then for No. XIX.

1. The founder of Samaria.
2. A prophet who was imprisoned because his predictions were displeasing to the King.
3. A distinguished soldier and one in high favor with his King yet who was afflicted with a terrible disease.
4. A son of Saul, who was murdered in his bed.
5. A base time-server who cursed a King in his adversity and fawned upon him when he was prosperous.
6. Naomi's second son.

7. The town to which Paul and Barnabas went when driven from Antioch in Pisidia.

8. A village to which certain disciples were going when Jesus joined them after his resurrection.

9. One who according to the laws of the Mosaic economy separated himself unto the Lord.

10. The disciple who, not recognizing the risen Savior, related to Him the circumstances of that Saviour's death and burial.

11. A prophet whom the Jews expected to appear upon earth.

The initials of the above words form one of the incommunicable attributes of the Deity.

Short, pointed explanatory remarks always an important element. Please friends, put the number of the Enigma on the outside and no business please, but what relates to the "Column." All about prizes, subscriptions &c., to Mr. Wilson. Prize takers mention volume.

EDITOR OF ENIGMA COLUMN.

THE SPHINX.

"I leave me this and guess him if you can."
Dryden.

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

NO. 116.—AN ENIGMA.

[ENTERED FOR PRIZE.]

Though I do not despise the honest poor,
I still keep aloof from the vulgar boor
The truth to tell I am most aesthetic,
I cling with tenacity quite pathetic
To Oscar in all his reforms of dress,
Though the reason why you will hardly guess.
In sombre garments that sweep the ground,
With a gorgeous sunflower I'm always found,
Though society's leader, I have no pride,
The arrogant autocrat cannot abide.
My artistic eye sees nought that is fair
In pomp and glitter and glow and glare;
But in relics of times that have passed away
I find a new pleasure day after day.
Assemblies of arts and music I grace,
In science I hold a prominent place,
And sculpture, ah, that is my fair ideal,
I am over with sculptors head and heel.
I like to be with a classical scholar,
Or poor son of genius not worth a dollar,
In a stately mansion in case I dwell,
For costly surroundings suit me well,
I live in pleasure, and know not care,
Nor aught of an ill to which flesh is heir,
With a sunny smile I am always found
For in bliss and happiness I abound,
With a "silver spoon" you may say I was born,
And for certes I like it better than horn,
Though forced to mingle with stupid asses
With the gods I've been on the heights of Parnassus;
With Pegasus visited castles in Spain,
Though bent my figure, not lacking in strength,
I like a brisk walk of an easy length,
In coach or carriage I never have been,
With pedestrian friends I am always seen,
It is time perchance to say who I am;
My head-quarters at present are at Siam;

I am not a monster nor yet a minx,
Though fabled as both, the head of the Sphinx.

M. J. WILKINS

NO. 117.—A NUMERICAL CHARADE.

As I 1, 2, 3, 4, to my work each afternoon
I often noticed a ragged little boy
sitting 6, 7 the fence of a vacant lot.
To-day I gave him an apple, which he
8, 9, 10, greedily, and when I asked him
to tell me his name he cried in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10 tones, "I am nobody's
child."

UNCLE CLAUDE.

NO. 118.—A OLEVER CHEAT.

Although I frame my speech with art,
And play a deep and double part
With all the features of a knave,
This one compensating trait I have—
That I can look you in the face
My tricks and windings while you trace;
Nay, still when most I am suspected,
Return and strive to be detected.
Give all my help to clear your doubt
And tease you till you find me out.

ANON.

NO. 119.—A HALF SQUARE

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE)

1. A dignitary of the church.
2. To recount.
3. To rise in spirits.
4. Tardy.
5. The Goddess of mischief.
6. Half of a bird.
7. A letter of Montreal.

A ROBERTS.

NO. 120.—A CHARADE.

(ENTERED FOR PRIZE)

The Bible commands you my first to buy.
We've obeyed in the letter, both you and I.
My second in proper person is third.
My third's that great power which my first doth gird.
My fourth is only a link that connects.
My fifth is the mover in all great acts,
As my first is my third, my sixth it will do,
My whole I endorse as a statement true.

M. J. W.

NO. 121.—A QUEER DRINK.

On separating a beverage into its components you may find the vessel which contains it and an answer to the question whether you can drink it or not.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

THE PRIZE LIST.

1. The sender of the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx for June" will receive a volume of Hood's Poems. Each week's answers should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles.
 2. A prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.
 3. A prize of two dollars will be given for the best variety of original puzzles contributed by any person during the year, this prize not to be awarded the winner of prize No. 2.
- Contributions should be written on only one side of the paper and accompanied by answers.

ANSWERS.

- 104.—O-leander.
- 105.—A diamond.
- 106.—The letter L.
- 107.—Bangs.
- 108.—Eye.
- 109.—Disproportionableness.

"A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by HARRY MILLER.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

1. While
2. Tho'
3. Her

Andante.
mp
dim.

plodding on our way, the toilsome road of life, How few the friends that daily there we meet!..... Not
all the world may frown, and ev'-ry friend de-part, She nev-er will forsake us in our need!..... Our
fond and gen-tle face not long may greet us here, Then cheer her with our kindness and our love!..... Re -

ma-ny will stand by in trouble and in strife, With coun-sel and af-fec-tion ev-er sweet!..... But
re-fuge ev-er-moro is still within her heart, For us her lov-ing sym-pa-ty will plead!..... Her
member at her knee in child-hood bright and dear, We heard her voice, like angel's from a-bove!..... Tho'

2

there is one whose smile, will ev-er on us beam, Whose love is dear-er far than an-y oth-er!..... And where
 pure and genth smile, for - ev - er cheers our way, 'Tis sweet-er and 'tis pur-er than all oth-er!..... When she
 af - ter years may bring, their gladness or their woe, Her love is sweeter far than an-y oth-er!..... And our

ev-er we may turn, This les - son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his Moth-er.....
 goes from earth away, We'll find out while we stray, A boy's best friend is his Moth-er.....
 longing heart will learn, Where ev - er we may turn, A boy's best friend is his Moth-er.....

colla voce. *rall.*

CHORUS.

Then cher - ish her with care, And smooth her sil - v'ry hair When gone, you will nev - er get an -

- oth-er!..... And where ev-er we may turn, This les-son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his Moth-er....

colla voce.

EATON'S

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Trimmed Millinery. Whole stock reduced. Goods must be sold. What a beautiful assortment of Children's Trimmed Hats, selling at half price. Girls' trimmed Sun and Dress Hats reduced. Baby's Lace Bonnets. Infants' White Linen Hats, suitable for washing purposes. Special assortment of Old Ladies' Dress Caps, in lace and net, selling cheap. In the feather department we are offering great bargains. Come and see, ladies. You can take the elevator at west end of store for mantle and millinery department.

The great reductions in the mantle department has had the effect of diminishing our stock. We continue the reductions only in a still greater degree. We are selling balance of Cashmere Dolmans at \$5 and \$6, formerly sold at \$10. Children's light Tweed Jackets with capes, selling at \$1.

Ladies' Underwear at remarkably low prices. Clearing lines of Chemises, Night Dresses and Drawers, starting at 30c each.

LACES.

Now is the time when ladies require lace for trimming dresses. T. Eaton has an immense stock of all the newest makes and designs at very low prices. Creme Duces laces 15, 20, 25c yd. White Venise lace 10, 12½, 15, 20, 25c up. Oriental lace in Creme, salmon and white 10, 12½, 15, 20c up. Irish point laces 10c dz. or 3 dz. for 25c, cheap. White overlasting trimming, newest patterns, 4, 5, 7, 10c yd. Linen Torchon laces, 7, 10, 12½, 15c yd. up. White Oriental, 18 inches wide, very fine, \$2 yd. Black and Creme Spanish lace in great variety, 8, 10, 12½c yd. up to \$1.75. Black Oriental laces 85c, \$1, \$1 15 yd. up. Coloured Spanish laces in seal brown, sage green, olive and myrtle, 15c yd.

Fawn coloured laces in silk and Oriental 15c yd. up. India muslin, Brussels nets, Fancy tulle and veilings in great variety.

White embroidery nets, 72 inch. wide, 35, 45c yd.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' black and tan coloured leather hand satchels, 40, 50, 75c each.

Ladies' Cardinal and black hand satchels with outside pocket, \$1 25, \$1 50, \$1 75, \$2, \$2 50, \$3, \$3 25.

Special line ladies' olivette fans in black and cardinal, with and without flowers, 12½c worth 25c.

PUBLIC APOLOGY.

During the past few weeks we have had Synods, Assemblies and Conferences in the city. A great many of the clergymen have been into Eaton's new stores, expressing their approval of the beautiful architecture and amount of light, as well as indulging in some of the cheap bargains which they are now showing.

A word to some of the pastors of the old school: We understand it is the custom of credit stores to give 10 per cent. off to the clergy. A word to the wise is sufficient. We sell alike to the parson and the hodcarrier. Eaton's new store was established in the interests of cash paying customers. No discounts, no premiums. Our store is filled with the best goods, -bought from the best manufacturers at the lowest price that money will buy, and sold to the public at closest possible prices for cash only.

T. EATON & CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

New two-ply Union Carpets to hand this week, 55c a yard, actually cheap at 70c. These goods are 36 in. wide, Brussels patterns, reversible, extra heavy and as regards the beauty of patterns and wear, are equal to wool carpets, and come a great deal cheaper.

T. EATON & CO.

The sale of Tapestry Carpets still continues. We quote the prices again so that everyone may see the reductions. 90c carpet for 65c and 70c; 75c carpet for 55c; 65c carpet for 45c a yd. We want everybody to see these goods.

T. EATON & CO.

Wool Stair Carpet as regards wear is superior to any other made for the money, being reversible. We are selling the 3 yd wide goods at 32½c, formerly sold at 40c, also 2 yd wide at 40, formerly sold at 55c.

T. EATON & CO.

A Heavy Twill Hemp, yard wide, in six different patterns, is being sold at 20c, former price 25c. This class of goods is different from ordinary hemp, on account of being of a heavy twill make and therefore more liable to wear. See them. Also hemp carpet from 10c a yd. up.

T. EATON & CO.

Special inducement in White Counterpanes, Toilet Covers, Toilets, Lace Curtains, Wool Mats, Iron Beds &c.

T. EATON & CO.

Our Engravings.

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

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

"I regard the use of beer as the true temperance principle. When I work all day and am exhausted nothing helps me like a glass of beer. It assists nature you understand." "It makes a fool of me," the friend replied. "That's what I say. It assists nature."

PIANO TUNING.

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

JAHN & SCHWENKER,

Importers and Manufacturers



FINE FRENCH HAIR GOODS,

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

FUNNIQRAMS.

"Why was Noah the best broker of modern times?" "He could float more stock than any other man."

Dr. Bethune, on being introduced to a tall, thin Baptist minister, exclaimed, "Shrunk in the wetting, I see!"

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap her own.

Very few men are great enough to bear praise, but a large number of us are just small enough to be found fault with constantly.

"You say your brother is younger than you, yet he looks much older." "Yes, he has seen a great deal of trouble; but I never married."

Somebody said to Jerrold: "I have just had some calf's-tail soup," when the wife replied: "Well, extremes do meet sometimes."

One of the most responsible positions in this country is held by a Washington colored woman. She does up Mr. Browster's ruffled shirts.

No matter how old the attractions of a menagerie may be, you are justified in expecting to find among them at least one thing that is new.

Loss of sleep, it is said, is making men small and puny. That is a fact. Just look at the difference in the physique of a delicate scholar and the robust night police-man.

"Why do you carry your pocket-book in your hand?" asked a husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

The question is asked, "What is the duration of a kiss?" The duration of a kiss is generally from about half-past seven o'clock in the evening until the old man throws a boot-jack downstairs.

It is said that in Siberia you can purchase a wife for eight dogs. Now, if you know what eight dogs want of a wife, and if you approve of the desire, you can go to Siberia and buy one for them.

A pompous and unloving husband rebuked his wife for stealing behind him as he came home one evening and affectionately kissing him. "Oh," she retorted, "excuse me. I didn't know it was you."

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY

"MAY DEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blisters, Face Grains, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Itch, etc. It frees the pores, all glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness is removed; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness, producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

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THE MAY DEW AGENCY,

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T. Eaton & Co.,
190, 192, 194, 196 Yonge St.

FASHION NOTES.

Gathered spencer waists are again in vogue.

Men's dress is less ceremonious this season, and so are their manners.

The lace plastron waistcoat is as fashionable on the other side as here.

Blue and gray are the most fashionable combination colors for street wear.

Low-crowned hats are worn only in the country, either by ladies or gentlemen.

Lace falls all around dressy broad-brimmed carriage hats are again in vogue.

Spencers of black banded lace are worn with black silk or colored silk skirts.

Dresses of black and white silk used in the composition of the costume are in high favor.

Children's stockings are dark or black, even when white or the patent tinted dresses are worn.

Chalk-white Valenciennes is the latest lace craze for trimming black silk dresses and black parasols.

Velveteen and poplin combine well for severely simple walking suits, but admit no shirrings or puffings.

Mushroom and gray shades in all the variations possible are the rival colors for dresses for street wear.

The beautiful fashion of wearing flowers in the hair is revived in Paris, but this is for evening wear only, of course.

Fan scrap bags and scrap bags of colored silk or fine woolens covered with lace are among household decorative fancies.

Dog collars and bracelets to match, both broad whenever the neck is long enough to admit of a broad collar, is the accepted style.

Lace overgarments, lace dresses, and lace confections of all kinds are trimmed with knots, flots, bows, loops, and cascades of satin velvet ribbon.

India silks and Surahs should not be made up with pleated skirts, the full-puffed and shirred skirt being preferable in all soft clinging fabrics.

Bustles are the bother of the better half of human nature this summer, the sure method of keeping them in place not having yet been discovered.

The style of putting a casing at the bottom of a puffed Surah or veiling overskirt, and running a rope therein; is as popular as it is pretty, sensible and effective.

The most elegant of all luxurious demitoeil costumes for summer is of pale-buff pongee, embroidered in figures, dots or sprays in the same color with silk.

The stamino canvas of Paris and London is known here as Bison canvas, and it is almost as much in demand for seaside and mountain wear here as over there.

Poplin is again in favor, Worth and Dusuzeau having made many handsome costumes of this fabric, which is now brought out in a lighter and more drapable form than formerly.

Pale gray grace mohair makes a lovely Juno walking suit. It may be trimmed with gray, blue, or black velveteen, and worn either for walking, driving, at church, or for calling.

Watered silk has not gone out of vogue by any means, though used only in moderation as linings, parements, revers, cuffs, and collars of mohair, light cashmere, and light all-wool suits.

Wall pockets of fine colored silks and colored paper are covered tastefully with puffings of Oriental laizo and made more ornate with ruffles of lace and flots of ribbon and sprays of artificial flowers.

Spanish, Oriental, French, English, and Irish laces in old and new designs and stitches are used to excess, not only as trimmings and finishings, but as en-

tire overgarments and costumes for ladies, misses, and children.

Even very small girls are given dresses almost covered with lace trimmings and accessories, including the full gathered Moliero waistcoat front of laize, not to speak of collars, cuffs, wrist ruffles, and full flounces of wide lace edgings.

The preferred style for white lawn dresses is a round skirt with tucks and no overskirt, a tucked blouse or full Mother Hubbard waist belted and a big bow and ends in the back for sash drapery. This style is pretty and popular for all kinds of plain colored wash-goods dresses.

Brocaded velvet gauze grenadine, brocaded and embroidered China silks, and brocaded crapes in the full evening tints of rose, blue, lilac, cream, and chalk white are elaborately trimmed with white Valenciennes, and Malines laces, and worn at Juno day weddings, receptions, and dinners.

Black glace, black Surah, and black Indian silks are trimmed to excess with wide ploatings and gathered flounces and frills of chalk-white Valenciennes lace, while the corsages are elaborately draped and made decorative with arrangements of Valenciennes, lace, while the corsages are elaborately draped and made decorative with arrangements of Valenciennes or laizo, and festooned panier draperies of

the same, or lambrequin draperies of full festooned flowering lace.

Growth of Boys and Girls

The investigations of the Antropometric Committee of the British Association have made more or less clear several interesting facts respecting the rate of growth of the two sexes in the British Isles. The period of most rapid growth is from birth to five years of age, and then both sexes grow alike, the girls being a little shorter and lighter than the boys. From five to ten the boys grow a little faster than the girls, but from ten to fifteen the girls grow the faster, and at between eleven and a half and fourteen and a half years old are actually taller, and from twelve and a half to fifteen and a half are heavier than the boys. The boys, however, take the lead between fifteen and twenty years, and grow at first rapidly, but afterward slower, and complete their growth at about twenty-three years, while girls grow very slowly after fifteen years of age, and attain their full stature at about the twentieth year. The tracings and tables show a slow but steady increase in stature up to the fiftieth year, and a more rapid increase in weight up to the sixtieth year in men, but the statistics of women are too few after the age of twenty-three to

determine the stature and weight of their sex at the more advanced periods of life. The curve of the chest-girth in men shows an increase at a rate similar to that of the weight up to the age of fifty years, but it appears to have no definite relation to the curve of stature. The strength of males increases rapidly from twelve to nineteen years, and at a rate similar to that of the weight, more slowly and regularly up to thirty years, after which it declines at an increasing rate to the age of sixty years. The strength of females increases at a more uniform rate from nine to nineteen years, and more slowly to thirty, after which it falls off in a manner similar to that of males. The curves of strength for the two sexes are not parallel, at eleven years females are weaker than males by twenty-two pounds, at twenty years of age by thirty-six pounds. The fact that men continue to grow in stature up to his fiftieth year contradicts a common notion on the subject, according to which he ceases to grow before he reaches half that age.

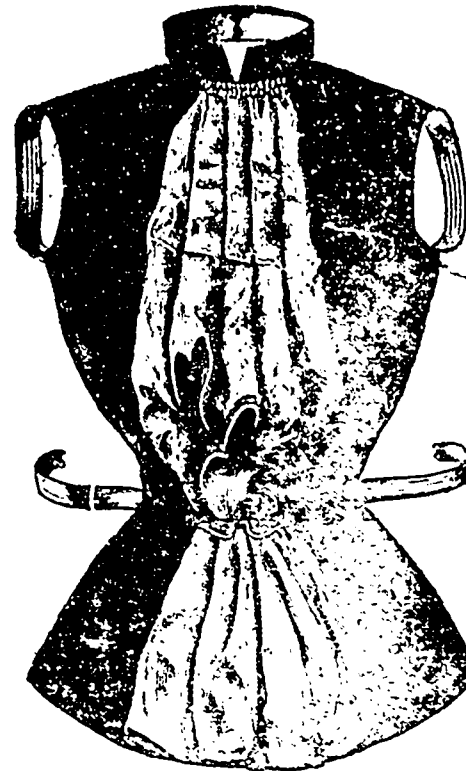
The three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place he read his sermon; in the second, he did not read it well; and in the third place, it was not worth reading.



3021 Ladies' House Dress. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.



3053 Misses' Caps. 6 Sizes. 10 to 16 years. Price, 10 cents.



Any plain waist or basque front may guide the maker in copying this design, no pattern being given. A length of showy Surah or satin is shirred at the top and the fullness is drawn out into the soft pleats represented, a clasp confining the same at the waist-line. The silk is gathered and sewed down at the lower outline of the front as represented, and the neck is finished with a straight collar. Extensions passing over the shoulders make arm-holes, and half-belts fastened under the arms tie the vest-piece snugly around the waist.

Health Department.

Eating—Its Laws and Errors.

Persons who have a vigorous appetite, and are not sufficiently informed in regard to hygienic law, are apt to eat heavily, especially during the fall and winter, and when spring approaches it is considered that they need to exercise self denial by way of fasting, as fasting is doubtless necessary to such persons. It is both a means of grace and of physical wisdom to do so. But the person who eats day by day under the light of physiology, using no more food than is necessary, and taking that of the right kind, does not need to fast any more than he has to breathe less air than formerly. When we over-feed horses and push them to extreme effort they sometimes become dyspeptical, and we turn them out to grass for three months. In other words, we stop surfeiting them with food, stop exercising them unduly, and put them on simple diet, and they recover. But the horse that is properly driven, and fed judiciously, will work from January till June, and from June till January without losing a day or a meal, as a healthy appetite for it. Forty years ago when the writer ate and drank as other people do, sometimes excessively and sometimes injudiciously in regard to the selection of food, he had trouble with sick headache, foul stomach, torpid liver, and all sorts of difficulties. But little by little getting into a better knowledge of the laws of physiology he is able to carry himself year after year without a moment's loss of appetite, and without any of the derangements consequent upon wrong modes of diet. Hence he doesn't have to fast to atone for his feasting.

One ought to refrain from taking an "extra piece," even though the appetite sometimes seems unsatisfied, and people often eat an "extra piece" with gusto because the appetite doesn't become satisfied in feeling, even when they have really eaten enough. Consequently an hour afterward they feel dull, and the whole system overloaded and feverish. Let the eater learn to deny himself, and quit while he is still hungry, and in half an hour he will feel that he has eaten enough. By doing this, and avoiding the wrong kinds of food, there is no necessity for fasting.

SUNDAY STUFFING.

This habit has grown to be common in our large cities, where men live at a distance from their business places, and therefore take a light lunch every day during the week. When Sunday comes, they have leisure for breakfast, and little exercise during the forenoon; then have a royal dinner at two o'clock, and perhaps lazy lounging and "laying off," as it is called, during the afternoon. They thus eat twice as much on Sunday as they do other days. The appetite is just as good as it would be if they were engaged in their ordinary occupations, but the needs of the system are not half so great when a person is idle as when he is actively engaged in business, and the result is that Monday is a blue day to very many. It is a day of headaches and ill-feeling, and by Wednesday perhaps they get back into their normal track again, and by Saturday are ready for another stuffing on Sunday.

We believe that dyspepsia in city men originates, in nine cases out of ten, in the practice of over-eating, and taking little exercise on Sunday.

LATE DINNERS.

Another evil connected with society life is late dinners, which seem to be necessitated by the fact that the men have only a moderate lunch at noon. They come home at five or six o'clock, and sit down to a heavy late dinner and gorge themselves with meat highly spiced, coffee, and perhaps wine, and then sit for an hour or two and smoke, and not one constitution in ten thousand can stand such a way of living. Many laboring men who work in the open air carry a dinner

with a lunch chiefly composed of baker's bread and coffee, and come home at night hungry as bears and fill themselves with fat pork or ham, and other heavy articles of food, drinking two or three cups of strong coffee, and then smoke a pipe for an hour or two. This method of living is very hard on the constitution. If they could have a more substantial dinner at midday, and eat material that is not so difficult of digestion at night, they would not break down and become old men so early as they do.

Some people have an idea that if a man is outdoors he can violate with impunity all hygienic laws in reference to eating; but this is far from being true.

RAPID EATING.

This habit is very injurious, for several reasons. If we eat that which requires to be masticated, like meat and vegetables, so as to divide the particles and expose them to the gastric juice, or have opportunity to come in contact with it in the stomach, bolting food in large lumps is calculated to throw upon the stomach a great deal of extra work, retard digestion, and overwork the digestive organs. In the eating of starch-bearing articles, such as bread material, peas, beans, potatoes, etc., the mastication should be perfect; not for the sake of reducing the material to fineness only, but so as to combine it with saliva in the mouth, which is an agent for changing the starch in the digestive process. If one were to drink down flour or meal mingled with water without mixing it with the saliva it would remain in the stomach undigested, and not until it passed from the stomach would it meet with that agent which is in some respects similar to saliva, and which is necessary for a change of the starch in the digestive process. Meat is dissolved by the gastric juice in the stomach, and does not so much need the saliva. Dyspeptics sometimes live on roasted wheat or dried crackers, and are obliged to masticate and salivate them thoroughly in the mouth before they can swallow them; whereas if the same material were taken in the form of a thin mush and swallowed hastily it would lie like lead on the stomach. On this material we do not use the teeth half enough. Usually people eat too rapidly to perfect the masticating processes according to the laws of nature. The hen swallows corn whole, but she has no teeth; it is soaked soft in the crop, and when it passes to the gizzard, which is a strong muscular sack, it is ground by mixing with gravel stones, thus triturating the food as teeth would. Squirrels, on the other hand, grind the corn fine in the mouth, as they have sharp teeth, and therefore do not need a gizzard filled with gravel-stones to serve as a mill. Let the rapid eater remember that he is organized to be a man, and therefore has no internal gristmill. He is not organized for a goose, to use a school-girl phrase. People often deserve the name of goose, by eating too rapidly and carelessly, breaking down the health.

THE TEETH.

If there is anything in which people may deservedly take pride and pleasure it is a fine even set of teeth. We are not one of those who believe that the teeth should be used up before a person sees his fortieth year. The teeth ought to last a lifetime. There are several reasons why the teeth become easily worn out or decayed. One is, that we cook our food to such an extent that the teeth are scarcely required for the purpose of mastication. We do not use our teeth enough to promote their health. If cows are put into the distillery stable and fed on the slops which come to them warm and soft, their teeth become diseased and drop out, showing that the teeth, in order to be healthy, must have use.

In the human mouth it is seen that if the teeth of one jaw become diseased and are removed, the corresponding teeth of the other jaw are apt to become unhealthy because they have nothing to do. We have seen many Indian skulls, and it

is a singular fact that the teeth of those which are old are worn clear down to the roots sometimes, and it is rarely the case that a decayed tooth can be found in any of them. The Indians eat parched corn, they have dried meat, which is cut up into small strips and hung under the roof of the tent, and becomes as hard as raw-hide; this they eat raw as we eat dried beef, but being as hard as sole leather, they have to use their teeth considerably to masticate it, and it gives them great exercise in reducing the dried meat to a pulp. But they get their remuneration in sound teeth, good digestion, and long life. There is no reason why, among civilized people, the teeth should become so early decayed. If they did not eat so much sugar, and their counteracting acids as a sort of antidote, this would not be so. Sugar produces feverishness in the system, which is detrimental to the teeth and causes their decay, and those who eat too much sugar usually eat a great deal of vinegar. They enjoy pickles, and whatever is sour, and acids tend to destroy the enamel of the teeth. Some people rub vinegar on their teeth as a means of making them white and clean, and if this were continued any length of time it would ruin them.

It has been said that the use of tobacco preserves the teeth. We doubt the statement, so far as the nature of the tobacco is concerned, but it can not be disputed that the man who uses his teeth in this way, gives them a good deal more exercise than those who do not use it. Besides he gets rid of the particles of food which may remain between the teeth, such as bread, which becomes sour in a short time, and creates an acid which is very injurious. The tobacco-user, therefore, gets rid of the particles of food that by remaining would injure the teeth, while those who do not use it are apt to permit them to remain in the mouth. In that way only do we think tobacco preserves the teeth. There is nothing in the tobacco itself which preserves the teeth; if one were to chew pine sticks as they do tobacco, the mouth would be cleansed from the particles of acid just as thoroughly and the teeth would receive the benefit of exercise, thereby promoting normal circulation. So the tobacco-user gets the benefit of the exercise, though he, like other people, may bolt his food; thus he gets one benefit from one of the filthiest habits which curse humanity.

Lesseps.

M. de Lesseps, the projector and manager of the Suez canal, is an old man, yet he is as healthy and vigorous as a strong man of fifty. He attributes his vitality to the way in which his father reared him. His childhood was as free and natural as that of a young savage. He wore no more clothing than decency required; was obliged to take regular exercise, and was never over-fed. When he was five years of age he could ride a mettlesome horse.

He has brought up his own children as he was reared. They are not over-dressed, nor over-fed nor under exercised. The youngest of the ten, an infant, is clothed in a sleeveless garment of soft cotton, which restrains neither arms nor legs when it wishes to kick.

Nature, says M. de Lesseps, does better for the infant, in warm and temperate climates, than the dressmaker's art can do. She envelops it in fat tissue, gives it, when not interfered with, a fresh and beautiful skin, and prompts it to graceful movement. The sight of a finely-dressed child grates upon the old man's nerves, and he compares a little girl, dressed in frills, a sash, and knitted leggings to a bantam fowl. Before his own boys and girls were old enough to play marbles or dress dolls, he gave them pomes and taught them how to ride. Their nursery maids and governesses have always been trained by the following rules:

"Little meat; less clothing, unlimited

exercise, food to be given in the hand whenever it is asked for, but only twice a day at table.

"A child who plays while eating merely eats to appease hunger, and does not run into gluttony.

"A child who is only allowed to eat at fixed hours, and at table meals, is sure to gorge itself and take more than it requires."

Cess-Pool Gas.

People sometimes smile incredulously at the earnest talk of sanitarians about the poisonous gases and deadly germs which emanate from sewers and cess-pools, and think that a great fuss is made about "a little bad smell;" but the following paragraph shows clearly enough that cess-pool gas is at least not the most salutary sort of atmosphere to breathe.

"The cleaning out of a cess-pool cost the lives of three men in Newark last week. A foul stench had been coming from the cess-pool for some time, which decided the owners to clean it out. A man named Patrick Thompson descended a ladder, was overcome by the gases, and fell into the pool. A second person, rushing down to save Thompson, met the same fate, and then a third lost his life in an attempt to save the other two."

Thousands of houses are constantly contaminated through connection with cess-pools; and though sudden death seldom results, as in the above case, there can be no doubt that thousands of cases of illness, and hundreds of deaths annually result from this cause.

Poisoned Sleep.

The almost universal custom among physicians of administering chloral, bromide of potassium, or some similar drug for the purpose of producing sleep in insomnia is one which cannot be too strongly condemned. When a patient cannot sleep, there is some disturbing cause which must be sought out and removed. The administration of some drug which benumbs or stupefies the nerves is by no means a proper course. The insensibility thus produced is not refreshing, physiological sleep, during which every part of the body rests; but is a period of unconsciousness due to a poisoning of the nerve centres, a week of which is not equivalent to a single night's healthful sleep. A person afflicted with wakefulness should be better content with one hour of normal rest than with eight hours of poisoned sleep.

Oatmeal as Food.

Children fed on the food of their seniors, or on rich cake and crammed with sweeties, do not as a rule thrive, and cannot compare favorably with children fed on oatmeal, or maize and milk. Oatmeal is recovering its position as a nursery food, after its temporary banishment. Oatmeal is the food par excellence of infants born north of the Tweed, or, was, at least; and stalwart people were the result. Carlyle said of Macaulay: "Well, any one can see you are an honest good sort of a fellow made out of oatmeal." A Perthshire ploughman, on being asked his opinion about foods, said he had never eaten anything else than porridge and milk for five and thirty years, and did not think he could fancy anything else. He evidently was not satiated with porridge, nor felt his dietary monotonous. —Health.

Air and light are among the best medicines known to man.

Never keep a medicine on hand of which a child may not take a tablespoonful with safety.

Emerson says, "The first wealth is health," and Gail Hamilton declares that "a young woman of twenty should be as much ashamed of being dyspeptic as of being drunk."

Music and the Drama.

Gran's Opera Co.

Miss St. Quinton, the young English opera comique singer, who has already made herself such a favorite with her American cousins, paid her first visit to her Canadian cousins in Toronto during the present week, and made a most decided hit, making her appearance as *Bettina* in the "Mascotte," in which she has gained very high praise. She is a very pleasing little singer and actress, combining to a degree not often found in the same party the requirements necessary for both. She is delectable, vivacious, tender and rollicking, and possesses dramatic talent of no mean order, while her voice is brilliant and powerful, and yet capable of much sweetness and expression. She made a very pronounced success and was the recipient of several floral offerings. The company supporting her is a fairly good one. Mr. Wm. Wolff made a capital *Lorenzo*, and with Mr. Learock as *Rocco*, kept the audience in continual laughter. Walter Ashley made a fairly good *Bippo*; *Prince Frederic* labored under the disadvantage of being a woman, but Miss Tillie McHenry—who is no stranger to Toronto—was fairly equal to the requirements of the part and sang the music satisfactorily; and the same may be said of Miss Douglas, as *Fiametta*. The choruses were given with life and spirit, and the entire performance was on the whole satisfactory.

The "Theatro Royal" reopened Monday last under very improved circumstances. The auditorium has undergone a complete alteration, and the seating arrangement is more satisfactory and comfortable. Further alterations are in view, and the little theatre will, doubtless, prove a popular resort. The opening attraction was the Holman Opera Co., in the late J. H. Banks' musical extravaganza "Bubbles," which was presented in a very acceptable manner. Miss Sallie Holman, as *Patty Winks*, was as pert and saucy as ever. Her singing of the popular success "For goodness sake don't say I told you," proved particularly "taking," being encored over and over again. Mr. J. T. Dalton, as *Saponaceous Bubbles*, was as effervescent as desirable, and sang his musical selections in his usual admirable manner. Miss Blanche Bradshaw and Mr. A. D. Holman were both excellent in their respective characters, while Mr. McAuliff, as an Irish policeman, made a decided hit. Miss A. Flinn showed some elocutionary talent, and Mr. J. Bradshaw no small amount of versatility. The cast throughout is an admirable one. It is a Canadian one, presenting a Canadian author's work, and therefore worthy of a Canadian audience's patronage and support—and this they appear to be getting as they deserve.

Next week, as our readers are aware, is a "big" week. Among the attractions provided, music forms a prominent part. As already announced there will be concerts at the Gardens and at the Granite rink at which Signor Alessandro Liberati the cornetist will appear. Miss Fanny Kellogg and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will also appear; and the performance of the Redemption and the Creation by our local societies promises to eclipse all former attempts. The organ recital by S. P. Warren at Bond Street Church will also prove attractive; while the children's concert at the Gardens will not be without considerable interest. In addition to these more important musical attractions there will be others of but little less interest.

The recent concert by the Royal Grenadiers' Band was in many ways a success. The band itself, as every one knows, is

not a strictly first class one, but it has shown signs of considerable improvement of late—in which it comes in marked contrast with that of the Q. O. R., which has retrograded rather than improved on the high standard sustained by B. M. Carey. The principal attraction of the concert was, perhaps, the violin playing of Miss Leonora Clench whose brilliant and artistic execution on her chosen instrument, and her modest and unassuming manners on the stage have made her so popular a favorite.

The new "Amusement Enterprise" of Messrs. Drew, Sackett & Pride seems to have, so to speak, "caught on." The entertainment provided is a good one of its kind, some of the features being especially attractive, while there is sufficient variety to keep up the interest. As a summer amusement resort nothing could be better. It is now in its second week, without any abatement in its popularity.

Some Sharp Work

The *Monetary Times* tells this amusing story:—A little business negotiation that nearly grew into the dignity of a tragedy, took place the other day at Woodstock. A certain Hamilton creditor of McAllister, a retail boot and shoe dealer at Norwichville, hearing that McA. had sold out to another shoe dealer, took a trip westward to find out about the matter. He chanced to meet his debtor, driving, and proceeded to make enquiries about his business affairs. Not being readily answered, and none of the debtor's notes to him being due, he called a legal gentleman into his counsels, and the trio proceeded to a hotel. After a conference which the retailer did not enjoy, he rose to go, but was prevented by the others. Vowing that he was determined to get out, he pulled a pistol from his pocket and cleared the way to the door, and thence to get his horse. The man of law naturally looked for a constable, the man of business "put" for the stable door. The representative of law and order arrived, it appears, in time to detain the armed man, who, not having secured his trusty steed in time, was duly bound over to the next assizes on a charge of carrying deadly weapons and making decided threats to use them. "By assize time, his notes will probably be due, and a possible little scheme be frustrated."

Widows in Great Britain.

The elder Weller's warning to Samivel to "beware of widders" would seem particularly pertinent to all England just now. The latest census shows that at the close of the year 1881 there were in England and Wales more than 1,000,000 widows, with Scotland and Ireland to hear from. The same returns exhibit not one-half that number of widowers, so that a solution of difficulties does not readily present itself. And what makes the situation still more appalling is the statistical statement that nearly 60,000 of these widows are under 35 years of age. Marrying men, even widowers will want to know how these million widows managed to dispose of their husbands. More particular inquiry throughout the kingdom for the late census seems to have come to a standstill; but it was "estimated" that the number of widows in Scotland and Ireland was three times that of the widowers.

CORRECTION.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA—NO. XVIII.
We suppose that we, not the printer, must bear the blame of the blunder in last week's Enigma. There was one couplet left out altogether. So that there was no possibility of arriving at the solution. Better upon the whole that we just say No. XVIII. is off altogether; so we don't ask any answers for it. But in order to satisfy those who may be curious we add this:—No 8 ought to have been No 9, and No 8, omitted, was to the following effect:—

He who when aching hearts in sorrow pine
Fours in His soothing balm, His peace divine

MEXICO'S WOMAN BANDIT.

Shot Dead after an Extraordinary Career of Crime.

La Caramboda, the woman brigand, long a terror to travellers in Mexico, is dead at last, with a bullet in her heart. Her operations extended over a number of years, and were of the most daring description. For a long time the authorities found it very difficult to trace or even to explain the crimes which she committed, for no one suspected that a woman was the guilty person. No two of her robberies were committed in the same manner. Some times she was a passenger and at other times she was with the bandits, and took part in the shooting if any was to be done. A woman of some personal charms when appropriately dressed, she was a fiend when about her business of murder and pillage, whom very few cared to encounter. Her male assistants were many and devoted.

One of her schemes, it has been learned was to bide her time in some town until she found one or two men of means who were going by the diligence to some distant point, and then to take passage with them. It is suspected that on more than one occasion she took the driver into her confidence, but when this could not be done, she readily deceived him or quieted him with a bullet. A perfect mistress of the art of dissimulation and possessing a soft and insinuating manner, she had no difficulty in working herself into the good graces of the travellers who did not look for a Mexican bandit under her attractive guise. In this way she easily discovered who had money and valuables and who had not. If she found a man who appeared to be of some consequence, but who did not have much money, she betrayed him into the hands of her confederates, who held him for a ransom. If her victim proved to be well supplied with cash, he usually met a violent death within twenty-four hours.

Leaving the town before daybreak in company with two travellers whom she had marked for robbery, she would coyly accept the customary innocent attentions at their hands, and perhaps indulge in a little conversation with them. An hour later, when on their journey, watching her opportunity, she would draw two revolvers, and before they could detect her movement, lodge a bullet in the back of each of them. The driver, busy with his team, and perhaps paid not to be attentive to what was going on behind him, would not disturb her. With her booty secure, she would take her own time about leaving the stage, always waiting until a point convenient to the fastness of some of her confederates was reached.

It was known that the highways were infested by robbers, and it was not thought strange that an occasional murder was perpetrated, but the similarity between several cases soon attracted attention, and various experiments led to the discovery that a woman, operating first on one road and then on another, was at the bottom of them. The plausible stories told by the drivers served to mystify the officers more than anything else. They always asserted that highwaymen had done the work, and if enquiry was made at one end of the route for the woman who started, it was always said that she arrived at her destination unmolested. The absence of telegraphs and of any regular means of communication made it possible to keep up this deception for a long time.

When the woman found that she was suspected, she abandoned this plan of operations, and, remaining with the robber band to which she was attached, devoted the greater part of her time to the abduction of wealthy agriculturists. Her plan in these cases was very much the same as in her stage robbery enterprises. First winning the confidence of her intended victim and getting him involved in some intrigue, she would betray him at the proper time into the hands of her associates, who would spirit him away and

presently open negotiations for his return. While these were in progress she would be busy getting her net for a fresh victim a hundred miles away.

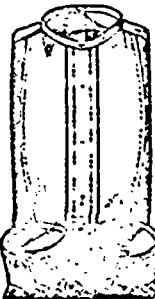
La Caramboda's latest exploit was unsuccessful. She was hovering about the San Juanico hacienda with the intention of securing the abduction of Don Civalo Vasquez, or one of his sons, when a fellow, who had long served in her train, deserted, and communicated her secret to the authorities. They made elaborate preparations to capture her entire party, but, failing in this, they made sure of her, and soon had her in irons. Hearing of her fate, her followers determined on a rescue. They pursued the officers for twenty miles, and, overtaking them at Cominidad, opened fire at once. The troops returned the shots and a lively engagement ensued, in the course of which three of the bandits were killed and the others put to flight. When the troops approached their prison or after the flight they found her dead, presumably from a bullet fired by her own friends. The chains were removed from her limbs, and she was buried by the roadside. One of her captors describes her as a beautiful woman not more than thirty years old, with clear complexion and long and abundant hair, but wicked eyes and a cruel-looking mouth when in repose.

The Kaiser's Life-Work.

The German Emperor looks upon himself as the first servant of the nation, and even now, with 87 summers on his brow, he works incessantly and unsparringly for its weal. He has repeatedly declared that the woes of the workman sit heaviest on his heart, and that if he could but do something to better the lot of his poorer subjects he would deem that the close of his reign had been richly blest. The Emperor William has been called a prince of peace. He has done everything he could to appease and remove the causes of popular discontent in his own dominions, and even his foes will not deny that he is both the peacemaker and the peacekeeper of Europe. About sixteen years ago, in the course of a hot discussion in the North German parliament on the naval budget, Count von Molke said that there was only one possible way of converting the money spent in the service of war to the interests of peace, and that was "the formation in the heart of Europe of a power which without being aggressive itself, should yet be strong enough to forbid its neighbours from waging war." This wonderful prophecy has now been fulfilled, and the German emperor is the instrument of its realization. The German army is the police force of Europe, and yet Europe is content to profit by its passive services without much show of appreciation. But what Europe fails to express the German people themselves most warmly feel. No sovereign was ever more popular with his subjects than is the octogenarian kaiser. Berlin is a cold and unromantic city, but when the emperor drives through the streets the universal veneration of which he is the object lends them an Oriental air of worship.

A big proboscis is indicative of intelligence. In other words, the bigger it is the more a man nose.

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THE MASTER OF NUTSGROVE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

"Go and tell them all, all—to come to the arbour at once, and to stay with me the whole time that Mr. Armstrong is here; do you hear? Tell them—tell aunt too—that, if they don't, I'll send him about his business as sure as my name's Addie Lefroy! Go quickly, miss; I'm in earnest. Let them come back before him now, or else—"

Lottie obeys, duly impressed by her sister's determined manner; and, when the happy suitor returns laden with footstools and cushions, prepared for a long morning's *te-a-te* with his love, he finds the ricketty bower in possession of the whole family, who linger by him all the morning, favouring him with their views and opinions of things in general, favouring him also with diffuse reminiscences of personal biography, and systematically intercepting the faintest exchange of word, or even look, with his sweet-voiced betrothed.

He bears it with tolerable patience for an hour or so, and then relapses into moody taciturnity, thus leaving the burden of entertainment on the able shoulders of "Robert the Magnificent," who fancies that the brilliancy and aristocratic flavour of his conversation are exerting a most favourable, in fact, overpowering effect on his plebeian guest, little dreaming, honest lad, that the said guest at the time is inwardly voting his future brother-in-law one of the most insufferably flippant young prigs and bores it has ever been his misfortune to meet. At last, unable to stand it any more, he takes an irritated turn round the garden, where he is immediately joined by the two younger Lefroys.

"Are you fond of gooseberries, Mr. Armstrong?" begins Lottie, whose voice has not had fair play in the arbour. "Would you like me to pick you some (though they're wretched in this garden—little sour hard balls hardly worth picking.)"

"They're splendid up at Nutsgrove," he answers eagerly, struck with a happy thought—"splendid, large, soft, sweet, and yellow. Suppose you all trot up there now—Robert, Pauline, Hal, and you—and have a good morning's feed—eh?"

"Oh it would be delicious! You'd come with us too, wouldn't you?"

"Well—ah, no! I would remain with your sister and aunt—keep them company till you come back."

"Would you? Oh, dear, then we can't go!"

"Why not, pray?"

"Because Addie made us all promise faithfully, while you were away with the peas, that we would remain and help her to entertain you whenever you came, and never to leave her. She has no conversational powers, she says, but Bob and Polly have a lot—haven't they? And they have promised, so have Hal and I too. It's an awful pity, isn't it? I—I wish you'd come with us, I know Addie wouldn't mind a bit. She's very hot-tempered, you know—worse than any of us—but awfully good-natured, and not a scrap huffy, like Bob and Polly."

Armstrong takes no notice of this suggestion, but walks straight back to the arbour and bid the attached family farewell.

They stand in a group watching his tall massive figure stalking down the path.

"How big he looks in this bit of a garden—regularly dwarfs the old shrubs into plants!"

"Yes, he's what Sally would call a fine figure of a man. Well, Addie, you'll have quantity if you don't have quality—"

"I say, Addie," bursts in Bob excitedly, "did you ask him about my ship?"

"No, Robert, of course not."

"You didn't! And yet you know I have to sail on Saturday, and leave here to-morrow afternoon! Quick, quick; run and ask him about it now!"

"What am I to ask him?"

"What? Why, hang it, there's a question! Ask him if I may write and throw up the whole thing of course."

"Oh, Bob, Bob," cries the poor little maid, colouring and shrinking, "I—I couldn't ask him yet; I couldn't begin so soon—the very first day!"

"What?" cries Bob with angry bitterness. "Then you'll actually let me sail in that beastly rotten old tub to-morrow, and live the life of a water-rat for the next six months—perhaps never see me again—rather than say one word that would save me? Oh, I never heard of such confounded selfishness in all my life! I never imagined that anyone calling herself a sister could behave so!"

"Oh, Addie, Addie, don't be so hard, so selfish!"

"Don't send away poor Bob like that. Go after him—go after him, quick!"

"But my foot—my foot—I can scarcely walk! I should never catch him now," she pleads.

"Yes, you could—here's your stick; he has stopped to light his cigar at the gate. Go!"

Thus urged she limps painfully after him calling his name; but he does not hear her and the distance between them increases. She is about to give up the pursuit in despair, when he stops a second time to caress a tawny mongrel that has wriggled itself fawningly between his legs, then her voice is borne to him on the light summer breeze. He turns and advances quickly to meet her, with a glad smile and outstretched hands.

"Have you come to say good-bye to me, Addie?"

"Yes—no—yes," she answers breathlessly, unconsciously clinging to him to steady her shaking knees. "It's—it's—about Robert. Need he—must he—join his ship on Saturday?"

He looks thoroughly bewildered.

"Need he join what ship—where? I don't understand."

"Oh, don't you remember! I told you about it yesterday—such a dreadful service—no salary—articles for three years—cargo of salt to China!"

"Yes, yes, to be sure; I remember. He does not care for his appointment. Tell him he may write to cancel it at once; I'll make it right at head-quarters for him; and then we must find him a more suitable berth on shore."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! How very kind you are!"

She is about to move away; but he lays his hand on her shoulder.

"Wait a moment; you're not half rested. You—you will try to like me a little, won't you, Addie?"

"Oh, yes!" she answers fervently, her shining eyes looking straight into his. "I will begin at once, and try as hard as ever I can to like you, Mr. Armstrong; you are so very kind!"

With a laugh that is half a sigh his hands drop and he turns away.

"I'm a fool, a fool—a blind besotted fool!" he says to himself a little later.

"I wish I could throw it all up; I wish I had the strength of mird. It won't do it won't do! I shall live to reap in remorse and sorrow what I've sown in doubt and weakness—something tells me I shall. Well, well, so be it, so be it! I must go through with it now to the end come what may."

Addie somewhat sulkily imparts the good news to her family, and then goes up to her room, locks the door, and lifts from the bottom of her trunk her cracked old papier-mache desk, from which she takes a photograph wrapped in tissue paper, with the remains of a *gloire de Dijon* rose that was nipped from the parent-stem one soft June night three years before and fastened near her throat by warm boyish fingers—cousinly, not brotherly, fingers. She scatters its loose stained petals out of the window, and then takes a long look at the picture of her soldier-cousin, Edward Lefroy, who spent a month at Nutsgrove the last time the Colonel visited his home.

It is a bright laughing young face, fair and unbearded, as different in form, colour, and expression from the face of her present lover as it possibly can be. The difference seems to strike the girl with painful reality, for tears fall from her downcast eyes and drop upon the smiling features.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, did you mean anything on that day when you were rushing away? It was all so quick, so hurried when the order came for you to rejoin, that I had no time to think, to understand. Did you mean anything in that hot farewell whisper, 'Good-bye, good-bye, little woman; we're as poor as a pair of church mice now, but should I come back for you some day with a lac of rupees, you'll be ready for me, won't you, Addie darling?' That was three years ago Ted, three years ago—and never a word from you since! I'm a goose to think of you now—I know I am; something tells me you've whispered the same to half a score of girls since; but, Teddy, if you did mean anything, come back for me now before it's too late, before it's too late!"

"Addie, Addie, dinner is up, and there's a batter-putting! Come down quick!"

"Coming!" she shouts; and then, carefully wiping the precious cardboard, she opens the woe-thumbed family album. "I needn't destroy you, poor Ted; but you must leave my old desk now, and spend the rest of your days with the family"—placing him opposite to a simpering crinoline relative leaning against a pillar with a basket of flowers in her hand. "Good-bye, good-bye, dear boy; I've watered your grave for the last time! And now for batter-putting and a breaking heart!" she adds, with a light, half-contemptuous, half-wistful laugh as she runs down stairs.

The next morning, when Miss Lefroy appears at breakfast, she finds the parlour heavy with the breath of roses: eagerly she inhales their delightful fragrance. "Aren't they lovely?" cries Lottie. "Did ever you see such a basketful? They are all for you, Addie, with 'T. A.'s compliments. And look at the dishes of cherries and strawberries! Bob has been at them already—has polished off a couple of pounds! If you don't be quick, you'll not have any left. Fall to, Addie, fall to!"

But Addie turns away her head, and declares that she does not care for fruit so early in the day; and presently she even finds fault with the flowers—they are too much for the small close rooms—they give her a headache. She goes forth to the clover-field opening out from the yard, and stretches herself at full length on the fresh sward to while away the long morning hours, her idle mind no longer troubled by the irregularities of French grammar or the habits and manners of ancient Babylonia.

"Addie, Mr. Armstrong is in the parlour with aunt Jo. Will you go into him or are we to bring him out here?"

"I'll go in to him; you're all there, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes! Don't you fear; we're all there and we mean to stop!"

"All right then; I'll follow you in presently," says Addie; and then, after a minute or two, she moves towards the house, muttering to herself as she does so, "Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor policeman, ploughboy, gentleman—Oh, you wretches, you mocking little wretches, you shameful little fibbers, can you not tell me the truth even now? I'm to marry a gentleman still am I? Oh, Ted, Ted, does it mean that you are coming across the sea to me—now—now, at the eleventh hour? I wish I knew!"

Mr. Armstrong does not stay long this

afternoon, having business of importance at Kelrick. He waits to drink a cup of tea poured out by his love's nimble hands, and so during a lucky moment, while the family are engaged in a light skirmish, he manages to slip unperceived a hoop of diamonds on her unwilling finger, and then he takes his leave.

After this they were not troubled very much with his society. About two or three times a week he looks in for half an hour to enjoy a peep at his future wife, whom he always finds enshrined in a circle of her devoted family, a circle which, after the first unsuccessful attempt, he does not try to route. Miss Darcy is the only member with whom he is able to enjoy the favour of an interrupted *te-a-te*; and one morning towards the end of June, after being closeted with her for a couple of hours, is decided to their mutual satisfaction that the sooner Miss Lefroy becomes Mrs. Armstrong the better for herself and all those interested in her.

This conclusion is delicately conveyed to the young person, who has not a tangible objection to raise, not a single plea to urge for delay, particularly as aunt Jo skilfully cuts the ground from under her feet by complaints of her failing health and her longing for the restoring air of Leamington, which would surely set her up again at once, she feels.

Addie's marriage is settled to take place during the second week in August, a little over two months from the day of her betrothal; and the reign of bustle begins by an immediate migration from the undignified shelter of Sallymount Farm to Laburnum Lodge, just outside Nutsgrove, the residence of Mrs. Doctor Macartney, who has gone to the seaside for a couple of months with her family, and who was quite ready, for a smart pecuniary consideration, to let her neatly-appointed house even to the reckless Lefroys for the time being.

Addie hotly opposed the change at first but, as usual, was overruled by the family, backed by aunt Jo.

"We can't afford it—you know we can't!" she pleaded earnestly. "You told me not a fortnight ago that you had only seven pounds ten to finish the quarter; therefore how can you afford to take Laburnum Lodge, aunt Jo?"

"We must manage it somehow, child," Miss Darcy answered, with a slight blush. "Don't trouble your head about it any more, for the thing must be done. It would be too unseemly to have you married from Steve Higgins's farm; your sisters and brothers quite agree with me, and—and—Mr. Armstrong wishes it besides—so there's nothing more to be said about it."

It was the same with her *trousseau*. In vain she protested, objected, revolted, against each article of attire daily added to her miserable wardrobe—against dresses, bonnets, mantles, against shoes, gloves, umbrellas, underclothes; it was of no use. Aunt Jo and Pauline went on ordering and suggesting just as if she had not spoken. It seemed to the pained, bewildered girl that she was in the hands of every tradesman and tradeswoman in the town of Kelrick, and after a couple of hours' shameful agony, she used to escape from Madame Armine's smooth wily fingers and approving exclamations in a state of impatient revolt that strangely puzzled that experienced lady.

"Oh, it is unbearable," she would cry, "to be lodged, fed, clothed by him thus—unbearable to think that every pound of meat that comes to the table is paid for by him, as well as the dress, the stocking, the shoes, the gloves I shall wear standing beside him at the altar! It is unbearable to think he is paying for me before I am purchased! How can they stand it, all of them? How can Robert, whom I thought so haughty, so proud, so sensitive, take it as he does? They must know—of course they must know—and yet they don't seem to mind."

At other times a mad impulse would urge her to take up the linen that was fast filling the house, and fling it at Mr. Armstrong's feet, refusing to be further

suffocated by his benefits; but luckily the opportunity faded for the uncomfortable feat, as Mr. Armstrong was called away on business of importance to the North of England just a fortnight before his wedding-day, and did not reappear at Laburnum Lodge until all her boxes were safely corded and standing in a row in the hall, labelled in Robert's round schoolboy hand—"Mrs. Armstrong, Charing Cross, London."

CHAPTER VIII.

It is just a week before the wedding morning. Aunt Jo and Pauline are discussing the bill of fare for the breakfast. Addie is lying on a sofa by the open window, languidly reading the newspaper.

"You have made up your mind then, Addie?" asks the elder lady. "You won't have any one at the ceremony but just our immediate circle—not even your aunt and uncle Beecher?"

"Quite!" answers Addie sharply. "I'll have no one but you and the boys, Polly and Lottie—not another soul. I'll be married in my travelling dress, not in the white broche at all; and no one is to be let into the church. The doors are to be locked when we have entered."

"It will be Quakerish kind of a festival certainly," say Pauline regretfully. "If ever I got married, I'll make a little more noise than that. And I suppose Mr. Armstrong will have none of his friends or relatives either?"

"No."
"Heigh ho! I think you might have let some in, just to temper the chill of the first family breaking-up—Teddy Lefroy, for instance. How ho'd stir us up! And I'm sure he'd come if you'd ask him, Addie."

The newspaper drops from her hands, she turns quickly with flushed cheeks.

"Teddy Lefroy? What do you mean, Polly? How could I ask him? He's in India."

"No, he isn't; he came home about a month ago for a year at the depot. I heard it when I was at aunt Selina's, but forgot to tell you until now."

"Where is he—in England?"

"No, somewhere in Ireland, near Kilkenny. I forget the name of the place."

"I wonder," says Addie, after a short pause, "if he has heard of my intended marriage?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," answers Pauline carelessly. "Oh, yes, though, I should think the chances are that he has, for there was a pretty brisk correspondence going on between him and the Admiral while I was at Groystones! You know he's the old gentleman's godson; and I suspect Master Teddy has been dipping pretty freely and asking assistance, to judge by the expression of the godpapa's benign countenance while reading his letters. Poor Teddy, he's a regular Lefroy in that way; his purse was a perfect sieve. Do you remember, Addie, the presents he used to bring us from Kelvick—the blue silk handkerchief he brought you, which Hal ups the pot blackberry jam over? How mad you were to be sure! How you did pinch and cuff the poor child till the tears ran down his face! It seems but yesterday. Dear Ted, how bright and bonny he was to be sure! I wish he'd come and see us while you are away, Addie; and I wish you were not going in for such a tremendous honeymoon—a whole month! How will we get on without you, love? Oh, dear, I hope you'll miss us awfully! I hope Mr. Armstrong will get tired of you, and send you home to us before the time is half gone."

Every morning and evening for the rest of that eventful week Addie, with straining eyes and quickly-beating heart, watched the postman; but he never brings her what she wants, never brings her a line of congratulation, renunciation, reproach, or regret from the neighborhood of Kilkenny.

Her wedding-morning comes cloudless and sunny. She is married uneventfully, with the quivering rays from the stained-glass windows erected to the memory of

Rene, Comte de Froi, and his wife Clothilde, A. D. 1592, bathing her pale emotionless face in purplish golden light. And then she signs her maiden name—"Adelaide Josephine Lefroy"—for the last time on earth.

The breakfast is tearless, but a little strained, remarkable only for an able and grandiloquent speech from Robert, which is somewhat marred at the close by the arrival of a costume from Madame Armino at the eleventh hour, which entails the reopening of trunks and much excitement and fuss.

Miss Darcy follows the bride up to her room, where she finds her gazing blankly out of the window alone. She steals behind her and puts her arms around her neck.

"Heaven bless you, my child, and give you every joy, every happiness in the new life that lies before you!"

"Thank you, auntie darling; thank you also for your goodness to me, and for all you have ever done and suffered for me and mine. I think I never felt it, never understood it, until now," she adds, breaking down a little at last. "But I'll never forget—never! You have been the dearest, the truest friend we have ever had, and one day you will meet with your reward."

"Not truer, my dear," Miss Darcy answers gravely, "than the friend, generous, strong and unselfish, into whose hands heaven put you but a few hours ago. You have a good husband, Addie, a truly good husband, my dear—one whom you can respect, honour, and obey all the days of your life. I am leaving you in his hands without a shadow of doubt, a twinge of apprehension. He may not have the outward polish, the surface-attraction of those born in the purple; but he is nevertheless a gentleman at heart—a gentleman in the true sense of the word, liberal, large-minded, incapable of a mean or ignoble act or thought. You feel that you believe me, don't you dear, don't you?" she repeats, peering anxiously into the girl's wistful weary face.

"Yes—oh, yes!" Addie answers in a whisper. "I think I do, auntie, I think I do."

During the last six months the theory of Mr. Armstrong's motive in matrimony so unluckily broached by the keen-sighted Robert, and which had awakened her active contempt, daily lost hold of her mind. She had but little opportunity of studying his character, or even ascertaining the bent of his sympathies and tastes; nevertheless she was forced to acknowledge to herself that, low-born as he undoubtedly was, Armstrong of Kelvick was not a snob, that, though he respected rank and its many attributes of power, he did not love a lord with the servile fondness of the British tradesman, and that the end and aim of his existence were not to have the gate of country society flung open to him—nor was that the motive which had urged him to marry her.

"I could not tell you before, dear," resumes aunt Jo softly, drawing her niece to a chair beside her—"but now that you are a wife it is different—what your husband has done for you and yours. I can not tell you even now how delicate, how unobtrusively generous he has been in all his dealings with your unfortunate affairs."

"I know, I know—at least I have half guessed it all."

"I had a long conversation with him last night, Addie, after you had all gone to bed, and then he told me the arrangements he had made for the children's futures. Will you listen to them now, or would you rather hear of them from him?"

"From you, from you!"

"Well, to begin with Robert. He is taking him into his own office to learn the elements of business; and, though I dare say the dear boy will be more of a hindrance than assistance there at present, yet he's giving him a fair salary to start with, and is establishing him in the household of his head clerk, a most respectable married man, where he will have all the comforts of home. Hal he is sending to

Doctor Jollett's at St. Anne's, the best school in the country; and the girls, who are to live with you, are to have the advantages of a first-class governess and maids from Kelvick. And that is not all, Addie. See this piece of crumpled paper he thrust into my hands when he was going. It is a check for four hundred pounds—half of it to defray little debts and personal expenses I've been put to in our late stress, and to help me to start comfortably in my old home; the other half, Addie, to pay off old bills that we Lefroys have owed in the place for years—bills of your heartless father's, child—to coach-builders, wine merchants, tobacconists, and others, of which he must have heard. And, oh, Addie, if you had seen how shamefaced and confused he was when he was trying to explain what he meant, you'd have thought he was the guilty party, not that other who—who broke my poor sister's heart before she was thirty and abandoned you for a—"

Addie moves away quickly, and presses her hot cheek to the cool pane of the window, and a sudden light breaks over her clouded sky, showing her a purpose; an aim with which she can ennoble and sweeten the years of coming life, make it of value to herself and others.

"I will be a good wife to him," she whispers warmly, "I will try to pay him back the debt we owe him. I will brighten his home and make it a happy one for him; I will never let him regret the day he married me and mine; I will be gentle, loving, companionable, always striving to please; I will curb my awful temper, put a check on my impetuous tongue, he will never guess, never suspect that I am not perfectly happy and contented, never know that I don't care for him as I might have cared for another—another not half as good, as noble, as generous, or as true as he is. Oh, why can't I—why can't I! How perverse and hard-hearted I am! But it won't matter; he'll never know—never! He'll never see me without a smile on my lips and cheerfulness in my eyes. I'll be a good wife to you, Tom, I will! Oh, help me dear Heaven!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Potatoes in their Jackets.

Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets, and will state my reasons. From fifty-three to fifty-six per cent. of the saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of the blood—so important that in Norway, where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has been banished since the introduction of the potato, and according to Lang and other good authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food.

Potash salts are freely soluble in water, and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filtering and using the usual potash test, platinum chloride.

It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin only occurs at quite the latter stage of the cooking. The greatest practical authorities on the potato, Irishmen, appear to be unanimous. I do not remember to have seen a pro-peeled potato in Ireland. I find that I can at once detect by the difference of flavor whether a potato has been boiled with or without its jacket, and this difference is evidently saline.

"Poor John, he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed the widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a very sympathising neighbour, "but it's all for the best. You must try and comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

Blind and Poisonous Fishes.

Recent deep sea dredgings have proved the existence of blind fishes in "the caves of the ocean." The rays of the sun are not believed to penetrate beyond a depth of 200 fathoms, but fishes have been found living at a depth of more than two miles. The profound darkness of these abysmal depths is somewhat relieved, however, by the faintly diffused light of phosphorence given off by countless multitudes of marine animals; and the deep-sea fish are either totally blind, or have huge eyes specially adapted for making the most of the light they have. Dr. Gunther to whom the description of the *Challenger* deep-sea fish was intrusted, has found that, in certain of the blind forms, the organs of vision seem to have been superseded by structures, in some cases very large, which he is inclined to regard as producers of light. In this view, these fishes carry phosphorescent lanterns in their heads which may be used, as torches sometimes are, in attracting towards them the great-eyed species supposed to form their prey. Although the blind fishes cannot, it is true, see the approach of their living food, their snouts are liberally provided with long feelers and other delicate tentacular organs that no doubt keep them informed of all movements taking place over a considerable area. Other deep sea fishes, some of them blind, others not, have rows of luminous spots running along the lower side of the body and tail, and sometimes also on the snout. Some of these spots, which differ structurally from the others, have been regarded as necessary eyes. Gunther, however, inclines to the view that they are all producers of light. Cut off, as deep sea creatures thus are, from all participation in the beneficent rays of the sun, they would seem, under the influence no doubt of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, to have become a light unto themselves. Venom is invariably associated in the human mind with snakes, and never with fishes, yet the circle of poisonous animals has lately been extended by the addition, not only of a hitherto unsuspected lizard, but also by several fishes.

There is a fish found in Central America the operculum of which is armed with a spine closely resembling the fang of a venomous serpent. The spine is hollow, and communicates at its base with a poison bag, the contents of which pass through the spine into the wound which it inflicts. The dorsal fin of the same fish is likewise provided with two spines, each of which is similar in structure and function to that already described, and, together, they form the most perfectly developed poison apparatus yet found in the class of fishes. More dangerous, because more common, are two species of fish found in the Indo-Pacific seas. Each of their very numerous dorsal spines is as good (or as bad) as a poison fang, being provided in every case with poison bag and grooves for the conveyance of the venom into the wound. The fishermen of the Mauritain and other coasts on which they occur no more think of handling the creatures than they would the venomous snakes of the same region. Sometimes, however they are trodden upon unwittingly by people wading with naked feet, when they inflict a wound which not infrequently proves fatal. Other fish, as the sting ray of the Pacific Ocean, and even the sea spiders or weavers of British waters, inflict wounds, with stiletto-like spines, as severe as to raise suspicion that the dart is in some sense a poisonous one. If a few fishes are thus venomous when living, a great many more are poisonous when dead. The typical fish is a more or less edible creature; the eating of the forms here referred to, however, frequently proves fatal.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in an old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 30 cents per line; three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

ADIES' 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 Company, printing 163 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:—60 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.83 per line; three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$9 per line; twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

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

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 102 St. James St. E. B. BIGGAL, Manager.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 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 must prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

To Our Readers.

We have before now had to complain of correspondents' thoughtlessness in omitting any clue to their address, and the consequent utter impossibility of communicating with them, to say nothing of any other vexatious results. Two cases in point are before us. Mrs. Henry Creighton writes us, tells us she is an old subscriber, but omits name of city, town, village or hamlet in which she happens to dwell. The fact of her being an old subscriber is no help to us, for it cannot be imagined we remember all our subscribers' names. Then again, Mrs. Walter Machel, forgets not only to mention whether she is not an old subscriber, but also the name of her residence. Will these ladies kindly send us their proper addresses, and will our readers generally, be very careful, not only to write their names plainly, but also the name of the place at which they reside, with P. O., and County in full. It will save a lot of bother.

To Competitors

The list of winners in the Middle and Consolation awards in No. 10 Competition will, we hope, appear in either our next, or following issue.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

HEASLYS, June, 7th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—We received the watches sent to my address and feel quite satisfied with both them and your paper.

Yours very truly,
D. N. EMBURY.

NORTH SIDNEY, N. S., June 14th, 1884.
S. FRANK WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I am receiving your TRUTH regularly every week and am highly pleased with it. I think it is well worth the money. I hope you will have great success in the future.

Respectfully yours,
ANNE NESBIT,
NORTH SIDNEY.

June, 4th, 1884.
MR. FRANK WILSON.
Please accept thanks for watch which I received some time ago, and was very much pleased with it. I should have written before but was sick at the time I received it.

Respectfully yours,
P. H. BRADY,
FREMONT,
WINONA CO., Minn.

PORT PERRY, 7 May, 1884.
DEAR SIR,—Yesterday received the volume of poems won in Scriptural Enigma Competition No. 12. It is really much nicer than I had expected. Thanking you for promptness, and wishing you every success, I am

Yours truly,
R. MARTIN BATEMAN.

FRESNO FLATS, FRESNO CO. Cal.
May 19th, 1884.

EDITOR TRUTH.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the handsome volume of Hood's Poems awarded me in competition No. 9. Thanks for your promptness in forwarding it.

Yours truly,
MRS. E. CROSS.

EDITOR OF TRUTH.

SIR,—Accept my sincere thanks for the elegant and elaborate poetical works of Hood, awarded as a prize in Enigma competition, which I received to-day. I highly appreciate the value of the beautiful book gratuitously given. I am agreeably surprised at taking a prize from the midst of such an overwhelming army of subscribers, who generally act upon the principle of diamond cut diamond. Apart from prizes altogether, the tendency of TRUTH is to create the love of embellishment and refinement, and the dissatisfaction with a lower degree, as soon as a higher has been recognized, which prevents its readers from sinking back into the merely animal ranks of the stupid and insensible natives of Australia.

I am sir,
Yours respectfully,
Toronto, June 17th, 1884. JOHN WADDELL.

The Soap Caner.

A very successful swindle, operated by street peddlers, is what is technically known as the "soap caner." Any common soap will wash the dust out of a grease spot, and a person is apt to come to the conclusion that the stain itself has been taken out, until more dust accumulates on the grease and he finds himself mistaken. For the purposes of the swindle two fellows will buy a lot of cheap soap and cut it up into small pieces, which are daintily perfumed and nicely wrapped in fancy colored paper. This is all the stock in trade needed, except a generous allowance of cheek. One of the fellows dresses himself up like a dude and generally conducts himself so that everybody to whom he appeals makes fun of him. Perhaps he does sell a few pieces of the soap, for it appears to do what is claimed for it, but he purposely makes such an ass of himself that nobody wants to trade with him. Soon, when he is boasting of how much soap he can sell in a day, a common looking fellow in the crowd calls out. "Well why don't you sell it then?" and at once they get into a wrangle, which is ended by the plain fellow betting that he can sell more soap in ten minutes than the proprietor of the stand can sell in half an hour. The bet is generally quite a large one, and as sympathy is entirely with the common looking fellow the crowd comes to his support, and he rapidly sells out his share of the soap, and finally also disposes of the greater part of the other's packages. It is needless to say that the fellows are confederates, and are playing into each other's hands. Two good operators can make tremendous profits by working this game, and they run no risk of being arrested.

\$15,000.00.

**"Truth" Bible Competition.
NO. ELEVEN.**

THE FINAL ONE.

Closing September 15th.

A NEW PLAN.

For Persons Residing Anywhere in the World Outside the City of Toronto.

The Largest List, and Most Valuable Ever Offered by Any Publisher.

Residents of Toronto Inadmissible

A SMALL FARM FREE.

Special Club Offer.

Four Pianos, Three Organs, Silver Tea Set, Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Innumerable Other Valuable Rewards.

Don't Delay Sending in Your Answers

At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificent rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way, everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours?
- 2.—What is the superficial area in cubits or square feet of the largest bedstead mentioned in the Bible?
- 3.—What evidence have we that in Bib's times women were often employed in the manufacture of bread and sweetmeats?

Every one competing must send two dollars with their answers, for one year's subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of two dollars they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for twelve months in any case for your two dollars, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time. Don't delay.

Read the first list of

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co. \$1,100 00
- 3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada. 250 00
- 4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set. 100 00
- 5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem-winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch. 100 00
- 6.—One Lady's Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style. 85 00
- 7 to 16.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600 00
- 17 to 21.—Ten Gentleman's beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case

- 22 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 150 00
- 32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches 100 00
- 52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopaedia. An excellent work. 150 00
- 104 to 200.—Ninety-seven Ladies' beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Bracelets latest style patterns, splendid value. 101 00
- 201 to 232.—Fifty-two Elegant Triplo-plated Butter Knives. 62 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently toward the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cat-ract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it; land on opposite side of road held at \$1,000 per acre. \$3,000 00
- 2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co. 650 00
- 3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co. 250 00
- 4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces 100 00
- 5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, stem-winding and Stem-setting, h. c. 100 00
- 6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-setting 85 00
- 7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns. 300 00
- 13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 335 00
- 19 to 24.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 168 00
- 25 to 30.—Four quadruple plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs. 60 00
- 31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 231 00
- 42 to 53.—Eighteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches, American Movement. 270 00
- 54 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary. 156 00
- 112 to 139.—Two hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs. 494 00
- 140 to 165.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives. 145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centro reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARD.

- 1.—Beginning with anther of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions. \$550 00
- 2.—Then follows another Bell Organ. 250 00
- 3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate. 100 00
- 4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 100 00
- 5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch. 85 00
- 6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine. 65 00
- 7 to 11.—Five Beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses. 250 00
- 12 to 23.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches. 470 00
- 24 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 310 00
- 42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickel Silver Watches. 240 00
- 58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches. 70 00
- 72 to 89.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopaedia. 414 00
- 210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches. 204 00
- 312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triplo Silver-plated Butter Knives. 90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the last correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, where mailed, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a later postmark than Sep-

tombor 15th. All competing must send with their answers two dollars for one year's subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address for twelve months. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between now and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the two dollars. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for one year, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly) magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER

If twenty-five persons join and send \$50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopaedia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money now. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. Two dollars only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

Employment for Leisure Hours.

Write direct to the author, Mrs. Clarke, 38 Pembroke St. Toronto, for all particulars of "Mrs. Clarke's Cookery Book," neatly bound, systematically arranged; receipts numbered, intelligibly indexed: sells readily at \$1; liberal commission to agents, sample copy, post-paid, for \$1; \$10 to \$20 per week can be easily earned by selling this famous Cook Book, the best in the world.

The Chinese are said to have a curious way of determining the future occupations of a male infant. On the first birthday he is seated in a large sieve, with money-coins, a foot-measure, a pair of shears, a brass mirror, a pencil, ink, and books, an abacus, and similar articles ranged in a circle around him. The articles which he handles first is a sure indicator of the direction in which his future activities will go.

Not another Fall shall go down my throat again, said a citizen. "When I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

India of To-day.

India is in a state of transition, her caste and religion both passing away. The work before this generation and probably the next is to pull down and destroy. It will remain for those who come after to begin the more difficult labor of building up. We met at Benares strings of water-carriers, carrying brass vessels on each end of a pole borne over the shoulder. These come here for hundreds of miles on foot, and take back to their customers in the country the sacred water of the blessed river. It is a regular business and furnishes employment for thousands of men. Upon no account must this water be carried by railway, and be deprived of its healing powers by being handled by unbelievers. It must be carried by Hindus of the proper caste on foot, or it has no virtue. Science invades everything nowadays, and the officials have recently had the water of one of the wells analyzed by a chemist—audacious dog of an infidel—and here he comes with his CO₂, and all the virtue of this water of life is gone. It is found unfit for human use, and the well has been ordered to be closed. The chemist, in the eyes of the ignorant natives, has sacrificed spiritual for physical health, preferred the welfare of their bodies to that of their souls, as is the custom with these wicked scientists. We pass booths in which native jewelers sit hard at work fashioning rings, brooches, and other articles of personal adornment. Their dexterity is marvelous; without elaborate appliances of any kind, with only a small blow-pipe and a few rude tools, they will take gold coin from you and before your eyes shape it into any form selected; but it is said they must have a model to copy from—no original design emanates from them. The booths, or little shops, are curious affairs. They are built of mud, with neither window nor door, their floor, on which the artisans sit, being about four feet above the narrow street level.

I never was more thoroughly impressed with the position of the European of India than to-day when pushing through the crowded, narrow lanes of Benares. Our native guide went before us carrying a whip which he cracked and brandished among the crowd, calling out, "Sahib! Sahib!" and the people, casting one glance behind, at once hurried out of our way, making a clear track for our august person supposed to represent the conquering race. The respectful salaams, as we caught the eye of one native after another, the respectful, not to say obsequious, attitude as we passed—all tells its story. That "all men are born free and equal" will not enter the Hindoo mind for centuries—not till England has brought it up to the standard of self-government which it is gradually doing, however, by its schools and colleges. Benares has been famous for centuries for its manufacture of its gold and silver embroideries. I remember that Macaulay speaks of them in his essay on Warren Hastings as decorating alike the court of Versailles and the halls of St. James. We went to the native village and saw the work carried on. How such exquisite fabrics come from the antiquated looms situated in mud hovels it is hard to understand, but they do. We saw one man who had no less than thirty-three different tiny spools to work from in a piece not more than a yard wide. All of these he had in turn to introduce in the web, and pass through a greater or less number of threads, the one starting in where the other left the web, before one single thread was complete from end to end of the warp and could be drawn into the pattern. The people of Benares also excel as workers in brass.

There was a very interesting and earnest debate in the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Philadelphia over the question of licensing women to preach and administer the sacraments. The conservatives prevailed and it was decided not to allow any such innovations on the old customs.

Great Industrial Fair and Semi-Centennial Exposition.

This being the fiftieth, or Semi-Centennial year of the Incorporation of Toronto as a city, the Industrial Exhibition Association of that city have determined on making their next Annual Fair and Exposition, which is to be held from the 10th to the 29th of September next, of such a magnitude as will eclipse any of its predecessors. On account of the large number of applications already received from intending exhibitors, it has been decided to enlarge several of the buildings, and an immense programme of special attractions of a novel character is being prepared for the occasion. The Governor-General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne are to open the Exhibition on the 10th of September. Among the attractions already announced are an International Women's Demonstration, a Colley Show and Field Trials by the dogs, which will be of great interest to the farmers; Balloon Ascensions, an Electric Railway, &c. The Manager, Mr. Hill, is to visit New York and other places next month in search of other special attractions of the latest and most interesting character. Special days have been set apart as the Farmers' Day, the School Children's Day, the Societies' Day, &c. The Prize Lists containing full particulars of the Great Fair, have been issued, and can be obtained from the Secretaries of all Agricultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes in the Province, or they will be sent to any one who will drop a post card to the Secretary at Toronto. See advertisement in another column. A full programme of all the special attractions will be published about the middle of August. This will undoubtedly be the greatest event of Toronto's Semi-Centennial year.

What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 16th.

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

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

Every Man and Woman

Will disagree upon some points. It is almost impossible to quite reconcile one's convictions with those of another, though, of course exceptions occur; and one of the most notable which we can mention is that on the corn question. For once our people are united; they acknowledge that never in the history of the world was there as certain, as sure, as harmless, as prompt a remedy as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and for once a united and free people have reached a sensible conclusion. Beware of substitutes.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and set up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

The Horse Cars of Paris.

An amusing feature of Paris is a foreigner, is the horse cars. The appearance of the car, driver and conductor, would almost reassure one that they had been imported from America; but certain rules to be observed in running the cars, very quickly remind him that he is in France. The cars are allowed to carry only a certain number of passengers—ten standing on the front platform, ten on the rear platform, and as many in the car as are allowed to have seats. Those inside pay fifty centimes, (ten cents,) and those outside, two-and-a-half centimes. When the car has its complement, the gates are shut, a sign hung out, "complete" and no one can enter. During the busy time of the day, between five and six o'clock, when crowds are waiting for a car, it is necessary to apply at the office for a numbered ticket.

For instance, say you applied and received No. 21. You wait for a car, and the driver, when ready, begins to call *une, deux, trois*, and so on until he reaches your number, when you must be ready to enter, if not, you must procure another ticket, and wait your turn again.

The system has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, and the French think is a great thing; but the amusing part of it to foreigners is the calling of the numbers; and unless one is pretty well up in French, he is very apt to get lost, and has to go and get another ticket.

Instead of ringing a bell like our conductors, or, they use a kind of horn, which is attached to the dashboard, and blown by a rubber ball which the driver presses. The sound, which is not unlike that of a cow-horn can be heard distinctly for a block. It is not objectionable unless the instrument happens to be out of order, and then it is very unmusical. The cars are a great convenience, and are very liberally patronized. One sees in them the economy of the French people as a class, very finely dressed ladies standing on the platform to save five cents. Economy is observable everywhere in France, and there is much truth in the aphorism that "the people could live on what the Americans waste."

The "pichio pie" is the latest. Its dissimilarity from the ordinary common run of pies permits it to be used as a cushion until dinner time.

The following receipt for making "cold cream" is said to be excellent. To one ounce of glycerine allow ten drops of carbolic acid; add one ounce of rose water.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

A wise man says "the most powerful kings in the world are working and thinking." Bless your simple heart, man, old four kings will knock the pair of them out so quick they'll wonder what they ever staid in for.

CORNS! CORNS!

For painless extraction of corns, use Gerrie's Corn Solvent. Price 25 cents. Sole agents G. B. SMITH & CO., 350 Yongo St., Toronto.

Rev. J. Edgar, M.D.

Eclectic Physician,

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

62 Isabella Street, Toronto.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Dwellings, Etc.

No. 417 Queen St., West, Toronto, Ont

Women's Protective Home

COFFEE ROOMS, AND

Free Registry Office for Servants,

Principals and Superintendent, Madam Van den Bruggen, Matron, Miss Wilson, 223 Queen Street, West, Toronto. Ladies in want of servants and seeking opportunities of doing good should communicate with the Superintendent.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Truth.
Woman.

TALIO.
"In person decent and in dress
Her manners and her words express
The decency of mind;
Good humor brightens up her face,
Where passion never leaves a trace,
Nor frowns a look unkind:
No vexing anger, no angry word,
No scandal from her lips is heard,
Where truth and sweetness bond,
Submissive to her husband's will,
Her study is to please him still,
Her fond and faithful friend;
She watches his returning way,
When from the troubles of the day
He seeks an hour of bliss—
She runs to meet him with a smile,
And if no eye be near the while,
"The smile is with a kiss!"

Affection is over a woman's noblest and greatest charms and in the time of trouble and sorrow is it best (sometimes alas! only) appreciated, for she is then the great promoter of her husband's happiness, she feels for him a far greater pity than he is ever capable of feeling for himself, and she will advise, help, comfort him in his deepest grief, forgetting all thought of self in her tenderness and devotion to him, as she will in her turn make of his joys and pleasures, in all his higher aspirations as none but a woman can. Truly—:

"The little knows
A woman's heart, who when the cold wind
blows
Deems it will change. No! storms may rise
And grief may dim and sorrow cloud her
And hopeless hours and sunless days come
And dark despair the gloomy future fill,
But loving once she loves thro' good and
ill."

And not only loves but sympathizes and pities, for, disciplined by suffering more than man, she learns far easier than man to sympathize with others, and by that sweet power of sympathy she can soon draw all hearts to her, especially if with it is combined that most fascinating of all powers, habitual cheerfulness, for indeed cheerfulness is a great and lasting fascination, and which a woman, be she plain as a pike-staff, or really and truly downright ugly may certainly possess, and this cheerfulness is like a perpetual sunlight gleaming through the mind and as the mind influences the whole form with its beauty and lustre, so will this fascination of cheerfulness light up the plainest face, often rendering it almost beautiful, and too, without the expensive and foolish aid of the modern beauty washes, giving it that best and truest of all beauty which will retain its sweetness even when old age creeps on and when the laughing dimples are superseded by the thoughtful wrinkles, the golden hair by the silver locks; for a happy, joyous, cheerful, good-tempered woman never grows old, she is just as bonnie in spirit at fifty or sixty as she was at nineteen or twenty.

Sometimes old age is merely brought on by evil passions, jealousy, hatred or ill-feeling which if avoided, and affection, charity and kindness substituted in their places, youth is preserved to the end. Cheerfulness is the very best promoter of health, happiness and good looks, and just as natural to the hearts of some women as it is for a wood-thrush to warble its sweet fairest tune, and like the song of a bird it will brighten a world of care, poverty and affliction, for does not the burden become lighter when it is cheerfully borne? Whenever you see a woman's face with a dark, settled, habitual

frowning gloom, you may be sure there must be something decidedly wrong in either the mind or the body, some horridly ghastly skeleton lurking in the secret caverns of her heart, that she cannot entirely banish—and upon that woman may heaven shower its divinest pity!

Woman's mission in this world is to spread virtue, cheerfulness, tenderness and love throughout it; indeed, one of the greatest legacies a woman, be she maid, wife or widow—can leave behind her, is the sweet memory of the affection and cheerfulness of her good and noble life, for though a loving, useful life has passed away from its earthly home to its heavenly one, the remembrance of it will still remain in the hearts that are left.

I love to think of the ideal woman that the greatest master of the human heart, our Shakspeare, has portrayed, some perhaps that have only lived in the infinite genius of his own most wonderful imagination, yet having never lived will still live for ever as Shakspeare lives; who indeed but he could describe female character as he has done, for although "holding the mirror up to nature," he has shown us women in all their virtues, vices and weaknesses, yet never through it all do they lose the charms of their womanliness, and never has he portrayed a woman a fool. Most of heroines are good, and true, pure and honorable, as seen in the graceful fawn-like Imogen, the pale, trusting Miranda, the tender, loving Juliet, the blushing Jessica, the pensive Viola: the coquettish Cressida, the lost Marina, the true Heroine, the amiable Celia, the fitful Rosalind, the love-lorn Helen, the laughing frolicsome Lady Percy, the meek Ophelia, the poor slandered Hero, the witty Beatrice, the dreaming Sylvia, the sad Cordelia, grand type of a loving daughter, the brave Joan of Arc, the sweet Perdita, the dainty Ariel, the noble hearted Portia, and truest of wives, Desdemona, all of them cheerful, affectionate, companionable women.

Yes! women was evidently created to be the equal companion and friend of man, and although obedience and submission are her ready study, sometimes to a fault, there is no real reason she should ever because of that fault—if fault it be—degenerate into his slave, or what is infinitely worse a mere machine, a poor dull, she-fool!

No! a woman, because she is naturally submissive to a higher and more powerful will than her own, should not be cowed, beaten down by that will, as thank God in this free-thinking, intelligent, cultured nineteenth century age, is scarcely possible.

I once read the gallant reason as given by a clever physician why women was taken from the rib of man in preference to any other bone. "She was not taken from his head lest she should rule over him, nor from his feet lest he should trample upon her, but she was taken from his side that she might be his equal, from under his arm that he might protect her, and from near his heart that he might cherish and love her."

Common Sense in Marriage.

If you must marry let common sense have a show in the transaction. Doan

go off your feet because you meet a girl who can sing like a robin, smile like a rose, an' jump off a street kyar widout boderin do drivor to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' and cultivatin' dimples. If you an' gwyno to marry, ax yerselves how fur \$10 per week will go when divided up for clothes an' per-vishums, an' house rent an' fuel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks too sweet for anything in a red plush saque, kinder figger on how many such duds your income would afford her. Befo' you an' all broke up ober a gal who plays do pianer, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poetry, jist sit down an' figger who am to cook your meat an' taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, an' help yer make \$12 buy \$15 worth of things. Befo' you lot a pair o' flashin' eyes an' a cun-min' dimple captivate ye, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wildcat, Marriage am a lottery, simply because people take each odder unsight an' unseene.

An Englishwoman in Japan.

In another place, the country house of a ruined Daimio, where we obtained lodging and entertainment, I was a cause of much amusement. A number of ladies were invited to meet me at afternoon noon, (the name for dinner). They sat on their heels around the little table which I used as a chair. My feet were stretched out before me.

The hostess, with, as I took, many apologies, began to inspect my boots. As her curiosity was keen, I drew them off. All the ladies pounced upon them, and some of them asked leave to sit them on. Before doing this they caused bowls of hot water to be fetched, washed their feet carefully, and dried them by fanning them, which made the wet evaporate quickly. As they had all children's feet, my boots were awkwardly big and more ridiculous than I can say.

The ladies next handled my skirt and corsage, and to oblige them I took them off. The petticoats had their turn, then my stockings, which they did not laugh at; after them my buckled elastic garters and last my stays. Japanese politeness here broke down. Every one shook and cried with laughter in looking at my stays.

One of the ladies had picked up some French at Osaka, and explained to me that the others wished to know whether the stays had been invented to serve as a cuirass to protect fair Europeans from rude men, or was it worn as a penitential garment to expiate sins? I said, "No, but to beautify the figure." This answer convulsed them. A stayed-up woman affected their impressionable and well-educated eyes as something monstrously ugly and absurd. Japanese dress is beautiful and so easy.

There was yet another question to be answered. There are, so far as I know, no cows or goats in Japan. Children are not, therefore, weaned until they are big enough to go to school. I had noticed that poor little Miss Mito was an object of general commiseration. I did not know why. The reason came out when my stays were being examined. They were a barrier between the mother and the child, which was cut off by them from its lacteal rights. I told them that we delegated the nursing duties to poor women and cows. I am afraid that I was imperfectly translated, for I saw that for a moment I was an object of horror.

Rain falling upon a dry soil and moistening it to some depth warms the soil and the water.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N.Y., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a badly swollen neck and sore throat in my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's feet was also much relieved—as much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

It is no Wonder

that so many people sink into untimely graves when we consider how they neglect their health. They have a disordered Liver, Deranged Bowels, Constipation, Piles or diseased Kidneys, but they let it go and think they "will get over it." It grows worse, other and more serious complications follow and soon it is too late to save them. If such people would take Kidney-Wort it would preserve their lives. It acts upon the most important organs, purifying the blood and cleansing the system, removes and prevents these disorders and promotes health.

During the troublous times of the 1745 Rebellion an Arboath carrier was pressed by the Highlanders to assist in taking part of their baggage northwards. At the Rosrio Brae his cart broke down, and after he had toiled hard in vain for some time to repair the mischief, he exclaimed—"Vow, me! fat a trouble it tak's to fit kings."

Do no Violence to the Liver and general system by repeated doses of mercury in the shape of calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and gives a healthful glow to the cheek.

"Misther, misther, what have you done?" called a native of Wicklow to an Englishman who had just tied his horse to a telegraph pole. "Well, Pat, what's the matter?" "Jist this, your honor. Ye've hitched yer horse to the magnetic telegraph, and ye'll be in Dublin in two minutes if you don't look out!"

Avoid by all means the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

Nothing is got without pains but an ill name and long nails.

M. Sheehan, of Osoda, Mich., writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on horses for different diseases, and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and it is the best Oil for horses I ever used." Observe that the name "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil" is on front of the wrapper, as there are imitations of it.

The first banks to go under—The New foundland banks.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Itchings, Sores, Bells, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years."
W. H. NOBLE.
Ipswich, Ia., March 2, 1868.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Solely all Druggists; \$1.50 bottles for \$3.

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

Proceedings of the Twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution in Toronto, on Wednesday, 18th June, 1884.

The annual general meeting of the Bank of Toronto (being the twenty-eighth since the commencement of business) was held in pursuance of the terms of the charter, at the banking house of the institution, June 18th, 1884.

On the motion of BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Esq., seconded by CHARLES STUART, Esq., George Gooderham, Esq., was called to the chair, and Mr. Coulson requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by W. H. BEATTY, Esq., seconded by HENRY COVERT Esq., and resolved, that Messrs. Barlow Cumberland and Walter S. Lee be appointed scrutineers of the election of directors for the ensuing year, and that they report the result to the Cashier.

By request of the Chairman the Cashier then read the following

REPORT.

The directors of the Bank of Toronto have pleasure in meeting the stockholders for the purpose of reporting on the operations of the bank for the year just closed.

The year has been characterized by a marked reaction from the expansion that prevailed in the business of the country during several of the preceding years.

The harvest of 1883 proved to be an exceptionally poor one, whilst a depression in the lumber and timber trades, and an excess of stock in the manufacturing industries necessitated a large curtailment in production. These and other causes resulted in a considerable diminution in the amount of banking accommodation availed of throughout the country. Of this diminution the Bank of Toronto has borne its share, thereby suffering to some extent a decrease in earnings.

The losses of the year, which, considering the circumstances, were moderate, have all been written off, and debts of a doubtful character at the time of making up the annual balance sheet continue to be provided for as in previous years.

After these provisions had been made it gave the Directors satisfaction to be able to declare the same distribution to the shareholders as they did a year ago, as well as to add a further sum to Res't account.

The following statement shows the result of the year's business:—

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Net profits after deducting interest, Add balance from last year, Appropriated as follows: Dividend No. 55, 4 per cent, Dividend No. 56, 4 per cent, Bonus, 2 per cent, Added to res't, Balance carried forward to next year.

The directors beg to state that considering the existing depression in many branches of business and the great shrinkage in value of nearly all commodities which has been and still is going on, they cannot but feel that much caution will be required in connection with banking in order to generally maintain matters in a sound position.

The Directors have pleasure in bearing testimony to the satisfactory manner in which the various officers of the Bank have discharged their respective duties.

The whole respectfully submitted.

(Signed) GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT,

31st May, 1884

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Notes in circulation, Deposits bearing interest, Deposits not bearing interest, Balance due to other banks in Canada, Balance due to Agents of the bank in Great Britain, Unclaimed dividends, Half-year dividend and bonus payable, Total.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Total liabilities to the public, Capital paid up, Res't, Interest accrued on deposit receipts, Rob'ts on notes discounted, Balance of profit and loss account carried forward.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Gold and silver coin on hand, Dominion notes on hand, Notes and cheques of other banks, Balances due from other banks in Canada, Balances due from agents of the bank in the United States, Dominion of Canada deb'tures, Municipal deb'tures, Total assets immediately available, Loans and bills discounted, Overdue debts secured, Overdue debts not specially secured, Mortgage loans on real estate sold by the bank, Real estate other than bank premises, Bank premises, Bank furniture.

(Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.

Toronto, 31st May, 1884.

The above having been read, it was moved by GEORGE GOODERHAM, Esq., seconded by W. H. BEATTY, Esq., and resolved, "That the report now read be adopted, and printed for distribution among the shareholders."

Moved by BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Esq., seconded by WALTER S. LEE, Esq., and resolved, "That the thanks of the stockholders are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President, Vice-President, and Directors of the bank for the care and attention they have bestowed upon its interests during the year."

Moved by HENRY COVERT, Esq., seconded by W. R. WADSWORTH, Esq., and resolved, "That the poll commence at once, and that it be kept open till 2 o'clock this day, except in the event of five minutes elapsing without a tender of a vote, in which case it shall be closed."

REPORT OF THE SCRUTINEERS

We, the undersigned scrutineers, appointed at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Toronto this day, declare the following gentlemen unanimously elected Directors for the ensuing year:—George Gooderham, Walter Gooderham, Henry Covert, Henry Coulson, Wm. H. Beatty, Alex. T. Fulton, W. H. Wadsworth.

(Signed) BARLOW CUMBERLAND, WALTER S. LEE, Scrutineers.

Toronto, 18th June, 1884.

The new Board met the same afternoon, when Mr. Gooderham, Esq., was unanimously elected President, and Wm. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President.

By order of the Board. (Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

The value of the unconsumed coal which makes the London fog and smoke is placed at \$25,000,000 annually.

Mr. Hammer of Kittery, Maine, has invented a process by which copper can be welded as easily and as well as iron.

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

Ergotine is the most expensive drug now in the market, and costs nearly \$1500 per pound.

TO MATCH THAT BONNET.—Feathers, ribbons, velvet, can be matched to match that new hat by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Java produces a vegetable wool which, freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, is worth sixteen and seventeen cents per pound.

A FIELD OF CORNS.—Thomas Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extingisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

Potassium bichromate is commended by Dr. Lanjirreis as a disinfectant for cesspools, sewage, etc., and he thinks it likely to be of great use in diseases due to microbes.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

All bow to Virtue, and then walk away.

The face wears a yellow hue, pimples appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superseded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Constipation, Impurity of the Blood, and Kidney Complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

The cheatnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

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

He that refresheth instruction despiseth his own soul.

What makes me laugh when others sigh? Not tears can o'er bedew mine eye. It is because I always buy—Bridges' Life Pills.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.

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

Not to believe in others, not to trust in others, is to reduce life to a mean habit.

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

They are all discoverers that think there is no land where they can see nothing but sea.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Bridges' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

To be faithful, to keep faith simply and joyously, is to reach and hold the essential best of life.

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

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

To stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS direct the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Billous Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

Advertisement for Kidney Cure. Includes text: 'DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS', 'Why?', 'Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.', 'IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING the BLOOD', 'WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.' and 'KIDNEY CURE' in a decorative box.

Many sick into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup. There are no depths for a brave heart from which hope cannot mount, hope, which outlasts gold and the grave. A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Bridges' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it. Society is a crucible in which all gold melts. Out of it is drawn only one of two prizes—vanity or disgust. STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, iron, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, marbles, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, tinners, toys, etc. He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed. SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and irritation of the lids. Because it is silly to believe everything, there are some so wonderful wise as to believe nothing. For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Bridges' Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. Be the public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and confectioners throughout the United States and Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1854.
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 87 King St., East, Toronto.
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 Appointments may be made by mail.

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Fresh and Salt Meat, Poultry, Vegetables
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FRESH BUTTER AND EGGS A
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 Families waited on daily. 73
 674 Queen St. West, Toron.

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LADIES' BALBRIGGAN
HOSE

AT 15c., WORTH 25c.
BROWN LISLE HOSE

AT 25c., WORTH 50c.
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BOOKBINDERS, &c.,
 Nos. 15 Jordan & 10, 12, 14 Melinda Sts
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Binding in all styles at short notice.
 Having a large staff of workmen
 we guarantee good work of
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Running our machinery by steam power,
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Estimates cheerfully given and special
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A TRIAL SOLICITED.

HENRY HOAD,

FAMILY BUTCHER
 Cor. Buller & Lippincott Sts.,

(opposite Salvation Army Barracks).
 Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats, at
 lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called
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Odorless Excavator and Contractor.
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Right soil removed from all parts of the city at
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EUREKA! EUREKA!
 Important to Every Lady in the World
A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.



After 25 years of unceasing experiments, of time,
 labor, and expense, I have finally discovered a pre-
 paration for the removal of all premature and ex-
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 safe, efficacious, harmless and painless. Leav-
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 If properly applied the roots will be completely
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 Sold in Boxes at 25c. each, or 3 Boxes for \$5.00
 Sent by mail on receipt of price, with full
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A. DOREN WEND, PARFUMS & HAIR WORKS, 183 YONGE STREET,
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DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET.

Patented Sept. 23, 1875. Patented
 Jan. 11, 1876. Re-issued July 8, 1877.
 Patented Jan. 9, 1877. Re-issued
 Aug. 6, 1878. Patented July 17 and
 Nov. 27, 1877. Patented Feb 19, and
 June 4, 1878. Patented also in Great
 Britain and France. Patented in
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This favorite Corset is now made
 with the celebrated TAMPIOCO BUSTS
 which are as soft as
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The "Health Corset" is
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The "Health Corset" is not
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Unequaled for beauty, style and
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 Approved by all physicians.

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ARE THE ONLY PERFECT FITTING IN CANADA.
 Order as once for
NEW FRENCH CAMBRIC PATTERNS.
 SCARFS, TIES, COLLARS, LOVES, UNDERWEAR, HALF HOSE,
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 See our all-wool Nun's Cloths, 12½c.
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 See our Lace Curtains at 60c. a pair.
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 See our Shirtings, fast colors, at 8c.
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 See our yard wide Factory at 8c. yd.
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 See our Silk Lace M. tts, 15 in. long, 25c

All goods marked in plain figures Terms Cash, only one price.

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MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.
 The cheapest and best place in the city to get
 a Trimmed Hat or Bonnet.
 Berlin Wool and Fancy Needle Work a
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H. DORSEY,
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