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TRUTH

CONTENTS.

August 9th, 1890.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS	3, 4
FORGET-ME-NOT.....	6
TRUTH'S CONTRIBUTORS	
HOME.....	8
TIT-BITS.....	9
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH	10
ELECTRICAL	11
THE ACE OF CLUBS	12
POETS' CORNER.....	13
THE WORLD'S DESIRE.....	14
LITERARY NOTES.....	15
A STRANGE COURTSHIP	16
HEALTH DEPARTMENT	17
FOREIGN NEWS.....	18
MEN AND WOMEN.....	19
YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT	20
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.....	21
BRITISH NEWS.....	22
ADVERTISEMENTS	23, 24

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 9, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 614.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

It may be presumed that Dr. Junker, who learned in Central Africa to relish fried ants and lived for years on a negro bill of fare, and who gives it as his opinion that the white man who accustoms himself to native food in that country will keep in better health than if he enjoyed the best European cookery, schooled his stomach into submission to the new regime by repeating to himself the authoritative declaration, "All flesh is grass." It is doubtful, however, whether others would find that indispensable servant so submissive, and that however much they might desire to adapt themselves to the conditions under which, for the time being, they might be placed, they could not go so far as the Dr., who tells us that it was his rule of life in Africa to adapt himself as nearly as possible to native customs and usages whether he was living among Arabs or negroes, and this practice saved him from many trials and perplexities when the resources he had brought from Europe were exhausted. The difference between Dr. Junker and many of his medical brethren is, that the former is willing to follow his own counsel.

The question of tax exemption, with which the Ontario Legislature has just dealt and in a manner to bring about greater equality in bearing the public burdens, must soon force itself to the front in the province of Quebec. The assessment returns show that the exemptions for the year 1889 amount to nearly twenty million dollars. The list is as follows:—Catholic churches, \$1,785,000; Protestant churches, \$1,323,000; Catholic Benevolent institutions, \$5,657,100; Protestant benevolent institutions, \$1,760,100; Catholic parsonages, \$1,057,700; Protestant parsonages, \$209,000; corporation property, \$5,183,410; Government property, \$2,769,000; total, \$19,745,210. As compared with the assessment of 1889, for every \$11 worth of property assessed, \$2 worth is exempted from taxation, though receiving the benefit of police, fire, light, scavenging, and other public works. That this is strict justice few will contend, and that the tax-payers will continue to bear the burden uncomplainingly for any considerable time longer can hardly be imagined. Equality demands a change.

The fact that the Brantford *Expositor* should attack the present system of recompensing registrars and sheriffs by fees instead of paying them a regular salary has been interpreted by the *Hamilton Spectator* as an evidence that the former journal is becoming dissatisfied with the manner in which Hon. Mr. Mowat is conducting the affairs of the Province. It seems to pass the comprehension of the *Spectator* that a party journal should possess sufficient independence to point out any weakness it may discover in the policy whose general principles it has adopted, or to suggest anything by way of improvement. To be an apology, or simply an echo appears to be its conception of partisan loyalty. It may be true, as indeed the fact is too patent to be denied, that servility to party exists. And the more the pity, for in this consists one of the greatest reproaches of party journalism today. But whatever the *Spectator* may think of the *Expositor's* conduct, or whatever may be its effect upon members of the *Expositor's* own party, those who are more anxious to have existing evils removed than that any particular party shall succeed, will be sure

to commend the *Expositor* for its independence and wish it abundant success in its work of reform.

If it were given to mortals to choose the place of their birth it is not likely that many would select the city of Montreal as the spot where they would desire to first open their eyes upon the light of heaven. To safely pass through the first twelve months of terrestrial life in that city is no joke. According to the mortuary statistics for 1889 which have just been published, out of a total number of 6,209 deaths, 2920, or 47 in every hundred were children under one year. On the other hand Toronto, the city next in size to Montreal, had a total of 2,359 deaths of which 782, or 33 in every hundred were under one year. But 33 to 47 does not express the full advantage of the Toronto babies, for the total number of deaths in Montreal, when compared with the entire population is much larger than that of the Queen City. Were the rates equal, instead of 2,359 Toronto would have had 5230 deaths to record last year. And this is the number that must be set over against 782 in order to show how much better are the chances of the Toronto children to tide over the first year of their existence. Thus it will be seen that the advantage is expressed by the proportion of 47 to 15. Evidently the children of our commercial capital cannot be congratulated upon their lot, nor of them can it be said "Their lines have fallen in pleasant places, they have a goodly heritage."

Apropos of the mortuary statistics the following summary, by the Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire*, will give an idea of the health of the leading cities and towns of Canada:

Quebec tops the list with the highest death rate in Canada, the figures being 31.13 per 1,000. St. Hyacinthe comes next with 30.60. Then comes Montreal 29.56, Hull 29.50, Sorel 23.83, Three Rivers 23.80, Sherbrooke 22.30, St. John, Que., 22.36. All the foregoing cities and towns, with the highest rates of mortality are in the province of Quebec, and one cannot help wondering how this comes about. Ottawa has the highest record in Ontario, the rate being 21.33. It is contended, however, that this is not Ottawa's normal rate, a maternity hospital, which does duty for eastern Ontario, being just within the city limits, unduly swelling Ottawa's death record. Winnipeg's rate is 20.85, Halifax 19.23, Chatham 17.95, Fredricton 16.98, Brantford 16.54, St. John, N. B., 15.46, Kingston 15.86, Belleville 14.43, Charlottetown 14.04, London 13.29, Windsor 13.42, Peterboro' 13.33, Toronto 13.25, Guelph 13.21, Victoria 13.13, Woodstock 12.63, St. Thomas 11.53, and Galt, the Manchester of Canada, with a death rate of 9.99, carries off the palm as being the healthiest place in the Dominion.

The danger of making one's own opinions a basis of concluding how others feel is one to which all men are liable, and the folly of building important superstructures upon such a foundation is often exemplified. One of the most striking illustrations presented for some time, is that of the British government in regard to the question of compensating ex-publicans. Acting on the presumption that their plans would be generally approved the government proceeded to raise money for a purpose for which Parliament had not yet given its sanction. To their great surprise when they came to consider the question of compensation in the House, they found the measure so unpopular that they were forced to withdraw it. Prior to the introduction of the compensation measure, however, the Budget bill had been passed, and in this was a provision for the raising of £300,000 for

compensation purposes. Now that the money has been raised, and compensation not sustained, the question with the government is, What shall be done with the money? Their latest proposition is to allot a portion to county councils in England and Wales for the purposes of technical or agricultural education, and in Scotland to relieve local taxation. A part is to be placed at the disposal of the intermediate Education Board in Ireland, another part is to be devoted to the purposes of the Irish Labourers' Dwelling Act. But even this disposition of the money will not entirely extricate the government out of their awkward situation, for the money will still be spent in a manner not contemplated in the Budget. The irregularity will probably be allowed, however, though there is some prospect of a lively debate when the measure comes before the House.

A new phase of prison life in Russia is brought to light by a Mr. Lanin, who professes to derive his data from official reports which have received the sanction of the Russian government. His account has respect to the prisons in Russia proper, while that of Mr. George Kennan treats of the penal mines in Siberia. In the latter country the most inhuman and barbarous cruelties are inflicted upon the prisoners by their heartless and brutal keepers. In the prisons of Russia proper, according to Mr. Lanin, the wretchedness of prison life is due chiefly to neglect on the part of the officials, who act out the theory that prisoners are noxious members of society who should be cast out and no further care taken of their lot. Left to themselves the stronger and more abandoned, systematically prey upon the weak. It is this phase which Mr. Lanin discusses particularly. He sets forth that in most prisons are found a few desperate fellows, who are often convicts escaped from Siberia, and who erect themselves into an oligarchy and exercise a despotic rule from which even the Government is powerless to protect its victims. They levy contributions upon the poorer prisoners and sell them at exorbitant rates goods which they introduce into the prisons and which they are able to conceal in an extraordinary manner. In a room that seems to be empty they can store away spirits, tobacco, tools and even arms in such a way as to escape detection. Moreover, the moral despotism which they wield is more hideous than the physical atrocities they practice. It is useless for the victims to complain against their persecutors, as the informer is punished by death. A case is mentioned of a prisoner who had informed on three of his companions; he was beaten and poisoned in several prisons and, although protected to the extent of its ability by the Government, was finally executed by unknown persons in the prison of Tiumen.

What makes the picture the more pathetic is the circumstance that many of the occupants of Russian prisons are not prisoners at all, even in the view of the Government. Among the multitudes that languish in these torture-houses are thousands who are waiting until their innocence can be proved. Besides many persons detained for giving evidence, also young boys who are being forwarded to their parents or sold into slavery.

service, or persons temporarily without a passport. All these classes are just as much subject to the prison tortures as the most hardened criminals. In the light of these additional facts, the vigorous protests recently made by various organizations in America and Europe are doubly warranted. Humanity demands that the civilized nations shall raise their voices in condemnation of the present state of things. Probably this is all that can be done; but so much at least ought to be done. As a contemporary remarks "The only help for these unfortunates is to be found in the awakened blame of Russia. We presume that the Court and the Russian ruling class are bent upon maintaining the present despotism, but we do not see that even this intention is inconsistent with a prison reform which might make Russia respectable in the eyes of the civilized world."

Describing the character and customs of the Heligolanders, who, through no motion of their own, have come so prominently before the attention of the civilized world during the last month or two, a recent writer says:—"In a few places in the world, I suppose, are there more inter-marriages, generation after generation, than here. Everybody on the island is related pretty closely to everybody else. Yet no evil results, either mental or physical, seem to follow. "In referring to the results of this inter-marriage the writer has evidently in his mind the theory which teaches that inter-marriage between persons consanguinously related tends to the deterioration of the stock physically, and is a prolific source of insanity and idiocy. An answer to the implied objection against the pernicious results of such consanguinous marriages is found in the fact that, though the Heligolanders do not manifest signs of peculiar physical or mental weakness, they have few or none to whom they can point with pride among the world's intellectual leaders. That it must be recorded of them that they are "a particularly easy-going and simple hearted people" goes a long way towards negating the statement that "no evil results, either physical or mental, seem to follow." Until the case of these islands is more fully inquired into the advocates of the theory above referred to have no reason to dismiss the view as untenable. The apparent facts in its favor are too numerous to be set aside by this single exception."

The Chicago *Time* feels greatly outraged at the circumstance that the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army and Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, should have spoken, as he did to the Grenadier Guards in the presence of the Duke of Devonshire, in an address, in which he mentioned the names of the men who were executed in the prison of Tiumen.

What makes the picture the more pathetic is the circumstance that many of the occupants of Russian prisons are not prisoners at all, even in the view of the Government. Among the multitudes that languish in these torture-houses are thousands who are waiting until their innocence can be proved. Besides many persons detained for giving evidence, also young boys who are being forwarded to their parents or sold into slavery.

fought a campaign. Having snuffed a little gunpowder in the Crimea he left the siege to Lord Raglan and hurried home. He wears the spurs he never won because he was born to them. He carries no scars. True, he has never been mutinous. The merit of loyalty to a government that has given him the fat of the land and never asked him to risk his precious neck in the performance of a military duty is unqualifiedly his. He bears no scars. The easy routine of the horse-guards has been his assignment. The heaviest punishment the mutinous Grenadiers are inflicted withal is to have such a veteran home guard, so valiant a carpet knight as the queen's cousin tell them publicly that they are disgraced." Now, while it may be admitted that there is a lack of fitness in an officer, who has never distinguished himself on the field of battle, reproving those who have risked their lives for their country's sake, it is nevertheless a sufficient answer to the objection of the *Times*, that the present arrangement is an incident of the system of government which the British people are pleased to support. Recognizing a royal house, they must of necessity admit certain privileges to be connected therewith. And this is one of them, that a relation of the reigning sovereign shall occupy the position of commander-in-chief of the forces. The fact that an objection can be urged against some particular feature of any system does not necessarily condemn the system *in toto*. No human arrangement is perfect. When monarchy goes this fact will probably go with it, but it is not likely that a contented people will change a whole system because of one trifling defect. To throw away the whole peach because of one spot of decay is not the general practice, nor the part of wisdom. As a matter of fact, though under circumstances such as the present it may be exasperating or battle-scarred veterans to endure the reproaches of one who has never faced a foe the present arrangement is not felt to be unjust or burdensome, and has worked in a manner to give general satisfaction. And this is the test by which the value of most things is judged in this utilitarian age.

The traditional stepmother it appears is not unknown in Toronto. Last week a case of great cruelty came before the attention of the authorities when a little boy nine years old applied at the police station for a night's shelter. He told a pitiful story of the way in which he and his little sister, two years older, were treated by the woman who fills his dead mother's place. Both the children have been driven from their home. The boy states that his stepmother threatened that she would either cut his throat or her own if he were left staying in the house. The authorities are investigating the matter. Should the case be found as the child has represented, it is to be hoped that an impressive example will be made of the woman who had no heart to pity or to spare.

The Sultan is in trouble and knows not what to do. Three dangers confront him. The first is serious, and one which he cannot fall him. The second is the British Government, which has been in power for twelve years. The third is the Bulgarian, who has been in power for three years. The Sultan's purpose is to do something to save his throne.

Alliance, advise the Porte to stick to its firm and to decline to withdraw the privilege which it has just granted to Bulgaria in accordance with the terms thereof. Moreover, Premier Stambuloff threatens that in the event of the Sultan yielding to Russia's demands Bulgaria would proclaim her independence and decline to continue any longer the payment of her annual tribute to Turkey. The Sultan is therefore in a state of great perplexity, and an Eastern crisis is within a measurable distance. In this extremity it would be well for the lord of the Rosphorus to remember the fable of the man who tried to please everybody and pleased nobody. If he is blessed with the power of moral preception, and can distinguish between right and wrong, justice and injustice, the present is a favorable opportunity to hear for once his conscience declare, "well done."

A sensation of an unusual character is a present stirring the minds of the citizens of the Canadian capital. The cause of the excitement is the abduction of a little six-year-old girl by the sisters of St. Patrick's Orphan's Home. According to the story of the foster parents, who have no children of their own, the child, who came from England, was received from the home nearly four years ago. Papers were drawn up giving them full possession of the child. At first the little one was very delicate, and has had several dangerous illnesses. Latterly her health improved and she seemed to have left her troubles behind her. One morning last week she was sent on an errand a couple of blocks away. Failing to return in due time, a search was instituted but without avail. Later in the day two nuns called and said the child had been taken to St. Patrick's Home. Application was made to the home by the father, who could get no satisfaction, being merely told that the child had gone away with sister Martha. This sister afterwards explained that "the child was adopted from the home, but we latterly came to the conclusion that it was our duty to resume the care of the child, and we, therefore, took it back till we have reason to believe otherwise. We were very sorry to have to do it, but it was for the best."

The case is most extraordinary, but until more light is thrown upon it a just opinion can hardly be formed. It may be noticed however that the clandestine manner in which the sisters went about the work of rescue, even supposing the articles of adoption contained a condition authorizing interference on their part, has a bad look about it. It isn't in harmony with the general conception of frank, honest dealing, and can hardly be fail to prejudice the popular mind against those who employ such means. It is to be hoped that the case will be fully investigated, and that nothing will induce the foster father to weaken in his purpose until all the facts are fully exposed. If, as the parents affirm, they obtained complete control of the child, the parties responsible for her abduction should be made to suffer for their unlawful act. No sentimental consideration should be allowed to prevent justice being done. Such high-handed proceedings, even though conducted under the name of a presumably charitable institution, cannot be tolerated in a free country; which, indeed, would be no longer free if any class or section of the community were permitted to be a law unto themselves.

Whether from motives of pure benevolence, which is the reason ostensibly urged, or with the secret feeling that the provincial exchequer would be benefited thereby, it is difficult to say; at any rate, the British Government are said to be in a hurry to deal with the case. The Bulgarian, who has been in power for three years, is said to be in a hurry to deal with the case.

Admiral Coffin who received them as a gift from the British Crown. Hitherto the inhabitants, who are principally French and engage in fishing, have been mere tenants of the soil. Mr. Mercier proposes to change this condition of things and render it possible for the people to become freeholders. That the islands are of considerable value will be seen from the following description furnished by a Montreal correspondent: "All of the islands are fertile, but the inhabitants neglect agriculture for the more fascinating pursuit of fishing, which offers the advantages of sometimes giving a fortune in a season to the successful master and crew. Of the natural products of the islands, gypsum is the most important, but this, like everything else, gives place to the fisheries. The latest figures obtainable relating to the latter industry were compiled in 1872, when about 300 boats were engaged in the industry, the proceeds from which realized about one-eighth of a million dollars, the chief items being codfish, mackerel, herring and seal, with the various products of each. The exports of the islands were, in round numbers, double the amount of the imports." Considering the depleted condition of the Quebec treasury it is to be hoped that the investment may prove exceedingly remunerative, and that it may return sevenfold into the Government's bosom.

The vehemence with which the Twincities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, have kept up the strife over the question, "Who is bigger?" and the fear that according to present prospects the war would be long and injurious, have led the authorities to order a recount. Speaking of this new enumeration the *Chicago Times* is led to remark: "There is to be an official recount of the population of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and it is now probable that the names on the gravestones will be omitted and that the ghosts of dead men, who opportunely wandered around in that region, are not residents, as was claimed by the first figures. Leaving these out, and figuring on the decrease in population in Minneapolis since the original count was made caused by the flight of crooked enumerators, the big claims of Flour city men will have to be amended."

"More power to your elbow" is the vulgar but expressive provincialism employed in some parts of the country to express the speaker's earnest wish that the work in which the one addressed is engaged may be crowned with gratifying success. So says *TRUTH* as it recalls the vigorous protest of the Knights of Labor against the proposal of the Quebec manufactureres that the minimum age at which a child is allowed to work in factories be reduced from fourteen years to twelve. Many will join in denouncing "the proposal as inhuman, out of harmony with the progressive spirit of the age and subversive of the children's moral and physical welfare; and in declaring that in their opinion the men who have proposed this action are deserving of the indignation of every right thinking man for their attempts to coin money out of the blood and sinews of helpless children."

If the present rate continues until the end of the season, it is certain that the summer of 1890 will be distinguished above all its predecessors for the number of its drowning accidents. So frequent are they that the daily record of events would seem incomplete without the account of one or more victims of the fatal war. That some of these are purely accidental may be admitted, as, for instance, the case of the two ladies who were drowned at Youngstown the other day by being dragged out of the shallow water in which they were bathing by the underflow of the passing Chicora, but that many of them are the result of recklessness and presumption seems too plain to admit of denial. Of those who courted death by

their folly, the *New York Times* gives several instances. It says: "From Red Bank we hear of a Brooklyn canoeist, now dead, who could not swim, but who went on the water at night when the wind 'blew a perfect gale.'" On the treacherous waters of Jamaica Bay, where the tide races faster than a strong swimmer's speed, a young man who could not swim jumped in after a floating car, and two companions followed him. Of course the sequel was fatal. In another case three relatives leaped into the water in a brave but foolish and useless attempt to rescue one another." The feelings which these accounts arouse are not altogether unmixed. Those who have hearts cannot help feeling pained at the thought that so many fellow-beings should lose their lives in this manner, the more especially seeing that in the majority of cases the victims are youths, persons in the prime of life, and yet with the regret many will experience a feeling of annoyance at the manner in which the simplest precautions are habitually disregarded. To point out this fact and urge caution does not appear to have any deterring effect. Our public journals have fairly screamed out their warnings in the past and have entreated the public to have a care. Special cases have been commented on, and the neglected precautions which ended in death have been pointed out. And yet the trifling with danger continues, as though none had ever paid the penalty of such presumption. In the presence of such perversity what can those do who would reduce the list of deaths by drowning? Evidently not much. The most they can do is to repeat their warnings and to offer suggestions to those who won't be advised not to trifle with the dangerous wave. As to hints which may prove serviceable, the journal above quoted gives the following: "Keep your breath" and "keep your head." Of course these are counsels which apply more particularly to the experienced swimmer, the wholly inexperienced being unable to do any thinking in the water. For those who will perist in placing themselves in dangerous situations counsel is vain, and they can only be left to their fate.

For designating him as a rag-seller instead of a dealer in bric-a-brac one Roy has entered suit against the publishers of the *Quebec Directory* for \$2,500 damages. Verily this is an age of fine distinctions.

The admirers of the "Grand old Man" will be pleased with the high encomium bestowed upon their favorite by an influential American citizen at present in England. In a letter to the *Springfield Republican*, describing his impressions of the leading men of the British House of Commons, this correspondent says: "I have had no chance yet to hear Mr. Gladstone speak at any length; but it is enough to see him among his supporters in the House to recognize that he is the one great man among a mob of able but inferior statesmen. Talent, polish, courtesy, self-control, are manifest among the Tory leaders; nothing can surpass the good manners of Lord Hartington, the good nature of W. H. Smith, and the self-controlled audacity of Mr. Balfour; but they lack the regnant and earnest spirit which shows itself through the back of Mr. Gladstone's coat as he glides out into the lobby, as well as in his eagle-like activity when facing the ministry on his bench across the big table, at one end of which sits the Speaker under his winged wig, and at the other end lies the awful mace. Mr. Gladstone is a more religious statesman than was at any time in fashion during the period of Walpole, the Foxes, and the Pitts, but he has much of the impetuosity of Chatham, with a better-balanced judgment, and much of the liberality of Fox, curiously combined with the conservatism of Burke."

Those who deny the existence of a personal devil will find food for thought in the case of the "unknown" man in Fall River who, without any apparent desire to get gain, entered a house, seized a little girl who was the only inmate, thrust her into a closet which he locked, saturated with coal oil the bed which he set on fire, and then coolly walked away. If the traditional devil can do anything more intensely devilish we would like to know it. Fortunately the imprisoned girl burst open the door just in time to quench the fire and save her life.

There is, perhaps, nothing alarming in the circumstance, and yet it is somewhat suggestive, that the leading defenders of republican principles and institutions among our neighbors to the South should be called upon from time to time to remind their compatriots that the Old World stratification of society into plebeian and patristic is unknown in America. The link is scarcely dry upon the paper in which the New York Sun strove to convince the wife of Millionaire Mackay, who resents any allusion to the days when she was less prosperous than now, that "in the United States, the land of her birth, there is no aristocracy into which she could be born; and that the distinctions are merely between wealth and poverty, breeding and vulgarity." And now again the Sun must shed its illuminating rays upon the wives of two of New York's millionaires, who are so unfortunate as to carry the same surname. Mrs. Wm. Astor, wife of the late John Jacob Astor's brother, and Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, wife of John Jacob Astor's son, are each claiming the right of being called Mrs. Astor by pre-eminence, and of the consequent social distinction. After pointing out what would be the order in case the rules in aristocratic countries prevailed, that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor would, by the social law, be Mrs. Astor, that is, the wife of the head of the family by succession from its founder, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, and that the other Mrs. Astor, as the wife of the late Mr. John Jacob Astor's younger brother, would be in the collateral line only the Sun adds: "But there is no such habit in this country as recognizing an hereditary right to the convenience of dropping initials." Its counsel is, therefore, that in order to guard against difficulty, especially the difficulties connected with correspondence, each woman, and all women where republican institutions prevail shall call upon themselves all the names to which they are entitled. Whether the distinguished ladies for whom the little lecture was primarily intended, and all other Americans who would transplant these feudal distinctions into the New World, will ponder the sensible words of their fellow country remains to be seen. Let them be assured, however, that nothing would be gained by raising up such distinctions; while endless hypocrisies, in order to cover up humble antecedents, might be expected to follow were the attempt to be made.

Every now and then public attention is drawn to some member of a certain school of Art, which teaches that the artist is not to be bound by ethical considerations, but to be a law unto himself. When in criticizing their productions the critic presumes to introduce the moral idea, they are wont to reply: "It is proper that limitations should be placed on action. It is not proper that limitations should be placed on art. To art belong all things that are and all things that are not." The latest author of this class who has felt the lash of the critic is Mr. Oscar Wilde, the would-be reformer of masculine attire, who having failed to induce society to adopt his fad has turned his energies to book-making. His recent work, which shows an utter disregard of the union between art and morals, has been severely condemned. Speaking of the critique on his book, Mr. Wilde says: "Such an article really makes one despair of the possibility of any general culture in England. Were I a French author, and my book brought out in Paris, there is not a single literary critic in France, on any paper of high standing, who would think for a moment of criticizing it from an ethical standpoint. If he did so, he would stultify himself, not merely in the eyes of all men of letters, but in the eyes of a majority of the public." Even granting that the higher criticism of France is in harmony with Mr. Wilde and his school, that does not settle the mat-

ter, for it still remains true that Art in its perfect conception includes not only the representation of the Beautiful but also of the Good and the True. But the claim that the French critics are on his side is shown by the New York Tribune to be a false assumption. It quotes J. A. Symonds, the historian of the Italian Renaissance saying: "Let us not deceive ourselves. Art is indissolubly bound up with man's spiritual forces. And forasmuch as right conduct is more precious to man than either noble pleasure or the knowledge and control of facts, morality has to provide that neither the scientific pursuit of knowledge nor the aesthetical supply of pleasure shall compromise the rectitude of the will in action."

It is not difficult to foresee what the effect upon public morals would be were the principles of Mr. Wilde and his school to generally prevail. Were criticism from the "ethical standpoint" no longer allowed, and were every base, low and evil influence free to parade itself unrestrained, and to claim equal rights with pure, elevating and wholesome creations, it would only be a question of time, and not so very long either; when all moral distinctions would be obliterated or hopelessly confused, and truth, justice, mercy, and order would disappear from a doomed society. But the supposition is not likely to be realized; for, as the Tribune correctly states, "the Oscar Wildes are both few and feeble, nor can the impudence of their pretensions disguise the perversity of their logic or the falseness of their theory of Art. Criticism, fulfilling its highest duties, will continue to expose and analyze the pseudo-aestheticism which so arrogantly demands the right of way, and neither in France, England nor America is there any ground for apprehension that what Mr. Wilde calls 'the ethical standpoint' will be ignored in reviewing contemporary literature."

For eight months duly authorized representatives of the leading civilized states of the world—Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Germany, Austria, the Congo State, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Holland, Turkey, Persia and Zanzibar—gathered a conference at Brussels, Belgium, to discuss the evils of the slave trade of Africa and Asia, and to devise means for the suppression of the iniquitous and inhuman traffic. And what is likely to be the practical results of their deliberations and devisings? Certainly the spectacle of the civilized world combining in a common movement against an evil so atrocious, and one which violates every feeling of humanity and principle of brotherhood, cannot fail to make a deep and beneficial impression upon the minds of all who contemplate it. It is an object lesson on a grand scale of applied Christianity. Certainly, too, the recommendations of the Congress to build fortifications and stations which shall be connected with one another by means of telegraph lines, railroads and steamboats, is feasible and will doubtless be of real value when the powers actually rise up to put down the evil. But that the task will be attempted forthwith is improbable. Difficulties are in the way, and not the least, if, indeed not the greatest is the refusal of the representatives of one of the conferring countries to give their adherence to the General Act passed by the conference. Turkey, where the only form of domestic service is slavery, and whose social, political and religious systems are so closely identified with the traffic, has refused either to prohibit the importation of slaves and to denounce as illegal, and consequently as null and void, any purchase or sale of slaves, or to issue an official condemnation of the entire institution of slavery. Instead of this the Sultan is stated to have instructed his representatives to refrain from affixing their signatures to the General Act. It remains to be seen what the other powers

will do under the circumstances; whether they will depend upon moral suasion to induce these followers of the Crescent to unite with the followers of the Cross in a work so humane, or whether they will resort to physical force to compel them to come in. But whatever course may be adopted the barrier that has thus been thrown up will render the work very much more difficult, and will tend to delay the time of actual operation, if indeed it does not bring the work of the congress to naught.

The outbreak of Asiatic cholera at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian, cannot fail to create a widespread feeling of alarm throughout Europe. For on the occasion of its former invasions of that continent the dread disease has invariably obtained admission by way of Baku. A quarantine of the most stringent nature has been maintained there by the Russian Government for several months past. But apparently the precaution has been of no avail. The danger of the spread of the malady can be estimated when it is borne in mind that at least two-thirds of the petroleum used in Europe is shipped from Baku. Should the apprehensions that prevail on the subject become realized, it would prove the deathblow of the popular theory, according to which mineral oil in its crude state is the most powerful disinfectant destroyer of cholera germs.

In these days when persons of proclivity are so common, when from encountering them on the street, in the shop at the mart, in the place of public concourse, on the cars, on the steamboat, etc., many were beginning to conclude that there is no place where the "befurcated hog" is not, it is no small compliment to a community to be advertised to the world as being free from his detested presence. Such praise has just been bestowed upon Edinburgh, by a Mr. Swinton, at present sojourning in that ancient capital. Mr. Swinton testifies that though he has mingled freely with the people he has not yet encountered the animal in question, that he has seen no hogs among the public hack drivers, who are helpful, respectful and not given to cheating; no hog in the hotels whose keepers are cautious, and waiters models of service who don't expect big tips; no "jostling hogs" who disregard the rights of fellow pedestrians; no "staring hogs," not even among the swells, dandies and duds who promenade on Princess street, no "tobacco hogs" who puff their smoke in other folk's faces and expectorate their filth in public places; no hogs among the police, the officers in charge of tramways, the patrons of public conveyances, the frequenters of parks and gardens, the keepers of shops and their employees, the drivers of carts, not even among the beggars upon the street. Everywhere he explains the signs of good breeding are manifest. For this eulogium the Edinburgh council ought to grant its author the freedom of the city. And what a paradise that other city must be! Were its advantages equal in every respect there can be no doubt but the "Modern Athens" would soon be filled to repletion by men and women who would fain escape associations that now render their life a burden.

Let those who are disposed to question that the cause of "Woman's Rights" is making progress on the continent, consider the recent action of the authorities at Washington in providing a special style of post card for her use. It appears that Congress has been making some trifling changes in the postal regulations, and has ordered cards of three sizes to be printed, one larger than the present standard, one the present one for the use of the ladies, and one smaller for the use of the gentlemen. It is not clear whether the ladies' card is to be printed in a more attractive style than the present one, but it is a step in the right direction.

who had a large cat and a small kitten, and who wanted to make it convenient for these animals to get in and out of the wood shed without opening the door. He sent for a carpenter and told him to make two holes through the lower part of the door; one large hole and one small one. The large hole was for the cat and the small one was for the kitten. "Similarly," says the Sun, "it does not seem to have occurred to the Post Office authorities that women could write short notes on the postal cards now in use—which are small enough already—without having a smaller size manufactured for their special benefit."

A recent despatch states that "the military draft in Italy in 1888 consisted of 162,326. Of this number 89,602 could read and write, 2,954 could only read, and 69,770 could neither read nor write. Comparing this proportion of educated men with that of the draft of 1885, the general state of education in Italy has advanced by 3.30 per cent. within the last three years. If this progress is continued for the next forty years, there will not be a man in that country without being able to read and write." It seems like the irony of fate that Italy should, in this respect, call for the pity of the nations—Italy, beneath whose sunny skies authors wrote, and poets sang, and orators proclaimed. Even after the lapse of two milleniums the world refuses to give up their heritage of literary riches her great men have produced. Like a galaxy of stars whose brightness cannot be dimmed by time, the names of Tacitus and Pliny, Horace and Cicero still continue to shine. Surely this is a case to which the prophets question applies, "How are the mighty fallen." It is gratifying to know, however, that a cloud which has for so long enveloped that land so favored of heaven is being dispelled, and that the reign of superstition and intellectual death shows signs of yielding to the uplifting and disenchanting power of a general enlightenment.

Out of the total of 1,761 students who last year attended the New York Normal College, and to whom was given the choice of tuition in one of three languages, 1,148 chose French, 577 German, 36 Greek. This great preference for French is not a little remarkable, especially when it is considered that the German-speaking population of New York city is eighteen times larger than the French-speaking population; that the mercantile relations of those citizens doing business with foreign lands are much more intimate with Germany than with France; and that, consequently, for purposes of practical utility and profit a knowledge of German is much more serviceable to a citizen of the American metropolis than is a corresponding knowledge of French. It is interesting to note that in a short time the French language was completely choked up with no water could possibly flow through a narrow space of time the French barrier had been broken down. The following morning the room was a scene of extraordinary spectacle. The room was filled with students who were all looking at the French language with interest. The room was filled with students who were all looking at the French language with interest. The room was filled with students who were all looking at the French language with interest.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

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CHAPTER II.

There are some of us born and reared far enough beyond the contaminating influences of evil, who, nevertheless, take so naturally to rascality, that one is prone to ask a question as to whether it is not the outcome of some hereditary taint or mental disease. To this aberrant class, Anthony Wingate, late of the Queen's Own Scarlots, naturally belonged.

Commencing a promising career with every advantage conferred by birth, training, and education, to say nothing of the possession of a considerable fortune, he had quickly qualified himself for a prominent position amongst those cavaliers of fortune who hover on the debatable land between acknowledged vice and apparent respectability. In the language of certain contemporaries, he had once been a pigeon before his callow plumage had been stripped, and it became necessary to lay out his dearly bought experience in the character of a hawk. Five years of army life had sufficed to dissipate a handsome patrimony; five years of racing and gambling, with their concomitant vices, at the end of which he awoke to find himself with an empty purse, and a large and varied assortment of worldly knowledge. Up to this point, he had merely been regarded as a companion to be avoided; as yet, nothing absolutely dishonourable had been laid to his charge, only that common report stated that Anthony Wingate was in difficulties; and unless he and his bosom friend Chris Ashton made a radical change, the Scarlots would speedily have cause to mourn their irreparable defection.

But, unfortunately, neither of them contemplated so desirable a consummation. In every regiment there are always one or two fast young "subs" with a passion for *carte* and unlimited loo, and who have no objection to paying for that enviable knowledge. For a time this pleasant condition of affairs lasted, till at length the crash came. One young officer, more astute than the rest, detected the cheats, and promptly laid the matter before his brothers-in-arms. There was no very grave scandal, nothing nearly so bad as Ashton had suggested to Winchester, only that Captains Wingate and Ashton resigned their commissions, and their place knew them no more. There was a whisper of a forged bill, some hint of a prosecution, known only to the astute sub and his elder brother and adviser-in-chief, Lord Bearhaven and to Vere Dene, Araton's sister, who is reported to have gone down on her knees to his lordship and implored him to stay the proceedings. How far this was true, and how Vere Dene came to change her name, we shall learn presently. But that there was a forged bill there can be no doubt, for Wingate had stolen it from Winchester's studio while visiting Ashton, after the crash came; and, moreover, he was using it now in a manner calculated to impress upon Ashton the also into necessity of becoming the greater scoundrel's tool and accomplice. Since that fatal day when he had flown to careless bohemian Jack Winchester with the story of his shame, and a fervid petition to the latter to beg, borrow, or steal the money necessary to redeem the wretched acceptance bearing his name, he had not seen his sister.

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the world read that Vavasour Dene was dead, and had left the whole of his immense fortune to his grandchildren; three-fourths to Vere on condition that she assumed the name of Dene, and the remainder to Chris, because, so the will ran, he was the son of his mother. Presently, Winchester, leading a jolly bohemian existence in France, heard the news, and decided, in the cynical fashion of the hour, that Vere would speedily forget him now. And so they drifted gradually apart. Winchester had been thoughtless, careless, and extravagant; living from hand to mouth, in affluence one day, in poverty another; but he was not without self-respect, and he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action. He hated Wingate with all the rancour a naturally generous nature was capable of feeling, and set his teeth close as he listened.

"Of course it was only a matter of time to come to this," he said. "Well of all the abandoned scoundrels! And that man once had the audacity to make love to Vere, you say? I wish I had known before."

"That was a long time ago," Ashton replied; "before—before we left the army, when you were in Rome. Remember, Wingate was a very different man, in a very different position then. Do you suppose that he knows whose place it is that he contemplates?"

"Knows! of course he knows.—Now listen to me, Chris, my boy, and answer me truthfully. I believe, yes, I do, that if you have a chance you would end this miserable life. You say you are in Wingate's power. What I want to know is whether he carries that precious paper about with him?"

"Always, always, Jack. With that he can compel me to anything; the only wonder is that I have never forced it from him before now. Still, I do not see what that has to do with the matter."

Winchester smoked in profound silence for a time, ruminating deeply over a scheme which had commenced to shape itself in his ready brain. "I don't suppose you do understand," he said dogmatically. "Do you think if I were to see Vere she would acknowledge me, knowing who I am?"

For answer Ashton laughed almost gaily. "Your modesty is refreshing. Do you think she has forgotten you, and the old days at Rose Bank? Never! There are better men than you; handsomer, cleverer by far; she meets daily good men and true, who would love her for her sweet self alone. She is waiting for you, she will wait for you till the end of time. Whatever her faults may be, Vere does not forget."

A dull red flush mounted to the listener's cheeks, a passionate warmth flooded his heart almost to overflowing; but even the quick sanguineness of his mercenary disposition could not grasp the rosate vision in its entirety. Its very contemplation was too dangerous for ordinary peace of mind.

"One more thing I wish to know," said he, reverting doggedly to the original topic. "Of course the dainty Wingate does not intend to soil his fingers by such an act as vulgar burglary. Who is the meaner rascal?"

"So far as I can gather, a neighbour of ours, a very superior workman, I am told, who is suffering from an eclipse of fortune at present. The gentleman's name is Chivers—Benjamin Chivers. Is the name familiar?"

"Why, yes," Winchester answered dryly, "which is merely what, for a better word, we must term another coin of the fellow has a most respectable wife and three children, who are distinguished from the other waifs in the street by a conspicuous absence of dirt. I thought I recognised the fellow's face."

"Recognised his face? Have you seen him, then?"

Winchester gave a brief outline of his interview with the individual he had chanced to encounter in Arlington Street. A little circumstance in which one day he had been instrumental in saving a diminutive Chivers from condign chastisement had recalled the ex-convict's face to his recollection. Personally, but the hope was a wild one—a little kindness, and a delicate hint at the same time, might suffice to bring the thief's heart and cause him to return the money.

That they should be so miserably situated, and that the misuses of the money should be so want of funds, was a matter of course. He had been hearing from a

dreaming. However, we will make a bold bid for freedom. And now you can amuse yourself by setting out the Queen Anne silver and thopricolous Dresden forsupper," saying which, he felt his way down the creaky stairs into the street below.

The ten days succeeding the night upon which this important conversation was held were so hot that even Ashton, much as he shrank from showing himself out of doors in the daytime, could bear the oppressive warmth no longer, and had rambled away through Kennington Park Road, even as far as Clapham Common, in his desire to breathe a little clear fresh air. Winchester, tied to his easel by a commission which, if not much, meant at least board and lodging, looked at the blazing sky and shook his head longingly.

Despite the oppressive overpowering heat, the artist worked steadily on for the next three hours. There was less noise than usual in the street below a temporary quiet in which Winchester inwardly rejoiced. At the end of this time he rose and stretched himself, with the comfortable feeling of a man who has earned a temporary rest. In the easy abandon of shirt sleeves he leaned out of the window, contemplating the limited horizon of life presented to his view. There were the usual complement of children indulging in some juvenile amusement, in which some broken pieces of platter and oyster shells formed an important item, and in this recreation Winchester, who had, like most warm-hearted men, a tender feeling towards children, became deeply engrossed. One or two street hawkers passed on crying their wares, and presently round the corner there came a most unmistakable figure of a lady, followed by a servant in undress livery, bearing a hamper in his arms, a burden which, from the expression of his face, he by no means cared for or enjoyed.

"Such a fashionable doing the Lady Bountiful," Winchester murmured. "Anyway, she has plenty of pluck to venture her neck if she was a relation of mine."

He stopped abruptly and stared in blank amazement, for there was no mistaking the tall figure and graceful carriage of Vere Dene. She passed directly under him, and entered a house a little lower down the street (with the air of one who was no stranger to the locality). In passing the group of children, she paused for a moment, and selecting one or two of the cleanest, divided between them the contents of a paper parcel she carried.

Directly she had disappeared, a free fight for the spoils ensued. The interested spectator waited a moment to see which way the battle was going, and then hurried down the stairs and out into the street towards the combatants. The presence of the new ally was sorely needed. The three representatives of the house of Chivers were faring sorely in the hands of the common foe. In that commonwealth all signs of favor were sternly discountenanced.

"What do you mean by that?" Winchester demanded, just in time to save the whole of the precious sweetmeats. "Don't you know it is stealing, you great girls, to rob those poor little children?"

"They don't mean it, bless you," said a voice at the mediator's elbow; "and they don't know any better. It's part of their nature, that's wot it is."

Winchester turned round, and encountered the thickset form and sullen features of his Arlington Street acquaintance. As their eyes met, those of Chivers fell, and he muttered some incoherent form of thanks and acknowledgment for the past service. Presently he went on to explain.

"You see, my wife is better brought up than most of them about here, and she do try to keep the children neat and tidy; and that makes the others jealous. They ain't been so smart lately," he continued, with a glance half kindly, half shameful, at his now smiling offspring, "cause mother has been poorly lately, and I've been out o' luck too."

In spite of his shamefaced manner and the furtive look common to every criminal, there was something in the man's blunt candour that appealed to Winchester's better feelings. Besides, knowing something of the ex-convict and his doubtful connection with Wingate, it was to his interest to conciliate his companion with a view to possible future advantage.

"It must be a miserable life, yours," he said not unkindly. "Better, far better, try something honest. You will not regret it by-and-by."

"Honest, sir! Would to heaven I could get the chance! You are a gentleman; I can see that, though you do live here; and know what misfortune it is. If I could only speak with you and get your advice. You have been kind to me, and good to my poor little ones, and I'm—I'm not ungrateful. If I could help you—"

Winchester laid his hand upon his com-

panion's shoulder with his most winning manner. He began to feel hopeful. "You can help me a great deal," said he; "come up to my room and talk the matter over." It was a very ordinary tale to which he had to listen.

"I was a carpenter and joiner, with a fair knowledge of locksmith's work, before I came to London. I was married just before then, and came up here thinking to better myself. It wasn't long before I wished myself back at home. I did get some work at last, such as it was, a day here and a day there; till I became sick and tired of it, and ready for anything almost. I needn't tell you how I got with a set of loose companions, and how I was persuaded to join them. . . . I got twelve months, and only came out ten weeks ago. I have tried to be honest. But it's no use, what with one temptation and another."

"And so you have determined to try your hand again. You run all the risk, and your gentlemanly friend gets all the plunder."

It was a bold stroke on Winchester's part; but the success was never for a moment in doubt. Chivers's coarse features relaxed into a perfect apathy of terror. He looked at the speaker in speechless terror and emotion.

"We will waive that for the present," Winchester continued. "What I wish to know is how you have contrived to live for the past ten weeks?"

"I was coming to that, sir, when you stopped me. You see, when the trouble came, my poor wife didn't care to let her friends know of the disgrace, and tried hard to keep herself for a time. But illness came too, and she and the little ones were well-nigh starving. My wife, sir, remembered once that she was in service with an old lady whose niece came into a large fortune. Well, she just wrote to her and told her everything. And what do you think that blessed young creature does? Why, comes straight down here into this den of a place and brings a whole lot of dainty things along. And that's the very lady as is up in my bit of a room at this very minute."

"I am quite aware of that," said Winchester quietly. "Miss Dene, as she is called now, and myself are old friends. I remember everything now. Your wife was once a housemaid at Rose Bank; and you are the son of old David Chivers, who kept the blacksmith's shop at Weston village.—See, do you ever remember being caught bird-nesting in Squire Lechmere's preserves with a rascal-do-well fellow called Jack Winchester?"

For answer, Chivers burst into tears. Presently, after wiping his eyes with the tattered fur cap, he ventured to raise his eyes to his host. "You don't mean to say it's Mr. Winchester?" he asked brokenly.

"Indeed, I am ashamed to say it is. This world of ours is a very small place, Ben, and this is a very strange situation for you and me to meet. But before we begin to say anything touching old times, there is something serious to be discussed between us. Remember, you are altogether in my hands. I might have waited my opportunity and caught you red-handed. Don't ask me for a moment what is my authority, but tell me"—and here the speaker bent forward, dropping his voice to an inexpressive whisper—"even a thing about the Arlington Street robbery you have planned with that scoundrel Wingate."

Once more the old look of frightened terror passed like a spasm across the convict's heavy features. But taking heart of grace from Winchester's benign expression, he, after a long pause, proceeded.

"I don't know how he found me out, why he came to tempt me—not that I required much of that either. It seemed all simple enough, and I was very short of money just then, and desperate-like, though I won't make any excuse. I don't know all the plans; I don't know yet whose house—"

"Whose house you are going to rob," Winchester interrupted with a thrill of exultation at his heart. "Then I will tell you an additional reason why you should make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you may not know that Miss Dene lives in Arlington Street; and that Miss Dene, whose name, I see, puzzles you, is Miss Ashton, once of Rose Bank?"

"I didn't know," Chivers exclaimed with sudden interest. "If it is the same—"

"It is the same. She changed her name when she inherited her grandfather's fortune. Come! you know enough of Wingate's plans to be able to tell me if No. 251 Arlington Street is the house?"

"As sure as I am a living man, it is," said Chivers solemnly. "Mr. Winchester, I have been bad. I was on the road to be worse; but if I did this, I should be the most miserable scoundrel alive. If you want to know everything, if you want me to give it up this minute—"

"I want to know everything, and I certainly do not want you to give it up this minute. You must continue with Wingate as if you are still his confederate. And of this interview not a word. I think, I really think that this will prove to be the best day's work you have ever done."

Chivers answered nothing, but drew from his pocket a greasy scrap of paper out from a cheap society paper, and placed it in Winchester's hand. As far as he could discern, the paragraph ran as follows:

"The delicate and refined fancy of a 'jewel ball,' designed by the Marchioness of Hurlingham, will be the means of displaying to an admiring world the finest gems of which our aristocracy can boast. Starr and Fortlier, *et hoc genus omne*, are busy setting and polishing for the important event, not the least valuable *parure* of brilliants in their hands being those of Miss Dene, the lovely Arlington Street heiress who, rumour says, intends to personify diamonds. Half a century ago the Vero diamonds had become quite a household word. Certainly they never had a more lovely mistress to display their matchless beauty."

"That," explained the penitent criminal in a hoarse whisper, "is about all I know at present. But if I made a guess, I should say it would be the night after the ball."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth's Contributors.

SCENES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A COUNTRY OF PROBLEMATIC POSSIBILITIES.

The Social Organization of the Colony—Newfoundland Homes—The Fishermen And Their Relations With the Merchants—How to Get There.

The first thing that attracts the attention of a visitor to Newfoundland is the poor little beggar of a crossing-sweeper who stands directly in the way with his broom in one hand and his hat in the other, picturesque and importunate. The second is the giddy, red-checked barmaid, rather pretty and very port, with her arms akimbo and her head set upon one side, dealing out Scotch whiskey and port wine.

This strange and interesting island ought to be of great service to Canadians. It certainly would be if they knew more about it. If they knew how distinct and individual are its charms, how unlike its people, its climate, its vegetation, its scenery and its manners and customs to those of the Dominion and what a perfect change of conditions can be had by a journey of a thousand miles from the heat and dust and humidity and hurry and strife and vexation of Toronto or Montreal, to the bright, clear skies, the dashing seas, the sublime coasts and the tenanted wilderness of this oldest and newest Western land. It is a change which puts brightness into one's eyes and energy into one's muscles.

Nature's fancy was actively at work when this island was created. Its coast-line is an expression of her most erratic humors, and she has surrounded it with conditions of sea and air which add immensely to

THE STRANGE SENTIMENTS

it suggests. At all times its general appearance is wild and bleak, but this effect is profoundly heightened when it is viewed across a raging sea and through a dismal fog. Sights that may be grand are then supremely awful. Cliffs that may be noble take on hideous shapes, and stand trembling in the mist like guilty spectres. In these summer months the winds are soft and only gratefully cooling, the sea rolls peacefully, and the fogs are withdrawn. Even then the picture is characterized by a sombre majesty which is not the less impressive because it is seen through a crystal atmosphere. Long stretches of lofty granite rock constantly engage the eye as you glide swiftly through the ocean. Their base is over fringed with the white ermine of the breaking sea. Their summit, lifted into peaks of nature's noblest architecture,

stands in defiant strength against the corollan sky.

These grim effects are not to be found along our sandy coasts. They have all the interest of novelty to a Canadian. They are much heightened by closer inspection. One does not need a very poetic temperament to have his interest fastened and his imagination excited by the weird beauty of a Newfoundland harbor and the solemn grandeur of a Newfoundland mountain. The scene is one that cannot be resisted. It takes forcible possession of the intellect. To stand upon one of these colossal piles of hoary rock and to look out upon the restless sea, with its fleets of timid craft and

MAGNIFICENT ICEBERGS;

to look down where it rolls and dashes and breaks and surges against the unyielding cliff in a conflict resultless but unceasing; to look back upon the land, strewn with glacial drift, now dipping into narrow ravines, now stretching away into gentle meadow, now rising into lofty hills, wrapped in their dark mantles of fir; to look through the narrow passes of the sea into still harbors, around which cluster the little cottages of the fishermen snugly ensconced among the rocks—to watch the strange and varied picture, touched as it is with a thousand colors, bright, gloomy, dull and gay, is an experience of infinite delight.

Newfoundland, although it was discovered only three years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, although it was annually resorted to by the fishing fleets of four European nations as soon as it was known to exist, although it was colonized by so early an adventurer, as Sir Humphrey Gilbert, although, it was the first scene of Lord Baltimore's colonial enterprise, and although it has had a permanent population for more than a century, is yet to-day an unknown land. Only its coast-line has been thoroughly explored. Its interior remains a wilderness of mysteries. This seems, on the surface, to be a very extraordinary fact, for the island's area is somewhat less than that of the Province of Ontario. It contains 42,000 square miles. But when you become acquainted with the people of Newfoundland you quickly come to know why they have lacked the incentives which would have prompted exploration. The story is told in a single sentence—they are a fishing people, and a fishing people will not be persuaded or forced into doing anything but fishing. But one man has actually crossed the island. He occupied three months in his journey, and he told many remarkable stories when he got back. Reindeer, bears and birds are the only inhabitants. Probably in no other part of America are caribou so numerous or so easily hunted. They are to be found in large bands and are frequently encountered within a dozen miles of the coasts. But fishermen do not hunt caribou. They are not interested in geographical research. They will not till the soil. They are content to abide by their luck in the fishery.

This state of affairs, and most naturally, has had unfortunate results upon the colony's material interests. No people who depend upon a single interest for their livelihood can be sure of prosperity. There inevitably come seasons when the harvest is scant and the market profitless. Fishermen, when engaged in their business, have no end of work,

WORRY AND DANGER

to endure and confront. They begin their operations two hours before the sun rises and continue them long after he sets. When they get back to land they have but one demand—relaxation and rest. This invites a social system which contributes to their misery. Their merry-go-lucky, thriftless life places them, if they are honest, at the mercy of the merchants, and if they are dishonest it places the merchant at the mercy of them. A fishing outfit is an expensive affair. Even coastwise fishing requires food

boats and costly tackle, and a voyage to the banks is an event that requires vast preparations. For all this the fisherman runs in debt—and for much more. He generally deals through a "planter" with a merchant. The merchants are all in St. John's. They are wealthy, aristocratic people and they live handsomely. Their homes are rarely pretentious in appearance, but their silver is silver, and from the moment you enter their door you are impressed with the fact that everything is essential and genuine. There is neither show nor shoddy. Their one ostentation is a flag. No one seems to be entirely respectable unless he owns a flag. It is odd to see a city in which every person of consequence flies his own insignia from a mighty pole in his front yard. The flags are of all kinds and colors, shapes and designs, as much liberty being given in these respects as in the construction and arrangement of a coat-of-arms. Many people are content with the ordinary British ensign, but others go in for complicated patterns and gaudy colors. So much importance is attached to this matter that cases are on record where a man has built his flag-pole before he built his house.

The merchants entertain with lavish hospitality. They have the finest wines on earth and the choicest cigars. Their favorite wine is port. It seems to mature in the cold, damp climate of Newfoundland and gradually to acquire a flavor that is simply exquisite. If you are promptly and involuntarily impressed with this fact you acquire a distinction which is of not a slight social advantage. It appears to justify the Newfoundlanders in giving you his confidence and he grows immediately friendly. I would not imply that he lacks cordiality for its own sake. In his home he is as

GRACIOUS AND DELIGHTFUL

as a man could be. There is a quality of smoothness, if I may call it so, which is exceedingly restful in the household of the St. John's merchant. The servants are servants—not servile, fawning hang-heads, nor impertinent, noisy pests. They are of the fishing population, simple-minded but intelligent. If they are girls they are apt to be very pretty and to possess red cheeks, auburn hair, blue eyes and fair, slender hands. It may not render them the less interesting to add that their wages vary from \$2 a month to \$6. The best of them, however, are rapidly drifting to Canada, where, it is said, they quickly come to know their rights as free and independent Canadian citizens.

The merchant sells everything from a shoestring to a fishing schooner. He generally occupies two or three buildings and carries enormous stocks of goods. He deals in the "out-ports," or fishing villages lying along the coast, through "planters." These constitute a sort of middle-class in the social organization of Newfoundland. Their name does not describe them clearly to Canadian minds. It does not imply that they have an agricultural function. In other lands they might be called brokers, or retailers, or factors. They keep little stores in their various villages and they supply the fisherman with everything. He procures through their agency his boat, his tackle, his salt, his drying sheds and stages, and all that his family consumes day by day. All this is bought on credit and paid for from his catch. If he doesn't catch he frequently doesn't pay, so that the merchant is compelled to

RUN A VARIETY OF RISKS,

and, consequently, to charge exorbitant prices. The fishermen are kept in all degrees of poverty, all bordering on destitution, and the merchant in various degrees of anxiety, all bordering on the verge of bankruptcy. The credit system is a great injury to Newfoundland. It is hated by those who are honest, and those who take advantage of the fishermen are so generally dishonest that the merchant is often

It is often asked what Newfoundland is good for, what are its resources and its future. Aside from its fisheries, of which I shall tell you presently, its possibilities are problematical. So little is known of the interior that no one can say how large an area of agricultural land, of merchantable timber or of valuable grazing land exists. Different answers are given to all these questions. Seven months of the year are cold and bleak. The climate then is extremely trying. During the five months beginning with June and ending in October the weather is perfect, exhilarating, clear and fine. The skies are intensely blue, the ocean serene and beautiful, and the breeze deliciously cool. The soil along the coast is very light and stony, but certainly it is much better in the interior, and probably during these summer months a reasonable degree of farming could be successfully pursued. But the staples of produce must always be imported. It is sufficiently demonstrated that along the Western coast there is a continuous extent from north to south of valuable mining property.

GOLD IN PAYING QUANTITIES,

copper, iron, coal and gypsum are unquestionably deposited there, awaiting nothing but enterprise, capital and the extinction of the French Treaty rights. These will doubtless come in time. St. John's, with its 30,000 people, is a wealthy city, and so well organized in commercial activity that with half a chance it will complete the industrial conquest of the land.

Newfoundland is easily reached if only one knows how to do it. The great Allan Line, from Baltimore, Montreal and Halifax, touches at St. John's every fortnight. Numerous trading steamers from Montreal and Quebec are constantly plying down the St. Lawrence and on the Newfoundland. A most delightful trip may be taken from Boston to Annapolis and through the "Evangelical Country" to Halifax, or from Boston by water to Halifax, and then through the Bras d'Or lakes to Sydney, C.B., where a line of steamers connects with St. John's.

A DRY NIAGARA.

One Occasion When the Great Cataract Failed to Roar.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless, it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara falls.

The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove this ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara river, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall.

So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet of the lake was completely choked. A little or no water could possibly pass through a very short space of time. The frozen barrier passed by the neighborhood of the falls, and the ordinary spectacle of the Niagara falls, were almost entirely obliterated.

The crossing, the falls, were almost entirely obliterated, but the ice was all directed to the east and towards the scene of the

THE CROSSING OF THE NIAGARA

falls, were almost entirely obliterated, but the ice was all directed to the east and towards the scene of the

The Home.

The editor will be glad to have short letters from any of his friends who feel disposed to write asking questions, giving advice, hints to other housekeepers, receipts, or anything which they think would add to the interest of this department. But communications ought to be as brief as possible.

Giving Pleasure.

It is so easy, nine times out of ten, to give pleasure rather than pain.

It takes no money; it is a smile, an appreciative word when a servant or a child does well, a mention of what one likes to hear spoken of rather than an irritating reference.

Give pleasure rather than pain when you speak of your friend's dress. If she has on anything becoming, speak of that, not of the thing that looks like a guy. If you search for it, you will always find something in every dress that might be praised. There is more misery caused among women and by women, to each other, over dress criticism, than results from any serious cause in their world. Nothing, in a small way, goes farther among girls than approving references to dress. "You look really pretty, my dear, in that." Do I? You are an angel." Ask her about you the next day, and she says, "I do like her so much! She is so pleasant always, the darling!" Yet the thing that won its way to her heart was your simple compliment on her appearance. On the other hand, women break friendships quicker over ugly remarks about each other's attire than from almost any other cause. Give pleasure, I repeat, and keep friendships.

Give pleasure to the housewife. Say, "The woman who made this pitcher of lemonade knew how to do a good thing." Say, "How skillful your cook is. This dinner is exquisitely to my taste." Compliment her home art of adornment. Seem pleased with what she has done for your comfort. Don't be an ingrate; especially in hot summer weather; but take notice of her painstaking efforts to make home comfortable, her even cruder efforts at household adornment. Heaven knows how much pleasure you men might give at home. Instead of which, how much pain we give, thoughtlessly, cruelly.

Give pleasure. Tell the grocer of the good things you have gotten of him. You have spoken often enough of the bad berries, the poor flour. Give the man a happy moment. Say, "I like your store, on the whole, better than any shop in town." That's true, or you would not trade there.

The seamstress, poor soul, has nerves and sensibilities like any other mortal. Why not ask her to go to ride with you? Why not put the library bouquet in her hand some evening when she goes home? Why not offer to take her with you to the opera, some evening? She will be as well dressed as you, I'll warrant you, when the time comes. And the music to her hungry ears, unlike your own surfeited ears, would be heavenly pleasure.

Give pleasure. Pay a poor man's debt. Send a broken man his bill receipted. Go forgive some one his debt to you, as you ask God to forgive you your debts. Surprise some one with a release from a heavy obligation, whatever it may be. Your joy will be greater than the money or service could bring you. Flowers to a sick-room; call at the sick man's door if one is too busy to go in for a quarter of an hour's chat; a word of inquiry for the absent; so that his neighbor may write that you asked for him that tried. Yet how much pleasure is to be had from bestowing in a simple way. I'm glad for you!

Teachers exercise the letter of gold that binds the child pupils. A school-teacher who never seems to think of anything beyond hammering certain precepts into a child mind is not fit for his place. The skillful teacher is often seen trying to arrange a game, planning a sport, suggesting some fun and let-up from the everlasting grind. When a child is dead, ah, then we are glad, O, so glad, of every day we made it happy, and the memory of its smile is like the rosy dawn in the eastern sky when the west is dark and lowering.

Do not forget, ye who can so easily pay it, the ten dollar—ay the two or the one dollar—which you owe God's charity, the Fresh Air Fund, for the city poor in summer time. Do not always drive alone, fair lady, when the invalid girl is languishing by her one window in the low dwelling that you pass in reaching the gay park. Do not forget the bankrupt, discouraged and set one side, your old friend of boyhood and competitor of the market, when, sir, you give a birthday dinner in your fine dwelling. Do not forget the aged preacher, sacred heart of his, who is now long past any service to humanity, that he has loved so well for Christ's sake. Do not forget the minstrel and the actor, who, broken and old now, once made you many a glad hour. A thousand of earth's neglected are all about us. Give them pleasure may bless them a bit, and the blessing on our own hearts is a thousand times more health-giving.

Mints.

I have been an itinerant for more or less of my life, and although my travels were not extensive, being from one house and garden to another, they gave me a good opportunity to see how few gardens were supplied with what they should be. Where one occupies a row house every season there is, generally, of course, no such thing as raising fruit; but there is no reason why any one owning a place, in a village at least, should not begin the season with horse radish, and go through the summer enjoying a goodly variety of vegetables and fruits in their season, and putting them up for the winter. Currant slips are easily obtained for the asking, and an hour of leisure will plant a good many. The nicest, smoothest horse radish I ever saw was what grew from roots too small to use, cut in two or three inch lengths and planted in rows.

Even the transient householder may raise his own supply of summer vegetables, and various pickles and substitutes for fruit to put up for the winter. Tomatoes make very good sweet pickles and preserves, and are liked by many as sauce in their season. For sweet pickles I prefer this recipe: seven pounds of peeled tomatoes, four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar (varies with strength of this), spice with one heaping tablespoonful each of whole cloves and stick of cinnamon, tied in a mosquito bar bag. Let it boil until the tomatoes are done; then remove those and let the syrup boil down more, and then pour over fruit, and seal. I always keep these in crocks, putting a paper rubbed over with butter on the top of fruit, and seal by covering with cotton batting. I have never had any trouble in keeping them this way.

For preserves I use a scant pound of sugar to a pound of peeled tomatoes, and slice in a small lemon. As in pickles, I skim out the fruit when done and cook the syrup down, as I think a somewhat thick syrup is much richer than a thin one and keeps better. Preserves, too, I keep in crocks covered with cotton batting.

We like our pieplant sauce better when baked than boiled. I use a brown china dish for this. I never use tin, as I know of a serious case of poisoning from eating pieplant pudding which was cooked in a tin dish which had just been scoured by the out housekeeper. I put sugar in the bottom of the dish, then the pieplant, not peeled, cut in half-inch lengths, then more sugar and water enough to cover the bottom of the dish; cover it over with a tin and bake from forty to thirty minutes, according to direct.

It no longer consider it necessary to boil from corn before drying, as we like it just as it comes. Select corn rather under than over for the table, silk carefully with a sharp knife. If I have any left for other purposes, I put it in a tin and dry it, if not, I use it for the table. These are good for the table, use electric light for other purposes. I put it in a tin and dry it, if not, I use it for the table. These are good for the table, use electric light for other purposes. I put it in a tin and dry it, if not, I use it for the table. These are good for the table, use electric light for other purposes.

and the mosquito bar the other. I sow once through the middle, thus making two divisions. The corn once put in can remain until dry, or as it dries, different lots may be put together and fresh corn take the place of the other. When put out one has only to spread out the bag, and weight the open end, and there is no danger from wind or flies. If one has a tin roof over porch, shed, or bay window, it makes the best of dryers. Put the corn away in paper bags that have no holes to admit flies or moth, and tie tightly. FRANK LAUREL.

We like to combine raspberries with pieplant for jelly, liking the flavor as well as the color, but some do not like it. We use one-third raspberry juice to two-thirds of pieplant, and a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. My main way of putting up pieplant is to dry it. Cut into half-inch lengths, without peeling, use one pound of sugar to seven of fruit, cook slightly and spread upon plates to dry, either in the oven or sun, as most convenient. Currants are dried in same way, and packed when dried, in crocks, covered with cotton batting. I usually mend all my broken plates for this purpose, keeping them to dry fruit on year after year. The most of my jelly is put up in mended bowls, cups, tumblers, which I use year after year. I use white lead, buying five cents worth at the druggists, some time before the first fruit season, and devote a half-day, if necessary, to the job. Assured that the edges are clean, I cover each edge with a thin layer of white lead, press tightly together, tie with carpet rags and put away to dry for weeks.

Rose Jars.

The leaves should be picked in the morning, as soon as convenient after the dew has dried from their petals. These leaves are packed in a jar, a layer of leaves, then a layer of salt, filling the jar well. Stir them daily and keep them well covered for a month, or so; then pour off the accumulated water, and to a two-quart jar add a tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, and dried lemon and orange peel, also some orris root, lavender, musk, and spike-nard, if liked. In fact, the scent can be slightly varied by the addition of different perfumes in differing quantities. And a variety of sweet herbs can be added, in small quantities, so as to get a variety of scents for the different jars.

Victoria at Balmoral.

The Queen's life at Balmoral is exceedingly simple. She breakfasts in her apartments between 9 and 10. Sometimes Princess Beatrice and other members of the family who may be staying at the castle take the maternal meal with her, but oftentimes she breakfasts alone, and her family have a movable feast in the large dining room. The suite have a special dining room set apart for them, and there they can take their meals together, except on particular occasions when they are invited to her majesty's table. These invitations, however, are never issued for breakfast, for the queen prefers to be alone, in order that she may rest over the programme of the day. Shortly after 10 the queen begins to devote herself to affairs of the nation, runs through the dispatches which are sent to her daily by the ministers, and, with the help of Sir Henry Ponsonby, jots down replies, Sir Henry acting as secretary. The work is usually over by 12, about which time the queen's messenger starts for London with the queen's dispatches to the ministers. At 1 o'clock the queen lunches. Afterward she goes for a drive or one of her vigorous walks, which are so trying to the less energetic of her ladies-in-waiting. The dinner hour is not till 5. After dinner the usual practice is that the queen makes a few observations to her guests, and at about 11 retires to her private apartments. Of late, however, there have been changes in the evening programmes in the direction of greater gaiety.

Woman in Summer.

The youth who looks upon a maid In all her summer clothes arrayed, Starched dress, starched skirt, oft wonders why She seems so pleasing to the eye! He's sweltering in his yachting clothes, The drops descending o'er his nose, His tennis blazer sticking to him As every solar ray goes through him While she is, in her tennis dress, A vision of pure loveliness; Her skirt so nice, her pretty hose, Her world of charming furbelows, A revelation are; he knows well then How women are so much more sweet than men.

MOON-FACED PIRATES CAUGHT.

Forty Highwaymen of Chinese Waters Captured or Killed.

The viceroys of Canton reports the capture of a large number of pirates, and solicits rewards for the officers who specially distinguished themselves in effecting their apprehension. The coast of the Canton province has, it is stated, been infested for many years past by bands of pirates, who have formed themselves into powerful organizations and harass the country far and wide. The chief of all these societies, whose number is considerably over a hundred, was a notorious pirate called Tsonglu-yu-chuan, whose depredations had long been the terror of the coast. Last year his principal confederate, Tseng-Ya-chih, fell into the hands of the authorities, whereupon he organized another band and continued as active in crime as before.

After capturing twelve pirates the imperial troops came in sight of two pirate vessels, one of which carried the Chief Tseng-lu-yu-chuan himself. A brick fire was at once opened on both sides, and the pirate chief, being wounded and closely pressed, was obliged to take to the water and swim for his life. Finding escape hopeless he stabbed himself, and was arrested in a dying condition. The vessels having been boarded, seventeen foreign guns and twenty-three charts containing the pirates' plans of campaign were among the plunder.

Tseng's evidence was to the effect that as a boy he had joined the rebels in the Canton province, and had subsequently taken up piracy as a profession. For nearly a quarter of a century he claimed to have been the undisputed leader of all the pirates in the Canton waters, and his yearly income, which, exclusive of disbursements, he estimated at several tens of thousands of taels, was shared in by the other members of the confederacy. He died before he could be sent to Canton, but his head was exposed to the public gaze, as were also those of twelve of his followers who shared his fate. Two other parties of troops which were sent by Admiral Fang to scour the neighborhood succeeded in capturing thirty-one pirates and three vessels. Several of the prisoners proved to be heads of pirate organizations which have been preying on the country for years. Altogether over forty pirates were brought to justice.

Country Life in Ireland.

On the whole, the Scotch and Irish are more pleasant, particularly to a sportsman; the English more dignified, or, I might say, magnificent, on account of the size and appointments of the mansions, and the old historical surroundings. A great Irish house is more homely and genial. The host and hostess generally talk better; they put more stress upon their out-of-door appointments; they have better, or rather more interesting, gardens; better bred horses, and are readier to put them at your disposal. The Irish country house is more natural. If you have not had early breakfast ordered, and arranged over-night for an early start, you come down to breakfast any hour you like within reasonable limits (9-10:30). You will generally find two or three little tables ready, various hot things at the fire, cold things on the sideboard. You will find three or four people at breakfast, others gone, some not down. The servants only come when summoned. Everybody walks round and helps himself. You are asked at breakfast what you would like to do. Will you fish, or shoot, or hunt, or drive, according to the season, and the professed object of your visit. You are asked what shall be sent out with you for lunch. You will be sent in a dog-cart or other carriage, and some of the guests, or the host will accompany you. If you are a real sportsman, you will work as hard all day as if you depended upon it for your dinner, and indeed, in one sense you do, for you will gain an appetite worth a dinner by itself. You bring your own guns, rods, horses, etc., if you come for the purpose of sport; if you are a fashionable man, you bring your own servant. But if any sudden chance arises, if you happen to come unprepared, there is always some means of fixing you up for a day's enjoyment. In this way you come to know the neighborhood as only sportsmen can know it; you will study the hills, the woods, the pools in the river with a deeper interest than mere curiosity, when you know that your success depends upon your understanding these things. I can be all athletes, base ball players, bicyclists, etc., to keep the throat moist, Adams' Tooty Fruit Gum. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners everywhere; 5 cent.

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

Author of "FETTERED FOR LIFE," "THE ADMIRABLE LADY BIDDY FANE," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

Six ladies trotted into the arena for the open race, each in a black riding habit, with a knot of coloured ribbon on her shoulder—Nessa wearing blue and white. Alone in a box near the winning post sat a very small man in a very big fur coat. A field glass hid the greater part of his face, leaving little visible but a hooked nose, a tufted chin, and a waxed moustache. Nessa felt sure this must be the great M. Duprez before she heard the French girl by her side whisper to another, "Voilà le patron!" Fergus on his thoroughbred stood in the middle of the open space with the bouquet for the victor in his hand.

The signal was given as the girls came round in a fair line to the starting place, and Nessa was left behind at the very offset. For her intelligent mare, having learnt by the experience of the two preceding nights that she was to keep back resented the cut with which Nessa intimated a change of tactics, and rearing up, pawed the air shaking her head viciously under the sting of the whip.

Every eye was turned to the girl with the blue and white favour. To some it was a marvel how she kept her seat; all were on the look out for an accident. Another cut as the mare came to her feet brought her to a sense of the new duty before her, and, with an impetuous spring, she dashed after the other riders. Nessa was half a dozen lengths behind as she passed M. Duprez, and there was a ring of applause through the building when it was seen, that, despite her disadvantage, she intended to try for a place. The mare understood it and tore over the tan, picking up lost ground so well that when Nessa passed Duprez again she was no more than a length behind the rest, who stuck close together. The little man gave an approving sweep of his glass and smiled contentedly—for a Frenchman.

A thunder of applause greeted Nessa as she came along on the second lap, still working hard. The other riders, who alone were unconscious of Nessa's delay in starting, were at a loss to understand the unusual excitement. Mrs. Redmond, however, who headed the race, took the applause to herself, and elated by this testimony of admiration, kept her mare to it with whip and heel, putting her a clear length before the rest. But in finishing the second lap, Mrs. Redmond became conscious of a rider gaining on her, and, glancing back, found Nessa close on her heels.

The audience rose, and, craning forward, became wild with excitement. Duprez himself rose and leant forward in the box to see how the girl was coming on. The mare's head was level with Mrs. Redmond's shoulder as they passed him. The two riders heard the little man cry, "Blue and white wins!" as they passed, and then understood what it was the audience cried as they rushed round in the final lap. "Blue and white wins!" was on every tongue.

No, by Jove, she doesn't!" retorted Redmond between her set teeth, thrashing her head. But she had plied her start and her mare was dull. Nessa had been merciful, and intended to show that she

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Mrs. Redmond turned white with fury upon Fergus, swore at him, and, putting her mare to a trot, cut across the arena to the exit to mark her displeasure. It was the very worst thing she could have done; for the audience, kindly disposed towards the defeated when defeat is taken with a good grace, is quick to resent anything like an exhibition of spleen towards its favourite. A distinct hiss followed the vexed woman out of the arena, giving place to a storm of applause as Nessa, with the bouquet in her hand, trotted slowly round the arena bowing her acknowledgements.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Redmond, with such venomous jealousy burning in her heart as only unfortunate captures like herself know, betook herself to the dressing room, sent for brandy and soda, and poured out her grievances to the dressers, who listened in silence, and did not even pretend to sympathize with her, for not a soul in the place liked the woman. When she was called for the steeplechase, she sent the grinning call-boy with an insulting message to Fergus and never budged from her seat.

The race was run without her, Nessa winning easily. The girls, delighted with Mrs. Redmond's defeat rather than with her friend's victory, waited on the stairs to congratulate her, and trooped up to the dressing room laughing loudly and chatting, with the express intention of mortifying the common enemy.

Mrs. Redmond had her bonnet on, having purposely waited to show the lot that she was not afraid of them. A silence fell on the girls as they entered in expectation of a scene. Nessa laid down the three bouquets she had won, and went to her friend with outstretched hand. Mrs. Redmond took no notice of this overture, and occupied herself with the fastening of her glove.

"I'm off," she said; "you can stay and settle it with Fergus. He'll expect something for his favouritism."

"Oh, that's tommy nonsense," said one of the girls. "You tried all you knew to get in and lost by a neck. The audience wouldn't stand injustice—and you know it."

"You'll have to put up with your beating as we have," said another.

"I don't know why any of us should take a defeat personally," said Nessa. "It's the horses who win; not we. You'd have won with my mare."

"I don't know about that," said the boldest of the party. "If Totty had your temper as well as your mare, she might win."

"At any rate, she wouldn't have got hissed."

Mrs. Redmond, who had prepared some smart things to say, forgot them all under their shower of taunts. She could only assume a look of disdain as she marched to the door; but the last sting was unendurable, and, turning at the door, she poured forth a volley of coarse abuse that made Nessa shudder, and took away all the delight of her success, and distressed her infinitely.

"Mr. Fergus wants to see you, miss," said the call-boy, as Nessa was going down from her room.

She went into his office, where she found him seated with the little man in the lag coat—M. Duprez. The impresario rose, took off his hat, and made a most ceremonious bow. Then he paid her an elaborate compliment on her horsemanship, which Nessa made out pretty well, and replied to in such "French of Stratford-atte-Bowee" as she could command, but with a natural grace and self-command which more than compensated her faulty pronunciation. She was no longer a raw school girl.

"You understand my wishes with respect to this young lady," M. Duprez said to Fergus; and, with another deeply respectful bow to Nessa, he withdrew.

"The boss," said Fergus, in a low tone, as the door closed. "You saw him. I suppose I never saw him so enthusiastic before."

"All you took the whole audience," Fergus said, of old Misson's made it a point of honour to go through. But you'd have to be in the

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"Why, it means that she breaks her engagement, and don't intend to come again. For my part, I'm jolly glad. She's a good horsewoman, but she always upsets the show wherever she goes. I told you the other day that I shouldn't have taken her on except to get you. I know you were too good to be lost. Of course, your success means a success for me. Duprez wants a manager who can spot good things. He's delighted with you; and I tell you, candidly, it's as good as a note for fifty pounds to me. Well, now Totty has broken this engagement, it allows me to make a fresh one with you; and I offer you individually the same price I proposed to pay Totty for both—four guineas a week. In addition to that, besides the bouquets, which the dressers are always glad enough to get from you at five shillings each, there will be a money prize of ten shillings to the winner, five shillings to the second, and a consolation prize of a pound for the girl who makes the highest number of third places in the week."

You are to have l'Esperance, the governor says. It'll be a handicap no far as you are concerned: the rest will have a fair start, and you'll have to beat 'em. You see, these races are the most attractive thing in the whole show, and we're going to make a star of you. Look! this is going into all the papers, and will be billed all over London before the end of a week."

He held up a sheet of paper on which M. Duprez had scrawled in large letters:—

HIPPODROME RACES:

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

This took Nessa's breath away. She sat silent, looking at the sheet of paper with blinking eyes that seemed dazzled by the words, and a warm flush in her face.

"Now," continued Fergus, "I have called that you may be prepared for Totty. Now's the time when you ought to break with her for good and all, and she'll give you a good opportunity. I bet, before she goes to sleep, or lets you sleep. Go away from her, and get nice little diggings of your own in a respectable street—"

"Oh, I cannot!" exclaimed Nessa, earnestly, though with an accent of regret.

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"I can't separate from her against her wish. And I can't accept this brilliant offer."

"Don't say that—why?"

"It would mortify her awfully."

"She would have no hesitation in mortifying you if it were in her power."

"That doesn't matter. I have told you that I am under a great obligation to her. I owe her my life!" Nessa said, impressively.

"You may not like her, Mr. Fergus—"

"Nobody does," growled Mr. Fergus, by way of parenthesis.

"Then she is the more unhappy. And I must not—I cannot—do anything that would add to her unhappiness."

Mr. Fergus was vexed; and he looked it as he jobbed his pen into the table in morose silence. He was thinking of himself and his relations with Duprez, who had expressed his wishes significantly; but he glanced up, and catching sight of Nessa, her cheek pale now, and her dark lashes wet with a tear, his selfishness vanished.

"You are a brick, Miss Dancaster," he said. "Didn't foresee this, though: might if I'd reflected a bit, for any one can see you're not an ordinary girl."

He rose, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at the floor between his feet.

Nessa rose also, but he didn't attempt to terminate the interview.

"I'll tell you what, dear," he said, suddenly, looking up. "I'll square it with Totty. You leave it to me. I needn't say that, though. Some girls would go home and tell her what has passed in here, to show up their own generosity. You won't—I know precious well. Generous girls don't show off—it's the mean lot that have to do that. Only just you manage, go out for a walk to-morrow morning about ten or eleven, and stay out till one. I'll drop in and see Totty. She can be squared; I know her. She'll put up with a beating every night, if I make it worth her while. I see my way clearly enough now," he added, cheerfully. "She'll come into the show again to-morrow especially if she thinks she is forcing me to eat humble pie; and she's welcome to think that for all I care. But you and I will have that agreement all the same, and we'll get the posters up on Monday."

And on Monday, sure enough, all London was wondering what was the meaning of the bills on the boarding—"Hippodrome Races Done as I White wins!"

CHAPTER XXII—STICKING TO IT

It was a great hit. The hippodrome races

A revelation of the town. The common

How wonderful was whether the races

fairly or not, was it an arranged

that blue and white should win

at such odds, and it became the thing

to go to Arcadia and decide by personal observation?

In the dull season before Christmas, when other places of entertainment were doing bad business, the hippodrome drew "big houses." The management had lighted upon Nessa in the very nick of time. There had been an enormous development in public taste for everything connected with sport, and through Nessa the Hippodrome had succeeded in taking the tide of Fortune at the flow. But independent of her skill and audacity as a horsewoman, she attracted the crowd by her youth and beauty. She was called upon to sit for a fresh photograph about three times a week; her portraits were stuck in every place of vantage in the building; they were carried in pockets by the programme boys; they were in all the shop windows; she was shown, in coloured posters, flying over a five-barred gate, with her knot of parti-colored ribbon streaming from her shoulders, and "Blue and White wins!" for a legend. Viola Dancaster was, in fact, all over London.

Nessa's salary was doubled and doubled and doubled again. She might have commanded any terms she chose to make. In her place Mrs. Redmond would have made a fortune. Nessa was not greedy of gain. She enjoyed her life so much that it seemed to her almost too bad to take money for what gave her such delight. It is doubtful if she fully realized the value of money, never having had more than a few shillings at a time. She was glad of course, to live in a better house, and be waited on by a clean servant, and dress well; but her desires only went one step farther, and that was to discharge her obligations to Mrs. Redmond. To her she handed over all the money she made, taking what she needed for her own immediate requirements with something almost like an apology.

As she came to know men and women better, and obtained a clearer perception of the motives that govern their actions, her faith in Mrs. Redmond's disinterestedness died away and she ceased even to like the woman; but for that reason she felt more strongly than ever bound to discharge Mrs. Redmond's continually-reiterated claim on her gratitude.

One morning, when Nessa had risen almost to the zenith of her popularity, Fergus said to her—

"Miss Dancaster, which would you prefer—money or a horse?"

"The horse," replied Nessa, without a moment's reflection.

"I knew it!" cried Fergus, slapping his thigh in satisfaction. "I bet a fiver you would choose the horse. Well, now, my dear, you've only got to choose which horse it shall be. We'll walk down the stalls—perhaps there's one in the stand I can let you have."

"I don't quite understand you."

"It's like this: there's a lot of betting goes on in the canteen among the madders—the habitués, you know—and you've put a lot of money in some of their pockets. Well, they want to make you some sort of expiation, and they have asked me to do it in as delicate a manner as possible. I'm a bad hand at that sort of thing, you know; but I thought you would not refuse a gee-gee."

"But I can refuse it," said Nessa, very seriously, "if—"

"If there were any mortal reason why you should. But there ain't. Now, look here: I've got the money. Every man subscribed, but who gave a fiver or who gave fifty, I don't know; and if I had to return the money, I shouldn't know where to begin, and should end, ten to one, in sticking to the lot myself. If you refuse it, I shall consider that it's because I am wanting in delicacy, and I shall be horribly mortified, and so will every one else."

"If you really think I might take it—if you could advise your own sister to take it—"

Nessa said, casting a longing eye down the row of sleek horses.

"I wish to Heaven I had a sister worthy of such a compliment! Now, what do you think of Caprice?"

Nessa thought Caprice was lovely, and Patratrac beautiful, and Zut charming, and so she went down the line, admiring one after the other, quite at a loss which to select from so many worthy of selection. Then suddenly she stopped with that look which was as beautiful on her face as the shadow of a cloud on a sunny landscape.

"How much money might I have instead of the horse?" she asked.

"Two hundred guineas."

"Then I think I'll take the money if it's all the same."

"Oh of course it's all the same, my dear," said Fergus, cheerfully as he could for it meant the loss of his bet five pounds out of pocket. "Will you have a cheque or note?"

"Notes," said Nessa, with a sigh and one long, regretful glance at Patratrac.

"Now, what the deuce is she going to do

with the cash?" wondered Fergus, when the transaction was concluded and Nessa nodded a sunny "good-bye" to him from her hansom.

Nessa drove to all the shops she could remember going to with Mrs. Redmond, asked what was owing in the name of Vanessa Grahame, paid up, and found herself in the end with barely enough to pay her cab fare home.

"Now they can't send her to prison for getting things under false pretences," she said to herself; and thought no more of Patratrac.

She had no fear for herself now, and held Redmond in contempt; and this fearlessness arose partly from a change in her own character, and partly because the danger was less. Physically and mentally her strength was vastly increased by the exercise in which every faculty of body and mind was daily called into play. She was no longer helpless and friendless. An inexperienced girl just run away from school might easily be got out of the way, but it was another thing with a young woman whose face was known all over England. Kidnapping was out of the question while she had a voice and the courage to call for help; and a dozen doctors could not prove her of weak mind in face of the witnesses she could bring to attest the contrary. She reasoned that the instinct of self-preservation would restrain Redmond from attacking her if accident led him to discover that she was Viola Dancaster, seeing that such a course would lead only to an exposure of his own villainy.

Amongst the men of the world who frequented the cantoon was an eminent Q. C. One night he said to Fergus, who was always open to receive a cigar, and willing to talk about the law—

"I don't see Miss Dancaster here. All the other girls drop in pretty regularly."

"Perhaps that's the reason why Miss Dancaster doesn't."

"Hum! Considers herself a cut above them, eh?"

"No; there's none of that confounded nonsense about her. She thinks none the worse of others because she respects herself."

That hardly explains, Mr. Fergus, why the presence of other young ladies causes Miss Dancaster to absent herself."

"I'll endeavour to make it clear even to the meanest comprehension," retorted Fergus, smartly. "You gentlemen adopt a stately conversation in the presence of those young ladies which Miss Dancaster could not listen to with pleasure. She used to come in here once, and liked it. She drank champagne here with the rest, and seemed to like that too. But not for long. When she found that the women who drink champagne here cease to be ladies, she dropped that; and when she found that gentlemen who came here took the privilege of laying aside good manners, she dropped you. On the whole, I should think the less is yours, for a more charming young lady doesn't exist."

"Oh! she is a young lady."

"I should have thought even you could see that."

"Thank you, Mr. Fergus."

The Q. C. turned the cigar in his lips, looked at the ash as he expelled a thin whiff of smoke, and then, fixing one eye on Fergus, said—

"Should you be surprised to learn that the young lady is heiress to a considerable fortune?"

"Not a bit. If she had a title I should not be astonished. From the very first I have believed that she has been driven from home."

"What reason have you for supposing that?"

"Her education—manners—face—figure, everything shows birth and breeding."

"You have no other evidence than such as you might take in judging the character of a horse, I suppose, Mr. Fergus?"

Fergus acknowledged the hit, and said he needed none better.

"Now, and you ask Miss Dancaster if her name is Vanessa Grahame?"

"I dare say I could, but I'm quite sure I wouldn't."

"Unless it were to the young lady's advantage," suggested the Q. C.

"That would alter the case certainly."

"I think I can show you that you may ask the question without impertinence. I have lately taken into my office a clerk. His name is Levy. This young man, without knowing the interest I took in Miss Dancaster, asked my opinion in a case where certain scoundrels have conspired to rob Miss Grahame, not only of her fortune, but her liberty also, and possibly her life. If his story is true, a sure there would be no difficulty in punishing at least one of the offenders, and restoring Miss Grahame to the position she has been forced to relinquish. Now, if Miss Vanessa Grahame and Miss

Viola Dancaster are one and the same person, I might be disposed to take up her case from a feeling of respect with which I fear, Mr. Fergus, you hardly credit me."

"Oh, you're a gentleman at heart: it's your manners I find fault with," Fergus said, brusquely, as he knitted his brow.

"Thank you, sir," replied the Q. C., with mock politeness. "The first thing is to find out if Miss D. is Mrs. G., and that you can know by putting the question to her point blank, as I certainly should if I had the pleasure of speaking to her instead of you."

"Restoring Miss Grahame to her position means taking Miss Dancaster out of the show. You are asking me to do too much," said Mr. Fergus, gloomily.

"But you'll do it, all the same, Mr. Fergus, unless I am greatly mistaken in your character."

Fergus made no reply to this. It was hard lines to sacrifice his own interests for those of a friend. But it looked as if he must. Nessa had admitted that her life had been saved by Mrs. Redmond.

"Her life isn't in jeopardy now, is it?" he asked.

"Yes, it is, my friend. Her life must be in jeopardy while those rascals have the chance of profiting by her death."

"I'll see about it," said Fergus, coldly. The next day he found an opportunity to speak to Nessa in private.

"Now, don't you say a word till you've heard all I have to tell you," he began. And then he recounted, as closely as he could remember, all that had passed the night before between himself and the Q. C.

"There you are, my dear," he said, in conclusion. "Now it's for you to say whether you wish to be known as Miss Dancaster or Miss Grahame."

Nessa reflected for a few minutes, and then she said—

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Fergus, and very grateful to your friend; but I do not wish to be known by any name but Viola Dancaster."

"But your life is in danger?" suggested he.

"My life is not in danger," replied Nessa, in a tone of conviction; for she had quite resolved that Redmond was powerless to harm her.

"I'm glad to hear it, with all my heart. But there's your position to think about."

"I have thought about that. I am very happy here—happier than ever I have been in my life. I like the people here—everyone. I have all that I desire. The excitement is such a delight to me that I pity those who only look on. I do not think I could live without this nightly pleasure. It is everything to me. I would not lose it even if my life were in danger."

Fergus breathed a deep sigh of relief. "Then what am I to tell this fellow?" he asked.

"Tell him that Viola Dancaster refuses to acknowledge any other name."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Run a Coal Stove

A coal stove should never be filled up with coal higher than the first brick, a little lower is better. Never put wood on top of coal if you wish a good, clean fire. Wood ashes rattling down through the hard coal fire are not an improvement. No dead ashes or clinkers should be allowed on the grate or under it either. An ash-pit under the boiler, if allowed to fill with ashes, will reflect so much heat against the grate that it will soon wear out and fall to pieces. The same will take place in the hot stove as well as in the steam boiler. If the object to run a fire is to burn out as much coal as possible then fill it full, even so that the covers will not go down. This arrangement will burn the greatest possible quantity of coal in the least amount of time, to obtain directly opposite results, keep a clean fire in the fire box about two-thirds full of coal. (Northwestern Mechanic.)

Bismarck's Favorite Flower.

Prince Bismarck's fondness for heather, is not a new fancy. With him the heather is more truly than the primrose was to Lord Beaconsfield, "his favorite flower." Nearly thirty years ago, when Minister to Paris, he made a trip to the South of France, visiting among other places Chambard. Writing to his wife from Bordeaux, under date July 27, 1862, Bismarck says: "From inland specimens of heather you will no longer be able to see how purple it is planted in the royal garden, and swallows almost the only living creature in the castle. For sparrows it is too lonely."

It has never hitherto been found possible to make a drilling machine which would drill square, hexagonal, oblong, and octagonal holes in metal, but such a tool has been devised and its appearance before the public is promised at no distant date.

ELECTRICAL.

The immense value of a successful and economical method of treating ores, and the excellent promise given by magnetic separators in this country seem to have acted as an incentive to European inventors, and a patent for the electrical treatment of ore has just been taken out by Siemens & Halske of Berlin. After being pulverized the ore is poured into cylinders filled with a solution of sulphate of iron, which is kept in constant motion and subjected to steam heat. Copper cylinders, partly placed in mercury, are revolved in the wall, an alkaline cyanide solution being in most cases added to the electrolyte, and a current is passed through the whole. The metal is deposited on these cylinders. After the operation the dissolved copper is recovered in the usual way. The process is said to be applicable to the treatment of copper and zinc ores and that of precious metals. The amount of wealth which is now lying idle on the surface of the earth in the shape of huge mounds of imperfectly worked ore, and which will soon be made available by means of electricity, is almost incredible.

Mr. Shelford Bidwell, in speaking at the Royal Society's conversation in London last week, exhibited an experiment which may possibly explain the intense darkness, often accompanied by a lurid yellow glow, during thunderstorms. After showing on a screen the shadow of a small steam jet, which was of a neutral gray tint, and of feeble intensity, he electrified the jet, and the shadow became dense and of a peculiar orange brown hue. At the same meeting some remarkable work was done with the type printing telegraph. Connections were made all over Europe, and among the persons communicated with by the President in the course of the evening were Prof. Helmholtz and DuLois-Reymond in Berlin, Prof. Mascart in Paris, and Prof. Canizaro in Rome.

Among the uses to which the automatic switch block can be turned is that of regulating furnaces. The damper of a furnace may be kept closed during the night and opened at a fixed time in the morning, so that the apartments can be warmed before the rising of the occupants, and the servants can at the same time be awakened by closing the switch of an electric bell circuit.

The latest reports concerning the huge Ferranti station at Deptford, England, of whose disastrous failure such dismal forebodings have been made from time to time, are distinctly encouraging. Current is now being actually transmitted at a pressure of between 5,000 and 6,000 volts over a temporary cable, and the new type of Ferranti cables are most highly spoken of. Mr. Ferranti deserves the success with which his ingenuity and pluck seem likely to be rewarded.

The many accidents which have been caused by the ignition of the alcoholic vapors discharged during the operation of varnishing the interior of beer casks, which arise from the exposure of the illuminant required, cannot be prevented. The ordinary lanterns used are being replaced by the electric light. An incandescent light of small candle power is surrounded by a strong iron frame, which protects the lamp without obstructing the light. The frame of the lamp is provided with a hook, by which it may be hung in the belt of the workman or suspended from the wood of the cask. The lamp is very handy, and is supplied with current from a storage battery which will operate for twenty hours without being recharged.

From time to time new developments are made in the problem of seeing by electricity. Not long ago Edison was reported to have said that he had under consideration a plan by which this could be effected, and now another method has been proposed. This method is based upon the property peculiar to selenium of changing its electrical resistance with the intensity of light. The selenium cells are arranged in squares, each of which is connected with an electro-magnet in the receiver. The latter is composed of a mirror constructed of thin strips of steel to each of which several of the electro-magnets are attached. The illuminated body is placed between the transmitter and the receiver. The selenium cells receive the light in proportion to the intensity of the light. The varying current of the electro-magnets in the transmitter is transmitted to the receiver by the electro-magnets, which in turn vary the position of the mirror, so that the light is reflected to the eye of the observer.

the utmost value, as with buried wires and concealed wires a General could apprise himself of the movements of his adversary with certainty and ease.

Some sugar works in Havana have recently availed themselves of electrical applications in the manufacture of sugar. The juice of the cane is poured into the middle compartment of a series of troughs, which are divided into three by two porous partitions. The outside compartment contains water, in which are placed blocks of carbon connected to the negative pole of the dynamo. The positive pole of the machine is connected with carbon plates in the middle compartment. The sugar juices are purified from the salts they contain which are taken up by the water. The addition of the current assists the osmotic transfer across the porous partitions. This method effects a marvellous saving in time, and is said to produce superior sugar.

A queer and suggestive find is reported to have been made in the sleepy old Moravian town of Salem, N. C. Being surrounded by enterprising neighbors, who are alive to the advantages of electric lights and electric railways, Salem determined to be abreast of the times. Not many days ago a workman was fitting electric light wires in the attic of one of the old buildings of the town, when he came upon a quiet group of souvenirs, which showed the different stages of illumination which had successively come within the experience of the household. There was first a set of old-fashioned tin candle moulds; then an oil lamp of antique pattern, and, lastly, a small section of a gas pipe, which he there and then supplanted by the wire through which the electric current was soon to pass.

One of the editors of a leading journal was recently talking about the growth of electrical industries in this country, and expressed some surprise that an impression should have gained ground that this growth was not founded upon a solid basis. "It is a great mistake," said the editor, "to imagine that there is anything unstable even in the enormously rapid growth of the number of companies and increased capitalizations that are going into electrical ventures. Of course there are some abortive experiments and worthless patents and it may be that there are some wild cat companies organized; but if any one wishes to know whether the electricians of the country are making money or not I should like him to sit in my office for a day and look over with me the 50 or 100 reports that come in. He will find among these one or two failures, two or three liquidations, but the remaining reports will every one of them deal with increase of plant, extension of field, or doubling of dividends. So far as my advice goes—and they come from impartial correspondents in almost every State in the Union—I do not believe that more than one concern out of every fifty is today disappointed in the results of its investments."

A decided advance in military telegraphy has been made by the invention of the Jerritt military field sounder. This apparatus consists of a small instrument so arranged as to be capable of being used as a transmitter and receiver. The sounder can be employed both for sending and receiving messages. The ordinary apparatus for transmitting telegraph work is thus dispensed with, the current being put on or off by means of a small switch. The base of the instrument. A table range can be adjusted for the purposes if necessary. The apparatus will be used for the purpose of sending and receiving messages in the field.

The use of the Jerritt military field sounder is a great improvement on the ordinary apparatus for transmitting telegraph work. It is a small instrument so arranged as to be capable of being used as a transmitter and receiver. The sounder can be employed both for sending and receiving messages. The ordinary apparatus for transmitting telegraph work is thus dispensed with, the current being put on or off by means of a small switch. The base of the instrument. A table range can be adjusted for the purposes if necessary. The apparatus will be used for the purpose of sending and receiving messages in the field.

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

BY H RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

Ille nam vero immortalem falsae in loca tempus.—SERVIUS. AENEID II., 501.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLOOD-RED SEA.

A hard fight it had been and a long, and the Wanderer was weary. He took the tiller of the ship in his hand, and steered for the South and for the noonday sun which was now at his highest in the heavens. But suddenly the bright light of the sky was darkened and the air was filled with the rush and the murmur, and the winnowing of innumerable wings. It was as if all the birds that have their homes and seek their food in the great salt marsh of Cayster had risen from the South and had flown over sea in one hour, for the heaven was darkened with their flight, and loud with the call of cranes and the whistling cry of the wild ducks. So dark was the thick mass of flying fowl, that a flight of swans shone snowy against the black cloud of their wings. At the view of them the Wanderer caught his bow eagerly into his hand and set an arrow on the string, and, taking a careful aim at the white wedge of birds, he shot a wild swan through the breast as it swept high over the mast. Then, with all the speed of its rush, the wild white swan flashed down like lightning into the sea behind the ship. The Wanderer watched its fall, when lo! The water where the dead swan fell splashed up as red as blood and all foam! The long silver wings and snowy plumage floated on the surface flecked with blood-red stains, and the Wanderer marvelled as he bent over the bulwarks and gazed steadily upon the sea. Then he saw that the wide sea round the ship was covered, as far as the eye could reach, as it were with a blood-red scum. Hither and thither the red stain was tossed like foam, yet beneath, where the deep wave divided, the Wanderer saw that the streams of the sea were grey and green below the crimson dye. As he watched he saw, too, that the red froth was drifted always onward from the South and from the mouth of the River of Egypt, for behind the wake of the ship it was most red of all, though he had not marked it while the battle raged. But in front the colour grew thin as if the stain that the river washed down was all but spent. In his heart the Wanderer thought, as any man must have done, that on the banks of the River of Egypt there had been some battle of great nations, and that the war-god had raged furiously, wherefore the holy river as it ran forth stained all the sacred sea. Where war was, there was his home, no other home had he now, and all the more eagerly he steered right on to see what the Gods would send him. The flight of birds was over and past: it was two hours after noon, the light was high in heaven, when, as he gazed, another shadow fell on him, for the sun in mid-heaven grew small, and red as blood. Slowly a mist rose up over it from the South, a mist that was thin but black as night. Beyond to the southward, there was a bank of cloud like a mountain wall, steep, and polished, and tipped along the ragged crest with sparkling ever and again with flashes of splendour, while the bases were lit with lightning like a written scroll. The Wanderer in all his life had never seen such a sight, nor had he ever dreamed of it. But in the heart of the Wanderer there was a great dread, as if the God Osiris himself, the God of Death, had reached the harbour. The Wanderer made him have no doubt that he came with much treasure, and that he was the King of the South.

Foreboding somewhat of the perils that lay in front, the Wanderer was tempted to shift his course and sail back to the sunlight. But he was one that had never turned his hand from the plough, nor his foot from the path, and he thought that now his path was foreordained. So he lashed the tiller with a rope, and groped his way with his hands along the deck till he reached the altar of the dwarf gods, where the embers of the sacrifices still were glowing faintly. Then with his sword he cut some spear-shafts and broken arrows into white chips, and with them he filled a little brazier, and taking the seed of fire from the altar set light to it from beneath. Presently the wood blazed up through the noonday night, and the fire flickered and flared on the faces of the dead men that lay about the deck, rolling to larboard and to starboard, as the vessel lurched, and the flame shone red on the golden armour of the Wanderer.

Of all his voyages this was the strangest seafaring, he cruising alone, with a company of the dead, deep into darkness without measure or bound, to a land that might not be descried. Strange gusts of sudden wind blew him hither and thither. The breeze would rise in a moment from any quarter, and die as suddenly as it rose, and another wind would chase it over the chopping seas. He knew not if he sailed South or North, he knew not how time passed, for there was no sight of the sun. It was night without a dawn. Yet his heart was gay, as if he had been a boy again, for the old sorrows were forgotten, so potent was the draught of the chalice of the Goddess, and so glad was the delight of battle.

"Endure, my heart," he cried, as he had often cried before, "a worse thing than this thou hast endured," he caught up a lyre of the dead Sidonians, and sang:—
 Though the light of the sun be hidden,
 Though his race be run,
 Though we sail in a sea forbidden
 To the golden sun,
 Though we wander alone, unknowing,—
 Oh, heart of mine,
 The path of the strange sea-gods,
 On the blood-red brine:
 Yet endure! We shall not be shaken
 By things worse than these:
 We have wept when our friends were taken,
 On the unvalled seas:
 Worse deaths have we faced and fled from,
 In the Cyclops den,
 When the floor of his cave ran red from
 The blood of men,
 Worse griefs have we known undaunted,
 Worse fates have fled:
 When the Isle that our long love haunted
 Lay waste and dead!

So he was chanting when he descried, faint and far off, a red glow cast up along the darkness like sunset on the sky of the under world. For this light he steered, and soon he saw two tall pillars of flame blazing beside each other, with a narrow space of night between them. He helmed the ship towards these, and when he came near them they were like two mighty mountains of wood burning far into heaven, and each was as lofty as the pyre that blazes over men slain in some red war, and each pile roared and flared above a steep crag of smooth black basalt, and between the burning mounds of fire lay the still flame-flecked water of a haven.

The ship neared the haven and the Wanderer saw, moving like fireflies through the night, the lanterns in the prows of boats, and from one of the boats a sailor hailed him in the speech of the people of Egypt, asking him if he desired a pilot.

"Yes," he shouted. The boat drew near, and the pilot came aboard, a torch in his hand; but when his eye fell on the dead men in the ship, and the horror hanging from the yard, and the captain bound to the iron bar, and those all, on the golden armour of the Wanderer, and on the spear-point fast in his hand, and on his terrible face he shrank back in dread, as if the God Osiris himself, the God of Death, had reached the harbour.

The Wanderer made him have no doubt that he came with much treasure, and that he was the King of the South. He saw that he was the King of the South, and that he was the King of the South.

may harm them. But first the dead Sidonians were cast overboard into the great river, for the dead bodies of men are an abomination to the Egyptians. And as each body struck the water the Wanderer saw a hateful sight, for the face of the river was lashed into foam by the sudden leaping and rushing of huge four-footed fish, or so the Wanderer deemed them. The sound of the heavy plunging of the great water-beasts, as they darted forth on the prey smiting each other with their tails, and the gushing of their jaws when they bit too eagerly, and only harmed the air, and the leap of a greedy sharp snout from the waves, even before the dead man cast from the ship had quite touched the water—these things were horrible to see and to hear through the blackness and by the firelight. A River of Death it seemed, haunted by the horrors that are feigned to prey upon the souls and bodies of the Dead. For the first time the heart of the Wanderer died within him, at the terror of the darkness and of this dread river and of the water-beasts that dwelt within it. Then he remembered how the birds had fled in terror from this place, and he bethought him of the blood-red sea.

When the dead men were all cast overboard and the river was once more still, the Wanderer spoke, sick at heart, and inquired of the pilot why the sea had run so red, and whether war was in the land, and why there was night over all that country. The fellow answered that there was no war, but peace, yet the land was strangely plagued with frogs and locusts and lice in all their coasts, the sacred River Sihor running red for three whole days, and now, at last, for this the third day, darkness over all the world. But as to the causes of these curses the pilot knew nothing, being a plain man. Only the story went among the people, that the Gods were angered with Keem (as they call Egypt) which, indeed, was easy to see, for those things could come only from the Gods. But why they were angered the pilot knew not, still it was commonly thought that the Divine Hathor, the Goddess of Love, was wrath because of the worship given in Tanis to one they called (The Strange Hathor), a goddess or a woman of wonderful beauty, whose temple was in Tanis. Concerning her the pilot said that many years ago, some thirty years, she had first appeared in the country, coming none knew whence, and had been worshipped in Tanis, and had again departed as mysteriously as she came. But now she had once more chosen to appear visible to men, strangely, and to dwell in her Temple; and the men who beheld her could do nothing but worship her for her beauty. Whether she was a mortal woman or a goddess the pilot did not know, only he thought that she who dwells in Atarhechis Hathor, and had sent the darkness and the plagues to punish them who worshipped her. The people of the seaboard also murmured that it would be well to drive the Strange Hathor from their coast, if she were a goddess; and if she were a woman to stone her with stones. But the people of Tanis vowed that they would rather die, one and all, than do ought but adore the incomparable beauty of their strange Goddess. Others again, held that two wizards, leaders of certain slaves of a strange race, wanderers from the desert, settled in Tanis, whom they called the Apura, crossed all these sorrows by art-magic. As if, forsooth, said the pilot, those barbarian slaves were more powerful than all the priests of Egypt. But for his part, the pilot knew nothing, only that if the Divine Hathor were angry with the people of Tanis it was hard that she must plague all the land of Khem.

So the pilot murmured, and his tale was none of the shortest; but even as he spoke the darkness grew less dark and the cloud lifted a little so that the shores of the river might be seen in a green light like the light of Hades, and presently the night was rolled up like a veil, and it was living noonday in the land of Khem. Then all the noise of life broke forth in one moment, the kine lowing, the wind blowing the feathery palms, the fish splashing in the stream, men crying to each other from the reer banks, and the voice of multitudes of people in every red temple praising Ra, their great God, whose dwelling is the sun. The Wanderer, too, praised his own Gods, and gave thanks to Apollo, and to Helios Hyperion, and to Aphrodite. And in the end the pilot brought the ship to the quay of a great white-walled city, and there a crew of oarsmen was hired and they sped rejoicing in the sunlight to Tanis, to the Sanctuary of Heracles, the Safety of Strangers. There the ship was moored, there the Wanderer rested, kindly received by the haven priests of the temple.

CHAPTER V.

MEKLANEN THE QUEEN.

Large news flies fast. It was not long

before the Pharaoh, who then was with his Court in Tanis, the newly rebuilt city, heard how there had come to Khem a man like a god, wearing golden armour, and cruising alone in a ship of the dead. At that time the white barbarians of the Isles were wont to land in Egypt, to ravage the fields, carry women captive, and fly again in their ships. But not one of them had dared to sail in the armour of the Aqualusha, as the Egyptians named the Achæans, right up the river to the city of Pharaoh. The King, therefore, was amazed at the story, and when he heard that the stranger had taken sanctuary in the Temple of Heracles, he sent instantly for his chief counsellor. This was his Master Builder, who bore a high title in the land, an ancient priest named Rei. He had served through the long reign of the King's father, the great Rameas the Second, and he was a favourite both of Menoptah and of Meriamun his Queen. Him the King charged to visit the Sanctuary and bring the stranger before him. So Rei called for his mule, and rode down to the Temple of Heracles beyond the walls.

When Rei came, the priest went before him and led him to the chamber where the warrior chanced to be eating the lily bread of the land, and drinking the wine of the Delta. He rose as Rei entered, and he was still clad in his golden armour, for as yet he had not any change of raiment. Beside him, on a bronze tripod, lay his helmet, the Achæan helmet, with its two horns and with the bronze spear point still fast in the gold.

The eyes of Rei the priest fell on the helmet, and he gazed so strangely at it that he scarcely heard the Wanderer's salutation. He answered at length courteously, but always his eyes wandered back to the broken spear-point.

"Is this thine, my son?" he asked, taking it in his hand, while his voice trembled.

"It is my own," said the Wanderer, "though the spear-head in it was lent me of late, in return for arrows not a few and certain sword-strokes," and he smiled.

The ancient priest bade the temple servants retire, and as they went they heard him murmuring a prayer.

"The Dead spoke truth," he muttered, still gazing from the helmet in his hand to the Wanderer; "ay, the Dead speak seldom, but they never lie."

"My son, thou hast eaten and drunk," said Rei the Priest and Master Builder, "and may an old man ask whence thou camest, where is thy native city, and to thy parents?"

"I come from Alybas," answered the Wanderer, for his own name was too widely known, and he loved an artful tale. "I come from Alybas; I am the son of Apheidas, son of Polypemon, and my own name is Eperitus."

"And wherefore comest thou here alone in a ship of dead men, and with more treasure than a king's ransom?"

"It was men of Sidon who laboured and died for all that cargo," said the Wanderer; "they voyaged far for it, and toiled hard, but they lost it in an hour. For they were not content with what they had but made me a prisoner as I lay asleep on the coast of Crete. But the Gods gave me the upper hand of them and I bring their captain, and much white metal and many swords and cups and beautiful woven stuffs as a gift to your King. And for thy courtesy, come with me and choose a gift for thyself."

Then he led the old man to the treasure chambers of the Temple, which was rich in the offerings of many travellers, gold and turquoise and frankincense from Sinai and Punt, great horns of carvyl ivory from the unknown East and the South; bowls and baths of silver from the Khita, who were the allies of Egypt. But amidst all the wealth, the stranger's cargo made a goodly show, and the old priest's eyes glittered as he looked at it.

"Take thy choice, I pray thee," said the Wanderer, "the spoils of fowmen are the share of friends."

The priest would have refused, but the Wanderer saw that he looked curiously at a bowl of transparent amber, from the far-off Northern seas, that was embossed with curious figures of men and gods, and huge fishes, such as are unknown in the Midland waters. The Wanderer put it into the hands of Rei.

"Thou shalt keep this," he said, "and pledge me in wine from it when I am gone, in memory of a friend and a guest."

Rei took the bowl and thanked him, holding it up to the light to admire the golden colour.

"We are always children," he said, smiling gravely. "See an old child whom thou hast made happy with a toy. But we are men too soon again; the King bids thee come with me before him. And, my son, if thou wouldst please me more than by any gift, I pray thee pluck that spear-head from thy helmet before thou comest into the presence of the Queen."

"Pardn mo," said the Wanderer. "I would not harm my helmet by tearing it roughly out, and I have no smith's tools here. The spear-point, my father, in a witness to the truth of my tale, and for one day more, or two, I must wear it."

Rei sighed, bowed his head, folded his hands, and prayed to his God Amen, saying: "O Amen, in whose hand is the end of a matter, lighten the burden of these sorrows, and let the vision be easy of accomplishment, and I pray thee, O Amen, let thy hand be light on thy daughter Meriamun, the Lady of Khem."

Then the old man led the Wanderer out, and had the priests make ready a chariot for him; and so they went through Tanis to the Court of Menoptah. Behind them followed the priests, carrying gifts that the Wanderer had chosen from the treasures of the Sidonians, and the miserable captain of the Sidonians was dragged along after them, bound to the hinder part of a chariot. Through the gazing crowd they passed on to the Hall of Audience, where, between the great pillars, sat Pharaoh on his golden throne. Beside him, at his right hand, was Meriamun, the beautiful Queen, who looked at the priests with weary eyes, as if at a matter in which she had no concern. They came in and beat the earth with their brows before the King. First came the officers, leading the captain of the Sidonians for a gift to Pharaoh, and the King smiled graciously and accepted the slave.

Then came others, bearing the cups of gold fashioned like the heads of lions and rams, and the swords with pictures of wars and huntings etched on their blades in many-colored gold, and the necklets of amber from the North, which the Wanderer had chosen as gifts for Pharaoh's Queen and Pharaoh. He had silks, too, embroidered in gold, the needlework of Sidonian women, and all these the Queen Meriamun touched to show her acceptance of them, and smiled graciously and wearily. But the covetous Sidonian groaned, when he saw his wealth departing from him, the gains for which he had hazarded his life in unsailed seas. Lastly, Pharaoh bade them lead the Wanderer in before his presence, and he came unhelmeted, in all his splendour, the goodliest man that had ever been seen in Khem. He was of no great height, but very great of girth, and of strength unmatched, and with the face of one who had seen what few have seen and lived. The beauty of youth was gone from him, but his face had the comeliness of a warrior tried on sea and land; the eyes were of a valor invincible, and no woman could see him but she longed to be his love.

As he entered murmurs of amazement passed over all the company, and all eyes were fixed on him, save only the weary and wandering eyes of the listless Meriamun. But when she chanced to lift her face, and gaze on him, they who watch the looks of kings and queens saw her turn gray as the dead, and clutch with her hand at her side. Pharaoh himself saw this though he was not quick to mark what passed, and he asked her if anything ailed her, but she answered:—

"Nay, only methinks the air is sick with heat and perfume. Greet thou this stranger." But beneath her robe her fingers were fretting all the while at the golden fringes of her throne.

"Welcome, thou Wanderer," cried Pharaoh in a deep and heavy voice, "welcome! By what name art thou named, and where dwell thy people, and what is thy native land?"

Bowing low before Pharaoh, the Wanderer answered, with a feigned tale, that his name was Eperitios of Alycia, son of Aphicidas. The rest of the story, and how he had been taken by the Sidonians, and how he had written them on the sea, he told as he had told it to Rei. And he displayed his helmet with the spear-point fast in it. But when she saw this Meriamun rose to her feet as if she would be gone, and then fell back into her seat even paler than before.

"The Queen, help the Queen, she faints," cried Rei the Priest, whose eyes had never left her face. One of her ladies, a beautiful woman, ran to her, knelt before her, and chafed her hands, till she came to herself, and sat up with angry eyes.

"Let be!" she said, "and let the slave who tends the incense be eaten on the feet. Nay, I will remain here. I will not go to my chamber. Let be!" and her lady drew back afraid.

Then Pharaoh bade men lead the Sidonian out, and slay him in the market place for his treachery, but the man, whose name was Kurri, threw himself at the feet of the Wanderer, praying for his life. The Wanderer was merciful, when the rage of battle was over, and his blood was cool.

"A boon, oh Pharaoh Menoptah," he cried. "Spare me this man! He saved my

own life when the crew would have cast me overboard. Let me pay my debt."

"Let him be spared, as thou wilt have it so," spoke Pharaoh, "but revenge dogs the feet of foolish mercy, and many doles are paid ere all is done."

Thus it chanced that Kurri was given to Meriamun to be her jeweller and to work for her in gold and silver. To the Wanderer was allotted a chamber in the Royal Palace, for the Pharaoh trusted that he would be a leader of his Guard, and took great pleasure in his beauty and his strength.

As he left the Hall of Audience with Rei, the Queen Meriamun lifted her eyes again, and looked on him long, and her ivory face flushed rosy, like the ivory that the Sidonians dye red for the trappings of the horses of kings. But the Wanderer marked both the sudden fear and the blush of Meriamun, and, beautiful as she was, he liked it ill, and his heart forboded evil. When he was alone with Rei, therefore, he spoke to him of this, and prayed the old man to tell him if he could guess at all the meaning of the Queen.

"For to me," he said, "it was as if the Lady knew my face, and even as if she feared it; but I never saw her like in all my wanderings. Beautiful she is, and yet—but it is ill speaking in their own land of kings and queens!"

At first, when the Wanderer spoke thus, Rei put it by, smiling. But the Wanderer, seeing that he was troubled and remembering how he had prayed him to pluck the spear-point from his helmet, pressed him hard with questions. Thus, partly out of weariness, and partly for love of him, and also because a secret had long been burning in his heart, the old man took the Wanderer into his own room in the Palace, and there he told him all the story of Meriamun, the Queen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Railroad Building in Jamaica.

Since the first of the year things have changed considerably in and about Port. Then work on the railroad had not been begun; now upward of a thousand negroes are at work, and in consequence yams, the staple article of food, have gone up in price. The first section of two and a half miles is approaching completion, and work is under way on the second section. A number of bridge and culvert abutments are up, built entirely of concrete. It would strike a person ignorant of the country as rather strange to see so many waterways staked out in places, not only where there are no streams, but where the work is actually delayed for lack of water to mix the concrete. The rainy season that is coming on will tell a different story. The mild manner of "driving" laborers, and the bland and unconscious manner of receiving the driving, afford a striking contrast to railroad methods in the United States; as does also the way in which material is handled. Carts are dispensed with. Men fill square boxes, which women, for the greater part, carry off on their heads and empty. The carrying of things on the head is here reduced to a science. Everything from a sucking pig tied on a board to a can of water, is so carried. The negro who carries the transit instrument in the field at first, in the most matter-of-fact way, lifted it to his head. The water boy carries a 30 or 40 pound can of water thus over rocks, where others are often inclined to crawl.

Three Girls of Nerva.

Pete Walters, a passenger engineer of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, had a horrifying as well as thrilling experience recently. He was running his train at the rate of thirty five miles an hour, and when he entered the stretch just before reaching Binghamton Bridge he was horrified to see three blackberry girls on the structure. He reversed his engine and then fainted.

The fireman took charge of the throttle, and when the engine was within thirty yards of the girls one of them with remarkable presence of mind, jumped to the side of the bridge, stretched forward flat on her face, and swung herself clear of the track, hanging on to the end of the ties over the rushing waters beneath. In a moment the other girls followed her example, and just as the train swept by the last of the trio swung clear of the bridge, while, with amazement and horror plainly stamped on their countenances, the passengers and trainmen watched with anxiety the human forms swaying to and fro in midair.

As soon as the train could be stopped the passengers and crew rushed back to the scene and rescued the brave girls from their terrible plight.

How to cure Dyspepsia.—Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum after meals. 5 cents.

Literary and Art Notes.

John Habberton in the last number of Harper's Young People relates a war story, entitled "After Blackberries."

An English edition of The Ladies' Home Journal is to be brought out in London on a scale never before attempted by an American magazine, and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the Journal, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor, sailed for Europe last week to perfect arrangements.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, who is now abroad, contributes to the last number of Harper's Bazar an article describing her experience of "Country Life in England." The same issue of the Bazar contains the second instalment of papers on "Exercise for Women," by Emma Moffett Tyng, the subjects discussed being "Bicycles and Triceycles."

It is well known to every school-boy that the first man to accomplish what Columbus had attempted—reach Asia by a westward voyage from Europe—was Fernando Magellan, and that the first circumnavigation of the globe was accomplished by the remnant of Magellan's crew. Within the last few years, however, additional information has been obtained regarding this remarkable voyage, partly through the discovery in manuscript of some forgotten narratives written by the companions of Magellan, and partly through the results of recent observations of seamen and naturalists along the track of this bold navigator. Edward Everett Hale, in Harper's Magazine for August, will relate the true story of "Magellan and the Pacific," as it appears in the light of these recent discoveries and observations. Illustrations from old prints, and fac-similes of maps drawn by one of Magellan's companions will lend additional interest to the narrative.

At the time of General Fremont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for The Century's forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Fremont that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for which she had already written an introduction, as well as a supplement describing her life at Monterey in 1849. A fine portrait of General Fremont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of The Century, along with portraits of Commodore Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

For several years Wild Anthe has from time to time given some beautiful stories of a highly fanciful nature from the pen of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, one of the best appears in the August number, entitled "The Princess Rosetta and the Pop Corn Man," with several illustrations by Garretto. Another charmingly fanciful story in the same number is by Susan Coolidge and is called "Three Little Candies." As a contrast come "The Hat of the Postmaster," another Nassau story by Mrs. Fremont, "O'Hop's Victory," the story of a Canadian Indian boy at school, by H. C. Chipman and Miss McLeod's Acadian tale, "The Story of Bloody Creek." Perhaps one of the best things in the number is a short paper by Louise Stockton, "A Game of the Senses," in which she suggests the development possible to the senses through the using of them. The "helpful article" is by Mrs. Sallie Joy White on "The Visiting Mender," though the small girl of the household may prefer "Homemade Furniture for Doll Houses," by Mrs. Shapleigh. Wild Anthe is \$2.40 a year, D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"For the sake of... is now robbed, for... author who is... that vast body of... the United States... forced all the... presence of the... international... Most... national..."

This article is worth studying. The Use and Limits of Academic Culture, a paper by Professor N. S. Shaler, which shows the manner in which Professor Shaler believes the college could be brought into closer touch with the aims of the ordinary student, namely, the gaining of a living, is a noticeable paper of the number. It is followed by a sketch of Madame Cornuel and Madame de Coulanges. Both of these clever French women were given to epigram and bon-mots, many of which are retained in this amusing sketch, which is written by Ellen Terry Johnson. Miss Murfree's Felicia and Mrs. Deland's Sydney continue their course. Mrs. Deland has, we fancy, reached the turning point in her heroine's history.

The Forum for August contains an article on the possibilities of agriculture, by Prince Kropotkin, who has made a thorough investigation of the greatest yields in the most densely settled sections of Europe. It is not a matter of the future, but an accomplished fact, that by agricultural methods already in use, the portion of the earth that is now under cultivation can be made to sustain perhaps ten times as many people as are now alive, not only with better food, but at lower cost than now. Prince Kropotkin makes a suggestion that 100 acres be set apart for this purpose as a part of the Chicago Exposition, and by this he feels sure that an object lesson could be taught to farmers of the United States, which would enable them to begin forthwith a reign of plenty. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, in an essay on the decollete in modern life, points out the decay of delicacy not only in our social life, but in our art, in our literature, and even in our politics. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an essay on "Industrial Democracy," gives his reasons, purely from a Christian point of view, for believing that the wages system must soon yield to a system of co-operation, and in part also of State control. The essay is, in effect, an argument for something like a system of Christian socialism. Prof. Goldwin Smith writes a critical review of socialistic plans for revolutionizing society—discussing Bellamy's "Looking Backward" in particular. James Sully, the English critic, contributes a hopeful critical essay on the novel of the future. Seaward explains his experiments to show that we have two brains, and gives some practical hints as to a better development of both the mental and physical powers. Mr. Donald Morison explains the discontent in Newfoundland.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.—Used by all base-ball players, etc. 5 cents.

New Goods TO HAND.

- We have received a large stock of new Stamped Goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices: Stamped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces. Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c, 45c, 75c and \$1 each. Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, 60c and \$1 each. Splashes, 18x30 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c, 50c and 75c each. Carrington and Tray Cloths, suitable for 40c and 60c each. Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each. Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 40c and 50c each. Stamped Umbrella Holders, 40c each. Stamped Gentlemen's Cases, 40c each. Stamped Pillow Cases, 40c each. Stamped Napkins, 40c each. Notwithstanding wool, silk, etc. Stamped... Stamped... Stamped... Stamped...

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XVIII.—COMING HOME.

Mabel's journey was a long one, and included many changes; and though she had a little trouble as was possible—for railway guards are the pink of politeness to unprotected youth and beauty (when travelling first-class)—she felt weary enough when the train drew up at the little station that was nearest to her home. She had still some miles to go, by road; and as she was not expected at the rectory, there was of course no vehicle to meet her. The station-master, who knew her well, despatched a messenger for a fly; and in the meantime, his wife made her as comfortable as she could in her own parlour, for which hospitality Mabel felt truly thankful; for the deserted waiting-room looked chill and forbidding enough in the autumn twilight, and melancholy thoughts were astray within her. In all her life, she had never before known what it was to be quite alone, as she was now; her little life-path had been hedged in by love and loving ministrations from her cradle; and, somehow, the reflection: "If home was not at the end of this day's travel, how very sad she would be," came into her mind. What she meant by home, was not merely the rectory-house of course—for Mabel was not a cat—but the roof which sheltered her father; without him, it would have no welcome for her—and what if it should be without him? It would be so one day, and probably at no very distant date, for the rector was an old man; but the idea of losing "dear papa" had never seriously entered Mabel's mind, except for a few minutes after the reception of the doctor's note on the previous day. The foreboding she had then momentarily experienced, now returned upon her with redoubled force. The station-master and his wife had heard something of the rector's illness; they were not likely to be ignorant of such a calamity, since it was his parishioners who were the chief customers of the ticket-office; and they assured Mabel, with encouraging protestation, that it was nothing to be alarmed about. Miss Martha Barr had arrived by the 9.55 last Tuesday, and while warming herself at that very fire, before starting in the vicarage pony-chaise, chatted away quite cheerfully, without saying a word of her relative's indisposition. She would be surprised enough, they did not doubt, to see Miss Mabel. And how was Miss Julia that was and Mr. Pennant! They remembered her, when Foxley Road first became a station, and she was but so high. Well, well, how time did fly, to be sure!—In such well-meant, kindly gossip, the honest pair strove to make the time pass for their young guest, until her vehicle should arrive. But the inn was at some distance, and boasted but of one hire conveyance, which was often in demand to take the smaller gentry in the neighborhood out to their evening festivities, and some such occasion was evidently delaying it now. Mabel's anxiety and impatience had become so great that she was on the eve of starting with the good-natured station-master, who had promised to accompany her home on foot, as soon as the last train had come in, when the long-looked-for fly arrived.

"Why, where the deuce have you been, Bob?" asked that official of the driver, as they were putting the luggage on the

gentleman from the other line returned Mabel, and she sat up his mind whether to accept it, he said, and I am sure, you morning."

"It was a good thing," said Mabel, as she looked at the lawyer, who was so, as usual, in the habit of saying what he thought.

"It was near midnight, but a light was burning at an upper window, and the carriage stopped when a fly came to the opened door."

"Thank God—thank God!" cried Mabel, as she stepped out.

"Mabel, because I have just heard of your father's illness, I have come to see you."

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His movement became analogous to that of a rocking-horse. When pushed—as those ignorant of his habits sometimes attempted to push him—to the double-quick, he threw up his head and his tail, and became heraldic—he marked time. In the hands of the judicious Bob, who had been his guide and friend for nearly a quarter of a century, he achieved all that he was capable of in the way of speed, which was about that of a hearse when it has cleared the outskirts of the town.

There was plenty of time afforded to admire the scenery, and how beautiful it was! Even Mabel's mind was won for a brief space from the anxiety which engrossed it, by the wonders of the way. Hill and vale were flooded by the peaceful moonbeams; the quiet homesteads, the silent woods, the broad fair river, winding blue and cold in the distance, seemed cast into a magic trance. Immediately before her—so large that it seemed quite close—stood up the noblest castle ever reared by man, the home of English kings for centuries, the pride and glory of the land, now bathed in fairy splendours. There was a seat in the rectory garden which fronted this sublime spectacle, at which her father was never tired of gazing. She had sat there with him many an evening, as a child, and he had pointed out to her its stately towers, and given the picturesque story of each to her eager ears. He could not have been more proud of the castle had he been the Queen herself who lived there.

He had a reverence for it, such as is rarely found among men of his class for similar objects. Country parsons are not, as a rule, historical enthusiasts, nor was Mr. Denham an exception from them, save in this one instance. Next to his children, and his dog, and his gun, he loved the castle with its grand old memories and rich traditions. It was the one romantic, nay, perhaps, the one spiritual feature of his character: the "eternities" and "immensities" were too much for him; his mind did not grapple with them, unless those two simple sermons of his per week could be said to do so. He believed in the creed he taught without much searching for the faith that was in him: He did his duty in a sense which was not a high-flown one. He was "respected" by his farmers, and "beloved" (as the phrase goes when we speak of parsons and their flock) by the poor. They would, on the whole, have been sorry to change their cheery wholesome rector for another; they might easily have got a better one, still more easily a worse. He had a strong natural sense of justice as between man and man, but not quite so strong of that between man and master. He revered the laws, but with an unfortunate predilection for one of them in particular—the game-law. "Shoots himself," grumbled the sporting villager; and perhaps it would have been better for authority and the church if he had not been on the bench of magistrates. But the old rector's heart was sound—far sounder, as happens in some cases, than his principles—and women and children loved him. As Mabel gazed now at his favorite scene, she seemed to feel the gentle touch of his broad palm smoothing her childish locks, to hear his loving talk streaked with sly fun, and the tears rushed to her eyes, and she felt sick at heart with the sense of coming loss. A strange and weird notion took possession of her; the landscape lying in moonlit sleep before her suggested the image of the rector—dead. She saw him with his head, on which the plentiful gray hair still curled like a boy's, laid low on the pillow, and the clear blue eyes close shut for ever!

The rumble of the wheels had ceased, and their creak on the gravel succeeded it; the vehicle had turned out of the road, and was already within the rectory grounds. The gate, then, had been left open, which was unusual: It occurred to Mabel's mind at once, that the doctor was within doors; how ill must her father be to cause him to come at so late an hour! It was near midnight, but a light was burning at an upper window, and the carriage stopped when a fly came to the opened door.

"Thank God—thank God!" cried Mabel, as she stepped out.

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"Let me see him—let me go to him!" cried Mabel, endeavouring to free herself from the other's embrace; but the good old spinster held her fast.

"You must not go," she said; "he is asleep, and you might wake him. It is the first sleep he has had for days. Sleep is a good sign, darling. Mr. Bampton is here, the lawyer from London—No, no," in answer to Mabel's terrified look; "your papa did not send for him. He came of himself;" and hear Martha Barr began to cry again, not passionately, but in that slow hopeless manner which wears away a man's heart though it be a millstone. It was quite unlike Martha Barr to "give way" in this fashion, and the folly of it seemed to strike her now; for she hastily brushed her tears away, and bade the man put down the boxes quietly, and so as not to hurt the walls.

"Have you paid him, dear?" said she; and when Mabel shook her head, and brought out her dainty little purse (a present from Frederick at Shingleton), Martha took it, and counted out the proper sum with methodical accuracy.

There was something in the driver's look, though he said nothing, which seemed to argue that the lateness of the hour might have earned a higher wage.

"There is a florin for yourself," said Mabel, smiling feebly through her tears.

"God bless you, miss, and raise your father from his bed of sickness," said Bob gratefully.

"That is too much to give, May," said Martha, reproachfully, when the man was gone.

"What does it matter?" Mabel was almost pettish at this reference to such a trifle at such a time; and yet it was so like dear good Martha's economical ways.

"You had better see Mr. Bampton at once," said the latter decisively. "I left him here in the drawing-room."

"I can see nobody to-night except papa," answered Mabel, drawing back and wringing her hands; "do let me go to him, pray."

"Susan is with him, my darling child, and has orders to call me if he should wake," said Martha. "Would I keep you from him, think you? Mr. Bampton has come upon the most important business, and, since your father cannot be spoken with, he must see you—he must, he must. Oh, why did not your sister come, and Frederick?"

Without waiting to have this question answered, Martha opened the drawing-room door, and led the unresisting Mabel in. At the little round table, usually bespread with books or fancy-work, was seated a thin gray-haired gentleman, examining by the light of a reading-lamp a mass of law papers. He rose at the entrance of the ladies, and saluted Mabel on the forehead. Mr. Bampton was an old friend of her father's; she had seen him from time to time at the vicarage for many years; he had a solemn, careworn air at all times, but had never looked so grave and sad as now.

"I am very sorry, dear Miss Mabel, to find you in such trouble. I had heard nothing of your good father's illness, but came down to see him on a business matter, which did not admit of delay. These papers, however, have nothing to do with that. Whenever I come into the country among you idle people, I always bring my work with me, and it is fortunate I have done so now, since it seems the dear rector will not be able to see me till to-morrow—if even then."

"He will not be able to speak of business to-morrow, I am quite sure," observed Martha Barr authoritatively.

"Well, well, we shall hear what the doctor says," returned the lawyer, smiling. "Miss Barr here sets us all to rights, you see, Miss May, as usual: I am so glad you have come to temper her despotism."

"If you cannot speak with the rector, Mr. Bampton," said Martha Barr, "you had better say something to dear Mabel, had you not?" Then added in a whisper: "She must know all sooner or later, and it will be better for her to hear it now than afterwards."

"Not at present, not at present, Mistress Barr," answered he, in the same low tones. "It is always time enough to tell the sort of news that I am the bearer of—and besides, we are not sure of the worst—let us wait at least for the doctor."

"Hush, listen!" cried Mabel, whose ears had been on the stretch ever since she had entered the room, though, on the other hand, she scarcely understood a word that had been said to her. "I hear wheels."

"Then that is Dr. Bowen at last," said Martha Barr, and she left the room, rapidly and noiselessly, to anticipate as before the ring at the front-door.

Mabel sat still and silent, her hands clasped tight in one another. The sudden mutation of affairs—the change from the gay life at Shingleton to this house of mourning, where everybody spoke in whispers, had,

thought the lawyer, quite bewildered the poor young thing.

"This change must seem very sad to you, Miss May?"

"I thought you said—or some one said—that it was a good sign?" said she quickly. "Oh, surely if he sleeps, it must be a good sign!"

The lawyer had judged wrongly of his young companion; her heart was up in the sick-room, and not concerning itself with her own affairs at all.

"Is he very, very ill, do you think, Mr. Bampton?"

"Dr. Bowen will tell us," said the lawyer, evasively. "He has gone up-stairs with Mistress Barr."

Mabel knew that, and more. She had followed him in imagination into her father's room; seen trusty Susan make way for him to approach the pillow; and was looking in his homely honest face to learn his verdict.

Mr. Bampton watched her rapt and earnest gaze with an expression of pity that was a stranger to him. He had seen young girls at similar supreme moments of anxiety before, and his experience was, that such misfortunes as a father's death were soon got over, and yet he took out his handkerchief and wiped his spectacles; which was for him a sign of great emotion.

"My dear young lady," said he softly, "I am the bearer of evil tidings to you and yours. Can you endure to hear them?"

"Evil tidings!" she said aloud. "Can you all have had the heart to deceive me, then?" She rose, and would have hurried towards the door, but he seized her hand and held it.

"Hush, hush; I am not speaking of your father; he is still alive, and in God's hands. Pray, listen to me in patience; you heard Mistress Barr just now; she said that this was the time to tell you something; and she was right."

"I cannot listen to anything just now; I cannot understand anything—except about papa."

"This is about your father, dear Miss May; I think he would wish you to hear it."

"Then I will listen," answered Mabel.

"He has been very unfortunate in his affairs; his savings have been placed in an Insurance Company—the Benevolent Mutual—for many, many years, and the Company has become bankrupt, and they are all gone. He thinks that he has left you and your sister well provided for; and alas! there is nothing left, absolutely nothing.—Are you listening, my dear Miss May?"

"Yes, yes; that is Dr. Bowen's voice. Hush! they are coming down again."

Muffled footsteps were, in fact, descending the stairs as she spoke, with her eyes riveted on the door; and the next moment the doctor entered with Martha Barr. This gentleman, whose face was red and round, like the sun in a fog, was an old friend of Mabel's, had brought her into the world, and pulled her through divers diseases, such as measles and scarlatina, and their mutual greetings were naturally therefore always of an affectionate kind. Still, it was some years since Dr. Bowen had considered himself privileged to kiss her, as he did now in the most tender fashion. Even the lawyer, as we saw, had done this, and such greetings, poor Mabel felt, were evil omens. "Is he better? Can I see him? Oh, dear doctor," pleaded she, "I will be so quiet!"

"You shall see him, my dear Miss May—to-morrow. Go to bed now, and get some sleep, that you may be stronger to nurse him—if he should need it."

How those last simple words chilled Mabel's heart!

"He is not like himself," continued he "it would only distress you, and distress him if he were to know about it. Directly he wakes, you may trust me, my dear, you shall be called.—Is it likely that Mrs. Pennant will be here to-morrow?"

"O no," said Mabel, "she has no idea that dear papa is ill, and I know not how I can send her word. She will have left Shingleton, and started from Hull by the packet. I have brought a long letter of farewell from her to dear papa, and she was to write a few lines before she sailed. Oh why did you not send us word, Martha?"

"My dearest child, your father's seizure—I mean this second attack, was so sudden, and just as he had seemed to be getting so much better to. He had been so earnest against your stay at Shingleton being curtailed upon his account, that I did not dare to write upon my own responsibility. Come, dear come; let me see you settled in your own room. Dr. Bowen is going to stay the night here; and everything is provided for."

As the two ladies crossed the hall a strange sound caught Mabel's ear; and a flash of memory at once recalled to her Richard's story about the haunted bath-room and its suffocating mate.

"What noise is that, Martha?"

A door was softly closed above-stairs, and the noise ceased.
 "I heard nothing," returned the other: "you must not keep listening for every little sound. It is fatigue and worry that makes you nervous; and by-the-bye, you must need some refreshment. If you can't eat solid food, I must bring you an egg beaten up in wine."
 Martha did so, and saw her young charge into bed before she left the room.
 "Are you not going to bed, Martha?" asked she humbly; for she was accustomed to be taken in hand by this ancient relative.
 "Not at present, my child. I have one or two things to see to. Good-night dearest."
 Martha waited in the passage, shading the candle mechanically with her hands and listening. The sound that Mabel had heard in the hall now seemed to fill the whole house. It was the stertorous breathing of one in an apoplexy.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Health Department.

Office Inebriety.

Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, has lately published a clinical study of the neurosis, his observations being made upon the women of the working population in and about Essen. He found large numbers of women who consumed over a pound of coffee in a week; and some men drank considerably more besides beer and wine. The leading symptoms were profound depression of spirits, and frequent headaches, with insomnia. A strong dose of coffee would relieve this for a time, then it would return. The muscles would become weak and trembling, and the hands would tremble when at rest. An increasing aversion to labor and any steady work was noticeable. The heart's action was rapid and irregular, and palpitations and a heavy feeling in the precordial region were present. Dyspepsia of an extreme nervous type was also present. Acute rosacea was common in these cases. These symptoms constantly grow worse, and are only relieved by large quantities of coffee, generally of the infusion. In some cases the tincture was used. The victims suffer so seriously that they dare not abandon it, for fear of death. Where brandy is taken, only temporary relief follows. The face becomes sallow, and the hands and feet cold; and an expression of dread and agony settles over the countenance, only relieved by using strong doses of coffee. In all these cases, acute inflammations are likely to appear any time. An injury of any part of the body is the starting point for inflammations of an erysipelatous character. Melancholy and hysteria are present in all cases. Coffee inebriates are more common among the neuroathenics, and are more concealed because the effects of excessive doses of coffee, are obscure and largely unknown. Many opium and alcoholic cases have an early history of excessive use of coffee, and are always more degenerate and difficult to treat. A very wide field for future study opens up in this direction.

Filtering Waters.

Boiling sterilizes water, and within 30 minutes will have killed harmful bacteria. Drugs and other agents acting chemically, if used in amounts which are commonly safe, do not sterilize water.

The prolonged heat which water undergoes in the usual process of distillation destroys all germs which may be in the water, undergoing the process.

Ordinary filters, even if satisfactory as strainers, fail to remove all bacteria from drinking water. So far from lessening the number in the original water, the filtering substance may allow a more rapid multiplication than those micro organisms would ordinarily undergo in the unfiltered water on standing, and the germs of disease, even if held back by the filtering substance, may be harbored in all filters.

The finer the substance through which the water passes, and the lower the pressure, the more perfect is the action of the filter in holding back the bacteria.

Of all substances thus far furnished for domestic filters, porous, rebaked porcelain, carefully selected, I have found to be the best. If thick and strong enough to allow the use of a large surface, and the substance remain perfect (without flaw or break), this may yield a fair flow of clear water, free from all bacteria; yet under an ordinary croton pressure of one atmosphere or less, this yield is only in rapid drops, unless the apparatus be complex.

To insure the permanency of this action, the filter should be occasionally sterilized throughout by steaming or by other means for under prolonged pressure, various kinds of bacteria can go through, and in the copious organic matter collected on the fil-

ter some harmful micro-organisms can retain a high degree of vitality for weeks longer than I have ever found them to live in pure water.

A Prescription for Longevity.

One of my prescriptions for longevity may startle you somewhat. It is this: Become the subject of a mortal disease. Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are,—an octogenarian. In the meantime, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and keeping alive by it,—if it exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this,—a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once, in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants, "I do wish you would get well—or something!" Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on the lives of persons suffering from mortal disease.—[Atlantic.

Care of the Teeth.

The temporary teeth should have the best possible care. Their function is an important one; they are to "hold the fort" till the permanent set are ready to come upon the scene, and should then give way to their successors with the cheerfulness of a displaced politician. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that on account of their temporary character their decay is a matter of little consequence, or that they may be extracted at any time without injury. They should be kept in the best condition possible until the development of the successors absorbs their roots, and they become loosened. If this loosening fails to take place, as frequently occurs, they should be drawn as soon as the crown of the permanent tooth appears through the gum, in order that the latter may take its proper place in line. Two or three times a year is not too often to have a dentist examine the mouth of a child, till the permanent teeth have developed.

The first molar of each set—known as the six-year molar—may appear anywhere from five to seven years of age, and this, besides being the first of the permanent teeth, is also specially liable to decay. Very generally it is the first tooth requiring the dentist's forceps, and may be drawn before the 12-year molar of the same set makes its appearance. In this case the loser, as the cavity will be partially filled by other teeth when they appear, often believes that his quota of teeth has been less than his neighbor's. Even parents often confound these molars with the temporary set and neglect them when known to be diseased, supposing they will soon give place to others. The second set of molars appears at about the age of 12, and the last of wisdom teeth, five or six years later. The advent of any of these is liable to be accompanied by soreness, ulceration, or more serious complications: the eyes or ears may be affected, or serious nervous troubles may result. When these or similar complications arise, not readily understood, it is well to look for the cause in the mouth.—[Good House Keeping.

The Domestic Doctor.

A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

Dr. Flint is quoted as saying "I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a strictly dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

Camphor in various forms is frequently recommended for cold in the head, although Dr. George Johnson and others long since indicated the dangers attending the use of concentrated alcoholic solutions. The following method of application is suggested

in a Swiss pharmaceutical journal, and certainly has the merit of simplicity; A jug is half filled with boiling water into which a teaspoonful of well-powdered camphor is thrown. A funnel-shaped paper cap is then placed on the top of the jug, and a hole torn in it just fitting the nose. The camphorated steam is inhaled through the nose for ten or fifteen minutes, the inhalation being repeated if required, every four or five hours. If the patient resolutely persists with the inhalation, in spite of its unpleasantness, it is said that three repetitions will always effect a cure, however severe the coryza may be.

In severe cases of bowel and stomach trouble it is often difficult to find food that can be retained in the stomach long enough to nourish the patient, or that does not act as an irritant. Now, there is something called mutton custard which is both healing and nourishing. It has been used in critical cases with the most gratifying results. The materials of which it is made are one quart of milk, two ounces of mutton suet, a stick of cinnamon about two inches long, and one tablespoonful of flour. The suet must be from the kidney; sweet and free from all tough membrane. Shred it very fine and put it in the double boiler, with the cinnamon and milk, reserving however, a gill of the cold milk. Cook for one hour, and then strain. Return to the double boiler and place on the fire. Now mix the cold milk with the flour, and stir into the hot mixture. Cook for ten minutes. Give the patient as much of this as he will willingly take, say half a pint every four or five hours. Keep the patient warm and quiet. One other point in the care of the sick. When one is suffering from neuralgia in the head, put him in a warm bed. Make a brick very hot and cover it with several thicknesses of flannel. Fold a coarse, thick cloth and place it on the pillow. Lay the brick on this and wet thoroughly with rum. Rest the most painful part of the head or face on the brick and throw a blanket over the patient, covering the head. Keep covered in this way until the pain ceases. When the blanket is removed, wipe the moisture from the head, face and neck, and then bathe in alcohol or rum, to prevent the taking of a cold. Another remedy is to make salt very hot by straining it over the fire in a frying-pan; then pour it into a bag, which should be securely tied. Have the patient lie down and cover him well. Place the bag of hot salt on that part of the head or face where the pain is located. The salt will retain the heat a long time. This method is much easier than the first, but it will not relieve one so quickly nor so thoroughly.

WIDOWS PLUNGE TO DEATH.

Chinese "Sisters" Preferred to Die Rather than be Wed.

The *Sh. Pao* (China) says: There is a prevailing custom in the district called Sheung chih, in Canton province, among female society to form different kinds of sisterhoods, such as "All Pure" sisterhoods, "Never-to-be-Married" sisterhoods, etc. Each sisterhood consists of about ten young maidens, who swear vows to heaven never to get married, as they regard marriage as something horrid, believing that their married lives would be miserable and unholy; and their parents fail to prevail upon them to yield. A sad case just happened. A band of young maidens ended their existence in this world by drowning in the Dragon river because one of them was forced by her parents to be married. She was engaged in her childhood before she joined this sisterhood.

When her parents had made all the necessary arrangements for her marriage she reported the affair to the other members of her sisterhood, who at once agreed to die for her cause if she remained constant to her sworn vows to be single and virtuous. Should she violate the laws of the sisterhood and yield to her parents her life was to be made most unpleasant by the other members, and she would be taunted as a worthless being. She consulted with them as to the best mode of escaping this marriage, and they all agreed to die with her if she could plan to run away from her parents on the night of the marriage. As there were many friends to watch her movements it was almost impossible for her to escape, so she attempted her life by swallowing a gold ring, but any serious consequences that

might have resulted was prevented by the administration of a powerful emetic. By bribing the female servants she was taken one night to her sisters under the cover of darkness. The sisters at once joined with her to terminate their lives by jumping into the Dragon river, with its swift currents, which rapidly carried them off. This kind of tragedy is not uncommon in this part of the land.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The second international congress of beekeepers in veneration will soon meet in Berlin. The first congress of sixteen delegates took place in Dresden, 1876.

The arms of Italy have been altered on the national seal and flag. The two small flags are left out and the collars of l'Annonciad and several other orders are added.

The International Association for the suppression of gambling at Monte Carlo has scored one success by a side movement upon the Casino of Tangiers. It has shut it up.

A feature of the international electric exhibition in Frankfurt will be the transmission of electric power. A firm in Lauffen, on the Neckar, will furnish currents of 500-horse power over copper wires from a station 140 miles from the exhibition.

Emperor William of Germany has bought an estate near Metz, it is supposed for political reasons. He wished to show the citizens of the annexed provinces that he belonged to them, and to make it fashionable among old German families to own places in the district.

During 1899 no fewer than 220 new newspapers were started in France, of which not one remains in life. On the other hand, the Petit Journal now claims a circulation of 1,005,000 copies daily. During the same period there were printed in France more than 15,000 new-books, including 5000 new musical pieces.

An unknown man has been found at Granewald, in Germany, shot dead. Upon his breast was pinned a letter, containing these words:—"Bury me with the other great unknowns." The wounds upon the body clearly indicated that he had committed suicide, but his face was so mutilated by gun shots that identification was impossible.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs that at the Vienna Assize Court sentence of death was pronounced upon a woman who had poisoned her husband by putting phosphor from matches in his food. Her object was to marry a lover of 19. She simulated madness throughout the trial, and continued to smile while the sentence of death was being pronounced.

A trial has been made at Civita Vecchia of a nautical ball invented by Signor Balsamello. It is seven feet in diameter, and can hold four persons. When closed it sinks, and is steered and propelled under water by rudder and screw. It has windows and grapplers, and, besides fishing up things, it may be used for destructive purposes in time of war.

The first execution in Strasburg since 1870 took place on Monday, when Michael Ems suffered the death penalty for having murdered a servant named Sophie Muller. The guillotine was not used, but the murderer, who was not even bound, laid his head on a wooden bench, and with one blow was decapitated by an executioner, who used a two-handed sword for the purpose.

Two strange suicides took place almost simultaneously in Paris on Sunday. Mr. Analem Halphen, the secretary of Count Camondo, blew his brains out, while John Pitt, who was the Count's favourite jockey, committed suicide in the same way. Mr. Halphen's rash act was due to money losses at the Bourse, whilst Pitt's motive appears to have been a disappointment in love.

A Dalziel's telegram from Buda Pesth states that a man calling himself Dantes, famous as a circus fire-eater, died while giving one of his performances. It appears that by the effect of an electric current he was enabled to walk on a wire of red-hot iron, but in consequence of the current he was unable to resist, and fell in attempting to do so.

Shelley, Tel, Canton, a young woman, for example as a result of the same thing. Jim, a young man, was also a victim of the same thing.

The evil effect of bringing the animals to Jamaica. A parallel case to that of the extraordinary plague of rabbits in Austria and New Zealand, both in respect to the nature of the plague and the apparent hopelessness of any attempt to abate it, exists in the island of Jamaica, West Indies, where the mongoose was introduced a few years ago with a result up to the present time even more disastrous than afflict Australia. The object in introducing the mongoose was to benefit the country by their ridding it of a plague of rats, the effect has added calamity.

The mongoose is a species of ichneumon It is a native of India, and has been introduced in that country as a destroyer of small animals. In Jamaica it has a reputation for doing nothing, except to eat the rats.

The first case of the plague was reported in Jamaica in 1847. It was a species of ichneumon It is a native of India, and has been introduced in that country as a destroyer of small animals. In Jamaica it has a reputation for doing nothing, except to eat the rats.

of the Eleventh Arrondissement—an east end district densely populated—no fewer than fifty-seven couples were united in wedlock, the mayor devoting himself to this work without interruption from ten o'clock in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon. This feat is described by the officials of the Multrie as "marriage by steam."

A pack of hyenas is reported by the Indian papers to have made its appearance near Mombay. The animals are said to be prowling about at dead of night and making great depredations among men and animals. One night recently a child of about two years of age was carried away by one of them. In the morning the head and two hands were found, to the great surprise and terror of the inhabitants. Two other children are said previously to have met the same fate; many dogs and goats have also fallen victims to the hyenas.

The big medical men of Vienna have just been thrown into a panic by the discovery that for sixteen months they have been allowing a young dry goods clerk to treat patients in the large city hospital. The clerk's name is Patroner. He got his position in the hospital by means of forged diplomas. During the day he sold thread and ribbons and at night he made the round of his ward. He had never studied medicine, and is therefore supposed to be responsible for any number of deaths. The swindle was discovered in consequence of his arrest for forgery and embezzlement in his dry goods business. He is in jail.

For a year a draughtsman named Hazen, aged 42, with his wife and six children, had lived in Paris in great difficulty. Finally they resolved to commit suicide and take the children with them. They sent the latter out to buy charcoal, and with the windows closed Hazen lighted the stove and the whole family lay down on the floor to die, the mother clasping the youngest child in her arms. Upon her recovery she said that when asphyxiation began the eldest daughter began to cry, but lest she should excite the neighbors her father threw himself over her face, and they were found in that position.

A man known as the Bird of Death in the Vienna General Hospital has met with his fate in the discharge of his gruesome hospital duties. His name was Alois Pakez. A Vienna correspondent says he was a man of Herculean build, and for 45 years had carried all the corpses to and from the mortuary chamber. Hence the weird name the hospital jesters gave him. He died a few days ago of blood poisoning caused by handling the body of a patient who had died of an infectious disease. He had sold his skeleton to an itinerant museum many years ago and spent the money in drink, and his remains have been handed over to the purchaser.

The heroine of the hour just now in Berlin is a German girl, Fraulein Sohana Maestrick. Fraulein Maestrick was born near Berlin, but went with her parents as a child to Portugal. When she was 17 an impresario, struck with her size and beauty, offered to train her as a female bull-fighter. She has not yet appeared in an arena, but last week she came out in a trial fight at Oporto. A huge crowd collected to see the unusual sight. The young lady quickly laid two bulls in the sand, and rode off followed by a band of music amid thunders of applause. Crowds of people collected before the windows of the hotel at which the "Torrera" was staying, and far into the night she was obliged to appear on the balcony in response to their calls for her.

A MONGOOSE PLAGUE.

The Evil Effect of Bringing the Animals to Jamaica.

A parallel case to that of the extraordinary plague of rabbits in Austria and New Zealand, both in respect to the nature of the plague and the apparent hopelessness of any attempt to abate it, exists in the island of Jamaica, West Indies, where the mongoose was introduced a few years ago with a result up to the present time even more disastrous than afflict Australia. The object in introducing the mongoose was to benefit the country by their ridding it of a plague of rats, the effect has added calamity.

The mongoose is a species of ichneumon It is a native of India, and has been introduced in that country as a destroyer of small animals. In Jamaica it has a reputation for doing nothing, except to eat the rats.

weasel. It has a fierce nature, and is not at all a pleasant animal to have prowling around.

The planters suffered great loss by the depredations of rats, which infested the estates in large numbers, destroying vast quantities of young sugar cane, coconuts, bananas, and other products, and creating general havoc in the sugar works and store houses. Seven or eight years ago a planter hit upon a scheme which he thought would settle the difficulty and the rats at the same time. With the consent and approval of the government he procured three or four couples of mongoose from India and turned them loose on his estate. They multiplied rapidly and for a time waged heroic war on the rats, with so much success that the man who introduced them was hailed as a public benefactor. But in a very short time the rats found a means of avoiding the mongoose and the mongoose found game more to their liking and much easier to obtain. They turned their attention to the hen-roosts, eating both young chickens and eggs, and eventually, carrying off the old hens and the roosters. Their numbers increased with marvelous rapidity and they began to prey on everything within reach and have continued to do so, with the lamentable result that almost all the wild birds which a few years ago existed in great abundance and variety, the snakes, lizards, and small animals, wild and domestic, of every kind, have almost disappeared from the island. Even the great turkey-buzzards do not escape, for the pest eats their eggs and young birds. This latter is a most serious affair, for in Jamaica, as in other tropical lands, the buzzards are the natural and only scavengers, and but for them the condition of the towns and villages would be insufferable. Poultry raising has become a lost art in the country districts, and the spring chicken and the new-laid egg will soon disappear from the island, for the towns are being invaded by the mongoose. Their boldness increases with their numbers, and it has been ascertained, on excellent authority, that in two instances this year they have attacked babies. The negroes have a great and increasing dread of them. The exasperating part of it is that the number of rats is not sensibly diminishing.

What Editing a Paper Is.

Editing a paper is pleasant business—if you like it.

If the type is large it doesn't contain much reading matter.

If we omit jokes folks say we are nothing but fossils.

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If we give a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial.

If we don't every one says we are unjust.

If we remain in our office, attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, spots before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, heaviness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with redness circles, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send you, address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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At Newcastle Assizes on Saturday, Sarah Grieves and John Grieves were indicted for manslaughter of their infant child, who died from neglect. The man was acquitted. The woman was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

MISS JENNIE TEEPLE, a graduate of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ontario, whose paintings were so universally admired a few years since at the Fine Art Exhibition of the Education Department, has been appointed Art Director in Lansdowne College, Man. Scores of Alma's graduates are now engaged in teaching private classes or in Schools and Colleges and are thus proclaiming the practical character of Alma's instruction. For 60 pp. Calendar address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

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Men and Women.

Count Leon Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is recovering from what threatened to be a fatal attack of liver complaint.

Tennyson works hard during the morning from breakfast to lunch, and then spends the remainder of the day in recreation.

Mary Angela Dickens, a granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has just written her first long novel, her previous attempts being confined to short stories.

The Duke of Edinburgh is a clever violinist, and also an enthusiastic postage-stamp gatherer, his collection being one of the most complete in the world.

Kosuth lives in retirement at Superga, Italy, and spends much of his time in writing. A slowly growing cataract threatens to rob him of his eyesight.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has given the ex-Empress Frederick a gold medallion, bearing her coat of arms, richly set with precious stones, and containing a lock of her hair.

Gladstone clings to his old hat and his seely clothes with a tenacity that would make the average vender of cast-off garments despair. He hates to break in a new suit.

Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war, and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

Captain Kane, who successfully took the British war vessel *Catloope* to sea during the storm which drove several American men-of-war on the reefs at Apia, Samoa, has been made commander of the *Inflexible*, one of the most powerful battle ships in the English navy.

The original manuscript of Burns's great battle song, "Scots wha hae," was picked up recently for a small sum by John S. Kennedy, of New York, while he was abroad. He offered it to the city of Edinburgh for the price he had paid, and it was gladly accepted, with a vote of thanks from the Town Council.

The sound of the wedding bells in the tower of Westminster Abbey, the march played by the organ, and the hymn sung by a choir at the Stanley wedding ceremonies were all caught and recorded by phonographs and a phonograph with these records was presented to the bride by Colonel Gouraud.

M. Stambouloff, the Premier and practical ruler of Bulgaria, is about forty-six years old. He is short and rather stout, and with his round face, black mustache, and small gray eyes somewhat resembles the Chinese. He lives in a modest home, whose furnishings are extremely simple, and the only exterior sign of his power is the soldier who stands at the door of his house.

General Grant's famous log cabin, which once stood on the banks of the James River, but which was afterward removed to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia for exhibition, is rapidly decaying. From this out General Grant issued some of his most important war orders, and here the rebel commissioners treated for peace. Under the same roof also gathered Lincoln and a number of the great Generals in conference.

Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who has a fancy for mechanical curiosities, possesses a clock that never runs down. Through an ingenious contrivance it is kept wound by the simple opening and closing of the front door of the house. Electrical appliances, operated by the running of the clock, raise the jet in the hall at dusk, and lower it at bedtime; ring an early-rising bell for the servants, a later one for the family, and, an hour later the breakfast-bell, and when the hour is struck, musical cathedral chimes respond in the chambers of the house.

Sir Mon. McKenzie, Queen Victoria's physician, is one of the busiest men in London, and works on an average fourteen hours a day. He lives in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, a thoroughfare given over to the medical profession, for out of one hundred and fifty houses on the street, two-thirds are occupied by doctors. He calls on his patients during certain hours, receives calls for consultation from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and divides his time as methodically as possible. During his boyhood Sir Morell

had to work his own way, and not till he was nearly nineteen years old was he able to leave his position as a clerk to study medicine. After making through diseases a specialty for twenty-eight years, however, he stands at the head of his profession in that line, and his motto to save the life of Emperor Frederick of Germany will not soon be forgotten.

Lord Dunraven, known on both sides of the Atlantic as a sportsman and statesman, and more recently a competitor for honors as a yachtsman, has mingled work and pleasure more equally during the forty-nine years of his life than the ordinary inheritor of titles and wealth is accustomed to do. His name is Wyndham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, and he is an Irishman. After taking his degree at Oxford he joined the Life Guards, but soon resigned his commission to go to the Abyssinian war as a newspaper man, and later as an army etouquette prohibiting his presence there as a soldier. In his new role he achieved considerable distinction, and during the campaign to Magdala he occupied the same tent with Stanley. When he returned he married, and in 1871 he succeeded his father in the earldom and the family estates. The old family mansion, Adare Manor, and its fourteen thousand acres of land, are in County Limerick, not far from the town of Limerick; while in Glamorganshire, Wales, is Dunraven Castle, with twenty-four thousand more acres of land, which was acquired by marriage in 1820. At these two country-seats Lord Dunraven has plenty of good shooting and fishing, which, with his tastes for yachting, rowing, and fencing, keep him in excellent health, notwithstanding the hard work he does in the House of Lords while Parliament is in session. Lord Dunraven has three daughters, but no son, and his peerage will eventually pass to a distant cousin.

Killed His Boy for a Burglar.
Mr. Jule Jones, colored, of Sparta, Ill., shot and instantly killed his 10-year-old boy recently. For the past two weeks the city has been raided by burglars, two or more houses being broken into every night. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had heard a noise about their premises for some time, but could see none. After both had fallen asleep the little boy went out to the well to get a drink, and, on entering the house, awakened his parents. Jones called two or three times to know who was there, and as the boy did not answer he supposed it was a robber and fired, hitting the boy's head and killing him instantly.

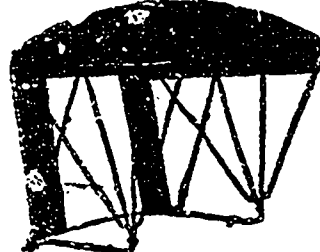
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Our Young Folks.

"LOVELY."

A True Story.

BY M. L. HIGHLAND.

It was the sorriest little dog in the Territory. Such legs! Bowed as barrel hoops, and his dingy hide almost naked, with just enough stiff yellow hair left in patches to prove the original color. One eye was gone and he must have been in an awful lot of fights, for both ears and tail were chawed off pretty nearly down to the roots. I picked him up in Tombstone one day, or rather he picked me up, leaping at my heels, and then trotting lamely out after me to the cabin that night. He was such a mean, sickly looking cur, at first I hated having him about; and whenever the fellows came over from camp they jeered at and plagued Lovely, as they called him, till I had half a mind to drive the ugly beast off. But he wouldn't go, and by the time his foot got well no one ever saw me without my dog.

I was just about this time that I sold enough silver ore to go into the packing business. You boys in the geography class know how rough the country is in Arizona, and how thinly settled it was fifteen years ago. Well, as soon as I could buy five stout mules, I contracted to carry the mail and merchandise across the mountains between Tucson and Total Wreck, Tombstone and Silver King mining camps. I filled orders at the capital, and usually returned loaded down with a queer assortment of hams, rope, coffee, nails, boots, candy, stamps, and dynamite.

Now it was that Lovely showed up in strong colors, and after our second trip I bragged he was worth a brace of lazy Mexican half-breeds, and that "handsome is as handsome does."

As for those mules, he was harder on them than any slave-driver before the war. All day he travelled with his one good eye on the trail. If old Molly stopped long enough just to tickle her nose with grass, you should have seen that dog. He would try to eat her up, barking, spitting, and kicking up dust, until I'd have to crack my whip and set the whole party off at a gallop.

It was funny to see him treat them like servants, and I can tell you they were trained, too. There was Mose, a tall, black, lumbering creature, vicious and ready to buck if you looked at him. But Lovely never stood foolishness of a mule, and the second day out from Tucson he fixed old crosspatch good fashion. We had trotted pretty briskly since noon, and I was riding ahead, watching the sun wheel down behind great thunder heads hanging low to the mountains, when all of a sudden such a pawing and kicking and braying as there was, and Mose bolted by, Lovely stuck on his back like a circus rider. I laughed till I cried at those two; but the dog whipped 'n the first round, and from that time on, whenever he felt a bit tired, just swarmed up on one of the mules and rode till he was rested.

The minute we reached camp and unloaded, I turned the whole train over to Lovely. He knew where to find water, drove them to drink, sat by patiently till they were satisfied, and then started the gang off at a canter for the corral or pasture. After finishing my business up at the mines, I always found the mules greedily browsing, and their ragged ears erect, keeping a sharp eye on me to make sure they played him no tricks. I came to relieve him, and he would indeed the dog to do his best to get out of my hands. I was out of the saddle, with the dog in my arms, kissing and petting him like a good fellow. He was modest and loving as ever, but I carried him in triumph into Silver King, where I heard the rest of the story.

Jim Ellison told me that a couple of hours after the day the lost mules came in on the trail, Lovely growling and limping behind them. He began looking for me, and when he saw me he came running and whinnying like a child at every step. Jim said they tried to get him to stop for a rest and to let them lead him, but he was deaf to all entreaties, Lovelily gathering up his captives, and on the road he knew I had

In and out, smelling at every house corner and shed, went the little yellow shepherd, given upsetting boxes and barrels in his search. After many a sharp turn, sure enough, there was the sly black varmint, cunningly flattened out against the side of a cabin, not a vestige of tail or mane showing on either side. He was chewing a wisp of hay, with a malicious twinkle in his knavish eyes.

Lovely was mad, I tell you. He barked out his opinion, and after one vicious snap at Toby's heels dog and mule came flying up like lightning. Before that trip was over, Toby wished he had never been born, for Lovely wouldn't even allow him to switch his own tail without a scene.

By this time I learned to trust the dog in everything, and loved him too, for he was as gentle and affectionate with me as he was harsh and dominating with the beasts. Besides standing guard half the night, his one eye skinned for Indians or wolves, he helped mind the drove, kept me company, and was a first-class rabbit hunter. It was not, however, until my three finest mules disappeared from the corral at Silver King that I appreciated my dependence on him. Lovely was just as much distressed as I was that morning. Over and over again he went through the herd, counting them, one after another, as plainly as I could myself, and then apparently scratching his head, trying to think.

High and low and up and down we hunted those wretched brutes through half of Pima County. Penning the remaining seven, I scoured the country on horseback, Lovely following. Worn out and disgusted, I at last abandoned the search, and came to the conclusion they must have been stolen by the thievish Apaches, who had grown daring of late.

The evening of the third day after their disappearance I was pretty low in my mind, but next morning got up at daylight, whistling for Lovely to rouse the mules, so we might get an early start. Seeing nothing of him, I supposed he must be off larking, and so thought no more of the matter.

All that day passed without one trace of my dog. At first I hoped and looked, and then raged around, vowing there was foul play, for Lovely would never let all the world walk off and leave me alone. I hung around the camp all the rest of that week, neglecting my work, and getting bluer with every day that passed. I could not believe he was really gone, and never gave the mules a thought now in my new trouble about the dog.

Finding it was useless to delay any longer, I pressed on for Total Wreck. But instead of riding ahead, as of old, when I had some one to bring up the rear, I was forced to drive that gang of scampish mules, forever yelling and popping my whip over their stubborn heads. They fretted the life out of me, cutting up all sorts of shames—Molly particularly, who would run half a mile out of her way after three blades of grass.

Saturday, returning to the King, doleful as a moulting owl in the dark of the moon, I was thinking of cutting the whole business, when presently I spied a cloud of dust in the distance. Poking slowly along, and idly wondering what it might be, I could scarcely believe my eyes on recognizing one after another of those vagrant mules. But it was all three, sure enough, and smartening our pace, we were soon alongside. Not until I heard a feeble little bark near my stirrup did it occur to me who the detective had been.

There was Lovely, all beaten out, too stiff and lame to hobble at other step, yet with his longest ear proudly cocked as he scanned the company and counted his flock once more complete.

Before you could say "Jack Robinson" I was out of the saddle, with the dog in my arms, kissing and petting him like a good fellow. He was modest and loving as ever, but I carried him in triumph into Silver King, where I heard the rest of the story.

Jim Ellison told me that a couple of hours after the day the lost mules came in on the trail, Lovely growling and limping behind them. He began looking for me, and when he saw me he came running and whinnying like a child at every step. Jim said they tried to get him to stop for a rest and to let them lead him, but he was deaf to all entreaties, Lovelily gathering up his captives, and on the road he knew I had

... camp that night I noticed a break in the trail, and the dog as

A Visit to the House of Commons.

We are going to the house to-night. Sir Frederick has an important bill coming on in the evening, and wishes us to hear the debate. He goes down early, and sends us tickets for the speaker's gallery, to which one gains admittance only by a card from Mrs. Peel. We climb many steps, and a banister elderly person in knee-breeches and a gold insignia of office shows us into a grand cage that looks down over the house, which is quite full. At one side of us, a bit lower, is the ladies' gallery, grated like our own. I wonder if they fear we shall get into mischief that they cage us up like monkeys? We are directly over the speaker, and see only the canopy of his chair, the curly white wigs of his three clerks, and the enormous gold mace. On the tier below is the reporters' gallery—fagged, hard-worked looking men, who scribble furiously. One can see what they are doing quite well, and it is noticeable that most of them write in long hand. Their account of the debate is to be found in the *Times* next day, and the speeches as given by them are far more succinct and forcible than when the members delivered them. Opposite is the gallery for distinguished strangers, and crosswise run the galleries for the peers. From time to time some one drops in from the House of Lords—now also in session—and stays to hear a portion of the debate. Now it is a portly, florid old gentleman, who listens with his hand behind his ear; and now some slim, pink-checked boy just succeeded to the title, immaculately arrayed in evening dress, with a pink pony in his button-hole. The Conservatives sit on the green-cushioned benches to the right of the speaker; the ministers in front. Mr. Arthur Balfour, secretary for Ireland, is speaking when we enter. A tall, slender man, with little silken brown ripples all over his head; good-looking, calm, and faultlessly dressed; and with delicate, slender hands, which he rests on the desk before him as he speaks, very languidly, but clearly, and with a slight hesitation. They are talking about Ireland as usual. On the bench from which he has just risen sits Lord George Hamilton, also handsome, tall and dark-haired; Mr. W. H. Smith, leader of the house, whose head is very large and quite bald; Mr. Goschen, and the rest of the ministers. Behind sit the Conservatives, a fine body of men, extremely well set up, wearing glossy silk hats, and looking, on the whole, rather indifferent and bored, grinding out an occasional "Hear! hear!" when Mr. Balfour makes a point against his opponents.

This gentleman is saying, in polite parliamentary phrases, and with a somewhat fatigued manner, that he considers his accusers liars, one and all. When he is done, Mr. Gladstone takes the word, rising from the opposite benches, and looking extremely white and feeble, speaking keenly and to the point, in the trembling, squeaky tones used by the sage old man. Close beside him is Lord Hartington, with his hat tipped over his eyes, his legs thrust out, and his hands in his pockets. Further back, among the Irishmen, is Brailaugh, the famous infidel rosy and genial, and very like the late Henry Ward Beecher in appearance. Finally the Irishmen get on their feet one after another—Dillon, O'Brien, Parnell—and scream fluently and vituperatively at Mr. Balfour, who looks over his notes and pretends not to hear them. Sir George Trevelyan, nephew of Macaulay, speaks on the Irish side with the polished roundness of the elocutionist; and a certain Mr. Fowler, with his laconic severity, brings a flush to Balfour's forehead and makes him stir angrily. In the gallery with us is a large handsome old lady with much white lace around her head. Lady B— whispers to me it is Mrs. Gladstone, who is known as the Stormy Petrel; their is sure to be trouble brewing when she appears. It is rumored to-night that her husband hopes to cut the government majority on the Land Purchase Bill down lower than it has ever yet been. She shows very little excitement but watches affairs attentively through the grating.

On one side of us sits a slim girl in red, so interested in the debate that she has thrown off her hat and gloves, and pushed back her hair from her forehead. She holds the bars with both little white hands, and will not miss a word—a highbred, pretty creature, evidently an ardent Conservative, who gives us much information in whispers as to the members and the state of the bill. On the other side sits one I take to be an American from her excessively perfect raiment and her little rising inflections. At ten minutes of eight the speaker declares a recess of half an hour, and the members troop out to

... and public speakers all chew M. V. Li Frutti Gum, for the voice. 5

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.

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TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance and all payments of arrears are in full, as required by law.

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Publishers will kindly send their paper for styling regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Mrs. Alva Young

of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used."

Most pleasures embrace us but to strange.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes:—"I have been selling Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forgo an advantage.

A feeling of lassitude Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Unpleasant taste in the mouth Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Sleepy, tired feeling Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter Large Bottles 50 cents.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary to win the love of a woman, answered "Opportunity."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It is a hard but good law of fate, that as every evil, so every excessive power, wears itself out.

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

He was much gone, that young man who carried his girl's picture in a pleasant frame of mind.

Athletes all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; healthful and beneficial. 5 cents.

Tombstone is an Arizona town. Its newspaper is called the Epitaph; its Sheriff is Colonel Slaughter.

Thos. Sabin, of Kington, says: "I have removed two corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Procrastination is hardly more evil than grasping impatience.

If you feel out of sorts Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your liver is sluggish Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

If your kidneys are inactive Take Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Large Bottles 50 cents.

As time is money, many men seem to think that an hour spent in church will pay the interest on six full days of sin.

Don't Despair of Relief, if troubled with Chronic Dyspepsia or Constipation. These ailments, as well as Biliousness, Kidney infirmities, and feminine troubles, are eradicated by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, an alternative of long tried and clearly proven efficacy. It is a fine blood depurant as well as corrective, and contains no ingredients which are not of the highest standard of purity.

Ex-Governor Morton, of Nebraska, says that more than 600,000,000 trees planted by human hands are growing in that State.

Mr. Jesse Johnston

of Rockwood, Ont., writes:—"Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle really cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist."

There is nothing certain in man's life but this, that he must lose it.

Public Speakers, Actors and Vocalists find, and state that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves hoarseness and irritation in the throat better than remedies specially advertised to relieve that difficulty. This Oil has a wide scope, since it cures external hurts, corns, sores, frost-bite, piles, and a variety of other unhealthy conditions.

Miss Florence Marryat, the novelist, is said to be a devout spiritualist, holding seances where denizens of the other world appear.

Dangers of Delay.

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

Two Irishmen shipwrecked on a barren island. "What shall we do, Pat?" "Well, Denny, let's organize a saycrot Irish league."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

Caution is the twin sister of hypocrisy.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting and illustrated Book on Deafness, Noise in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 5c.—Address, Dr. NICHOLSON, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 60c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

EPHRA'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

To lessen mortality and stop the mroads of disease, use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. For all diseases arising from impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc., it has no equal. Mrs Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good."

She—"Do you think marriage is a failure?" He (aged twenty)—"It begins to look that way. I've been rejected fourteen times."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

Don't dislike women who have to earn their own living; there's not a single one of them who wouldn't rather have a man doing it for her.

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

Inflammatory rheumatism through wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, and they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches. MARY CALDWELL, Upper Gaspereaux, N. S.

A big tree from California is to be set up in part at the Chicago Fair which will take ten men two months to fell, and occupy three first cars.

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, gripping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

A movement has been started at Hull in favor of a half-holiday for servant girls.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH MARKS, Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church street, Toronto.

Fresh milk boiled with loaf sugar soothe a cough when other things fail.

Secrets of Fort

Revealed at last, after long time and trouble.

DR. MINNEWAWA'S Indian Blood Renovator

POSITIVELY CURES BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.

Such as Scrofula, Eczema (itchy or scaly), producing Ulcers, Ringworm, the Body or in the Neck, Tangles, caused by Hair, Inflamed Consumption, etc. (from the system).

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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.



CURE

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

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; box for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



OTTAWA, Street 14, OTTAWA, ONT.

BRITISH NEWS.

There are about half a million bicycles and tricycles turning in Great Britain.

Two women, named Bosworth and Lea, quarrelled at a house in Drury Lane, London, on Monday afternoon, and the former fled from blows said to have been inflicted by the latter, who was arrested.

In an article in the Field, a writer says that in all the tributaries of the large rivers of Guiana gold is being found; the yield in British Guiana for the first four months of 1890 being above the value of £50,000.

There are thirty-five men in Suffolk still employed in making gun flints, or "flint-knapping," as they call it; for the use of the remote savages who have succeeded to the long discarded flint guns and pistols of civilization.

Among the large estates three advertised for sale in Queensland may be considered. The first has an area of 454 square miles, of which the rent is \$1,600. The one most advantageously situated is "within 100 miles of a railroad."

About half-past five on Sunday morning fire broke out at the Excelsior Working Men's Club, Woolwich. The flames originated in the bar of the ground floor, and extended to the upper before the firemen arrived. The fire was not subdued until the premises were virtually destroyed.

At County Donegal Assize on Wednesday—before Justice Murphy—John McCanh, a 'ramp from the South of Ireland, was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude for shooting a woman in the chest with a revolver in a house to which he went to light his pipe. There were several previous convictions against the prisoner.

About half-past five on Wednesday afternoon David Fisher (55), a carter in the employment of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, while loading his lorry in Mitchell Street, roared and fell on the street. He was carried to the office of Messrs. Paton & Co., 59 Mitchell Street, where it was found he was dead.

An Exchange Company telegram from Gibraltar says that three mounted Spanish carbiniers were pursuing a Spaniard on neutral ground on Saturday night, when the Spaniard entered the limits of the English lines, and was made a prisoner by the patrol. When in custody one of the carbiniers fired and shot an English soldier.

A sad fatality occurred at Wicklow on Monday. A young married lady, Mrs. Amelia F. Fitzgerald, aged 29, was bathing with five daughters of Lieutenant Small, of the Wicklow Artillery, when she was observed to sink. A bathing attendant gave the alarm, but life was extinct when Mrs. Fitzgerald was brought to the surface.

William Cole, of Dudley, met with a horrible death on Saturday. The deceased went to a village near Kidderminster to pick peas, and got drunk and lay down on a field. During the night he is supposed to have lighted a fire, and he was found literally roasted alive, his clothes being burned from off his body, and presenting a horrible sight.

As the law of Aberdeen required it, a cab driver was prosecuted, convicted and fined five shillings, or three days' imprisonment, for smoking a pipe on his cab, not while driving a fare, but while he was standing on the lookout for one. By the municipal laws and regulations of Aberdeen the smoking of a pipe by a cab driver is a criminal offence.

On Tuesday morning a platelayer's body of a man named Nickolls, of Oxford, lying on the four-foot gauge of the Great Western Railway, a large crowd of people gathered to view the body.

An echo which repeats five times is to be found between Bingen and Coblenz, on the banks of the River Nahe. A peculiarity of this echo is that, although the speaker's voice may be almost inaudible, yet the echo of sound apparently increases in the distance.

On Tuesday morning the Abercorn family were visiting friends of the Abercorn family at the "Eagle's Nest," at Kilmarnock, and were engaged in the shooting of a single note at a distance of three miles, the effect of firing a cannon being the repetition of thunders of sound in the distance.

The echo of the castle of St. Andrew, near Edinburgh, is said to be repeated sixty times; a peculiarity of this echo is that, although the speaker's voice may be almost inaudible, yet the echo of sound apparently increases in the distance.

On Sunday evening there left Preston for M. Pasteur's Institution in Paris two men who have been bitten by a mad dog, and who are being sent out by a Lancashire magistrate who has interested himself in the case. One of the patients is a farmer named Thomas Eccles, and the other was an Irish labourer who was in a hay field. The dog was a strange one, and was shot. A post-mortem examination showed that it had suffered from hydrophobia.

At Sheffield Quarter Sessions, on Saturday, Lavinia Cousins and Thomas Lloyd were convicted of shocking cruelty to a child who lived with them but belonged to another woman. Cousins among other brutalities tied the child to a bed and made what she called a crucifix of it. The male prisoner thrashed the child with a buckled strap while it was naked. He was sentenced to five years and the woman to two, the maximum penalties.

On Friday the Mayor of Portsmouth presented Joannie Victoire Snook, aged ten years, with the honorary certificate of the Royal Humane Society for saving her little brother's life in April last. The lad fell from a landing-stage into 12 feet of water, and must have perished had not his sister, who was unable to swim, jumped in and managed to keep him afloat until a waterman came and rescued both. The case is said to be without a parallel in the annals of the Royal Humane Society.

Interest in Gloucester Museum has very been enhanced by the rehabilitation of a mummy. The mummy in question has been unrolled to satisfy curiosity, and has been found to be a woman, no one having the knowledge or inclination to restore the relic to neatness and order. A lady of Birmingham, well known in antiquarian circles, has, however, accomplished the by-no-means pleasant task, and the Egyptian Princess lies now in due state in her case in the room set apart for Egyptian antiquities. Miss S. J. Springhall has reunited the bones of the skeleton, and otherwise undid the work of disintegration which had been irreverently begun.

The Sultan at Dinner.

The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier. It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him.

The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable pillage, 600 pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part of the food for the majority of the Turks, together with fish, sweetmeats, confectionery, nuts and dried and fresh fruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is obvious, and it is said that enough is thrown away daily to maintain 100 families. All the water for the Sultan's use and the drinking water for the household is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bosphorus toward the Black Sea.

Wonderful Echoes.

In the Roman Campagna, at the sepulcher of Metella, the wife of Sulla, there is an echo which repeats five times in five different keys. It will also repeat a hexameter line, or any other sentence which can be spoken in two and a half seconds.

An echo which repeats seventeen times is to be found between Bingen and Coblenz, on the banks of the River Nahe. A peculiarity of this echo is that, although the speaker's voice may be almost inaudible, yet the echo of sound apparently increases in the distance.

On Tuesday morning the Abercorn family were visiting friends of the Abercorn family at the "Eagle's Nest," at Kilmarnock, and were engaged in the shooting of a single note at a distance of three miles, the effect of firing a cannon being the repetition of thunders of sound in the distance.

The echo of the castle of St. Andrew, near Edinburgh, is said to be repeated sixty times; a peculiarity of this echo is that, although the speaker's voice may be almost inaudible, yet the echo of sound apparently increases in the distance.

On Tuesday morning the Abercorn family were visiting friends of the Abercorn family at the "Eagle's Nest," at Kilmarnock, and were engaged in the shooting of a single note at a distance of three miles, the effect of firing a cannon being the repetition of thunders of sound in the distance.

THE NEW GAS GUN.

Trial of the Marvellous Rifle Invented by M. Giffard.

At the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles yesterday afternoon some interesting experiments were conducted with M. Paul Giffard's appliance for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive—or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. M. Paul Giffard's scientific reputation as inventor of the pneumatic tube, and of the "Giffard injector," so largely used in connection with steam power, stands so high that any invention to which his name was attached would be worthy of attentive consideration.

The weapon now introduced by him, however, is something more than an ingenious appliance; it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gunmaker's art, but is applicable also to many other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future. The idea of using liquefied carbonic acid gas as a propulsive power is not new, but M. Giffard is the first who has turned it to practical account.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so far as one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism, in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a cartouche, is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smooth-bore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas enough to discharge 220 shots, equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity sufficient to kill at 600 yards. There is no other explosive. The pellet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the loading is complete. When the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no louder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke, and no fouling of the barrel. In all these respects M. Giffard's gas gun seems to fulfil the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare; but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved. The inventor says there would be no difficulty in refilling the cylinders with gas on the battlefield; but it is obvious, even if that be the case, that reserve cylinders would have to be supplied to each man, in order to make up the number of rounds not brought to be necessary; and, as bullets would of necessity be carried in addition, the ammunition for a gas gun would weigh just as much as ordinary cartridges, weight for weight.

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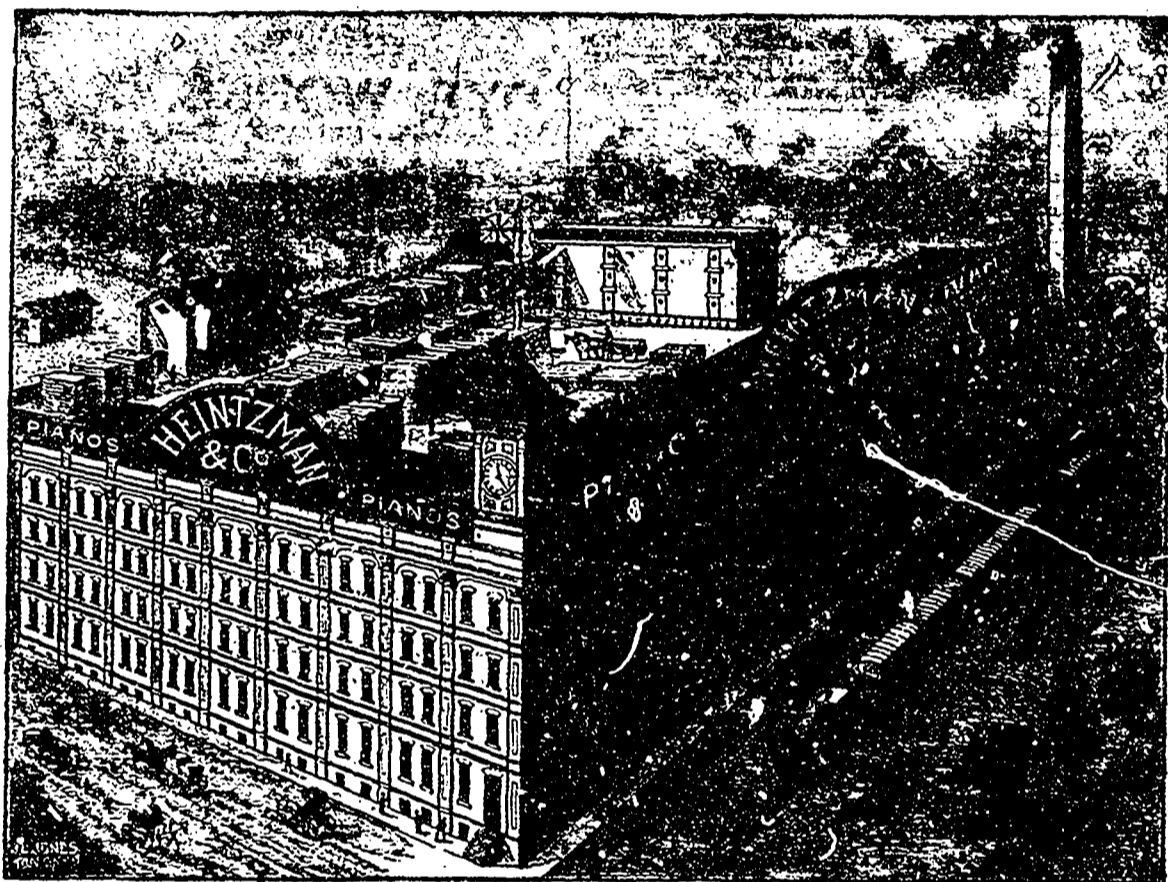
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