

TRUTH

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TORONTO,

CANADA

Weekly Magazine

of Current Literature

\$3.00 per Year 10¢ per Copy



TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 280.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOME AT PETERBORO.

We have received a circular letter from Dr. Barnardo, the founder and head of "Barnardo's Home for Destitute Children," and as here is a branch of the praiseworthy institution in this country, we have pleasure in laying before our readers the following facts. The management—at the head of which is the Marquis of Lorne—never send out pauper children; that is to say, children who have been trained in the work-house are not the class sent out, though the contrary opinion seems to have prevailed in certain quarters. All coming to this country from the institution have either been orphans or rendered destitute at an early age. They have all been received first into the institutions in England, have received there a careful industrial and Christian training, and have not been (unless they were very young) sent out to Canada until the management were satisfied that they were fairly trained to become industrious and virtuous members of society. The young people sent to the Colonies are, the head institution says, the "Flower of the Flock." They must always be without physical defect or taint of any kind, thoroughly sound in limb and of good health. They must also be morally without fault. Children are never sent who are known to us to be untruthful, dishonest or vicious, and the management select those who have proved by their residence in the home institutions to be worthy of esteem and respect.

As far as possible, every child has been well trained in some branch of industry,—the girls as domestic servants, the boys in various trades, all of which have taught them independence of character and the duty of self-help.

Dr. Barnardo says: "It is with great satisfaction that I am able to record, after some years' work in Canada, that not one of our girls is known to have become vicious or immoral. Every one of them is, we believe earning her bread honestly, and not one has yet been any charge upon the rates or any expense to the public of Canada. I think this fact alone speaks volumes for our work. Of the boys, I regret to say four have misconducted themselves; two have been dishonest, and two have developed hopelessly lazy and indolent qualities. The first two have very properly been punished for their misconduct. One of them I have since been able to return to England. Of the two who proved to be hopelessly lazy and indolent, I have sent one back to England, and will send the other back also as soon as I can get him, but he has gone off on his own account, and it is not easy to reach him.

"I consider that such a result out of 1,734 already placed out by us in Canada (880 being within the last four years,) is eminently satisfactory, and ought to dissipate the fears of any as to the real nature of our emigration work.

"I invite every one interested and disposed to help, to communicate with the Superintendent of our Canadian Home. His address is: Mr. Edward Duff, "Dr. Barnardo's

Distributing Home," Hazelbra, Peterboro', Ont.

"Christian people throughout the Dominion willing to render assistance to that which is most assuredly Christ's work, are invited to communicate with Mr. Duff or with me. Any donation sent to me will be gratefully received and acknowledged by our Treasurer: William Fowler Esq., M. P., or by

"Your obedient servant,
"THO. J. BARNARDO."

THE COMING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

Beyond the question of the Government's management of affairs in the North-West Territories, we cannot see that there should be any lengthy discussion, and consequent waste of time. But at every session of Parliament there is a notorious waste of time, and three-fourths of the talking is delivered at *Hansard*. Several times it has been proposed to abolish *Hansard*, and those who have made the proposition based it upon the contention that if it were not for the fact that every sentence which falls from the lips of a member is carefully reported and recorded in *Hansard* the ordinary session would be reduced to about half its length. We have seen, frequently, upon the floor of the House of Commons, a member talking for the space of an hour upon some question respecting a breakwater in his county, while not one member was paying the least attention to what he was saying. Some might be asleep at their desks, others writing, and others talking. But this fact would make no difference; the speaker went on elaborating each point, building proposition upon proposition, not for the sake of making the House understand, or agree to, his proposition, but of figuring in *Hansard*, and from *Hansard* having the speech reprinted in the newspaper of his county. Of course if the success of the measure brought up by the honorable gentleman in any way depended upon the length or the quality of his speech, we should not have one word to say in the way of disapproval;—but, since he will keep back the business of the whole country for half an evening, merely that his constituents may be able to read his speech, we cannot but doubt whether the maintenance of *Hansard* is justifiable and wise.

It is a notorious fact that a session of Parliament which lasts three months could do its business in six weeks; and in the matter of quickness of dispatch, rapidity of decision, and genuine work, our Canadian House of Commons could learn a very profitable lesson from the City Council of Toronto. It is true that the questions coming up for discussion at Ottawa are apt to be far-reaching in their operation, and therefore require careful consideration; but where is the justification for an honorable gentleman to arise towards the close of a debate, and for the space of three or four mortal hours repeat to the house views already expressed by other members, and state, with a mighty flourish of wind and

swagger, points already made with emphasis before.

It is true the people from Gander Creek, in reading this speech in the local paper as reprinted from *Hansard*, will not know that the points and the information have all been derived from some other speaker.

One of the most tedious members of the House of Commons is the Hon. David Mills. It is true that he is a man of originality, of much intellectual power, and of vast industry; so that his speeches, if tedious, always repay one's attention. Of course no one could think of accusing Mr. Mills of addressing *Hansard*; for he is manifestly, when speaking, bent upon impressing his views upon the House, and if he can, upon carrying the House with him. Nevertheless Mr. Mills occupies rather too much of the time of the House. This offense in him would be pardoned but that his habit sets a bad example to a lot of gentlemen in the chamber whose heads are full only of wind.

Mr. Blake at one time was very much a slave to the talking habit, and he has not overcome the bad practice yet. His legal training, where talking is the largest and most important item in the professional work, seems to have distended his natural inclinations to quite too large proportions. When addressing himself to a great question such as Commercial Independence for Canada, the Seats' Redistribution Bill, or the Rebellion, one cannot hear too much from Mr. Blake, for his line of argument is searching, the speech is full of information and of worthy sentiment, and there is a literary grace and a logical justness about it, which must be gratifying to friend and opponent. But Mr. Blake has the habit of jumping up from his seat and joining in fiddle-faddle discussion of trumpery matters, thus setting a wretched example, taking away from the importance and dignity of his own utterances, and wasting the time of the House. We do wish he would leave the small matters to the small fry. When we have seen Edward Blake jump into the midst of a fray held by a lot of the small bores, we have invariably been reminded of the story of the big man who one day wheeled out a cannon to shoot a solitary sandpiper.

But one of the most conspicuous sinners, in the way of time-wasting in the House of Commons, is Mr. M. O. Cameron. He is unquestionably a sound and learned lawyer, and when he has taken his seat, if his theme has been one affecting a point of law, there is little more to be said. But the good gentleman's deliverance reminds one of a tireless, ceaseless, dry wind, blowing "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, a summer's day," over a dry, treeless, cheerless, flowerless desert of sand. There is not an atom of humor, not a poetic image, not a flower of rhetoric, not even an exaggeration or a misstatement, to relieve the monotony, or evoke a hand-clap.

Now, Sir Richard Cartwright is always listened to, because, when he arises, he says just enough; and he does not say "just enough" too often. Even the perpetual

song of the bobolink, which delighted at first, by constant reiteration, becomes a nuisance; and the thunder of Niagara which, when first striking the ear filled your soul with rapture and awe, at last becomes so monotonous as to put you to sleep. Familiarity verily does beget contempt; and our frequent speakers in the House of Commons should make, once more, a note of the fact.

When Sir Adolphe was the Hon. A. P. Caron he had the misfortune of prolixity likewise; but the dignity which has since descended upon him may act in the direction of brevity. We hope it will; for in that hon. gentleman's case there was much room for abbreviation. His trouble seems to be that he does not know when he has said enough, or when he ought to stop; and as a number of his speeches are in reply to questions asked by the Government he frequently throws open a door through which an Opposition member is able to have a peep at secret and forbidden corners.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND OUR SCHOOLS.

Whatever our views may be upon Educational subjects no one, at any rate, will be able to charge us with a desire to overload the curriculum of studies in our public schools. But we divide all subjects for studies into two classes, the good and the indispensable. That is to say there is no subject that might occur to the mind of an educationist to put upon the curriculum that we would not regard as useful and good as mental discipline; but as life is too short to study every branch, or even to obtain the slightest smattering of all, then our aim should be to ascertain those that are indispensable first, and to these add the others that are most useful in human and intellectual economy. There is a subject which has failed to obtain a prominent place, and in the larger number of our schools a place at all, upon the curriculum of studies, and that is a study of the structure and functions of the human body, and of the laws of health. We are at infinite pains to ascertain the functions of "odd legs" upon a certain description of bug, but we are content to allow our own structure to remain a mystery. Pope has said, and his saying has a physical as well as a poetical application

Man; know thyself; presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

We know that at the very first such a contention as ours would be treated by unthinking persons, by the large and heedless herd who "go into the harness of a groove," in this fashion: "What nonsense! Have we not a medical profession to take care of this important matter? and it would be absurd to trench upon the ground of learned science with the crude, quack knowledge derived in common schools. Our public schools are not colleges for specialists;—if medical knowledge be needed, there is the medical college to go to. The same is true of law, and the same of divinity, the same of engineering, and of all the learned professions."

That is true to some extent, but there is

a fundamental error. Once upon a time learning was confined to the priests and monks, and when anyone raised his voice and said, "But the mass of the people should also know how to read and write their names," the priests and their friends retorted with this sneer: "What then will be the good of the priests' learning, if you give letters to the masses. You would have the country overrun with vulgar scribes." Education came, however, in time. Men and women came to be able to read books and reckon accounts; and it was much better that they should be able to do so themselves than to be obliged, if they received a letter, to call in the priest or the scrivener to read it.

The analogy holds literally true with respect to the medical science. We should be very sorry indeed to see our schools attempt to do more than endow students with a knowledge of the simple laws of health, of the general structure of the body, the functions and operations of the organs, the manner which careless dressing, tight lacing, sudden exposures to cold, violent exercise, lack of exercise, over-eating, intemperance, etc., act upon, and injure the system. Then there are a few plain facts known to observant nurses, with respect to treatment in simple cases, that should be taught; and a list of simple medicines that can be used without detriment in ordinary ailments should be familiar to everybody.

The very savages of the plains, in their own illiterate way, make a study of practical medicine; their knowledge of the healing herbs is wide and valuable, and in a case of sickness where there is no complication of disease, their treatment is almost as certain to be salutary as the skill of a learned doctor, plus half the Latin of Virgil and the whole table of Roman numerals thrown in.

We have said that a class will spend months in seeking to determine why Providence put these two horns upon the forehead of a beetle; and many a weary essay is there read on the probable origin of that minute insect which enters through the bark of the spruce, and blasts the tree. If the study of the latter fact could save a timber district, or save even one tree, there might, from the utilitarian point of view, be some justification for its study in common schools. But the career of the tree is not as important as the career of a human being. Yet the child never learns in school what effect repeated "colds upon the chest" has upon the lungs, and how the "catching" of colds and other diseases may be measurably avoided. How many boys and girls at leaving school know what the "pulse" that throbs in the wrist really is? How many know that it registers the beat of the heart, and that the fulness in each beat is the blood going upon its impelled mission. They all know that the first thing a doctor does is to feel the patient's pulse; but why he does so is just as much of a mystery as the fact that the larch tree turns its head to the east. How many children who learn in their chemistries that air is composed of hydrogen, oxygen and carbonic acid, are drilled upon the importance of keeping the windows of small rooms open, of sleeping in the purest possible air, and never with the head covered. The facts produced from the chemistry lessons would show the important part played by one gas, and the evil worked by the other. Each of the other facts already indicated might also be studied with immense profit; pupils would come to have a knowledge of the ordinary functions of their bodies; they would know what begets sickness and organic disease, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Then, in complex cases, plenty of which arise, the professional physician

might be called in. But it is really unjustifiable that a hundred times more importance should be given to the structure of a water weed or of a bug, than to the organism of the human body. We are aware that there is something taught upon hygiene here and there in the schools, but the thing is only a mockery. We express our acknowledgments to Dr. Playter, the editor of *Man*, for all that he has done to impress the importance of the matter that we have sought to discuss, upon the public and the proper authorities.

The visits of the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., to Toronto, always give unqualified pleasure and gratification to his many friends in this city. As the father of the great Chautauqua idea, his name is justly honored and revered by the thousands of members of that institution throughout the world. The personal power of Dr. Vincent is remarkable. He is truly a leader of men. His great force of character, strong personality, intense practicalness and persuasive eloquence are among the qualities which have placed him upon the high pedestal of public favor and esteem which he now occupies. The Chautauqua movement is becoming world-wide in its influence. Courses for the prosecution of the course of study prescribed by the head institution are now in existence in the remotest corners of the globe, including Russia, South Africa, India, China, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. Dr. Vincent's career, and the wonderful movement he has inaugurated, are marvellous examples of what a man "with an idea" can do for the intellectual and moral elevation of the race.

The temperance question as represented by Prof. Geldwin Smith is this week discussed in our contributors' department by Dr. McCully. The article is carefully prepared and some of the arguments are very strong. "Women Under Roman Religion," by Miss Brown, is concluded in this issue. Those who read the first paper on this question will be anxious to secure the closing article. The Rev. E. A. Stafford contributes this week an exceedingly thoughtful article on "Government by Party." He ably contends that the party system of Government is by no means the stupendous failure some would make themselves and others believe.

We had expected to have been able this week to announce our new competition, but as our arrangements are not quite perfected we cannot do so. The scheme we are now preparing will be still more liberal than that of its predecessors, and provides a handsome gift to every new subscriber to *TRUTH* or *Ladies' Journal*.

Our politicians, for motives sometimes other than worthy ones, raise such an outcry against "foreign importations" of any sort, that even a noble and humane work like that which Dr. Barnardo and his associates are carrying out is sometimes lost sight of. We commend the letter of Dr. Barnardo to the earnest attention of our readers.

Mr. Adam Badeau has been contributing a number of letters to the *New York Sun* descriptive of the social life of the English aristocracy. He affects to have found much vulgarity among titled folk, and relates a number of incidents in his own personal experience, which we should judge are less intended as rebukes to the manners of Upper-Tendom in England, than as a boast of his intimate friendship with certain Dukes and Duchesses, and other members of our "old nobility." Mr. Badeau's letters may be entertaining to those who desire to get a peep "over

the garden-wall of nobility," but all the same they are manifestly the work of a vulgar snob whose personal acquaintance with the class whom he describes, in all probability was obtained through an opera glass. We feel quite certain that if some Duchess had condescended to confidential communication with Mrs. Badeau he would have come across the ocean loaded to the eyes with reverence for her order. Criticism such as that which appears in the *Sun*, is the last thing to which he would have turned his genius.

When the Brown Memorial Committee came to take account of their funds the other day, it was found that a sum of \$1,100 remained after meeting all expenses in connection with the statue erected to the eminent statesman in the Park. Out of this surplus sum the committee have decided to appropriate \$1,000 with which to found a Scholarship in University College to be known as "The George Brown Scholarship," a fixed sum, accruing an interest, to be annually awarded to the most distinguished student in the department of history and modern languages. The project, we are sure, will meet with approbation; for most fitting is it to connect perpetually with our great seat of learning the name of a man to whom our institutions and political morals owe so much.

Now and again one of our newspapers, or one of our platform orators, utters a protest against the state of the Canadian copyright; and when the protest is made we all say, "Yes; it is too bad," but nobody thinks of moving further in the matter. We shall not enter into a lengthy explanation of the law upon copyright, but state briefly its injustice. A Canadian author brings a book out in Toronto, Montreal, or any other city in the Dominion, sends a copy of the same to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, where it is registered. This registration gives him copyright throughout Canada. But it does not give him copyright in England; and any publisher there may take his book and reprint it, without being obliged to pay royalty. But once an English author copyrights his book, it is protected against piracy throughout every part of the British empire. If, therefore, a Canadian author desires to secure the English market, the only course is to bring out the book first in England. Mr. Edgar is a public spirited Canadian, and himself an author of no mean repute. Why should we not at the very next session of Parliament hear something from him on this point?

The population of Australia doubles itself every twenty years, according to its newspapers.

The Earl of Aberdeen has been appointed Viceroy of Ireland. It is stated that Mr. Parnell was asked to take a seat in the new Cabinet, and that he declined upon the grounds that he could not consistently take part in the administration of a system of government which he regards as grossly unjust to his country.

The *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, a gentleman whose information is generally to be relied upon, states that there will be no allusion to Riel in the speech from the throne. But there certainly must be an allusion to the rebellion.

The rumour to the effect that Sir Ambrose Shea had been appointed Governor of Newfoundland, turns out, after all, to have been premature. The *Globe*, advised by its London correspondent, states that Sir Ambrose actually was appointed; but the *Times* and other leading papers pointed out that it

would be unwise at the present time, taking into account the state of feeling among religious bodies in the Island, to make the appointment. But what a cruel hoax it was, to perpetrate upon a man so worthy and so distinguished in the history of the colony!

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen—John Campbell Hamilton Gordon—is the 7th Earl, was born in 1847, succeeded to the title in 1870 on the death of his brother George, whose life was full of romantic passages, including a temporary disappearance, during which he passed as a common sailor. The late Lord Aberdeen succeeded to the title in 1864. In 1866 he embarked in a sailing vessel for St. John, N. B., and during the voyage volunteered to take the place of a disabled seaman. The occupation took hold of him, and he made several short voyages under the name of George Henry Osborne, was licensed as mate in New York in 1867, and as captain in 1868. In 1870 he shipped from Boston to Melbourne as mate of the schooner *Herd*, and on this voyage he was swept overboard and lost during a storm. During all this time the family knew nothing of his whereabouts, as letters he wrote to them had miscarried.

Prince Bismarck's hatred of the Poles is so great that Germans are forbidden to intermarry with them in those portions of the Empire where Polish sentiment seems to the Chancellor to be aggressive. If one were to read in a novel that such an edict had gone forth in the nineteenth century in an enlightened country and from an enlightened statesman he would be inclined to say that the author was an ass. But truth is ever stranger than fiction.

Cremation is becoming extremely popular in some parts of the United States; but Buffalo clergymen have organized a crusade against the practice. The chief objection to the thing, so far as we can see, is that it might beget a system of spurious pedigrees. One could put any label that he pleased upon a jar and palm the fraud off upon his visitors. He might have a vessel containing some pine ashes, and still have written upon it: "The mortal remains of John Robbins, who came to America in the *May Flower*, A. D. 1620." One cannot very readily perpetrate spurious legends upon tomb stones. O no; for this reason keep to the honest, old-fashioned plan of burying. We do not want everybody's great grandfather to be a U. E. Loyalist or a Pilgrim Father.

The "elements," according to one of our "funny" contemporaries, are getting into trouble. The first misfortune comes to the Manitoba blizzard. It blew the tail off a mule; but what became of the blizzard afterwards is not known; though it is presumed that it had the wind knocked out of it. The next sufferer was a flash of lightning. It had gone about setting fire to barns, splintering "monumental oaks," and killing men and cattle. It then struck a dynamite can. "That," says the *Hawkeye* man, "was the most surprised flash of lightning that you ever saw." It hit nothing afterwards.

Probably Mr. Shanly is clever enough as an engineer to see how the Sahara could be turned into a mighty inland sea, provided there were enormous coffers at his hand to help him to change the geography of our planet. He is credited with saying that he believes the scheme for connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland by a submarine railway is feasible. The question is rather this, in the project a *same* one? Mr. Shanly has a splendid reputation, but he must not talk nonsense.

Truth's Contributors.

TEMPERANCE vs PROHIBITION.

BY DR. M'COLLY.

"And new born clusters teem with wine,
Beneath the shadowy foliage of the vine."

—Ibycus

Goldwin Smith has by pamphlet opened up for discussion the question of Temperance and prohibition. On careful perusal the reader will find his pamphlet a tissue of bald assertions, and in these letters I shall endeavor to prick his bubbles and expose his illogical and unwarrantable conclusions. When a man starts with a false promise as a basis on which to build his structure, he can easily attain the conclusions he desires. Mr. Smith starts his arguments on the basis that temperance means moderate tipping; here I take issue with him:—Temperance is from the Latin word *temperantia* and that in turn comes from the Greek verb *temo*, which means to out off, so that Mr. Smith and the so called Temperance Union are sailing under false colors. Now with the word and its definition before me, I am prepared to open up the whole question. Mr. Smith has in my opinion a great unbalanced mind, hence his irregular and erratic course through life, his numerous literary and political amours, of which the recent eccentricity of genius is but another of his kaleidoscopic changes. Sudden changes are not always attended with pleasant consequences, especially, if there be a past record, and unfortunately for Mr. Smith, he cannot alter the record, so he had better adopt a less suggestive insignia than the one under which he now sails, "The Liberal Temperance Union." As this new creature is novel in name and indescribable in its character, I would suggest a patent or trade-mark; it being a bastard fungus out-growth of the liquor traffic under which it seeks to hide its shame. Mr. Smith says with the liquor trade he has nothing to do,—(an apostle of sin and vice but ashamed of the connection). During this week his associates, to their utmost power, attempted to make of the island a beer and wine garden;—a home for prostitutes, a social pest spot of the only breathing place for our sons and our daughters where the accursed traffic is not licenced. The man who advocates beer and wine drinking advocates the foundation stones of all drunkenness in the land; for the only mitigation in the wine and beer is the reduction of the per cent. of the alcoholic poison in them, as compared with that of brandy, rum, and whiskey; so that Mr. Smith and his Union are simply in favor of adding the sin of gluttony to that of drunkenness, knowing that it means simply an increase of the dose to produce intoxication. Mr. Smith asks for the traffic "nothing but justice." Let us suppose any band of men in Canada, other than the rum sellers, that would produce in one year the misery, crime, disease, and death, that is the legitimate child of this traffic! Let us place them on trial! What, I ask every intelligent man, would be the verdict? Murder in the first degree!—A rope and a hangman!—, and the abettors, how about them? How about the apologists? They, too, would be condemned as accessories after the fact. Prohibitionists demand that the state shall not sacrifice life, health, and happiness to fill the state coffers. Prohibitionists assert that not only is it unnecessary for state purposes that alcohol should be sold or that any of its compounds should be put on the market, but that the resultant loss to the state by such sale, in debauchery, crime, waste of

time, etc., is worth many millions per year more to the Province and the Dominion than the revenue obtained from this "parasite." The Liberal Temperance Union say to us, our city fathers, our commissioners, that the liquor traffic is a defiant out-law; that you cannot suppress it; they tell us that there are about four thousand men in this Province who can and will defy the laws, that they are such rebels and reprobates, that no prohibition law will stop them from vending poison; and that by law we must gild over such a sink hole, such a trade, and such men, into respectability. With the cry that "these men will defy all" will in the end conquer and subjugate justice and with the further humbug howl of the loss of revenue for state purposes these eloquers are well portrayed in those memorable lines of Cowper:

"Drink and be drunk, then, 'tis your country's bid!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call,
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats
Ye all can swallow and she asks no more."

It has become a standard motto of prohibition to refuse to believe bald assertion, even when illuminated by a star of the third magnitude; and in entering the field of controversy we propose to challenge all matter that does not bear the indelible mark of truth, and take it for its real worth, even though it be the utterances of a so called mental giant. Our weapons are facts, figures and experience, and with these we face our foes, foes who are the greatest enemies of our race, our country, our homes and our religion. Mr. Smith in his defence of the traffic says he fears not "to stand by any man that is wronged!" But woman—suffering, ragged, starved, robbed, degraded, kicked to death repeatedly, beaten till her bones are broken and her body black and blue, ruined body and soul, an outcast of society, her feeble wail for help, her sighs, her tears, her pangs of hunger and cries for bread; her body shrunken, attenuated by disease and starvation, damned by the liquor traffic and which to suppress is to destroy "natural liberty";—he passes her by; no responsive sigh for her woe, no passing kind word or look, not even a kick from this improvised throne of justice; the wail of her haggard, starved infant, shivering and moaning on her bosom with cold and hunger, touches no chord in the great man's heart; yet once these creatures of God were happy, contented, bright and fair; the mother, an ornament to society, a glory to her little family circle, and the infant, a cooling little prattler, happy, pure, God-like; till the blighting, blasting, damning influences of rum struck her home, and turned that happiness, that sunlight, into the mid-night sheel of woe and misery. She fell, but she is only one of millions, damned in the same way and by the same influences! Poor thing!

"Quick rattle her bones, rattle her bones
Over the stones!
It's only a puppet whom nobody owns."

But Mr. Smith is becoming alarmed for his new love, and in notes like a cracked bassoon howls for remuneration, for justice. For whom? we ask. For the woman or the traffic, for the destroyer or the destroyed, for the man who robbed her of her husband, his love and protection, her home and her honor, or the bloated carcass arrayed in purple and fine linen, gold chains, diamonds, and who drives fast horses. Let Mr. Smith answer for whom he wants justice; no dodging, no equivocation. What a pity to see a man who knows better prostituting his nature, his brain, his God-given talents for subtle purposes he dare not mention or indite. When a man enters the business of tavern-keeping he places himself outside the circle of Christianity, outside the orthodox church. He is a marked man by the laws of his country. He lives under a spec-

ial act, under special restraint, under a law whose only salutary features and clauses are universally acknowledged to be its prohibition ones; even the law apologises to its victims; to the victims of his hellish craft, by light sentences for their vices. But if my language be too strong, let me quote from Bystander, before his fall. "The root of this evil in this country is the production of whisky. Whisky is the real poison, and if produced will infallibly find its way by one channel or another to the lips of the consumer." And why? Because at the bar the appetite is first created by the beer and wine, the ale and porter, for a mild form of alcohol in heavy dilution, and then with a bound the victim demands a more fiery compound. But Mr. Smith goes farther. Before his recent somersault, he said: "It is too clear that the rapid extension of the system of saloon drinking is threatening the very life of the community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly in the deepest sense than any other plague which stalks the infected states of the east." To complete this picture I reproduce Mr. G'astone's words. "It is said greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, famine and pestilence; that is true for us, and is the measure of our disgrace and discredit." This is the impeachment of this terrible traffic by these men, made when the corrupting influences of the traffic had not stormed the castle of the head or heart of either. Since then one has fallen into its vortex, has lent his pen and brain to produce a bastard of that traffic and to try by a name to cover up its sin and shame, while handkerchief in hand, as county after county declares for prohibition, he sheds bitter tears and wails over the loss of "natural liberty." Will the Liberal Temperance philosopher just explain the meaning of the phrase and give the date when such liberty was merged into government in the history of our race? Like a mighty, rushing river his denunciations, his vituperation, his invective and "dynamite" dashed from one whisky declivity to another, seathed, foamed, and then exploded with irresistible force, hurling the Rummy and his "poison" in a hades of infamy, crushing into infinitesimal atoms the deadly trade that has caused, and is still causing, this plague spot, this leprous, moral pestilence in our midst; until gathered ed into the tentacles of this giant Octopus, our illustrious literary wanderer is made to traverse his past life; to eat his words, and to forever shroud in mourning some of the noblest and purest droppings from his brain. Once over, he flies from absurdity to absurdity, and his poverty of thought and material are painful to his readers. Instance: Sir Henry Thompson says that "more physical harm comes from over eating than of drinking, and he is inclined to think moral harm too." A man comes home to a smoking beef steak, over eats, he is at once under the terrible influence of the food. Shies a boot-jack at his wife's head and kicks the children into the streets. A man eats too much plum pudding, rushes into the street, runs amuck and kills neighbor Jones. A man eats a hearty meal of roast goose, and by its corrupting and blighting influence he is dragged from the bosom of his wife whom he loves, wanders into infamy and vice, with brata on fire, with staggering gait and curses on his lips, a moral leper. These are the only deductions to be drawn from the above quotation, and this is the logic which this wise man seeks to pour down the throats of this people. We demand why this change of front? Why is it he is now the apologist

of the iniquity and danger he has so graphically depicted in the past. Will the response come? We wait with bated breath. But the great bibulous philosopher is not yet satisfied; he has tasted blood, he must be satiated; glutted with gore. He has impeached food as a moral depraver; he now mendaciously strikes a blow at drink. Behold the monstrosity! "There is reason to believe that bad green tea causes fully as much bodily and mental mischief in this country as do alcoholic liquors." And where, pray, is the authority for such a sweeping assertion such an infamous stretch of facts? To do this, tea must make men and women mad; drunken sots, toppers. It must make them lewd, murderers, liars, thieves, beggars and tramps. In fact it must make people guilty of every crime in the category, to put it on a par with alcohol. Does it do it? Who will say yes? But Mr. Smith is not to be out done in wild impeachment; having once launched out on the sea of assertion, supposition, insinuation and absurdity, he rushes madly into the wine question of our Saviour's time, and in doing so he attacks the character of God and the utterances of the Holy Ghost, as being uncertain and full of doubt.

In my next the wine question will be fully reviewed.

TORONTO, Ont.

WOMEN UNDER ROMAN RELIGION.

BY MISS A. M. BROWN.

(Concluded)

That marriage with a rich wife was not an unmixt blessing was experienced even in those days. But ways and means were found to evade the law and the number of rich ladies was not affected by it. Some households kept in part the precious inheritance of old customs, but even they did not regret entirely the new social position and civilization. The father's rights were lessened by custom, and the sale of children, which had been formerly allowed, was now abolished. For a time, on the whole, the sanctity and dignity of married life was unimpaired. The mother of the family shared with the father the office of domestic priesthood and general government. The women of Rome did not sink (as their sisters in Athens) to a level where they had no spiritual relations with their husbands. The marriage was not secluded, but shared the seat of honor with her husband, and could show her face in the streets without being considered wanting in modesty, decorum, or chastity—there was still mutual love and fidelity, affection in the family, and dignity and purity in domestic life. Divorce was almost unknown; the wife was the honored mistress of the household, and any insult offered to her was punished by death. The home deities, Penates, Lares, and Manes, disposed of life and death, and abode on the household hearth and family grave. They had numerous sacrifices, sacred days and hours, the formula of prayer, everything that belonged to ceremonies minutely attended to, but religion from the heart was undreamt of. Although he believed in something higher than himself, and that by the higher powers his actions were watched, it yet was divy tame and matter-of-fact, had no beauty, no play of imagination, and very little mystery; it was not elevating and had no hope of another world. Rome did imitate Athens in the non-education of their women, but allowed them to share their light, so while weaving, and spinning, and attending to household duties on the one hand, they studied philosophy on the other, and began to distinguish themselves in science, literature,

and arts, and the highest standard of pure and uncorrupted language and pronunciation was found in the daily conversation of educated ladies.

In the general decay of Roman virtue which followed the rapid growth of the Republic in wealth and power, and the loss of their ancient faith, none suffered more than women! Freedom passed into license; divorce at length became easy and common, and the simplicity of older times became reckless waste and luxury. With their greater educational facilities, women began to be exasperated by their inferiority of position, and waxed indignant at their servitude and state of dependence and legal incapacity. They were left without rights and without enjoyment of their own property, and were reduced to the status of mere children. The last century of the Roman commonwealth is filled with domestic struggles. Another law was passed which forbade women to keep more than $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gold, to wear robes of various kinds, or to ride in carriages; which was followed by still another, which excluded them from inheriting. These laws were evaded, but led to a continued quarrel of the sexes, till at last a great number of Roman matrons attempted to poison their husbands. They were discovered, dragged before a tribunal and condemned to death.

Even in the bad days of the Empire we have some beautiful stories of the goodness and faithfulness of women, but there were exceptional cases, and as a whole their lives had sunk very low. Marriage came to be considered from a political and economical point of view only. There was little affection between man and wife, and even Cato agreed with the general idea, and in despising women with all his heart; and Metellus said, "Could we exist without wives at all, doubtless we should rid ourselves of the plague they are to us, but as we cannot dispense with the infliction we must bear it manfully!" and a philosopher, being asked why he had given his daughter to his enemy to wife, replied that he thought a wife was the greatest evil he could inflict upon him. Young men had at last to be driven to marriage by threats, heavy fines, and imprisonment. The maidens were allowed to become acquainted with and sing the odes and corrupt songs of the day. The narrow limits of their religion could not inspire a generous enthusiasm of the true God, and unbelief crept in. Stripped of the halo of classical association, the Roman family life exhibited many repulsive features. During the better days of the Republic the wife occupied the most important part in the house; and shared the respect and honors of her husband. But in the time of the Emperors all sense of morality and decency departed from Roman society. The immoralities were enormous and notorious, and the state of the whole community may be easily imagined.

The true elevation of woman is that also of the society in which she moves; her fall is a sign of its extreme degradation and misery. Her moral condition cannot be minutely traced. It would demand the darkest colors, as the most atrocious depravity was reached. These people excited the deep interest and tender compassion of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and at an early period (A. D.) the Christian faith was planted at Rome, and many Romans embraced the true religion, and of the life-giving effects of the truths delivered to the early church of Rome, it presented in its best days many glorious examples, a bright contrast to those who remained in their sins, and also to others who corrupted the simple and primitive Christianity by pagan opinions and

practices, and thus prepared the way for the midnight darkness and awful atrocities of Papal dominion. Women occupied a conspicuous and recognized place in the early church, and many of them gave a proof of the sincerity of their faith, when, as faithful martyrs, amidst the clamor of an infuriated multitude, they freely yielded up their lives rather than deny their master. But pure Christianity flourished for a time in Rome; the manner in which pagan festivals had been kept, was in too many instances adopted by Christian teachers. Lamentable corruptions arose and a frightful degeneracy ensued. In course of time the rites and offices of paganism became subservient to the Papal power and foremost among the priests appeared the sovereign pontiff, the visible head of the Roman religion, known by the name of "Pope."

Traces of the old heathen superstition were constantly peeping out from under their Catholic disguises, and the nuns with their vows of celibacy appeared—a new edition of vestal virgins. Popery became the religion of Rome, and in its profession combined the "form of godliness" with a total denial of its power. Unmeaning ceremonies adapted to fascinate the imagination and engage the senses, implicit faith in human authority, combined with an utter neglect of divine teaching, a vigilant exclusion of Biblical knowledge, a gross superstition and belief in miraculous cures, and a generally prevailing scepticism formed the religion of the people. The Italian Reformation, in the sixteenth century, was the most eventful period in the religious history of Italy, when the little light that had always lingered in obscure places seemed rising and spreading on the horizon towards the perfect day. Many a heart in the priest-ridden land hailed it with gladness. Monks, nuns, nobles, citizens, senators opened their souls to take its effulgences in. But the glorious light was quenched, gradually, but surely. One by one, the "noble army of martyrs," amid blood and fire which darkened the land, met with a cruel death. The terrible persecution was followed by an equally terrible retribution of spiritual death, continuing to the present day. Some of the brightest stars in this reformation, who fought for God's truth and fell in the struggle, were high-born ladies, who sacrificed home, children, friends, and life itself, for their faith.

The inhabitants of what was once called "The Eternal City" possess little of the ancient Roman blood, and are of a very mixed race. The women are good-looking in early life, but as years increase, present a less comely appearance, and in old age have a haggard cast of countenance. They are generally very sober, fond of their children, social in their habits, and obliging to strangers often exercising much genuine and gratuitous kindness. A common vice among them is want of cleanliness, and is chargeable to all classes—nothing commands the smallest attention to decency or cleanliness, but negligence and sloth, careless and slovenly ways prevail. They have no ambition, are not very intellectual and are under the complete control of the priests. Forsyth says, "The national character is the most ruined thing in Rome. The character of the common people is usually looked up, and yet is subject to strange escapes. They make long sacrifices to a distant pleasure, and thousands starve during the whole month of September to provide an extravagant feast in October." Concerning the influence of the Church of Rome, Macaulay writes: "During the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom,

whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power.

"The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for, sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes, and statesmen, philosophers and poets." And Dr. Achilli says, "Oh, how great are the horrors of cloisters where ignorance and superstition, laziness, indolence, calumny, quarrels and immoralities of every description not only live but reign! The most abominable vices long banished from all society have taken refuge there, and there will continue miserably to dwell, until God, outraged by them, shall rain down upon them the curse of Sodom and Gomorrah! Such are the children of thy church, O Rome! Rome is doomed; she has made void the law of God by the traditions of men; she has placed the Virgin and the saints on a level with the great and only Mediator between God and man; she has sealed up the Scriptures lest their light should expose her departure from the letter and spirit of revelation, and has opened the fountains of impurity and misery which have over-run every region in which she has put forth her power. And because of this Rome is doomed; over her impends the thundercloud of fierce but righteous indignation."

TORONTO, Ont.

GOVERNMENT BY PARTY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A. B.

This is a subject which, in the abstract, is, at the present time, receiving quite enough attention. The independent newspapers succeed in tracing almost every form of national disaster right up to the fact that governments are directed wholly by one political party, while another party wants to rule, and is consumed by all evil passions because it cannot. Just now it has apparently become the right thing to sound an alarm in view of the danger to England's representative institutions, because a number of factions, in menace of each other, are lifting their heads above the political horizon. As it is stated, the problem is much the same as if mankind, having confirmed through thousands of years, its habit of walking upon two legs, some one were suddenly compelled to try locomotion on three. The third would certainly hurry him to disaster. But it is by no means the first time that England has had three political legs under her public affairs. On other similar occasions her institutions suffered no irreparable shock, nor will the present crisis disturb the foundations of her political and commercial greatness; though, for various reasons, some men thrust forward the huge, threatening figure of party government, made by exaggeration, much more dreadful than the reality, and with horns and hoofs and tails without number, as threatening to destroy all the growth of ages.

There is something very deceptive in this tirade against party government. One would be led to think that through pure viciousness, the most enlightened nations of the world keep up this system of government by party, in wilful neglect of some other well known method, which, on its face, bears the stamp of a better way. Now, a good many voters have not time for

extensive historical reading, and in the face of so much bitter denunciation, they can with difficulty accept the fact that government by a political party is the most perfect system of managing the affairs of a nation which has been evolved out of all the history of the past. It is, beyond all description, better than anything that ever was tried before it. The tyrannies of kings, and the intrigues and conspiracies of statesmen, had made liberty a mere name, and public life something less than an honor. A door of escape from such a state of things was found in the reign of William III. by choosing all the advisers of the Crown from one political party, and making their tenure of office depend upon the support of a majority of the House of Commons. By this plan the Government was made to stand before the country as a unit, and all its members were made responsible for the acts of each. This method has been called responsible government, and has been at work now for nearly two centuries, and no genius for statesmanship has yet devised any better plan. A coalition of two parties by the will of the sovereign was tried long enough; a coalition by mutual agreement has never worked for any length of time. When such attempts have been tried in Canada, the able and true men of the party least numerous in the government have been driven to resign, by the adverse opinions of the majority of the cabinet; and the others have easily fallen into the wooing embrace of the most numerous party, and so after the first few weeks the government has been a coalition only in name.

Why has not some better way been devised? For twenty years or more Canada has been reminded almost every week of the partizan system by a pen whose grace and influence have not been exceeded by any other. No better service could be rendered to Canada than to teach its people a method of managing its public affairs as much better than that now practised as the party system is much better than what preceded it.

But for some time past Dr. Goldwin Smith has been engaged in pointing out the dangers that cluster around the name of Mr. Gladstone. A good many of his sweeping statements read wonderfully like the abuse which originates in party newspapers. The Tory press of England could not better serve its ends than by quoting them. It is difficult to discover just what advantage the cause of non-partizan government is going to gain from such an indictment, or by just how much Mr. Gladstone's influence is to be impaired by it. That statesman's figure, by any admeasurement, is so large, that his qualities will be studied in connection with the tremendous events of his time; and it is presented to us at a distance so great that the spattering of Canadian newspaper spleen will never be seen upon his garments even by those who stand nearest to him.

It would seem much more like a practical approach to the merits of the question to frame some scheme that would worthily displace the present method; or to point out wherein that method may be improved, and made free from its greatest weaknesses.

Assuredly there are some abuses of the principle of party government that are within easy reach of a remedy.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the carrying the party principle too far.

The clearly defined line which divides parties should lose its distinctness as soon as we get outside the houses of Parliament. If the ministry is dependent upon a majority in the House of Commons, then the majority in the house should be dependent upon the

majority of the people. And every man who votes must stand in a thoroughly independent position to give his verdict as a jurymen upon the doings of the Government and its supporting majority. But if voters will vote continuously with one party or the other, just because their fathers voted on that side, or because they have done so in the past, and they dread the name of turn-coat, or if they will allow any party to drag them down to the level of what is doubtful or mean, then practically there is no appeal from the majority in Parliament, no matter by what arts it may be maintained. Our Governors are not in a position to exercise any influence in favor of the people, even though it should ever turn out that to their knowledge the majority was maintained by corrupt methods. There is no resource but that held in the hands of the electors themselves. If they will cleave to a party name, irrespective of the principles with which it may be associated, or even when it represents no principles, they will deliver up their country to be preyed upon by any unscrupulous men who can manage, by any art, to control a majority of votes in the Commons. Instead of "measures, not men," with such electors the principle of action followed is "men, not measures." When measures are overlooked, and men set up, there is an end to any discrimination between right and wrong as a rule of action. There is not now nor has there ever been, any set of men in any land worthy of being trusted without close watching, over any considerable period of time. The electors must themselves do the watching.

The history of the past furnishes many illustrious examples in England, the United States, and Canada, of men changing from one party to another, as well as of the formation of new parties around questions for the first time pressing themselves to the front.

To make party government worthy the standards of the present age, before every general election each elector should determine upon his party alliance, not upon old and dead issues, but according to the attitude of parties at the time.

It is quite common to say that there is no choice between the two parties, that one is as bad as the other, and that neither cares for anything but the advantages of office. That is an argument which will only be used by a person who is trying to push forward something for which he has no reasonable defence. Then he will try to turn attention away from himself by setting forth the badness of others.

The records of the past, and the issues of the present, furnish abundant data from which any intelligent voter may make his choice between the eminent men who lead the parties, as his own leader.

TORONTO, Ont.

A Warm Pillow.

A lady in a country town left her child in her buggy while she stepped into a house on business. When she came out, horse, buggy and child were nowhere to be found, no trace was discovered all through a bitterly cold night. Next morning it was discovered that the horse had wandered into the woods, and, becoming tired, had lain down. The child, a bright little girl, was found by some boys, snugly sleeping against the breast of the horse, with its head lying on one of the animals forelegs. The little one had evidently become cold, and, when the horse lay down, went to make it get up, when, the boys think, the sagacious animal managed to place it with its head on its arm, so to speak, to keep it from freezing to death. The mother was overjoyed to recover her child and will keep the faithful horse as long as she lives.

Husbands of actresses always have other men to manage the latter, it being unnatural for husbands to manage their own wives,

DRINKING HIS OWN BLOOD.

A Tale of Horror From the Maroon Pass—Terrible Sufferings of the Men Barred Beneath an Avalanche.

There is great excitement in Aspen over the loss of life by the recent snow slides. When the heavy snowstorms of Saturday, Sunday and Monday occurred, and Tuesday morning brought no cessation, a party of rescuers left for the purpose of saving, if possible, the lives of any one who might have been foolhardy enough to attempt a passage of Maroon Pass. The other evening a portion of the rescuing party returned to Aspen, bringing additional information of the disaster of Tuesday, previously reported. The party also brought information regarding another slide, which presumably occurred at about the same time, and

IN WHICH EIGHT MEN WERE CAUGHT, three being killed. The bodies have been recovered. The storm has been raging at Maroon so fiercely, and slides occurred at such short intervals, that the rescuers ceased their work without knowing how many more unfortunates met their death in the Pass. As the party left the scene, the storm was raging fiercely and slides were thundering down the mountain in all directions. The half-way house between Aspen and Crested Butte, occupied by a man named Larsen and wife, was swept away Thursday, together with several head of stock. The weather now is such that

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE for a party to attempt to rescue any one who may be in danger in the Pass. As yet there are fifteen men between Aspen and the Buttes unaccounted for, and the gravest apprehensions are entertained for them.

A TALE OF HORROR.

A special from Aspen says: The Maroon Pass road has been the scene of fearful loss of life during the recent storm. The horrors of Thursday have been intensified by more recent developments, which show the pass to be a snow-bound tomb. While men were hunting for the bodies carried down in Thursday's snow-slide, word was received of another avalanche farther up the canon. The avalanche struck the latter place at midnight on Tuesday. Clayton Gannet, Sol Camp, Charles Tuttle, Martin Riley, Jap Farris, August Goodwin, Al Sema and Martin Patterson were asleep at the time. The cabin where they were was supposed to be safe, as it was built of heavy timbers, but when the slide came down it snapped the trees as

THOUGH THEY WERE PINE STEMS, hurling them against the cabin and crushing everything in a mass. Martin Riley and August Goodwin had their backs broken, and Riley was suffocated. When the slide struck the timber it was divided, part rushing across the gulch and burying a cabin on the opposite side, occupied by three men, without injuring them. These men worked their way out at noon, and started to rescue their friends. On Wednesday evening, after cutting through numberless fallen trees, they effected an entrance to the cabin and found three of the men dead and the other five

SUFFERING TERRIBLY FROM SUFFOCATION. Sol Camp lay on his face dead, and the body of Jap Farris was pinned across the back by heavy timbers. Riley died in five minutes after the disaster. His dying convulsions nearly caused the death of the man underneath him. Camp had sustained a terrible cut on the head from which the blood flowed profusely, and before he died he became terribly thirsty, and being in a position where he could hold his hands under his bleeding head and lift them to his mouth he

QUENCHED HIS THIRST WITH HIS OWN BLOOD! All the men alive were nearly crazy when found. All were undressed, and had bitten their hands and arms in their delirium, presenting a sickening spectacle. They may all recover, but in the case of one or two it is extremely doubtful.

Student—"I have been thinking upon the subject of the alarming prevalence of divorce, and I almost believe I have discovered the cause." Professor (delightedly)—"Yes, yes; what is it?" Student—"Marriage!"

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is dependency itself compared to that ecstatic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being in the street arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.

Young Folks' Department.

"Go-Ahead Tim."

"He said it, and I guess he knew," muttered little Tim James. "He wore better clothes than any of that crowd. He said twice over, he did: 'A boy isn't the same as his father, and never need be; a bright fellow like Tim, here, can be a first-class man if he tries.' Yes, he said it, and I am going to try."

Tim's father was a drunken loafer, and because people treated ragged little Tim without any sort of respect or kindness he had felt that a boy was only "what his father was. The day before a man had said: 'Tim is no good; he is old James' boy.' Another man answered: 'Tim can be as good as anybody's boy; a boy need not be what his father is.'"

This day there was a fierce snow-storm; the house was cold and cheerless, the little children hungry and his mother heart-sick.

"I'll go to work," thought Tim, "like the smartest man's son I ever heard of;" and off he started with an old shovel. He soon got a job at cleaning a sidewalk, and he went at it so vigorously that a man across the road, thinking he must be "worth something to work," set him next at his walk. It was early, and before slower cleaners came along Tim had earned fifty cents. Then he rushed home again, only stopping to buy some sausages (Tim was so hungry and thought sausages fit for kings), a little coffee and a big loaf of bread. His mother's face brightened at the sight of the food; the little boys shouted with satisfaction; and when they were enjoying their unusually good breakfast, Tim said: "Mother, I am going to do something and grow up to be somebody. I will work, and I won't loaf and drink. You see if I do! Mr. Willis—the rich Mr. Willis—said: 'Go ahead, Tim!' and I'm going to do as he said."

His mother had to laugh. Tim looked so little and yet so wide awake; but Tim had a will, and he was in earnest.

From that day he shoveled snow, run errands, sold papers, carried a shoeshop advertisement, blacked boots and cleaned out office stoves. The boys nicknamed him "Go ahead Tim," and people began to know his rosy face and funny, business-like way. The next winter he got a place in a grocery and went to night school.

One day his Sunday-school teacher asked him why he worked so much harder at everything than did the other boys. Tim did not like to say that they had better fathers than he had, but he quoted Mr. Willis and amused her by his admiration of that gentleman.

Perhaps she told Mr. Willis of Tim, but perhaps he only noticed as others noticed how Tim was trying "to be somebody." At any rate, people now had a good word for him, and they were ready to help him in little ways.

Old Tim really began to get ashamed when he heard his boy praised for industry and honesty. He was persuaded to go into the country and work on a farm away from temptations to drink. He was a poor workman and got poor pay, and he made his living, and his family was better off without him.

At fifteen Mr. Willis put Tim in a carriage manufactory—a place he had been long wishing for; and, as years went by, Tim, by doing his best, became an intelligent, well-to-do carriage-maker. His mother's old age was passed in comfort, and his brothers grew up, with his help, sober, hard working men.

If any boy has a worthless father let him remember that a son need not follow his father in bad ways.

He Couldn't Get the Angel Out.

Eddy Johnson was very fond of music. His Uncle Henry was spending his college vacation at Eddy's home, and had brought an accordion. Eddy had never seen anything of the kind, and was much delighted while his uncle played college songs and Sunday-school hymns.

One hymn was always Eddy's favorite, and he soon asked his uncle to play "I want to be an angel." Eddy was much pleased; and as he watched his uncle it seemed so easy to play the tune, that he jumped from his seat and eagerly said, "O, uncle, do please let me take it! Let me play!"

His uncle laughingly consented and gave the accordion into the little boy's hands. Eddy took the instrument with an air

of great satisfaction, and began to play. He pulled the accordion out and pushed it in. He put his fingers upon some of the keys, and then upon others. Of course he made a great noise; but there was very little music.

Very soon he stopped and looked quite hopelessly at the accordion as he handed it back to his uncle, saying, "Uncle, I can't get the angel out!"

No, Eddy; the music doesn't come until after many failures and much practice. I think that you will be a musician some day; but the angel of success does not come at our untutored bidding.

You will also learn that which so many of us have learned with disappointed hearts—that time, trial, and patience are needed to make successful Christian workers, even as these are needed to make successful musicians.

The Romance of a Coal Stove.

One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if everything did not work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:

"Mrs. — wants you to come up and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke." A man went up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:

"That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:

"She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of the three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:

"Madam, you gave me \$30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?"

"I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

French flats are becoming very popular in Boston.

The largest American cannon throws a 1,080-pound ball.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 cattle in Montana.

The census of 1880 places the number of Mormons at 110,377.

The oldest newly-franchised laborer in England voted in the village of Repton. He was 93 and he walked a long way to vote, of course.

King Solomon, in Arab literature, as well as in the writings of the nations they subdued, appears as the greatest magician the world has ever seen.

The Paris municipality are about to hold a lottery, from which they expect to make a million and a half francs for the relief of distressed workmen.

At the island of Innisboffin, Ireland, the whole population, about 5,000, are verging on actual starvation. At least 500 are subsisting solely on seaweed.

For \$2,481 there was recently sold in Boston a single ticket from that city to Denver, good for a party of nine, in a special car, with privilege of loitering on the road.

A German geographer and statistician, Dr. A. Fisher, estimates that an annual slaughter of 40,000 elephants is necessary to supply the Ivory exported from Africa.

In Lincoln county, N. M., near the Pecos Mountains, can be traced what were once walls of a large city. Inside the walls are growing monster cedar trees, said to be thousands of years old.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IS ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE?—PAT CAPTURES AND DISMOUNTS A BATTERY.

Pat Monaghan had not exaggerated matters for the Bedouins really were already in pursuit of them, on horseback, and mounted on fleet dromedaries.

True, they were not yet clear of the oasis, whilst the fugitives had reached the boundless desert sands and were skimming across them as yachts under full sail skim the sea; but for all this their chances in the life and death race that was assuredly about to ensue would be small indeed against the long-legged camels and the swift-footed dromedaries of the wild sons of the desert from whom they were seeking to escape.

"God save all our people!" exclaimed Captain Donnelly presently, with great fervor, as the remembrance suddenly occurred to him, "for Arabi Pasha counts upon sixty thousand of the Bedouin robbers and out-throats to help him to rid Egypt of its Christian population. I have heard so from the best authority."

"I dare say they will be officered by those who will be able to keep them well under control, for I do not even yet believe that the war minister is one-quarter so black as he is palated," replied Nellie, gravely.

"You are welcome to think what you like of him, darling, since you cared for him so little that you preferred risking the perils and hardships of the wilderness with me. I wish, though, that those infernal mountains were a little nearer, for I vow that desert sand is more deceptive to distance than even water. There come the Bedouins out into the open desert at a trot.

'Twas even so; there they were, humped upon their camels and dromedaries, or bestriding their horses like Centaurs, with their long beards and the loose ends of their scarlet kuffiah or shawl head coverings) fluttering in the air, and the white moonlight glinting on their bright lance points, rifle barrels, drawn swords and the whole armory of lesser weapons that each man carried in his broad leather belt.

One of the camels, too, was surmounted by a small piece of artillery called a ginjal capable of throwing a half pound ball to a great distance and with accurate aim as well.

No sooner did the Bedouins discover the exact position of those of whom they were in search than they waved their tasseled spears and sent up a wild whoop into the moonlit heavens that sounded not unlike a chorus of wolves over an unexpected feast.

Nellie trembled and felt faint at the fierce and barbaric yell, and the young officer could not help exclaiming, "Would to heaven that we had hazarded the railway cars after all." But no sooner had the vain regret escaped his lips than Nellie rejoined, "You acted for the best, Frank, and God can protect us here as perfectly as in the train. We shall have to endure, perhaps, a longer suspense, but that is all."

As for Pat Monaghan, he replied to the Bedouin yells with a cheer that was almost as wild and quite as reckless, and as he also had a spear to wave he did it with a will.

In fact, like the petrel, which is only lively and cheerful in stormy weather, Pat was in his element again, and felt as men are prone to feel after a bottle of champagne.

When the Bedouins presently discharged their firearms and the bullets therefrom all fell short, making scores of little fountains of sand where they dropped, his joyous excitement reached its zenith and he exclaimed:

"Be jabers and if there was but another five of the old corps here to make up a nate half dozen, we'd soon rid yer honor and the young laddy of them scoundrels," and at this point Pat sent up an eldritch shout of defiance.

"It's no use wishing for the impossible, Pat, and we must take comfort from the old saw that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day."

This from his master; but Monaghan was not so easily pacified.

"Faith its running away widout any fighting at all, we are. Half a crust is better than no bread, so on the same principle one bite at a Bedouin would be more satisfying than six snaps at the empty air. But thunder and turf, it may come to that yet, for those ugly bastards wid their corporations on their backs are making the running, and no mistake, and the chap wid the swivel gun on his shoulder is slowin round to fire."

Frank Donnelly gave utterance to an ejaculation that sounded like one of alarm, for on glancing round in turn he saw that the camel that carried the ginjal headed the chase, and that it had been drawn up motionless to permit of the little piece of artillery being fired.

The match gleamed, and with a puff of white smoke a puff of red flame the ginjal exploded with a shrill report, and the iron ball therefrom hummed over their heads and fell far in advance.

It was a most unpleasant discovery that they were already well within range of this novel kind of "bow-chaser," albeit that there was some ground for congratulation in the first ball having missed them.

Still, it was far from likely that all the rest would follow suit, which was evidently also the opinion of the Bedouins, so frantic was their joy on perceiving it splash up the sand in front of the fugitives.

"We must ride farther spart, aye, the length of an arm and sabre spart," said Frank Donnelly, who rightly guessed that if the Bedouins were inclined to spare either of them it would be Nellie, and who therefore wished to give her a chance of life, though it might be denied to himself and Monaghan.

He thought she would not conjecture the reason of the change in formation, nor did she, beyond that it might be in order that a ball should not alay more than one at a time as the aim gradually grew to be more accurate, and this supposition caused the blood to run cold in her veins, for she felt that their peril must be great indeed.

Yet all three still tore on for dear life, heading straight for the mountains that every minute seemed to become vaster and nearer in their front, and which, could they but reach in time, might afford them some hiding place from their savage pursuers, though even that was but a bare hope on their parts, and on the other side of those hills they knew that there was another desert a hundred times more vast and terrible than even the one which they were now traversing.

On, still on, but now the agile dromedaries began to draw ahead of all their other pursuers, of all at least save the one that carried the ginjal, and who seemed to be swifter than any of them, even though every now and then he was drawn sharp up to permit of that quaint but provoking piece of ordnance being discharged from his back.

The worst of it was that at each shot the aim of the swarthy-visaged, red-turbaned cannoner was evidently improving, that is to say, if he hadn't been playing with them all along as a cat does with a mouse.

At last a ball hummed past so close to Pat's ear that he involuntarily raised a hand thereto to still the ringing in it.

Next he uttered a strange national interjection (in naming it after one of the nine parts of speech we are speaking mildly) and the next instant, to the infinite surprise of both his master and Nellie Trezarr, they beheld him turn round and spur furiously toward instead of away from the approaching score of Bedouins, who were now, however, stretched out over fully a quarter of a mile of desert, the gun camel and two dromedaries being well in advance of the others.

"Come back, madman!" shouted Frank Donnelly, at the top of his voice, but Pat Monaghan wasn't as mad as his master deemed him, for though he rode straight at the camel and its rider and with fully as much ardor as that where with Don Quixote

charged the windmill, yet he gained far more by the encounter than did the Knight of La Mancha, for though he made pretense to charge with his spear, yet no sooner did he get close by than quick as lightning he slung that, under the circumstances, useless weapon, and drawing his revolver gave the huge camel and the two dromedaries a couple of charges apiece.

To miss such bulky targets was almost impossible, and the camel immediately toppled over onto its nose dead, whilst one of the dromedaries sank on its side uttering the most plaintive bellows and its companion, maddened with the pain of a less serious wound, tore trumpeting across the plain, at right angles to the course that it had hitherto been pursuing; so having accomplished all that he had desired or intended, Pat came galloping back wild with glee to his companions, yelling at the top of his voice as he drew within earshot: "Faith, an' I've silenced that battery and dismounted it as well, an' sure, now that I've had a rare brush with the enemy I'll run away as fast as ever you like."

"I shouldn't wonder if you had saved all our lives by your courage, and whatever happens we'll consider ourselves indebted to you and it to no small degree, my brave fellow," responded Captain Donnelly, as the three once more sped across the level desert side by side.

And in truth Monaghan had rendered no small service, since the race was now almost one of horse against horse, for the other camels that the Bedouins possessed seemed to be of no great account, two being heavy with foal and the remaining three evidently old and stiff.

Yet, though, thanks to Pat's valor, circumstances had wonderfully improved with them, the three fugitives were far from being out of the wood, for not one of their human foes was much the worse for Monaghan's skilful diversion in their favor, and though they were doubtless not a little disconcerted at the Feringhees being possessed of weapons that could do such a maximum of damage in such a minimum of time, their vastly superior numbers evidently gave them confidence that they must come off triumphant in the end, and so they still kept up the pursuit with ardor and with an increase of savagery.

But the race would now take a longer time in the running (both pursuers and pursued knew that), and the latter were cheered by the very minute nearer and nearer looming of the mountains, those mountains from whose summits Cairo and Alexandria are alike visible, with the blue ocean lapping the latter town and marking the highway to England.

Another ten minutes and the ground began to rise, five more and the desert sands were left behind and the bright blossoms of the prickly pear gleamed from between clefts in the bare and arid rocks, whilst higher up from between the natural columns of pillared basalt the wild fig and plum, the pomegranate, the date and the melon all bloomed together, amidst clustering masses of the pink and yellow wild rose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DEFIANCE OF THE SCORPION EATER.

Whilst ascending the mountain side Captain Donnelly began vaguely to wonder what was to be done next. During their flight towards these hills his only thought had been of reaching them as the only possible place of safety, but now that they were reached, the question arose, wherein was their safety?

True, he had both read and been told that at a certain height they were perfectly riddled with caverns, which had been bored into their sides to form sepulchres so long ago that the race who had made them were forgotten even in those ancient days when Pharaoh reigned in Egypt and Joseph was his Vakil. But then, suppose that they could not find those caves, or worse still, that their pursuers saw them enter one of them, or even tracked them thither by the hoof prints of their horses, for in either of these cases would it not in all probability form a perfect death trap for them, no matter whether their foes had the temerity to rush in and dispatch them at once or take the more prudent course of blockading the entrance and so starving them to death?

These were disturbing thoughts enough, and almost, indeed, too much for one man to bear, for the young officer could perceive that his faithful attendant, Pat Monaghan, placed the most perfect trust in his ingenu-

ity for getting them all out of the scrape and that Nellie Trezarr reposed an equal degree of confidence in him.

How he wished that he could only believe that he deserved it, but he neither could nor dared so believe.

He was quite alive, however, to the vital importance of now or never getting well ahead of their pursuers, so that whatever ruse they endeavored to put in practice should be at all events unseen by them.

So in half a dozen words he expressed his views to his companions, and all three urged their horses up the now steep incline with what speed they were able, though never could they get beyond sound of the hoof-strokes of their pursuers.

Rough and rugged every now and then was the zigzag ascent, whilst sometimes the fugitives would have to ride in Indian file along the edge of a precipice of dizzy depth and where a single false step or stumble on the part of a horse would have launched both itself and rider into space, to be caught after many a gyration in mid air amongst the topmost branches whose leaves were stirred by the desert air hundreds of feet below.

On one occasion on looking down they deserted their pursuers at least a hundred feet beneath them on the same winding path, and so situated that had they had any loose rocks at their command they could have rolled them over and crushed the Bedouins, or have hurled them from their narrow perch into mid-air, but their were no sufficiently heavy masses of stone about, capable of being rendered serviceable in this manner with a less efficient instrument than a lever or a crowbar, so that the flight had to be continued without pause and with no knowledge of where and how it would end; but anyhow, to attempt to cross the mountain, to descend on the other side and then to renew their flight across a second desert as vast and level and trackless as many a sea was not to be thought of.

Frank Donnelly was still racking his brains and encouraging Nellie by turns, whilst Pat Monaghan brought up the rear whistling in subdued tones one popular Irish song after another, when all at once the soft cadence of some reed instrument became clearly audible at a little distance in the front.

The air was monotonous yet not unpleasant, but as much could not be said of the player, who at the next turn in the ascent was suddenly revealed to their view standing in the centre of the narrow mountain track and intently regarding the steep mossy banks on the right whilst he played.

So intent was he on what he was about that he neither heard nor saw those who were approaching him as fast as ever the steepness and roughness of the road permitted.

Then all at once he dropped his instrument and darted out his arm, and as it was withdrawn Captain Donnelly perceived that it grasped a serpent which was writhing and twisting in a futile attempt to escape.

Whilst thus engaged the utter and unredeeming hideousness of the man became apparent.

He was clad in a mass of fluttering rags, and wherever his skin was bare (which it must have been in a hundred places at least) it was covered with coarse hair like a gorilla.

His naked and emaciated arms and legs were in the same condition, whilst a curly iron gray beard and whiskers reached upwards to his eyes and downwards to his waist, his long matted all-looks streaming over his broad shoulders in the same filthy and unkempt condition.

To complete this appalling looking being's description his huge broad nose was almost blood red, his leaden lipped mouth showed through a volume of champed-up foam ranges of jagged yellow teeth that would have done credit to the jaws of a wolf, his ears were tremendous and almost as red as his nose, and his eyes gleamed beneath joined bushy brows with a dull red luminous glow that told either of madness or something more fearful still.

To add, if it were possible, to the horror of this seeming ghoul's appearance, he carried a big but somewhat dilapidated basket on his back, through every fissure in which a serpent's head was thrust forth, whilst over his shoulders, across his brawny breast and in and out through the filth of his hair and beard crawled a perfect colony of huge scorpions, their scales rattling and their death-dealing tails sometimes lashing the air.

Captain Donnelly had by this time recognized in the strange and repulsive looking being who stood directly in their upward

path one of those scorpion eaters and snake wizards that are so common in the cities of Egypt at certain seasons of the year, though at other times they are never seen, and who reap a rich harvest by charming houses from being entered by serpents or anathematizing away those who have already made a home therein; who also head sundry of the religious processions and pretend to be imbued with the spirit of prophecy, on which occasion they become so excited that they not only foam at the mouth, but scatter it all about them as they rave, when it is eagerly collected by their credulous dupes who fancy it will secure them certain admission to Paradise when they die, no matter what may be the number and weight of their sins.

But in half the time we have taken to describe this ghoul-like being Captain Frank Donnelly had determined what he should do with him.

Doubtless he thought the mountain was his home and he was acquainted with its every cavern, in which case he would be able to show them many a secret hiding-place, from whose snug seclusion they would be able to laugh their foes to scorn; wherefore willing or unwilling, he should guide them thereunto.

He had no doubt that the man knew something of English, from the number of times he had doubtless performed before English-speaking people in Cairo, Alexandria and other places, and therefore at once tackled him in the language he best understood himself.

"My good fellow," said he, "we are pursued by Bedouins who would rob us of all that we possess and then murder us. Save us from such a fate and it shall be the best paid night's work that you have ever performed in your life."

The scorpion eater evidently understood what was said to him very well, but the promise of good pay altogether failed to win his services.

"Accursed Keffirs," he yelled, "and is it to me that ye would appeal for your miserable lives? To me who have quaffed of the blessed Zemzem well and kissed the black stone of Mecca? To me who have rubbed my brow against the sacred camel and flung stones at the devil? To me, who, by the leave of Allah and the friendship of the prophet, can handle the deadliest reptiles with impunity? By the hundred and fourteen Chapters of the El Khoran, if ye expect aid or assistance from Abou Seif the santon, ye are fools and the sons of fools."

The air of exultation with which he said all this sufficiently revealed the hatred which he bore to the entire European race, and as he concluded he planted himself right in the centre of the narrow pathway, with his right arm stretched toward them, and in the hand resting thereon, as though it had been a lethal weapon, the serpent he had just charmed forth from its nest in the bank, and which was a horrid looking reptile of at least five feet in length, and a flesh color reclining to rose, with a flat triangular shaped head, scintillating, rainbow-hued eyes, and an open mouth that displayed enormous poison fangs.

The snake looked as though at the charmer's bidding it was prepared to leap from his hand upon who ever approached him, but so much more serious to Frank Donnelly's notion was the danger fast coming up behind than the one which barred their passage in front that with a cheery word to Nellie not to be afraid, for that he was only "an old fool and humbug," he urged his horse forward, and as the huge serpent actually did spring toward him at the charmer's bidding, with one hissing sweep of his sabre, which for some little while he had held bare in his hand he cleft it right in twain the tail end dropping on the narrow path and the deadly head (fortunately, perhaps, for his horse's legs) going over into the abyss that yawned on their left.

Then, ere the somewhat astounded santon could draw another serpent from his basket, which it seemed to be his intention to do, Frank Donnelly had him by the beard, which, grasping firmly, he first of all gave his beard a good shaking thereby and then said in stern tones:

"You will either save us or perish yourself. That you can save us I know, and if you don't or won't, I swear to you that the most remarkable thing which these Bedouins shall find about us when they overtake us will be your head severed from the body. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, yes," gasped the now frightened santon, "let go my beard and I will serve you truly. By Allah and the prophet, I will save you all."

"You can walk beside my horse as well as in front of it, for whilst I hold you in this way I'll be the better able to take off your head on the slightest show of lukewarmness or treachery. If you serve us well you shall be well paid—aye, paid beyond your most greedy desires; and you must know well enough, you old fool that if you delivered us over to the Bedouins, they would only throw you a few paras for your pains."

All the while he was preaching to him in this manner, Frank Donnelly was dragging him along likewise, for they were in no position to waste even a minute.

By the time that he had finished speaking, however, the santon seemed to see the force of his remarks and to fall in with his reasoning as well, for he said in more decided tones, "I will save you," and presently added, "Behold, the door that leads to safety is at hand."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ready to Oblige.

In former times, when the mails were carried less frequently than they are now, and when the rates of postage were so high as to be a heavy tax upon correspondence, it was much the custom for travellers to take parcels and messages from place to place, as a friendly or neighborly office. Here is an old-time anecdote relating to this custom:

"My dear fellow," says one who is about to start on a journey, as he takes leave of a friend, "I'm off to-morrow. Can I take any letters for you?"

"You're very kind," answered the friend, "but where are you going?"

"Oh, as to that, I haven't made up my mind yet!"

This same obliging spirit used to be shared by the stage drivers, who carried the mails before railroads were built. They did a general passenger and express business for the people who lived along the route on which they drove. In Warren's history of Waterford, Maine, there is a characteristic story told of a man who used to drive from Portland up into Oxford County.

It was in the spring, and the roads were at their worst from the frost leaving the ground. All the passengers who could walk were picking their way alongside the road, occasionally helping the horses up a long, tiresome hill by lifting at the wheels.

Near the top of the hill was a woman waiting by the roadside, to hail the driver as he came up. She explained that a heavy loom which was piled near by was borrowed of a neighbor, living farther up the road, and she wished to return it that afternoon.

"Would the driver be so good as to load it on his coach, and take it along to its destination?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm really very sorry," said the driver, deprecatingly, "but I'm afraid I shall have to disappoint you this time. There's a saw-mill at the foot of the hill over the other side, which I've engaged to take on this trip, and I couldn't carry both; I'm sure I couldn't."

How Royal Beds Were Made.

A curious story of the way in which royal beds were made some hundreds of years ago has just been published. Whenever the bed of Henry VII. was made at the Palace of Sheen, it had to be done in the following fashion: "First of all the curtains were to be drawn, and a gentleman naber held them together. Then two Squires of the Body stood at the bed's head, two yeomen of the Crown at the bed's feet, and all the clothes were laid on the carpet: until the contents of the palliase were re-made. After this exercise the yeomen had to leap upon the bed and 'reel him up and down' to array the litter. Following this the servitors had to 'lay down the canvas again, then the feather-bed, and beat it well, and make it even and smooth.' The two yeomen afterwards took the fustian and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles, and the sheet in the same fashion. Finally the yeomen had to beat the pillows and throw them up to the squires to lay them on the bed-head, as might please the King's grace. The bed-clothes were at this point to be brought pretty well up to the pillows and turned down the space of an ell. In the end, the gracious chronicler says, when all was done, 'the several functionaries engaged withdrew behind the curtain that divided the room, and had a drink all round.'

Sir Leonard Tilley received a New Year's turkey from a friend in Quebec that turned the scales at twenty-eight pounds.

The Poet's Corner.

Puzzled.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low,
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why, I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear He is all tired out.
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect, perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's falling,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the Prayer-book
Will seem to come into my mind
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think, now, that shows I ain't High Church?
Do you think it means I am Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
The years since God took him away,
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the Lord to do for him
What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better;
But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I am sure that I shall still die,
So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still his white head is shining in Heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't;
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions,
That old man was certain to go
And now do you think I am High Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir;
For really it worries me so.
And I don't care whether I'm High Church,
And I don't care whether I'm Low.

That Boy.

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home that boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes so bright and roguish
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden beds a prowler
Who deliques but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home that boy.

Have you seen him playing croust—
With his head upon the mat
And his heels in mid-air twirling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trousseau urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that boy.

Paradise.

O, Paradise must fairer be
Than all on earth exelling;
O would that I, from trouble free,
Were there securely dwelling!
In Paradise a river clear
Of heavenly love is streaming,
Where every bitter earthly tear
A lucid pearl is gleaming.

In Paradise soft breezes blow
To cool the earth's hot fever;
The pangs and pains that here we know
They wait away forever;
In Paradise, on greenest glade,
The tree of peace is planted;
The sleeper underneath its shade
By blissful dreams is haunted.

A cherub sentry at the gate
His watchful watch is keeping,
Least worldly din should penetrate
To rouse me, sweetly sleeping.
My heart, that shattered bark, will there
Be safe in harbor riding;
Its ever restless infant, Care,
Be lulled to rest abiding.

For every thorn that gave a wound
A rose will there be borne me;
And joy, that here no roses found,
With rosy wreaths a form me.
These will all pleasures breathe and bloom.
That here untimely withered,
And blossoms rare of rich perfume
From arid stems be gathered.

All that was here my heart's pursuit,
Will grow from hour to hour,
From tender froud as golden fruit,
As summer's opening flower.
The blighted hopes that here were mine,
Like wreaths from many a fair land,
In fragrant bloom will round me twine
My never fading garland.

Youth, that on rapid beating wing
So swiftly o'er me darted,
And Love, that on a morn in spring
One nectar draught imparted,
Wingless and flightless there will be,
And to their hearts will hold me,
And, like a child or mother's knee,
In soft embrace fold me.

And that Divinity, whose light
Shone dim and dimly gleaming,
Whose lovely vienged angels bright
I only saw in dreaming
Fair poetry unvalued will show
Her eyes celestial fires,
While joyously my song shall flow
To sound of angel lyres.

Tobogganing.

A LA ROBERT BROWNING.

As I glide, as I glide
I own the steep toboggan slide,
Whither hied maiden bright-eyed;
As I glide, as I glide,
I might well be terrified;
But my rising fears subside
(He has lied, the base "snide,")
As I glide, as I glide.

As I glide, as I glide
Down the steep toboggan slide
They deride, who me or tried,
If my wooden sled had chided,
I might hit against the side—
Or be "glid," steering wide—
As I glide, as I glide.

As I glide, as I glide
Down the steep toboggan slide,
On my slide, glorified,
As I glide, as I glide,
Wearing boots of toughest hide,
I, in wh'm the girl's confide,
I'm in the pride of the slide,
As I glide, as I glide.

As I glide, as I glide
Down the steep toboggan slide—
So derided, when untied—
As I glide, as I glide,
All my fears are uncollied;
That tobogganing's the id-
eal ride's undenied,
As I glide, as I glide.

As I glide, as I glide
Down the steep toboggan slide—
Far derided, horrified—
As I glide, as I glide,
There's a smash-up on the slide,
And a back-set to my pride,
As I glide—scarified!

Mamie Sleeps.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

In the quiet church-yard's keeping
Mamie sleeps;
While the winter snowdrift sweeping,
Slowly heaps
Round the little grave we made her;
God knows best,
With what breaking hearts we laid her
Down to rest.

"It is easy work forgetting,"
So they say;
"There is little gain in fretting
Day by day;
But the tender heart-ords riven,
Heal so slow;
'Gall what heart-pangs we have striven,
God doth know.

What bright hopes our hearts were weaving,
Every day!
Do not wonder at our grieving
For our May,
That her life, so full of promise
For the right,
Should go out so quickly from us,
In the night.

But we know that He who claimed her,
Knows the best;
When to take, and why He named her
For His rest;
So we take the task assigned us,
This in view;
Some sweet eventide will find us
Resting too.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNANCE," "OUT OF EDEN," &c.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—"JIM."

Young James Lester did not leave quite such a disagreeable impression on Alan Lester after he left Roden as he had done on his arrival there. The young man had gone intending to assert himself, but he found he had no reason to do this. He had never been in the society before of such people as Lady Lester and her son. Their grave kindness and courtesy, their quiet acknowledgment of his just claims, was so different to what he had expected that James Lester felt a little ashamed of having suspected that they would cheat him if they could.

Mr. Chaplin had warned him to be "on his guard," but as he and Alan drove back to the station after the funeral was over to join poor Mrs. Lester, young Jim found himself chatting almost at his ease to his newly-found kinsman.

"What must I call you?" he said, looking with his laughing blue eyes in Alan's grave face. "Uncle?"

"Yes, that will do very well," smiled Alan.

"And I say, uncle, then—you know I've not been brought up like you and that lot; but you'll help me a bit, won't you? And I want to say something else. I—I think you've acted splendidly about this affair—it's awful hard lines on you, you know—and, of course, the lawyers must arrange about money; about your fortune and share of the property, I mean."

"Well, something, perhaps, can be arranged," answered Alan, thinking of Annette.

"Of course there can—something handsome—and you'll write and tell me when I may come again."

"I wished to speak to you about that—of course you can come whenever you like, for Roden is yours—but my mother is a great invalid, and it will take a few weeks to put the Dower House which was settled on her at the time of her marriage, in order, and I am going to ask you not to hurry her out of her old home."

"Of course not, if she would like to stay always—"

"That would not do," answered Alan, with his grave smile; "you will be bringing another Lady Lester home there some day—but give us one month."

"There is no hurry; none at all," said young James; but Alan noticed a change had passed over his face, a little cloud.

But they parted on very friendly terms, and Mrs. Lester wrung Alan's hand, and looked up appealingly in his face with her blue eyes as she bade him good-bye.

"Be kind to my boy, sir," she said, as they stood a moment together on the platform alone, Jim Lester having gone to get the tickets; "you see he's not been brought up to all this, and he's been a wild lad. I'll be glad when he's out of Plymouth, and perhaps for the sake of his poor father you'll look after him a bit."

"I'll do my best to be kind to my young nephew," said Alan; "he'll soon get used to the different life."

"I don't know," sighed the simple, kindly woman; "it takes a deal of polishing to make a real gentleman, but perhaps having you before him, he'll improve quicker—and God bless you, reward you, sir, for your kindness and respect to my poor John!" and the blue eyes filled with tears as she wrung Alan's hand.

He saw the mother and son safely away in the train, and then returned to the Court, thinking not unkindly as he walked there of the lad who had so unexpectedly appeared and taken from him home and heritage. His mother was watching for him, and (as it always did) her face brightened as he went to her.

There was something quite beautiful, something far beyond the common mother-love, which so beautifies and elevates the most ordinary daughters of Eve, in the love

that Lady Lester gave her only son. She had borne him a second time, as it were, in the long and terrible agonies which his boyish carelessness had inflicted upon her. The heroic efforts which she had made to conceal her pain so as to spare him had doubly endeared this son of her love to her heart.

Even now at times these bent limbs of hers were racked with suffering, but Lady Lester never allowed Alan to see her when it was so. She invented some tender fable; she had a headache or neuralgia; her boy must not know that his mother still suffered a martyrdom of pain through him.

Every noble character has more or less a good and high influence. Alan had grown up close to a very noble woman, and something of her nature—the brave, strong, enduring nature—had become his, either from her lofty example, or the mysterious hereditary trace which appears alike for evil or for good. And now in this bitter hour of trial both Lady Lester and Alan acted with dignity and calmness.

The first shock was over, and they had done right. The poor prodigal son who had wandered away from the place of his birth twenty-three years ago, bringing shame and fear then had come back to bring pain, if not shame again. John Lester in life and in death had cost his own people much. But neither Lady Lester nor Alan had spoken against him, and they were ready now to act kindly to his son.

"And what did you think of him, Alan?" asked Lady Lester, alluding to James Lester.

"I think he's not very bad," answered Alan, with a little laugh.

"There is something about his eyes—that laughing look, and the bright, blue tint, and dark lashes, that reminds me of poor John."

"He seemed rather injured because I told him I thought he was like his mother—but I think he is all right—of course he wants what his poor mother called 'polishing up.'"

"Did she really say that?"

"She did, indeed, but she's a good soul; she asked me to be kind to him, and Master Jim himself requested leave to call me uncle—so don't forget, mother mine, I am now advanced to the rank of 'Uncle Alan.'"

"Well, dear, I know you will be kind to him."

"I'll be a good boy and try," answered Alan, smiling.

"Oh! you will, and when is he coming here?"

"He was nice about that, he said there was no hurry, you might always stay here, but I suggested he would be bringing another Lady Lester, some day, and my young gentleman's face fell. I hope he has got into no trouble at Plymouth, for his mother seemed very anxious to get him out of it."

"Well, ask him here?"

"Not yet awhile, mother, but we may make the best of him, he is the head of the house, now; and I hope he won't bring any low-born demotelle here to share his honors."

"That would be a great misfortune."

Alan gave a little shrug.

"Yet it's almost what we may expect. But still he's so young—we must hope better things for him."

It will be thus seen that both the mother and the son were prepared to be kind to James Lester, and receive him as their near kinsman. And Lady Lester was anxious, as soon as possible now, to leave the Court. She gave Alan his choice.

"If you wish it, my dearest boy," she said, "I will not furnish the Dower House, but take one in town. What do you think? Would you be happier away?"

For a moment Alan hesitated. Personally, he would have been happier away from the sight of the lands that he had so long held as his own. But would his mother care to go among strangers? He felt sure that

she would not, and that she was thinking of him, wishing to spare him any further annoyance and pain when she suggested leaving Roden.

"No, mother," he said, after a moment's thought, "let us stay among our old friends;" and Lady Lester was only too glad to do so.

And when these friends heard what had happened to Alan Lester—how Sir John's eldest son, whom some of them remembered so well, had died only a few days ago, instead of twenty-three years, as it had been so long and firmly believed, and that he had left a son—there was real and universal sympathy expressed on all sides for Lady Lester and her son.

Alan was a man greatly respected and liked by his fellow-men. Everyone around Roden had a good word for him, and knew of the great grief that had saddened his youth. And now to have his title taken from him and his estates, after he had enjoyed them so long! "It was shameful, really disgusting," said many a country squire, but when they met Alan their hand-grip was warmer and more cordial than it had ever been.

At first after his great change of fortune was known, Alan felt it painful and annoying to meet his neighbors. But in a little while this feeling wore off. After all, he thought, there was no disgrace; there would have been disgrace had he kept his position, and felt ashamed to look in his wife's brother's face. Frank Doyme had done his duty as an honest gentleman to the dead soldier, and it only remained for Alan to do his. The family lawyer came and urged and urged in vain. But he could not deny that the evidence was conclusive.

"Still I would fight for it, Sir Alan," he said.

"And cheat my dead brother?" answered Alan, a little haughtily, and before he left Roden, the lawyer held out his hand to Alan with respect and admiration in his world-worn heart.

"You are a very honourable man," he said, and he could give him no higher praise.

By an arrangement with Alan, this Mr. Lowden, the lawyer, met young James Lester in town a few days later to transact some necessary legal business, the details of which need not be recorded here. As Alan had been, Mr. Lowden was not on the whole unfavorably impressed by young James. Let his letter to Alan speak.

"I met the young man, whom I suppose we must now call Sir James Lester," wrote the lawyer, "at Mr. Saltwell's chambers, and I must confess I was agreeably disappointed. I remember his father, and he somehow reminds me of him. He is disposed to be generous as regards money, and spoke in very high terms of yourself. He is a gay youth, however—would have led my discreet footsteps and gray head into amusements quite unsuited to my years, always offering to 'stand treat,' as he called it, which I assured him was quite unnecessary."

However, the upset of Mr. Lowden's visit to town was this; one thousand a year was to be secured out of the property for Alan Lester and his heirs after him, as his portion as a younger son; and Lady Lester was to take what she pleased of the furniture and plate belonging to the Court to her own house.

Young James was ready to agree to whatever the lawyers proposed. He had a lawyer to represent his interests by Mr. Lowden's wish, and Mr. Lowden represented Alan's Lady Lester retained her horses and carriages, and as she had seven hundred a year under her marriage settlement, their affairs began to look very different to what they had done in the first shock of the news, which seemed to deprive Alan of everything.

In the meanwhile, Alan was thinking constantly of his young love. He had had two notes from Annette Doyme since the evening he had met her in the park, and in each she had told him she was "so unhappy" about him, and that she "really cared" for him, and so on. But she also told him that her mother was very angry with him. "She says you cannot care for me, Alan," wrote Annette, "or you would not have let this horrid young man take every thing from you without a struggle. I would like to see you, but mother is always watching me. Oh! it's miserable. I cannot tell how it may end."

A feeling of honor had prevented Alan urging Annette to meet him again until his affairs were more settled, though he was determined not to allow Mrs. Doyme's opposi-

tion to stand in his way. And one day he met Lily Doyme, and the young girl made him very happy.

Lily was hardly seventeen, but had a fervid imagination and a tender heart. This loss so terrible, so overwhelming, and borne so bravely by Alan Lester, strongly appealed to the young enthusiasm, which had not yet been damped down by the hard realities of life. This child did not know of the cares, the daily anxieties, which her father and mother knew. To her they appeared cruel and hard to part Annette from her love, just because he was poor. "They could say nothing against him but that," argued Lily, not knowing a sin or two can be easily gilded over to minds like Mrs. Doyme's.

Thus, one day, when she saw Alan riding slowly on before her in a country lane, Miss Lily who was in general one of the shyest of maidens, actually ran after him and overtook him, breathless, blushing and ashamed.

"Lily!" said Alan with a glad, pleased smile, when he turned round and saw her; and he dismounted, and slipped his arm through the reins, and walked by her side.

"I—I—saw you," panted Lily, not looking in his face, but speaking eagerly and tremblingly, "and I wanted to tell you—how—how I honour you, Sir Alan!"

Again Alan smiled, and looked at her very kindly.

"You must drop the Sir Alan now, Lily," he said, "and call me Alan."

"Yes, I know; but that does not make any difference to me. At least, I think more highly of you still, and so, I am sure, does Annette."

"That makes me very happy, Lily."

"Mother has been very unkind to her, and Annette has been so unhappy about you—you can't think how unhappy—but I tell her just to wait patiently and something will come up. Don't you believe in things coming up?"

"Yes," said Alan, with a little laugh, "something will come up; tell Annette from me, Lily, she need not be afraid; we shall manage somehow." And he thought of the negotiations being carried on in London by Mr. Lowden.

"That's what I tell her—and—and—you have given her so much, I am sure you have given her so much!"

Lily's fair face was crimson with excitement, and her large eyes shined with the fullness of her soul. Alan looked at her, touched and half amused. Never before had this young girl spoken to him except in monosyllables. He had regarded her as a shy, lovely child, who seldom raised those beautiful eyes of hers, yet here she was talking quite learnedly on a theme which scarcely ought yet to have entered her innocent head.

"Yes," he said the next moment, tenderly and deferentially, looking at her with his clear eyes, "I have given her all I have to give, Lily—no man can love Annette more truly than I do."

"I know that—I am sure of it!" And she held out her trembling hand to him. "I know you will never change."

CHAPTER IX.—SIR JAMES.

As it may be easily imagined, the strange history of John Lester had been almost as much discussed in the humble circle round his wife, as among the higher class to which he had originally belonged.

Rose, the barmaid (who had been selected for her ugliness by Mrs. Lester, for a very good reason that her son Jim was not to be trusted in the neighborhood of a pretty face), had been questioned and cross questioned during the absence of Mrs. Lester in the North, but the poor girl, who was one of the most honest and faithful creatures that ever lived, simply said, she "knew nothing about it."

Mr. Chaplin, the lawyer's clerk, was, however, not so discreet. This young man talked at the bar of the "Burling Arms," and talked at "Davis' Billiard Rooms" of the wonderful good fortune which had befallen "Jim Lester," until all the usual attendants at these two places knew the story, and naturally were very much interested about it.

Captain Daniel Dow heard it, and a dull feeling of rage and fear entered his heart. But he was slow to believe; "some fool's tale," he told himself, and it was not until Mrs. Lester returned; not until she stood before his eyes, arrayed in her deep mourning, with her widow's cap on her head, and its long white streamers floating over her broad shoulders, that he realised that the

soldier's death, for which he had waited so patiently, might after all not bring him unmixed satisfaction.

For she told him it was true that her husband had been born a gentleman, and that "Jim was to be a gentleman now."

"It seems all like a dream, I'm sure," said the simple creature, with her ready tears springing in her eyes, "but it's quite true, Captain Dow; my poor John is laid now among his ancestors—by his pa and ma, in the family tomb."

"Then you'll be above an old friend now, I suppose?" asked Captain Dow, in his gruff voice, fixing his bloodshot eyes on the widow's face.

"Oh! no," answered Mrs. Lester, holding out her plump hand, which Daniel gripped tight in his, "I'm not one who forgets old friends, Captain Dow. I've known you twenty years and more, and I'm too old to change. Jim's different—he's to take his gran'pa's name, and has come into a great fortune, and I suppose he'll be looking out for a real lady for his wife, for money's everything now-a-days, and he's got that—but it makes no matter to me—I've a heart for nothing now, when my poor John is dead and cold." And again the tears welled up into the blue eyes, and rolled down Mrs. Lester's rosy cheeks.

"Humph," said Daniel, not caring to look on these signs of grief; and then he sat down on his old seat with a sore and angry heart.

Other men came into the bar, and congratulated Mrs. Lester on the luck of her son, and Daniel Dow sat and listened to them, and remembered all the hopes that for years he had cherished and kept warm. She had been a slim young girl, pink-cheeked and blue-eyed, when he had first thought of her, and in his eyes she was fair still. And if this should come between them! This cursed fortune—and Daniel began swearing and muttering to himself, until the people standing by the bar turned round and looked at him, wondering if the old sea-captain were ill.

"Have a drop of your favorite rum, Captain!" said Mrs. Lester, sympathetically, and Daniel accepted the glass from her hands, and then went out of the bar with a new sense of rage and defeat surging through his dull brain.

And while Captain Daniel Dow was gloomily walking from the "Barleigh Arms," seeing nothing that passed him in the streets, his whole mind being engrossed on the subject of the strange change of fortune to the Lesters; at "Davis' Billiard rooms" the same subject was also engrossing three hearts.

Laura Davis had heard that James Lester had returned to Plymouth and was watching and waiting for him with scarcely concealed anxiety. She was a dark, passionate-looking girl this—not beautiful as her mother had been, but handsome, and with indications of strong feelings in every glance of her bright eyes, and in every movement of her tall, lithe, yet rounded form.

Her mother, silently watching her, saw how restless and excited she was, and but too truly guessed the cause. Jim Lester's fortune had been the talk of the billiard-room for the last two days, and Adrian Davis had his eyes, and had mentally speculated and wondered if at last good luck would come to them also, for he knew that young James admired Laura.

All day Laura had remained at home, lest she should miss seeing Jim, and had sat with the door of their little parlour half-open, so that she could see everyone who went upstairs to the billiard-room. At last, about four in the afternoon, she heard his voice, laughing and talking to his friend, Mr. Chaplin on the stairs. The girl, ardent and impulsive, and not overwhelmed with shyness, started to her feet and ran forward as Jim passed the door with out-stretched hand.

"Have you got back, Jim?" she said. "Come in here; I want to talk to you." She was pale, she was excited, she was handsome, and with a blush and a laugh Jim Lester held her hand.

"And how are you, Laura?" he asked. "Come in here," she answered, pulling him by his hand into the room, and taking no notice of Mr. Chaplin, who stood grinning out his projecting teeth, and then seeing he was not wanted, with a little nod turned away and went into the billiard-room, while Laura closed the little parlor door, and thus stood alone face to face with James Lester.

"Is it true, Jim?" she said, looking at

him with her dark eyes full of eagerness and fire; "true what they say about you, that you have come into this great fortune?"

"Well, it's true enough, Laura," he answered with another little laugh. "Chaplin will have told you the story—it's a queer one, isn't it?"

"And—and—it will make no difference," asked the girl passionately, and in a trembling voice; "none to us, Jim? Say, will you be the same to me?"

"Of course I shall be the same—what a tragedy you are making of it—come, Laura, give me a kiss!"

She flung her arms round his neck and kissed his lips again and again, while tears sprang into her eyes.

"Nothing shall part us," she said, "nothing—what is money, what is rank, to love!"

"Come, Chaplin will be making a fine tale about us—I will come in, and see you again directly—but I must go and play a game now!"

"Will you come in after you are done, and have some tea?"

Jim shook his head and looked at her with his laughing eyes.

"That beverage is too strong for me," he said, "but I'll come in and have a chat."

"Yes do—I want to hear all about it—the whole, whole story, Jim, dear! And you shall have something weaker than tea," she added with a smile.

"That will suit me better; I must have one more kiss, and then be off."

He went away, and Laura sank down on a seat, with a glow of joy and thankfulness in her heart.

"He loves me, he loves me," she whispered to herself. Nothing shall part us now."

She really cared for him, but his sudden change of fortune, the fear and dread, that this change might take him away from her, had increased ten-fold the love and passion of her warm but wayward heart. She believed her love was true love, and so it was, but it had been intensified by the knowledge that many might now contend for the prize which once was all her own.

In the meanwhile, James Lester was receiving in the billiard-room the adulation so pleasant to his soul. Adrian Davis was a gentleman who believed that flattery is agreeable to all men, and that honey is never too sweet. Such was his experience of life, and he now proceeded, cue in hand, to offer it for James Lester's acceptance.

"Well, Sir James," he said, in his thick, oily voice, "allow me to congratulate you. So you are one of our landed gentry I hear?"

"Something of the sort, I suppose," answered young Jim, with affected carelessness.

"It's very odd, now," proceeded Adrian, resting his fat chin on his nose, and rolling his yellow eyes contemplatively over Jim's good-looking face, "but I always said to my missus, what a hair you had—*distant*—and no mistake! It's the blue blood, sir, it always shows; and I can tell a born gentleman wherever I see him."

No flattery could have been more agreeable to Jim than this; he blushed, he was conscious of an indescribable feeling of pleasure pervading his whole being, and he held out his hand very affably to Adrian.

"Thank you for your good opinion, Davis," he said; "when I get down there—at my place at Roden Court—you and the ladies must come and pay me a visit. I'm not one to turn my back on old friends, if I'm in luck's way, I like them to share it."

"A h'upstart would not have said that, sir," continued Adrian, speaking as a connoisseur; "a h'upstart would have turned his back on his h'old friends—ah, it's the blue blood—the puddle's always puddle, however you try to colour it!"

Whatever had been the original colour of Mr. Adrian Davis's blood, the only outward tint that now stole over the surface was deep yellow. His skin was yellow, his eye balls yellow, and his hands were a dusky orange, adorned with various dubious looking rings, and jewelled buttons were in his dusky linen.

He was a little man, stout, black-haired, and large featured. Fate had been unkind to him, and he had tried to soften its asperities by drinking too many brandy-and-sodas daily while out in India, and had thus ruined his digestion and broken up his health. But he had always been kind to his wife—you remember, broken-hearted woman who had accepted the shelter of his roof in

her sore need, had been, and still was, the object of his admiring love!

"Mrs. Davis is a little 'igh," he would say confidentially to his friends, "but one must expect a Colonel's widow to be a little 'igh. She was shamefully treated, that woman was—robbed by the late Colonel's family, and my present 'umble home is not fitted for her. I'm ashamed to see her in it, I h'am—but what can I do?"

It will be thus seen that his heart was in the right place, if his h's were in the wrong. He was a narrow, vulgar, little soul, judging all men by his own meagre standard, but he was a kind husband, and a good father to a child that was not his. He never grudged his small earnings for Laura's adornment, and now he was flattering Jim Lester to the best of his ability for Laura's sake.

And presently others came round and joined in the chorus. They were all ready to praise and flatter the lad who had come into sudden wealth. It was but the old, old story—the servile truckling to gold.

And some dim knowledge of this came into James Lester's heart as he stood and listened to all the fair words that were being freely showered upon him. He had liked to hear he looked like a gentleman, and Adrian had flattered a weak spot when he complimented him on his "blue blood." But the young fellow was not without wit, nor sense of humour, and presently he called out in his laughing way,—

"Come, I say, you're going it too strong, old fellows. I can swallow a good bit, you know, but you'll choke me presently, if you go on like this." And the chorus laughed around him, and said what a fine fellow he was, so amusing, and good-natured, and worthy of everything that had come to him.

And presently when he would have gone away, remembering his promise to his Laura, Mr. Chaplin slipped his arm through his friend's.

"Are you going, Jim?" he said. "I'll go with you."

"I am going to have some tea with the ladies," answered Jim, and Chaplin shook his head disapprovingly.

"That won't do, my dear fellow," he said, "it won't do now."

"Oh! come along, I promised," answered Jim Lester. "You can come with me if you like."

Mr. Chaplin accordingly went with him to have tea with Mrs. Davis and Laura, and though Laura frowned when she saw little Chaplin's long nose, sharp eyes, and protruding teeth appear at the door of their parlour at the same moment as James Lester, she still was forced to receive him civilly, and a few moments later Mrs. Davis entered, who al o held out her hand and welcomed Mr. Chaplin.

She was still almost beautiful, this woman whose life had been full of strange vicissitudes. She was tall and magnificently formed, and her features were of rare perfection. Her complexion was a pale, clear olive, and her eyes were large, dark and languishing, and her eyebrows sharply defined, and black as night. About her expression there was a strange mournfulness—you thought, somehow, of things that had passed away as you looked on the face of one who had survived youth and love, and over whose days the dark shadow of shame and pain were ever present.

She wore black, and as Jim Lester kept laughing and jesting with Laura, again and again she looked at his face, seeking for some trace of the handsome, devoted boy who had flung himself at her feet, and loved her with a love that had been his ruin.

But Jim Lester was not so handsome as his dead father had been. He was good-looking, but he lacked something—a certain nobleness and tenderness of expression, which did not shine out in those laughing blue eyes of his. John Lester would have given too much to the woman he loved, and Jim Lester too little. The rough, red, soldier's coat had hidden the finer gentleman, the nobler, truer soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A brilliant wedding occurred about Christmas time in North Bend, Neb., the parties being a lawyer who had been for some years a resident of the place and the 19-year-old daughter of a wealthy local grain dealer. The couple started east on their wedding tour, and a few days ago the bride returned home alone and heartbroken, her husband having been arrested in Iowa for forgery and horse stealing. The Sheriff of an Iowa county had been looking for him at the time the wedding took place.

PERSONAL.

Signor Baldi of Genoa boasts the possession of the fetter once worn by Christopher Columbus.

Musurus Pasha, who will spend most of his time in England, has received the privilege of "the entree" at court for life.

George Bancroft, the historian, now 86, and George H. Calvert, 83, are the only Americans living who ever saw the great Goethe.

A. E. Poe, who claims to be a cousin of Edgar A. Poe, is employed in the unpoetical and exceedingly practical work of teaching in a public school at Glenwood Springs, Col.

Mr. John W. Mackay's grandson, called the "young Prince Colonna," is to be christened in grand style at a cost of \$800, which, says the *New York World*, is said to be more than the child's father receives in a year for serving as an officer in the Italian army.

Lily Macalister Laughton, regent of Mount Vernon Association is claimed to have "the smallest and most perfect formed foot in America." She also has her second husband, and it is related that just before her marriage she gave one of her slippers to a charitable fair, when it was raffled for. The lucky number was obtained by Bishop Potter's son, Frank Potter, who used his prize as a watch case.

N. Floquet, who wants to be President of the French Republic, has for his wife one of the most charming women in all Europe. She is a woman of affairs, too, and is known in the crowded corners of Paris as a good wife. "Wherever she shows herself," writes an admirer, "she is greeted with a hum of admiration. I never saw a finer quality of long, smooth, jet black hair than hers, and her clear olive complexion, smooth skin, black expressive eyes, rosy lips, and smiling eyes speak of perfect health."

There died in England a few weeks ago, aged 89, a wealthy old harridan in high life, in the person of Lady Rolle, who, in effrontery and imperiousness, out-Kewed Lady Kew. Although she exercised most autocratic sway as a hostess, she was on one occasion, at least, completely outwitted. Among her guests was the daughter of an Irish Earl, a very frisky damsel. The men in the house were not to her taste as partners, yet she felt like dancing. She whispered her wishes to some other young lady guests, and found them quite of her mind. Presently the sound of a waltz drew Lady Rolle to the room, when, to her rage and amazement, she beheld Lady H. whirling round in the embrace of a stalwart and handsome powdered footman, while her friends followed her in the arms of similar gallants.

Two Englishmen went to Boston, the home of American culture, to get some intellectual inspiration. This is their story:—"When we arrived in Boston we hired a cab, and told the driver to show us the principal sights. He jumped up on his box with alacrity. 'I'll take you first,' he said, 'to see J. L. Sullivan's house.' 'Who is he?' we inquired. 'Never heard of J. L.?' responded cabby. 'Why, where do you hail from?' 'From England,' was the reply. 'Never heard of him there? Why, he's our great fighting man.' 'Rubbish!' said my friend impatiently; 'we come to see Boston, a great intellectual centre, and the first thing you propose to show us is the house of a brutal prize fighter.' Cabby muttered that the house in question was a fine one, and then suggested driving us to the market."

Appropos of Lord Carnarvon's rumored return in England to the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies, the *Herald* remarks: It was this office in Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet that he resigned on a question arising out of the Russo-Turkish war. He was a successful minister on the whole, though he failed in his attempt to confederate the South African Colonies after the example of Canada. He will be remembered in Canada as having been the Secretary of State for the Colonies when the act confederating the British North American Colonies was passed, and as the umpire in the dispute between the Dominion and the Province of British Columbia, although the so-called Carnarvon terms were the suggestions of the Canadian Government and not the Colonial Secretary's. Lord Carnarvon is still in the prime of a statesman's life, having been born in 1831. The office that Colonel Stanley, the present Colonial Secretary, is to take is not mentioned.



FIG. 13.—No. 3369.—LADIES' BASQUE PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 3½ yards; 32 inches, 3½ yards;
34 inches, 3½ yards; 36 inches, 3½ yards;
38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards;
42 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;
38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 2 yards; 42
inches, 2½ yards.

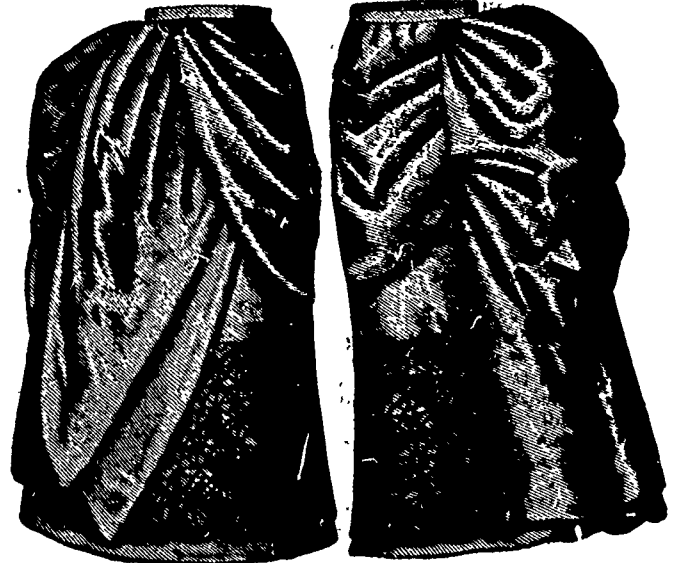


FIG. 9.—No. 3382.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
20 inches, 6 yards; 22 inches, 6 yards;
24 inches, 6 yards; 26 inches, 6 yards;
28 inches, 6½ yards; 30 inches, 6½ yards.

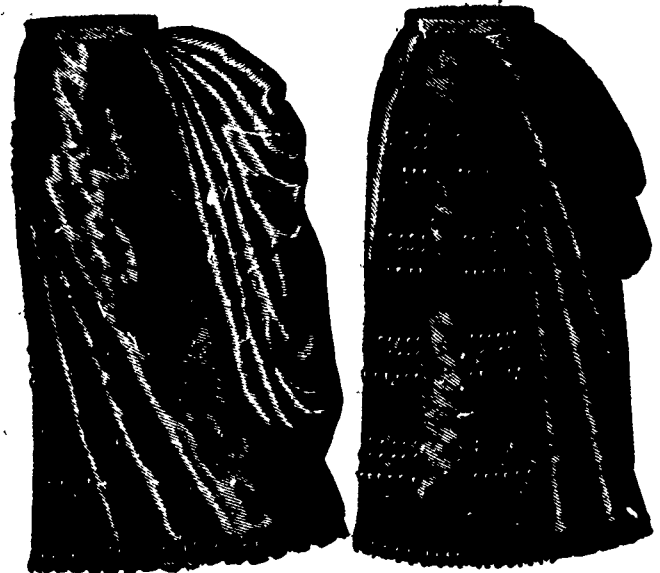


FIG. 8.—No. 3379.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
20 inches, 10½ yards; 22 inches, 11½ yards;
24 inches, 10½ yards; 26 inches, 10½ yards;
28 inches, 10½ yards; 30 inches, 10½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
20 inches, 5½ yards; 22 inches, 5½ yards;
24 inches, 5½ yards; 26 inches, 5½ yards;
28 inches, 5½ yards; 30 inches, 5½ yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 8.—Pattern No. 3379, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for our illustration, which is capable of many combinations of materials and trimmings. The underpart is cut with the usual number of pieces, the drapery drawing away sufficiently to expose the entire tablier. The back drapery hangs full and rounding over a flounce, the sides have a panel effect with the front edges laid in three graduated pleats. A narrow pleating is optional on the lower edge.

FIGURE No. 9.—A gored underskirt furnishes the support for a long back drapery thickly pleated in the belt and having a cluster of pleats on either side; the right front falls in double point that are pleated at the top, the short, full apron, slightly overlapping them at this point and then sewed in the back seam on the left. Pattern No. 3382, price 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 13.—Pattern No. 3369, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this model, which has the diagonal front now favored in the fashionable world; the front and back are quite long and rounding; sloped

up to the hips and the opening usually finished with folds, velvet revers, beads or passementerie. Velvet, silk and woolen goods are made after this design with equal appropriateness. If trimmed with beads or passementerie they are generally continued around the lower edge.

MILLINERY.

Very original and striking are the designs sent on from Paris. Shaded ribbons appear for ties; steel and blue are worn, also bronzes and gold. The poppy bonnet is novel enough to suit seekers after oddities: it is made of infinitesimal feathers shaped like a poppy for the crown, another on the front, the two constituting the bonnet. Others display birds entirely of beads and portions of the bird of Paradise. A stylish white felt design is lined with red, and many cloth bonnets are embroidered in metallic beads. Velvet embroidered and worked like lace is used on jetted bonnets as a trimming, border or crown. Figure No. 21 represents a stylish design, which can be easily carried out by the home milliner. The puffing around the brim is put on with a lavish hand, the crown is covered smoothly with the same embroidered or plain velvet, which is also brought

up on either side in upright, stiff folds; a full bow on top and strings of velvet, moire or plush ribbon completes the pleasing design.

Figure No. 22 shows a brown felt faced plainly with similar velvet; brown ribbon strings crossing the lower portion of the crown, and on top a bow of gold and brown ribbon, with breasts, aigrettes and a bird showing the same tints. The bonnet illustrated in Figure No. 25 is composed of black velvet loosely covering a rather large capote, and puffed over the top of the front; the strings of repped ribbon are run along the lower edge of the back, and knot in front; the tuft of feathers and aigrettes are of shaded gold. The most elegant designs are composed of velvet and beads in any of the fashionable colors. Evening bonnets in white of delicate tints are seldom seen. Red and black designs are handsome for any wear. These have the red velvet crown covered with jet beads or lace, and a row of beads around the edge; on top is a jet bird and extra wings or a red breast with black wings and a cockade bow of red moire like the strings knotted on the left.

The port cockade bows are perched high

in front, with a tight strap through the middle; eight loops and four forked ends of ribbon make a good bow, the loops being lengthened toward the middle. Cloth bonnets are ornamented thus with plush and vic versa. Some imported bonnets have wings of a fine, transparent stuff looking like spun glass. Otter and seal are the favorite furs for bonnets. The crown is of velvet or plush of the same shade, loops of velvet ribbon decorate the top with the aid of a red or yellow bird or fancy feathers, and the same ribbons are tied under the chin. Milliners are folding the velvet so as to preserve it uncut this season; the square effect is aimed at as well as the high. Black velvet designs are frequently trimmed with folds of yellow velvet on the edge of the brim, which are overlaid with jetted lace or galloon. Fancy galloons are displayed extensively on black bonnets. Dressy capotes of black velvet are sometimes trimmed with ivory white ribbon and aigrettes.

Figure No. 19 represents a high turban shape with a soft velvet crown and fur border; it is worn pushed back and decorated



FIG. 19.



FIG. 22.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 25.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 24.

in front with several tips and loops of picot-edged satin ribbon. Figure No. 24 illustrates a popular shape in brown felt with an Astrakhan brim of the same color; band and several long loops with forked ends of picot ribbon, also brown, and directly in front is placed a bird with upright feathers showing many shades of brown and yellow. The Tam O Shanter shown in Figure No. 20 is only suitable for fresh, round faces. The shape is covered with velvet in a loose, irregular manner on the crown and round the edge; a band seems to divide the two puffs and knots in front, where two short tips are fastened and allowed to droop over on the side.

The prevailing styles in felt hats are undoubtedly English, with their high crowns and close brims bound with an Ottoman band. The trimming on these consists of high loops and feathers starting from a bird's head that are massed in front. The turban shapes are fancied with cloth suits. They have a wing or tlay tips thrust through a knot of velvet in front, and are faced with velvet, the remainder being of cloth or felt. The dress-

es by velvet designs are larger and ornamented with waving tips, galloons, embroidered stuffs and wonderful pins of all imaginable metals. A special make of corded ribbon has a thread edge fringe. Hardly introduced is a narrow, double fringed edge; or a beige ribbon with fringe edges of two shades of darker brown. Figure No. 23 shows two designs for small girls. The bonnet is composed of dark blue plush made over a millinette frame and curved in front, so that the facing of light blue shows; a bow of picot-edged ribbon the color of the facing is placed on top; strings are added if wished. The hat is of velvet shape like a leese, round turban with a far border and "snub" bow in front, showing full, short loops of No. 16 ribbon.

It is the testimony of a Boston physician that infants frequently die of starvation in that city as the result of their being fed prepared food. He says furthermore that this practice, resulting from ignorance, is most extensive among the wealthy classes, where ignorance of other things as well as this is most to be found.

Washington supports between 12,000 and 17,000 dogs, of which not half are licensed. Yet the poundmaker never knew of a case of hydrophobia in the District and the only mad dog he ever saw was one in Germany in 1862.

It is a Yankee who suggests that the way to determine whether or not your room is properly ventilated is to keep a goblet of water on the table, and when you see it filling up with gubular particles open the window.

It is the fashion to place gold paper hearts and dried rosebuds wrapped in magnolia leaves on the tomb of Juliet de Verona. Juliet's tears are sold in Verona; but they are confectionery, a sort of Verona brandy ball.

Dr. Wilhelm Schmoele affirms: "He who eats lemons in sufficient abundance need never die." The difficulty is, you will observe, that no man ever lived long enough to eat them in sufficient abundance to live forever.

Mr. Winans is depressed in spirits because

he only shot 150 stags this year on his vast range of forests in Ross-shire and Inverness-shire. It is estimated that every pair of antlers he knocks over costs him \$1,250.

What is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second, and a spider down a girl's neck is the origin of the liveliest motion the world ever saw.

It has been observed that water is fattening, that those who drink large quantities of water have a tendency to fullness and rotundity. That there is considerable truth in this observation the Medical and Surgical Reporter fully substantiates. Though excessive imbibition of very cold (iced) water, especially when one is very warm, is not to be commended, yet we have reason to believe that the unlimited use of pure spring water, at its natural temperature, is not only very conducive to health, but has an actual tendency to favor a fullness and roundness of the body.

The Household.

Insects on House Plants.

The green fly is the most destructive of all if left to itself. It sucks the juice so as to destroy the plant in a short time. The insects of this kind (aphis) increase with such rapidity that in five generations one aphis may be the progenitor of 6,000,000, and there can be ten generations in a year. A weak solution of tobacco, applied with a syringe or sprinkled with a brush, affords an effective way to kill this pest. To determine whether the solution is too strong, a leaf should be placed in the solution for a short time. If the leaf is browned or burned, or turns so when taken out, the solution is too strong and water must be added. The plants must be cleaned off with clean water after the tobacco has been applied. The operation should be repeated until the pests are destroyed.

The thrip is an exceedingly active little insect, one-tenth of an inch in length. It lives on the leaves, in the buds, and even in the tiny crevices of the bark. Its color varies from a whitish yellow to a dark brown. It attacks the extremities of young shoots and new leaves, which become yellow and withered, and will crumble to dust when rubbed together. To destroy this insect use the same remedy as for the green fly.

The red spider (acarus tellarius) is a very troublesome little creature, and, if allowed to go unchecked, will bring ruin upon everything, although no doubt made for some good purpose. Whenever the red spider makes his appearance the atmosphere is too dry. If it is in the living-room the atmosphere is too dry for the health of the occupants. The first indication of the spider is the turning yellow of some of the leaves, after which their webs will cover the leaves. Water is fatal to the red spider, and in a room with the atmosphere of proper humidity the insect will never flourish to do any injury. But when they take hold to do any mischief they may be destroyed by the use of strong soap-suds.

The coccus or scale insect is a common pest on some kinds of plants; orange, myrtle, camellia, oleander, and other hard-wood plants, will especially be infested by them. They appear upon the under side of the leaf. When removing them they adhere so closely that a stiff brush is required to get them off, and sometimes they have to be scraped off with the thumb-nail. Wash the plants well in soap-suds.

Cooking Receipts.

SWEET MILK CREMS.—Beat one egg well, add a pint of new milk, a little salt and graham flour until it will drop off the spoon nicely. Have ready your gem pans, well greased and heated. Bake in a quick oven and send to table hot.

SCOTCH SWEET BREAD.—Half a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar mixed to a cream; add one pound of sifted flour, knead and roll it half an inch thick. Bake slowly. If the cake is preferred very sweet use six ounces of sugar.

WHEAT MUFFINS.—Mix one pint of milk, two eggs, three tablespoons yeast, a little salt, with flour enough to make a stiff batter; let it rise four or five hours and bake in muffin rings in a hot oven about ten minutes.

RICE CAKES are a dainty. Half a cup of cold boiled rice, the same of corn meal, one egg, a bit of butter, salt and sugar; milk to make a rather thin batter. Grease the pan well, as these are apt to stick.

SEED JUMBLES.—A quarter of a pound of lard, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, a quarter of a pint of milk, half an ounce of seeds, either caraway or pounded coriander, and nearly a pound of flour.

MUSH WAFFLES.—One quart of flour, one pint of corn meal mush, two eggs, one tablespoonful butter. Salt to the taste; milk to make a thin batter; mix and cook like rice waffles.

INDIAN DROP CAKES.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, one small teaspoonful of saleratus and salt. Make a stiff batter, using two-thirds Indian meal and one third flour. Fry like rye pan cakes.

CITY CREAM CAKES.—A pint of cream and a pint of milk, four eggs, salt, soda and cream of tartar as usual; flour to make a nice batter. These are a luxury.

RISEN GRIDDLE CAKES receive the ad-

dition of yeast, and should be mixed over night. In the morning the butter or lard should be dissolved and stirred in.

ST. LOUIS BUTTER TAFFY.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, one teaspoonful of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, butter the size of an egg.

SPONGE CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half cup of sugar, same of flour, one teaspoonful of lemon.

Choice Receipts.

Tea Rolls.—Prepare at noon two good-sized potatoes; boil and mash fine with one yeast cake, one tablespoon sugar, one of salt. When very light add one pint water, two spoons lard or butter, and flour enough to make a sponge. In the morning knead, roll out, cut out with biscuit cutter. Raise very light and bake.

Chocolate Creams.—Two cups of white sugar, one-half cup of water. Cook rapidly for twenty minutes. Turn out on a platter, and with a large spoon stir until cold, when it will cream. Butter the fingers and work up into small balls; stick upon a large pin and dip into chocolate set over a steamer and melted. Lay upon a buttered platter to dry.

Rice and Apples.—The following is a very nice thing, especially for children: Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light molasses; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice and milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice into the dish, then put in the apples, and fill up the interval, with rice, and bake it in the oven until it is a fine color.

Potato Omelet.—Grate three mealy boiled potatoes, beat three eggs, and mix these with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Add salt, white pepper, and any herb to flavor. Mince three ounces of ham or bacon in small dice, fry these in the pan; add a piece of butter, put in the mixed potatoes and eggs, stir all until set; then leave it to brown. Fold over and serve.

Paradise Pudding.—Three eggs, three apples, quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, one lemon, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants half a wineglassful of wine, nutmeg; butter and sugar for sauce. Pare, core, and mince the apples and mix with the bread crumbs, nutmeg grated, sugar, currants, the juice of the lemon, and half the rind grated. Beat the eggs well, moisten the mixture with these, and beat altogether, adding the wine last. Put the pudding in a buttered mold, tie it down with a cloth, boil one hour and a half, and serve with sauce of butter and sugar mixed together.

Marrons.—Boil some chestnuts, and when quite soft, pulp them and add lemon juice and sugar. Line the inside of a thickly buttered cake mold with this, and then add a layer of pulped apples, delicately seasoned with quince; over this spread another layer of chestnut paste, and again an apple layer. Squeeze over more lemon juice and bake in a quick oven. Turn out and cut in diamond shapes. Glaze with white of egg and powder with white sugar.

Early Marriages.

I, for one, am against early marriages as a general rule, and agree with much that "Land o' Cakes" says. As I am yet young I hope I do not look at the question from a prejudiced point of view; but seeing the bad trade, poverty and wretchedness that now exists in all parts of the country, and especially the Black country, with which I am more intimately connected, I am of the opinion that early marriages are to be regretted in too many instances. I do not speak from any practical knowledge of the matter, but from observation, and I have observed such things pretty closely. I must say that my ideas are decidedly against youthful unions. I knew some dozen people or so who have contracted early marriages, and I cannot say that I know of a truly happy union amongst them. It seems a miserable drag, I think, for a young man to endeavor to support a wife on perhaps \$8 or \$10 a week, and some much less. I know of many such cases. As an instance of how some young men regard the matter I may repeat what I once heard a young man remark. "Well," said he, "I am poor enough off now. I can't be any poorer if I get married, so I shall do so." This, no doubt, sounds rather harsh to sentimental people, but it is a remark that is very often expressed. "Cheshire's

early marriages shows what a happy union should be, but my opinion is that such instances are few and far between. I think that much misery could be obviated if there were fewer youthful marriages, as many young men rush into matrimony before they have anything like learned a trade and are in a position to support a wife as she should be supported.

HIS WIFE NUMBER TWO.

The Colonel Killed his First, but her Successor Proved to be the Iron-Jawed Maiden of the Circus.

Old Colonel Porterfield was a hard man. He worked his wife—a good, patient woman—to death upon his plantation. On her death bed, when too late, his eyes were opened to the great wrong he had done and he begged her forgiveness.

"It is easy enough for me to forgive," she gasped, "but my forgiveness will not cause your coming punishment to be lessened. I feel that you are going to be punished on this earth." She turned her face away from him and died.

The colonel's season of grief was not long. He soon put on his best clothes and showed himself at hog killings and other places of amusement. His friends were shocked, but said nothing. Soon there came into the neighborhood a graceful woman, Antoinette Polworth. The colonel met her and was charmed. He called on her. She received him kindly and eventually they were married.

Six months of almost unbroken happiness flew away, but now the colonel's face sometimes wore an anxious expression. His wife was not so fair as she had been, and the colonel had discovered that the waving hair which he had so much admired was sometimes at night hung on a corner of the mantel-piece. He found, also, that he had been deceived in other ways, and the spirit of revenge arose in his injured breast.

"Antoinette," the colonel one day remarked, in a voice which had lost much of its wonted gentleness, "Caroline is ill, to-day, and I want you to go out and weave jeans for the negroes. I get a good price for the stuff, and I cannot afford to see the loom idle."

"Well, then, don't look at it," Antoinette carelessly replied.

The colonel nibbled his lip and sternly said: "Woman, I want no fooliness."

"Don't have it then."

"I won't. Go out there and weave, or you'll feel the ungentle force of retributive authority."

Antoinette laughed. The colonel took hold of her nose and gave it a turn as though he would unscrew it. Antoinette put aside a stocking which she had been darning, knocked the colonel down with a lightning like slap, put one foot under him, threw him across the room, sat down and resumed her peaceful occupation. After a while the colonel sat up and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Antoinette," he feebly said.

"What, dear?"

"You needn't weave."

"Thank you, dear."

"You have convinced me that a woman should have a few rights, but, say, how did you do it? Where did you acquire the facts which you have just embodied into such an unanswerable argument?"

"Colonel," she replied, "pardon me for not sooner telling you. For many years I was the cannon-ball woman and the iron-jawed maiden in the circus. Don't get excited, dear. I shall not give you another exhibition until you attempt to get a divorce from me. Then I will take you up in my teeth and shake you."

The colonel went out, leaned against a horse block and groaned. His first wife's prediction was verified.—[Arkansas-Traveler.

Round the Earth in Twenty-four Hours.

A London paper asserts that the highest velocity yet imparted to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second, equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; thus, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

The motto of the cheap-museum proprietor—There's a dime for everything.

HERE AND THERE.

The butcher bird, a small spotted bird, resembling the common mocking bird, is the foe of the domestic canaries on the Pacific coast, and destroys numbers of them.

London has 67 hospitals, with, 6,588 beds and 56,493 patients are received annually. The number of out patients treated during the past two years exceeds one million.

Asbestos cloth has been chosen as the "jacket" for the boiler of a new locomotive built for the Boston and Albany Railway. This will not char, as does wood, and will retain more heat.

It has come to be a common practice in Irish hunts to warn the crowd against a horse that makes too free with his heels, by tying a danger signal, in the shape of a red ribbon, on his tail.

An experienced vocalist has, it is said, during fourteen years cured any number of cases of obstinate cough by prescribing the free use of raw oysters as a diet. The remedy is easily tried.

Among the features of the Colonial Exhibition in London next summer will be aquarium tanks containing as many of the fishes and marine productions of the colonies as can be brought alive to England. Turtles will be kept in one tank, and their conversation into soup become a matter of public observation and sale.

Gen. Lord Wolseley's appearance is decidedly effeminate, and when he speaks he accompanies each remark with a nervous shake of the head. He is disposed to be sociable, but is not a favorite with the "rank and file."

Connecticut has less than 1,000 miles of railway, but these carried last year seventeen and a half millions of passengers, of whom only twelve were injured. The passenger traffic of 1885 was almost 50 per cent. greater than that of 1884.

A blind boy preacher, 16 years old, is causing some excitement in Raleigh. A week ago he told his father that he had received a divine command to preach the Gospel, and would be made blind for a period of some days. On Wednesday, Jan. 13, he was smitten with blindness.

The annual emigration returns for the United Kingdom show that during 1885 264,926 persons left British and Irish ports for places out of Europe, a decrease of 38,915 compared with the previous year. Five-sixths of the Irish emigrants proceeded to the United States, as did nearly two-thirds of those of Scotch nationality, while England contributed under 74,000 of a total of nearly 127,000.

In a study upon the nature of hypnotism, M. Dajardin-Beaumont concludes that opium and its alkaloids do not produce a condition of sleep. They stupefy the faculties and induce torpor, but the brain still remains in a condition of tonic excitement. Chloral will bring about true sleep, but in large doses it has a dangerous action on the heart, causing ingestion often gives rise to gastric disorders.

In England the legal definition of beer extends to "any liquor which is made or sold as a description of beer, or as a substitute for beer, and which, on analysis of a sample thereof, shall be found to contain more than two per centum of proof spirits." Hence, an interesting commotion among a number of would-be temperance people, who suddenly found out that the "Blue Ribbon Beer" contained considerably over two per cent. of absolute alcohol.

Between the dog killers and the vivisectionists, man's canine friend has rather a hard time of it. It is pleasant to record, therefore, that M. Dubois, in his experiments as to the healthfulness of vaseline as a substitute for lard in pastry, found that dogs grew fat on it, and really enjoyed the article. In the report to the Societe de Biologie the experimenter concluded that dogs of medium weight could absorb an ounce and man four ounces of vaseline daily without injury.

House Leagues are being established in Irish towns, with the object of bringing rents to a live-and-let-live figure, and of having the residences of individuals decently provided for in a sanitary way. It is also insisted that rents shall be abated in the case of houses in towns as well as in lands, and be made subject to the decision of the Land Commissioners. This movement is meeting with some opposition, as many of the leaders of the Land League, though not owning land, are large owners of houses.

Health Department.

Health and Activity.

In reference to the recent disclosures of low conduct among the wealthy class of England, the *Medical Record* says that there can never be a large and wealthy leisure class without a considerable proportion indulging in evil passions. It adds, in substance, that such matters "are bound to occupy a large part of the thoughts and feelings of men who live high, and have nothing serious to occupy their minds; and that the existence of an unemployed wealthy class is shown by history to be always a source of danger."

The people of the Dominion are deeply interested in this matter. Never before did wealth accumulate so rapidly and to such huge proportions. Besides, we are fast getting to be a nation of towns, where everything lessens the physical and moral tone, leads to unhealthy excitements, and favors vice by concealment in the crowd. It is trite to say that the hardest and mightiest nations of antiquity perished through effeminacy and vice born of wealth, luxury and ease. But it is just that lesson which we most need to lay to heart.

Man is a balance of forces; and he is healthful, morally and physically, only as he preserves the proper balance of his activities. The appetites and sensibilities have their God-planned place, as much so as the intellectual and moral nature, but it is one of subordination to the latter. The man who makes any form of gratification, whether the love of pleasure or the love of wealth, an end, has lost his balance, and is a deranged man. It is safe to accumulate, if marked power to do so is balanced by beneficence or a controlling sense of stewardship. But the physical life must be balanced by an intelligent regard for the higher interests of ourselves and others. Ignore this, and man soon becomes a beast.

We say, then, let our youth be trained to recognize the unchangeable law and will of God as inscribed on their being; to comprehend the wonderful adjustment of their complex natures; to accept of *bona fide* work of hand, or brain, or heart, as essential to moral health. Let all bear in mind also that there is nothing worse for men, however high their social position, than to have nothing serious to do—unless it be to add thereto the incessant stimulation of their emotional susceptibilities with exciting literature.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

How to Avoid Colds.

An eminent physician gives the following reasonable and practical advice: "To be able to stand cold one must eat such kinds of food as will give plenty of heat, and must also accustom the system as much as possible to cold. Heat-forming foods are rice, sago, tapioca, potatoes, the grains of wheat, oats, barley, and especially maize. I do not recommend fat, because it is difficult of digestion, but in moderation it is useful. Oatmeal porridge, eaten with butter and sugar, forms a good cold-resisting breakfast. Then rice, with peas, barley and a little oil or fat, makes a good dinner; whilst for tea some brown bread, with butter and preserves, will do. To accustom the body to cold one must not wrap up too much, but make the body adapt itself as much as possible to the cold. The human system possesses in the brain a centre for the government of the heat of the body, by which it is always kept at one uniform heat. If we heat our bodies by hot drinks, heaps of clothes, hot rooms, etc., we give this centre little to do. But if we expose the body to cold air, take our food nearly cold, and do not clothe too heavily, we keep this in good condition, and it will keep the body warm if we give it the necessary food, and is ready for sudden exposures. The body can be accustomed to cold by means of air-baths or exposing the nude body to the air. This can be done by taking exercise at the same time, and so no cold will be felt. In connection with heaps of clothes, I may say that I have cured two or three weak chests by making the persons throw aside the chest-protectors (which are a snare) and sponge the chest daily. When cold do not rush to the fire, but take a sharp run, stamp the feet, and throw the arms across the chest, making the fingers hit the back—like cabmen do.

Avoid hot fluids, of tea and soups, which give a fleeting feeling of warmth. They are very good if you want to restore a numb person. But if you are not much in the open air take your food nearly cold, and the system will then supply the required heat, and you will find you can stand the cold much better than if you took hot drinks."

Hurry.

Some men are in incessant action, early and late and all through the day. They have no time for family or friends. As for holidays, the less for them the better. They have inherited a nervous temperament, and are doing just the wrong thing with it—allowing it to hurry them to an untimely end. They wear themselves out. Their brain is ever in a state of morbid activity almost like that of an insane man.

To all such we say: Early learn to use restraint, or, in spite of all later volitions, your momentum will steadily increase, and sooner or later there will be a break-down. The more nervous the temperament, the greater the need of husbanding the nervous energy by intelligent self control, by appropriate diversions and by frequent seasons of absolute rest. The machinery may be of iron, but it needs to come to a stand-still at times.

Many persons, not of a nervous temperament, specially hurry at their meals. They have vigorous appetites, and they eat voraciously. Now, swine can do this safely, for they have vigorous digestion, and have nothing to do but to digest what they eat. It is otherwise with human beings. That kind monitor "enough" is seldom heard in season by those who eat in a hurry. Rapid eating is generally excessive eating, with, in due time, dyspepsia, "bilious attacks," liver complaints and gout. Besides, not only health, but the good of all concerned, demands that the meal time should be one of restful leisure, pleasant interchange of thought, and social cheer.

Many persons hurry to catch the departing ferry-boat or cars. They barely get aboard by hard running—or perhaps just fall. Such acts may start a heart-quake, or increase one already started, or precipitate it to a fatal termination. The *London Lancet*, giving an account of two recent deaths from hurry and exertion, one a young man of twenty, the other a girl of sixteen, adds, "How often has hurry to catch a train, or some other sudden exertion, throwing extra work on a dilated, fatty, or otherwise diseased heart, resulted in fatal syncope!" Remember, people often have heart-troubles without knowing it.

Eating in the Evening.

One of the popular errors of this country is that which regards eating heartily in the evening as detrimental to health. Almost any one can find a score of persons among his acquaintances who have dinner at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon because they are unwilling, later in the day, to trust their stomachs with anything more solid than tea and toast. If they go abroad they look upon the eating, on board the steamer, of Welsh rabbit and the like, at 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening, with much the same horror that they would regard an excessive use of liquor. But when once brought fairly into contact with foreign habits, say English dinners at 8 and German suppers at 10 p. m., they usually fall back on the supposition that the usage of several generations has fitted the digestive organs of foreigners to bear this excessive strain. One very worthy American lady dismissed a native doctor in Paris as confessedly incompetent because he recommended for some dyspeptic trouble that she should eat a hearty meal some two hours before going to bed. Fortunately his successor took the same stand, and though she considered the method of treatment as wholly wrong she was persuaded into following it, and, what is more, was cured in spite of herself. If our physicians would make this matter of diet more of a study it would fully repay them. It cannot be that we are differently organized from our brethren across the water, and hence what long experience has shown to be healthful for them cannot prove otherwise for us. The strain which our Canadian habits of eating puts upon the physical system is, that it crowds the two really life-giving meals of the day, breakfast and dinner, too close together and then leaves the body to fast for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Chilblains.

The treatment of chilblains is both general and local. The health must be carefully attended to. Tonics may be freely administered—cod-liver oil, iron, and quinine are very beneficial—combined with a liberal diet. The parts which are the seat of chilblains must be kept thoroughly warm, and the chill should also be encouraged to take as much exercise as possible. The stockings must be woolen and the boots or gloves warm and roomy, so as not to compress the hands or feet. The parts may be further stimulated by rubbing, and it is often advisable to use some mild, stimulating liniment—such as soap liniment or ammonia liniment. Spirits of any kind, such as brandy or gin, may be employed for rubbing the parts. When the chilblains become broken the parts must be kept at rest, and it may be necessary to apply poultices or warm water dressing for a time, until the discharge has ceased. The best dressing for them after this period is a mild stimulating ointment spread upon a soft rag. Resin ointment or ointment of the oxide of zinc are both very useful.

The Princesse de Lamballe.

One of the most tragic stories of the French Revolution is that of the Princesse de Lamballe, the wife of a great-grandson of Louis XIV., and the cherished friend of Marie Antoinette. Left a widow at the age of nineteen, she devoted herself to the queen, and engaged in various charitable schemes. A contemporary describes her as being a "sweet, kind, obliging woman, incapable of an evil thought."

When the black cloud of revolution and anarchy descended upon the kingdom, the princess hastened to the side of the queen, having been previously with her father-in-law in the country. On the evening when Louis XVI. took flight with his family, she also took flight, crossed the channel to Dover, and went thence to Aix-la-Chapelle, where she remained to watch the progress of events. The news from Paris became more hopeless, the queen's letters more despairing, and Madame de Lamballe more her will, and set out for France. She had new irrevocably cast in her lot with that of the royal family.

Having so recently been in Germany, where it was supposed she had carried on communication with the exiled nobility, who were there plotting to invade their country, she was from the first subjected to the suspicions of the Republican party.

When Louis XVI., with his family, quitted his palace, to seek the treacherous protection of the Assembly, Madame de Lamballe accompanied them. With them she was placed in the prison of the Temple, whence, with two other ladies, she was taken to the *Hotel de Ville*, to undergo an examination on the charge of carrying on a secret correspondence. They were then transferred to the prison of *La Force*.

The end was not far away. One morning the princess lay trembling in her solitary cell, when the door was thrown open, and two rough-looking men, in the uniform of the National Guard, entered, and ordered her to get up and prepare to accompany them.

Leaving on the arm of one of the guards, she descended to the prison hall, where the men acting as judges were seated. The room was filled with armed executioners, whose hands, faces, and garments were stained with blood. From the gateway came the roars of the mob, calling for fresh victims. Twice the poor princess fainted before she could be made to undergo an examination, which ran thus:

"Your name!"

"Marie Louise, Princess of Savoy."

"Your condition!"

"Superintendante of the queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies at Court on the tenth of August?"

"If there were any conspiracies on the tenth of August, I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king and queen and royalty."

"I will take the first oath, but not the last. It is not in my heart."

Here some one standing near whispered,—

"Swear, then, or you're a dead woman!" The prisoner made no reply, and one of the judges gave the usual signal for dismissal, saying,—

"Let madame be set at liberty."

Two of the men caught her by either arm and led her out between them, with the probable intention of saving her if they could.

Once outside, in the midst of the mob, in sight of the ground strewn with corpses, in hearing of yells for blood, her senses again forsook her, and she fell backward between her conductors.

Instantly she received on the head a blow from a bludgeon; this was followed by a stroke from a sabre, and this by a rain of pike-thrusts, which brought her bleeding to the ground.

The last scene in the sad tragedy was the display outside the queen's window, by the mad populace, of the Princess de Lamballe's head, borne aloft on a pike.

BIG THINGS.

The most remarkable artificial echo known is that of the castle of Simonette, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

The most remarkable whirlpool is the maelstrom of the northwest coast of Norway and southwest of Moskenesod, the most southerly of the Lofoden Isles. It was once supposed to be unfathomable, but the depth has been shown not to exceed twenty fathoms.

The biggest diamond in the world, if, indeed, it be a diamond, is the Braganza, which forms a part of the Portuguese crown jewels. It weighs 1,860 carats. However, not a little doubt exists as to its being a diamond, as the government has never allowed it to be tested. It was found in Brazil in 1741.

Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that of the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, which repeats a sound seventeen times.

The greatest cataract in the world is that of Niagara. The Horseshoe fall, on the Canadian side, has a perpendicular descent of 158 feet. The height of the American fall is 167 feet. The Horseshoe fall, which carries a larger volume of water than the American fall, is about 600 yards wide, and extends from the Canadian shore to Goat Island.

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese wall, built by the Emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers, and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles.

The largest tested, but uncut, diamond is the Manhattan, belonging to the Rajah of Mattan in Borneo. It is of pure water, weighs 287 carats, and is of pear shape, indented at the thick end. It was found about 1760 at Landark, in Borneo. It has been the cause of a sanguinary war. Before it was cut the Kohinoor, which is one of the English crown jewels, was the largest tested diamond. It then weighed 793 carats. When in possession of the Emperor Aurangzeb it was reduced, by unskillful cutting, to 186 carats. During the Sikh mutiny it was captured by British troops and presented to Queen Victoria. It was recut and now weighs 106 1-6 carats.

Curious Clocks.

Of the various novelties in clock construction none have excited more general interest, perhaps, than those which consist of a plain glass dial suspended by a fine thread or wire, having the motive power—an ordinary watch movement—concealed in the central boss of the hands, or in the enlarged counterbalance of one of them. Another contrivance in this line of note consists of two circular plates of glass, mounted in a metal frame or border, and connected by a slender column, or foot, to a pedestal. In these the figures are marked on the front plate, the hands being attached to the back plate, which is cemented to a brass rim, toothed as a crown wheel, and driven by a pinion, the stem of which rises from the works in the pedestal. The necessary hour wheels, to give differential motion of the hands, are hidden between the centre bosses of the hands and the brass washer on the back plate. Where three glass plates are used, the short and long hands are fixed to the second and third plates, and two pinions drive the toothed rims of these two plates.

THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,
TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

"It was a natural mistake, my child," he said, smiling. "But why did you not tell me in so many words?"

"How could I?" Clara said, pitifully. "When I said, 'I know all' you seemed pained and shocked. I thought you tacitly acknowledged your guilt."

"And I thought you had penetrated my disguise, and were furious at the deception," said Sir Grant. "So we were at cross purposes, Clara. Even then I could not understand how the dear, generous girl who had spoken so sweetly that night could be so indignant."

"Sir Grant, will you forgive me?" faltered Clara.

"Certainly not, until you ask me properly," he answered, smiling.

"Properly!" and the blood mounted to her sweet, startled face.

"Yes, properly. Did I call you Miss Frith?"

"Yes, you did once," Clara said, with a little tremulous quiver of her lips.

"Did I? I beg your pardon, Clara," he answered, smiling. "What relation will my mother's daughter be to me?"

The deep rose-red faded, and Clara lifted her startled, wondering eyes to his.

"Is she not my dear little sister?" he continued, softly. "Shall it be so, Clara?"

"If you will, Sir Grant," the girl said, very tremulously.

"Does the relationship not please you, Clara?" he queried, smiling. "Why, what a little chameleon you are, my child! You go from white to red, and from red to white again, with astounding rapidity! Pray, may I ask you when you wrote this note?"

As he spoke he held up before her eyes the note which she had written that morning to "Richard Burke, Esq." Clara flushed, and made an eager movement to obtain possession of it, but Sir Grant lifted it far out of her reach.

"Not a bit of it, mademoiselle," he said, gayly. "A letter when it leaves the possession of its writer, becomes the property of the person to whom it is addressed."

"Where did you get it?" asked Clara, looking the picture of distress and embarrassment.

"I found it in my mother's boudoir; you had dropped it there."

"Give it to me, please—oh, please give it to me!" she said, entreatingly.

"We will read it together," he answered, smiling, and drew her over to the sofa, making her sit down beside him.

"But it is dinner-time," stammered Clara.

"Greedy little mortal! I have asked my mother to put it back for half an hour, he answered, smiling. "Turn your face toward me, Clara."

But Clara could not; and as he sat beside her, Grant Ellison could see how the color rose hotly to the roots of her hair.

"Won't you look at me, Clara? Won't you see how I look when I read your first, and I hope your last, letter to me?—for I never mean to let you out of my sight in future long enough for a letter to be exchanged!"

Clara began to breathe more freely. She had not thought he loved her, but the tenderness in his voice could not be mistaken. He had forgiven her—he was not angry with her, then, for her cruel thoughts of him. Very shyly she turned and put her hand in his.

Grant smiled tenderly, and, folding his arm around her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"That is infinitely more comfortable!" he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "My little foolish darling! how can I punish you for all your naughtiness? Do you know that I followed you to Greymere?"

"You?"

"Yes. I was there when you were ill. Mrs. Franklin kept the secret nobly, and, with admirable diplomacy, managed to fathom the mystery of your animosity against Richard Burke."

"Then she knew who you were all the time?"

"Yes. The morning you left Fetherstone Hall, Mr. Fetherstone, whom I had told who I was, advised me to speak to my mother. He said that 'joy never kills'; and Lady Mary, who was all kindness and sympathy, prepared my mother gently for the news. I cannot speak of that meeting yet even to you," he continued, huskily; "but it was not very long before your name was mentioned, and then I told my mother of your strange conduct to me. We could not understand it, especially after the permission—you meant it as one, did you not, love?—you had given me to woo and win you if I could, and the love you owned once you felt for me. Then, just as my mother was on the point of writing to you to tell you everything, the news of your illness came. I started at once for Greymere, and I am afraid worried Dr. Watson dreadfully during the few days I was there. He was very good, however, and I suppose you won his heart, as you do most people, my Clara, for he did not seem to think my infatuation by any means astonishing. I only left Greymere when you were on the high road to recovery; and, when I arrived at Fetherstone Hall, I found that my mother had made up her mind to go up to London, and submit to the operation on her eyes."

"That was for your sake," said Clara. "I had often begged her to do so in vain."

"Are you jealous?" said Sir Grant, laughing, as he bent down to look into the sweet brown eyes which drooped beneath his ardent gaze. "You have given me many a jealous pang, Clara, so it is only fair that I should make you a little jealous, though it be only of my mother!"

"When did I make you jealous?" said Clara, a little eagerly. "Please tell me!"

"At Fetherstone Hall."

"How?" she asked.

"By sundry and manifold flirtations," he answered, smiling. "You are a sad coquette, my Clara! And by intense interest in the post-bag."

"Was that all?" she said, as the pretty head nestled against his shoulder.

"All! You are cool, Miss Frith!"

"Am I?" said Clara, who was recovering her wonted spirits in the happiness of the present. "Please go on."

"With what? The story, or the—"

"With the story," hastily answered Clara.

"Only? Well, the kisses must come after. We kept the secret from you, dear," he continued, tenderly; "and just after the operation had been successfully performed, Mrs. Franklin's letter came, telling me that you suspected me of—Must I not say it, darling? The mistake was a very natural one."

"It was a most unnatural one!" she said, vehemently. "I wonder how you could bear the sight of me?"

"I manage to do so pretty well," he answered, laughingly. "But I think this little note had something to do with mollifying me. Shall we read it, Clara?"

"If you like," she answered, shyly, and hid her eyes upon his breast.

Sir Grant unfolded the note and began to read it, commenting on each sentence separately.

"Will it be any excuse for my strange conduct to you that it cost me far crueler suffering than anything I could do or say could inflict upon you? How could you possibly know that, little girl? Had I not shown my love plainly enough? What did you want me to do?"

"O, Grant! please—"

"Please what?" said Grant, gayly. "Go on? Yes, with pleasure. I was under a very terrible mistake, for which you may find it hard to forgive me. Do you think I shall find it hard, Clara?"

"I do not know," Clara answered, demurely.

"If I try I may succeed at last," he said, returning to the letter. "When I was wronging you most, when I was saying the hardest, bitterest things to you, then I loved you best. Did you, Clara? Did you, my darling? And for the sake of that love

forgive me, and if you think of me let it be kindly." If I think of you, Clara! Did you think that little outburst of feminine wrath would make me forget you?"

"It might have made you hate me."

"Might it? We shall in all probability never meet again, and I cannot explain the mistake to you, but, deeply as you must have despised me in your heart—did I, Clara? Does a man despise what he loves with all his heart and soul and strength?—'I merited your contempt,' did you, sweetest? Then you never got your deserts?"

"Never!" said Clara, softly, lifting her face for a moment. "Never?"

"Not for one moment. Shall I finish the note, Clara? And you bore with me only too patiently. I hope you may be very happy always. Do you hope so, sweet? Then it is in your power easily to make me so."

"Is it?" she lifted her head eagerly, and raised the sweet eyes to his. "Is it? Can I do so, Grant? If I can—if I can make you forget the past—I shall be so happy. Do you think I can?"

"I am sure so, Clara; will you? My darling, I am so much older, so much graver, my life has been such a hard one. Do you think you will be happy with me? Will my love be sufficient? Will you never regret?"

"Regret! O, Grant! earth could give me no happier fate; the future could hold nothing half so precious for me as to love and be loved by you."

There was no shyness in her manner now. She was very pale, but the sweet, earnest eyes were raised to his fully and unflinchingly, and all the deep love welling up in her heart trembled on her lips.

"You believe me, do you not? You know I love you—not a little—but with all my heart and soul. O, Grant, Grant!"

"My darling—my darling!" he murmured, passionately, and drew her to his breast, pressing his lips to hers in one long, lingering, passionate kiss.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY ELLISON'S DAUGHTER.

Presently, when the first great thrill of joy had had time to subside, Clara said, softly:

"When did you first care for me, Grant?"

"When I saw you coming down stairs leading my mother," he answered, smiling.

"My heart went out to you then and there, and, Clara, if you had not proved to be free—if when I asked you the question you had answered me in the negative, instead of uttering that sweet, soft 'yes,' I should have gone back to New South Wales without ever having disclosed my incognito."

"Ah! how cruel to poor mother!"

"Would it have been! You almost sent me back, Clara. Only for Ted telling me he had found you in a dead faint on the floor, from which I augured a little favorably, I should have left Fetherstone Hall that evening."

"I am very glad I fainted," said Clara, smiling; then she added, with a little shudder: "It was so terrible—so terrible, Grant. And you were so good and patient. I wonder," she glanced up merrily, "that you did not box my ears!"

"You had not given me the right to do so then," he answered, smiling, and Clara laughed.

There was a long, happy silence then—a silence which can only exist between two persons who love and understand each other thoroughly. Clara was the first to break it.

"Grant," she said, softly.

"My dearest!"

"May I ask you a question?"

"A hundred, love, if it pleases you."

"The day after the ball, why did you go away? Do you remember? You went away with Mr. John Fetherstone?"

"And a certain young lady of my acquaintance thought I had gone to dispose of the stolen—"

But Clara's hand on his lips prevented the end of the sentence being spoken, and her voice said, imperatively:

"Where did you go, Grant?"

"I will tell you, dear. The answer you had given my question the night before had made me very happy; but before I dared ask you to become my wife I wished to make quite sure that the person who had borne my name was really dead."

"So you went?"

"I went to Trelaron, dear, with Mr. John Fetherstone, and I saw the rector and his wife. They gave me fullest details, and

took me to the place where they laid her."

Clara pressed his hand gently.

"I asked about her sister, who had been wrecked with her. She had completely recovered, and had left Trelaron. They had never heard of her again," said Sir Grant, quietly. "I think, however, she had given the Farrells a very garbled account of her sister's history. When I introduced myself as Grant Ellison, they received me most cordily, and it was only when John Fetherstone told them part of the truth that they were friendly. They are very charming people, Clara. Some day, if you will, I will take you there."

Another silence; not such a protracted one this time, for Clara, glancing at the clock, saw the hand was travelling swiftly toward eight o'clock.

"May I ask you something else, Grant?" she said, timidly.

"Say on, my darling."

"You will not be angry? but—do you love me as much as you cared for her?"

Grant smiled a little—the question did not displease him—he felt how natural it was.

"You told me how beautiful she was," the girl said, wistfully; "and how deeply you loved her—"

"My darling," he answered, with grave tenderness, "it is true that I loved her with a mad, absorbing passion, which, had she been worthy, would never have died out; but by her own act she killed it. It was a boy's love, too, Clara; not the strong devotion of a man's heart, such as I have given you."

He drew her toward him, looking down fondly on the fair young face, into the happy, innocent, adoring eyes lifted to his.

"Do you know that I am a very poor man, Clara; that I have no right to woo such an heiress—"

"O, Grant!" the girl cried, interrupting him, "I have nothing. It is all yours. Sir Douglas would have made it yours had he lived, I am sure. You will take it from me, will you not? My darling, say you will."

And Sir Grant's eyes were dim as he drew her fondly toward him, and pressed his lips long and tenderly on her white brow.

"Can you two young people condescend to anything so prosaic as dinner?" said Lady Ellison's voice behind them, and Clara started up and ran to her, blushing and trembling.

"O, mother—mother!" she cried, in a voice of such true, heartfelt happiness, that Lady Ellison's eyes shone with delight, as, turning to Grant, she thanked him in her sweet, soft tones, for giving her a little daughter of her own to love.

"She is doubly my own child now," she said, smiling, as she took her son's arm; and Clara followed them into the dining-room—all three in far too blissful a condition to think of the ruined fish and destroyed entrees.

"Ill news travels apace," says an old and true proverb, but sometimes good news flies about the world in the same expeditious manner. Before many days had elapsed, the family at Fetherstone Hall had been made acquainted with the fact of Clara's engagement to Sir Grant Ellison, and Sylvia wondering whether they would be married on the same day as her brother and herself.

"A triple wedding would be quite a novelty," she said, gayly. "I will write to Clara this very day and suggest it."

"My dear child, it is quite impossible," said Lady Mary, laughing. "Sir Grant will have to be married from Charnock, and so will Clara."

"Of course," laughed Ted, "as they are going to be married to each other."

"I mean that, in any case, Clara would have to be married from Charnock, to which she is heiress," Lady Mary said, smiling.

"And as she is going to marry Grant Ellison, their's a very decided objection to her being married at the same time and place as Charles Dashwood and myself," said Ted, gravely.

"Why?" queried Sylvia, curiously.

"My dear child, the reason is evident; Charles and myself are decidedly fine-looking fellows—handsome specimens of the genus homo, and our entirely different styles set each other off to perfection; but I have not the slightest idea of being thrown entirely into the background by that magnificent giant of Clara's."

"Then you are not going to invite him to your wedding," said Sylvia, laughing.

"Oh! yes! but then he will only be playing second fiddle, and no one will tak

much heed of him—except Clara herself, perhaps."

"What a conceited fellow you are, Ted!" said Gracie, laughing. "I am discovering a new quality every day."

"Fare my blushes," said Ted, appealingly. "I expressed Charlie's feelings as well as my own, I am sure."

"Besides, from what Lady Ellison says, they will not be married until the spring, so that Clara will be able to fulfill her old promise of being your bride-maid, Sylvia," said Lady Mary. "And if Ted is not afraid of being eclipsed, it would be only civil for him to ask Sir Grant to be 'best man.'"

"That is a happy thought, *madre*," said Ted, laughing. "Gracie, are you sure that he will not make you regret having bestowed your affections on such an insignificant-looking mortal as myself, when you see him towering over my head?"

"I thought you were a decidedly fine-looking fellow—a handsome specimen of the *genus homo*," said Miss Allen, saucily; upon which Ted laughingly threatened her with condign punishment, and carried her off with him to the library to "assist in the composition of a letter, entreating Sir Grant Ellison to shed the light of his countenance upon the approaching wedding."

The double wedding from Featherstone Hall was a very brilliant affair, with handsome, radiant bridegrooms, and pretty, blushing brides, while the speeches were most felicitous. Clara, in her bride-maid's dress, looked so distractingly lovely, that Sir Grant began to repent of a promise he had given her to wait till the spring for the consummation of his own happiness; and when the brides and bridegrooms had departed, amid the usual showers of rice and white satin shppers, he managed to inveigle Clara out on the terrace, where they had stood on the evening of another wedding-day, nearly four months previously.

"I must not keep you here so long as I did then," he said, fondly, as he drew her hand through his arm and they leaned over the balustrade. "Then it was December in my heart and August everywhere else; now it is August in my heart, although the winter reigns everywhere else."

Clara laughed.

"You are getting poetical, Grant."

"Am I, darling? In my old age! Clara, it is a long time until May."

"Only five months, dear, and they will pass very quickly."

"Five months! Twenty long weeks! But situated as I am, Clara, it is an eternity!"

"Situated as you are, Grant! I thought you were so happy," she said, smiling.

"Happy?—yes; but you see how exacting happiness makes me," he answered, looking down at the sweet face upturned to his. "I want to be happier still. Clara, take pity on me, darling, and shorten my probation."

And then he pleaded, eagerly and passionately, for an earlier date to be fixed for the wedding; pleading his long, long years of misery as an excuse for his impatience, and urging all his love and tenderness as reasons for her yielding.

Clara, who loved him far too passionately to deny him anything, promised that it should be as he wished; and Grant, as he thanked her rapturously, little thought how long he should have to wait for the happiness which seemed so near to him now.

And the week after Lady Ellison, her son and Clara, traveled up to London on troussseau thoughts intent; and for a few weeks Clara lived in a whirl of dressmakers' and milliners' engagements, which sorely disturbed her *finance's* equilibrium; but to which he was obliged to submit.

CHAPTER XXIII.
ADELAIDE CHESTER.

A pretty morning-room, with rose-colored hangings covered with white lace; low, luxurious easy-chairs; a bright wood-fire on the hearth; a faint, overpowering smell of flowers from various bouquets placed on every available receptacle, and a profusion of china ornaments and knickknacks, and all those other trifles with which a woman loves to surround herself. This pretty, gilded, rose-hung nest is on the ground floor of a perfect little villa in the neighborhood of London, and its presiding deity—a fitting one—is the woman seated in a low arm-chair before the fire, sipping her chocolate languidly from an exquisite *à la carte* service of Sevres which stands on a small table by her side.

She is a woman in the prime of her womanly beauty, and although she has passed the Rubicon of thirty years, she has never been more lovely than she is now. Her eyes are dark and lustrous; her hair, coiled and elaborately arranged in a mass of curls and plaits, is of that rich black like the wing of some forest-bird, which is rarely met with among the golden-tressed damsels of our "merrie" England; her complexion is dazzlingly clear and beautiful, her features perfect; while her dress, a satin faced and trimmed morning robe of a pale maize color; is fashioned so as to do the fullest justice to a form as perfect as the face. Wonderfully, marvellously beautiful, hers is a face to drive men wild with admiration and love.

Do you recognize her, reader mine? Perhaps not. It would be difficult to recall her, in her proud, glowing loveliness, as the woman who was carried insensible into the rectory, at Trelaron nearly three years ago, pale, still, and motionless, and yet beautiful, with a beauty which had aroused all the admiration of the gentle young wife who had tended her then. Then she called herself Harriet Bentley—now she is known as Adelaide Chester, the most beautiful woman and most successful actress in all London.

It is she whom people's eyes follow as eagerly in the park as the driver by in her dainty victoria, with its pair of high-stepping ponies; it is she whom multitudes crowd to see night after night at the theatre which is fortunate enough to have secured her services; it is she who sets the fashion; whom painters long to paint; whom men surround and worship, and who breaks hearts with as little concern as she breaks biscuits for her tiny Maltese dog lying on the velvet cushion at her feet.

Strange stories are afloat in society about Adelaide Chester; and yet she is a woman who is far too careful of her reputation to give any open grounds for the reports circulated about her. Not one of her numerous admirers can boast of receiving any special mark of favor from her; she treats all alike with that proud, careless disdain and indifference which repels while it attracts. But the secret of her power lies in this. When her lips are speaking those cold, careless, disdainful words, her eyes—the soft, lustrous, witching eyes—are telling a different story; and when, after reducing a man to despair by her indifference, she dismisses him with a caressing pressure of her tiny hand and a sudden little smile, seen by him only, she knows that he is more deeply entangled in her toils than if she had surfeited him with sweets.

No woman living is possessed by a more devouring passion for admiration and adulation than Adelaide Chester. One thing only does she prize higher, and that is wealth, to obtain which is the one object of her soulless life. For wealth she exploits her loveliness nightly on the boards; for wealth she studies to make herself an adept in her profession, succeeding as well as any woman who has no real love for it can possibly do; for wealth she sings and dresses and dances; and for wealth, accompanied by a little gold circlet jeweled a wedding-ring, is she ready to sell herself to the highest bidder.

Lying back in her softly-cushioned arm-chair, sipping her chocolate languidly, Miss Chester glances occasionally at the clock—a valuable Louis XIV. time-piece—(Miss Chester loves antiquities; she knows they never fail to obtain a large price in this *bric-a-brac* loving age) which marks the hour of eleven. A few minutes elapse, and, with a little frown of impatience on her white brow, she sets down the pretty Sevres-cup, and takes up a *Court Journal* lying at her elbow. Glancing over it indifferently, she finds a glowing critique on her own loveliness and excellent acting in the last piece in which she has played; and, having read it attentively, frowned a little at the encomiums the writer accords to another actress who appears in the same comedy, Miss Chester turns to the marriage announcements. "The Duke of Heathland and Miss Robson," she comments lightly. "Well, I might have been Madame la Duchesse had I so chosen, but a poor duchess has not a good time of it. I suppose Miss Robson has a large dot. Lord Pomeroy and Miss Arundel—he was rich enough if he had come to the point, but he never did," she adds, with a slight laugh. "Ah, what is this?"

She scans the paper attentively for a minute or two, then bursts into a long, merry, silvery peal of laughter, in the midst of which the door opens quietly, and a gentle man enters the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE NEW BABY.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Chubby face
Full of grace,
Comf. little glances;
Glad surprise,
Roguish eyes,
Making sweet advances.

Ruby feet,
Small and neat,
With dainty little toes;
Snug and warm,
Safe from harm,
Done up in fancy hose!

Gaily dress'd,
In her best,
Just like a fairy queen;

Tiny hands,
Satin bands,
We're proud of her, I ween!

Kick and crow,
Stretch and grow,
Looks bigger every day!
Not a care
Nestles there,
But angel smiles away!

God above,
Full of love,
Sent this little stranger;
Now we pray,
Every day,
Shield her from all danger.

Adapted to the Listener.

It is sometimes necessary to translate plain language into the terms most familiar to one's hearer. The story is an old one of the clever lawyer who, for the benefit of a sailor among the jury, at once turned his description of a collision between two vehicles into nautical language. The juror was convinced, and the case won. An exchange gives the following:

An Irish witness was one day undergoing examination in court, regarding some personal injuries sustained by him. "And were you stunned when you were knocked down?" asked a lawyer.

"Was I what, yer Honor?"

"Stunned."

"Sure, an' I don't know what ye mane, yer Honor."

"Were you rendered insensible?"

"An' what is insensible?"

The lawyer was shrugging his shoulders in despair at the stupidity of the witness, when a jurymen rose, and asked to be allowed to interrogate him.

"Did they kill ye, now, Pat?"

"Sure, an' they did intirely, yer Honor," promptly returned Pat.

Vegetable Lace

How many Colonists of even old standing are aware that there is a lace-producing tree in New Zealand? A tree, which, when the outer bark is stripped off, presents to view a fibrous network resembling lace. This in its turn can be peeled away, and by women of an ingenious turn of mind, utilized for ornamental purposes. A favorite use to which it has been put is that of bonnets; in the exhibition there is a specimen of one, made, I believe, in Nelson. Like many more exhibits, unfortunately, there is no name visible. In Nelson the tree is very common, and as a consequence little value is attached to its natural lace, though at one time "bark bonnets" were quite the fashion in that pretty district. It is to be regretted that it was not deemed worth while to show more of the lace-bark as it was stripped from the parent tree; as it is, the exhibit is an interesting one.

On the door-plate of a Brooklyn residence may be read: "Mrs. Gibbs, elocutionist, poetess, washer and ironer." The washer and ironer—probable support the elocutionist and poetess.

HOW THE CREES BANQUETED ME.

I was a member of the first Red River Expedition, under General Wolseley, in 1870, and in the year following my discharge was further seized with the spirit of adventure. Purchasing an "out-fit," consisting of an Indian pony, a cart, tent, and stock of provisions, I started from Manitoba for the Great Plains of the Saskatchewan, and on arriving at Fort Edmonton concluded to pass a year with the Half-breed buffalo hunters and Indians, establishing my wintering post at Saddle Lake, on the north side of the upper Saskatchewan, about ninety miles northwest of Fort Pitt.

Joining a party of French Half-breeds, I left Saddle Lake in October, 1872, on a buffalo hunt, to procure a supply of meat for the winter's use.

After crossing the North Saskatchewan, and arriving at the Great Plains, buffalo were met with in vast numbers, and we soon filled twenty-seven carts, but a severe and protracted snowstorm caught us while sojourning in the Cree camp under the leadership of Chief Little Pine, who was poisoned in Poundmaker's camp ten days before the Cutknife fight of last summer. Owing to the stormy weather we were compelled to remain in camp for over a week.

The lodges were pitched on the sheltered side of a hill, from the summit of which bands of buffalo could be seen feeding, and ample supplies of food were brought in daily by the squaws, who went out with dog-trains after the hunters had made a "run." No settlers or mounted police had then appeared on the plains, and the Indians were living in their primitive way, hunting, feasting, and dancing, enjoying the present, and caring nought for the morrow.

Although this was a camp of the Crees, several Blackfeet were visiting it, the two tribes, for a wonder, being at peace, in consequence of the terrible havoc made in the ranks of both by the smallpox, which had raged on the plains during the previous year.

For several days I had been hunting with the Indians and feeding on the fresh meat, humps, and marrow bones, when, early one morning, I determined to go out alone on a "still hunt," hoping to get near enough to a herd to send a bullet through the fattest animal in it. As my arrangements were about completed, and I had donned my dressed-skin hunting shirt, powder horn and bullet pouch, Chief Little Pine entered the lodge, and, noticing my movements, asked Johnny Pritchard, one of the Metis, to request me to remain, as some of my Indian friends intended visiting me that morning. Unwillingly I complied, and soon had good cause to regret that I had done so.

Little Pine's lodge, in which I was living, was a very large and commodious one, well lined with ornamented dressed buffalo skins, to ward off the draughts which entered beneath the walls, and liberally supplied with warm robes, strewn about on the ground, for use as "chairs" and beds.

Johnny Pritchard, who has since become famous as the preserver of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, at Frog Lake, was with me in the lodge, and was the only person, besides myself, in the camp who could speak English. Johnny proved a good, honest, warm-hearted fellow during the long period in which he was connected with me.

Soon after Little Pine's entrance the skin door of the lodge was pushed aside, and the medicine man of the camp made his appearance, bearing under his arm his stock-in-trade, rolled up in a dressed wolf skin. Seating himself beside me, after shaking hands, he untied his roll, and, amongst other articles, produced a large redstone pipe, into which he fitted a long carved and ornamented wooden stem, and placed it before him on two sticks.

Presently the skin door was again opened, and two Indians came in. One of these was old Bent Reed, who had constituted himself a sort of protector and general guide to me in my wanderings amongst the many lodges, of all sizes, composing the camp. He it was who introduced me to the dance tent, and every lodge wherein a feast was under way. He had a wonderful nose, and could tell to a moment when the hump, marrow bone, or hip, which was to be the crowning dish of the meal, was cooked to a turn, and the host only awaited our presence to place it on the ground before us. The other individual was Dog Tail, whose days before had, with much ceremonial feasting and painkiller drinking, adopted me as his brother.

They had scarcely seated themselves, cross-legged, on the robes spread around the open fire, which burned in the centre of the lodge, when a crowd of Indians appeared and filled every available inch of space. They all appeared to be in the best of humor, laughing and joking, while casting many admiring and expectant glances at two large copper kettles which had been brought in and placed near the fire in front of the medicine man. Old Bent Reed chuckled and nudged me many times, while I wondered what it all meant.

An odor of boiled meat came from the kettles, mingled with a strangely fragrant, sweet smell, which pervaded the lodge, and convinced me that it was some special dish of tidbits cooked for my benefit. So it afterwards proved to be, but of a nature quite different from what I expected.

The old medicine man now slowly, and with much deliberation and care, cut some tobacco and filled the big pipe, the Indians meanwhile preserving a perfect silence. Taking a coal from the fire—I never saw an Indian light his pipe from a flame when he could get a live coal—he ignited the tobacco with two or three long-drawn inhalations, and blew a cloud of smoke to each of the four cardinal points, the sky and the earth, after each puff pointing the pipe-stem in the same direction.

Following this ceremony came a short oration, after which the pipe was passed from hand to hand, until all present had taken from it a whiff of smoke. As soon as all had participated in this observance the ashes were carefully shaken from the bowl, which was again placed in form before the medicine man, who at once began to deliver a mighty discourse. With much gesticulation and many apparent appeals to his audience for approval, he spoke rapidly and harmoniously.

My situation was far from pleasant, though after the pipe had been passed I was quite at ease as to their pacific intentions. I understood a little of the Cree language, but could only follow the general drift of the remarks made, interlarded, as they were, by copious signs and gesticulations.

The discourse was quite lengthy, and, as afterwards fully interpreted to me by Johnny, was to the effect that the white men who had lately come into their country were appearing on the plains, hunting the Indian's buffalo, and that some envoy should be sent by the Good Mother to explain to them what it all meant. I, as the first Canadian who had visited them under the new order of things, was very welcome, as I acted as a friend and brother. I could kill all the buffalo I required for food, but I was to tell the Great Chiefs on my return home that no more hunters should come to the plains until a message was sent explaining all the things that were then dark to them. They hoped I would tell my people all these words.

A chorus of "How! How! How!" followed every appeal the medicine man made to the orole of half-naked and battle-scarred warriors. At the close of his oratorical effort he again shook hands with me, sat down with a self-satisfied air, and immediately turned his attention to the contents of the kettles simmering over the fire.

I made them a short speech through my interpreter, explaining that, having been told of their country, I had come to visit them and hunt the buffalo for a season, and strongly advised them to close their ears to the voices of any bad men, who would endeavor to make them believe that the Good Mother would take from them their hunting-grounds or send men to run lines about their grounds without first getting their consent and holding treaties with them. I assured them I would faithfully bear their message to the Great Chief at the settlement (Winnipeg), who represented the Good Mother. This promise I honestly kept the following summer, when I had an interview with Lieutenant Governor Morris, at Winnipeg, and at his request made a formal report in writing on the subject.

My words seemed to please the assemblage, for the medicine man, Little Pine, Bent Reed, and others stepped up and very solemnly shook hands once more, with grunts of evident satisfaction.

During all this time the steam was issuing from the kettles, and I had become quite curious as to the nature of its contents. My solicitude on this point was, however, soon relieved, for the moment the speech-making was at an end the medicine man took the kettles off the fire, and, with much stirring, made ready to transfer what they

held to four tin washhand basins, which had been brought forth from some hidden recess and laid before him.

These preparations I viewed with considerable trepidation, that almost amounted to fear, when each basin was filled with strange-looking bones and meat, and my feelings were not at all calmed when, from the second kettle, he poured over the meat a thick reddish-colored stream of sauce, which I at once recognized as boiled dried choke-cherries.

With complete formality a basin was placed before each of the two Metis, Little Pine and myself. Johnny, who was three seats removed from me looked very uneasy and perplexed, I asked him, in a low tone, what this fearful looking mess was composed of. He answered back, "Dog!"

Horror of horrors! I was in a lather of perspiration in a moment's time.

Could I ever eat it? If it were but a single rib or slice I might stand some slight chance of getting it down; but a whole quarter of a dog! I turned weak at the very thought.

Johnny whispered "You must eat it, or they will be greatly insulted and annoyed. I am going to try it."

What was I to do? I was the only white man within the radius of a hundred miles, and did not know what would be the result of a refusal on my part to eat of this, perhaps, sacred bow-wow, over which so much incantation and ceremony had been expended.

Summoning up courage, I lifted the big iron spoon which had been stuck into my dish, took a mouthful of the sauce, and swallowed it. I imagined a lot of steel filings washed down by sugared soup! I thought my throat was in rags. The sharp edges of the sun dried cherry-stones scratched and out until they arrived at a resting place in my interior economy. (The cherries, when ripe, are gathered, placed in a skin sack to be mashed with a pounder, stones and all, until they are well broken up, beaten together, when the mass is exposed to the sun to dry, until hard as gravel.)

After that mouthful I inwardly vowed that all the Indians on the plains would not force me to repeat the experience, and, thinking nothing could be worse than the sauce, I seized a piece of the dog meat and with my teeth, savagely tore off a morsel.

When I explain that the dog had been strangled and the hair singed off its hide, the skin being scorched in the operation, some faint idea may be had of my sensation on discovering that my signal ill-luck had caused me to take some of the burnt skin at this first bite. It was as bitter as gall!

Forcing down the piece after the flinty fragments of chokecherries, I stole a look at Johnny to see how he was progressing with his share of the trouble. He was the very picture of misery, great beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. His eye meeting mine, he gasped out: "Ah, boy, I'm sick!" I understood exactly what his feelings were, for in a moment I was dead-ly ill, and quite prepared to fight before I ate another atom of that canine.

In all his experience on the plains Johnny had never been called on to eat dog flesh, and in despair he turned to McGillies, the French Metis, (many of the French Half-breeds have Scotch names), who was eating away most unconcernedly, and asked him what was to be done, for we would not eat any more of the mess.

McGillies laughed, and, after a short conversation with Little Pine, told us to offer the basins to our next neighbors, with presents. I quickly shoved my dish before Bent Reed, with a plug of tobacco and bottle of painkiller. That old fraud, who, I believe, had taken his seat by my side in anticipation of this action, gracefully accepted the present, and with much chuckling speedily proceeded to devour the dog and cherry sauce, at times bestowing spare ribs on favored neighbors. The bones were handed from one to the other until they reached the door, where, on the outside, many attendant squaws picked and polished them with a great amount of sucking and smacking of lips.

A little more talk and exchange of compliments and the feast given in my honor, as a peculiar mark of their high esteem, was at an end. I was glad, very much so, and was perfectly sincere when I told them that their kindness on this occasion would never be forgotten by me as long as I lived.

The Indians quietly dropped out one by one, and Johnny and I exchanged words of condolence with each other.

McGillies and Little Pine, having filled their pipes, leaned back on piles of furs and quietly puffed away, having heartily enjoyed their share of the repast.

Being afraid of mere complimentary banquets of dog meat, I left the camp early next morning, amidst a shower of good wishes from my Cree friends.

Strangled by an Octopus.

An American travelling in Europe about ten years ago observed in the great assemblies of Paris and Vienna, and in the gambling halls at Monaco, Mr. O—, one of his fellow-countrymen, a scholarly, grave man, whose tastes and pursuits in life, as also his work, lay wholly in study and research.

"What can bring him night after night to such places? He looks unutterable wretched," the stranger asked of an American official.

"He is the victim of an octopus," was the jesting reply. "His wife is one of those soft, clinging, absolutely selfish creatures, who wrap themselves about a man's life, and bend it to their will, stifling it and drawing all the strength out of his soul, precisely as the devil-fish would out of his body. Mrs. O— chooses to live a fast, dissipated life, and she forces her husband to indulge her in it by her incessant caresses and protestations of affection."

A year later Mr. O— became a bankrupt, and soon after lost his reason, and after a few months he died. American correspondents writing home stated that the cause was unknown, as his domestic relations were most happy. But those who knew him best, said that he had been "stifled by an octopus."

Latver declared that each human face bore a likeness to some animal, and also indexed the character; thus we found in some men the features and qualities of the lion; the mastiff, or the wolf; and in some women those of the rabbit, the dove, the oow, or the serpent.

If we follow out this whimsical fancy, we may class many human beings with the clammy, bloodless octopus. They are usually men or, more often, women of weak intellects and indomitable will, who invariably consider their own comfort or wishes first in life, and who have found wheedling by gentle manners and caresses the surest way to success.

Such women should remember that not soft words and fond sentiments are love, but action,—work, hearty and helpful: in a word, the fulfilling of the law which bids us sacrifice self, strength, life itself, to others.

We desire to hold up the mirror before them, that they may have a glimpse of their real selves. The cure is in their own hands. Even in the old Greek fables, human beings who had degenerated into the likeness of animals could regain their first nature and shape by watchfulness and prayer. So far the Greek fables are true.

The Rink.

It is said that the decline of the roller-skating rink has set in. A great many speculative people made hay while the sun shone. Corporate rink builders, manufacturers of skates, dealers in various kinds of wood have realized fortunes out of the business. The country is dotted over with buildings for which some new use will doubtless be found, and many persons who held on too long have probably been subjected to losses. The rink craze was on a large scale while it lasted, and it had a long career. As a simple amusement, probably, roller-skating will not be abandoned, but as a mania its lease of life has expired. In its final stages it had become to some extent mischievous, and the realization of this no doubt has hastened its downfall. The rink as a social institution offered too many temptations and pitfalls to the simple and unsophisticated.

Then, too, foolish young people began to be infatuated with the sport. Girls and boys neglected school to go to the rink. Young women threw off the restraints of home and gave themselves up to the fascinating amusement. Young wives and also young husbands got themselves into all manner of complications through rink adventures. Domestic broils increased. The peace of the family hearth was in many cases destroyed. The divorce lawyers waxed fat. The gossip and scandal-mongers had a perennial harvest.

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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.

Thirty students from the arsenal of Foo-Choo, China, are shortly expected in France. They will be divided among various Government schools with the object of acquiring and bringing back to the Celestial Kingdom as much western knowledge as their heads can hold.

THE WINNERS

—IN— NO. 15,

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Where are SHEEP first mentioned in the Bible? 2nd. Where are GOATS first mentioned in the Bible? 3rd. Where are OXEN first mentioned in the Bible?

Answers:—1.—Genesis, 4th chapter, 2nd verse. 2.—Genesis, 27th chapter, 9th verse. 3.—Genesis, 12th chapter, and 16th verse.

The persons whose names appear below have correctly answered the questions and may have the prizes on application to TRUTH office.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Three Hundred Dollars in gold coin. Jane R. Allison, Kingston.—2. A fine rose-wood grand square Piano, by a celebrated maker, Fanny Barker, Brantford.—3 and 4. Two fine extra silver plated Tea Services. 3, Fred Mingsy, 458 1/2 King St. West, Toronto; 4, Jane Arthurs, Dundas; 5, 6, 7, and 8. Four gentlemen's elegant fine Gold Watches.—5. Mrs. W. G. Brown, Dundas; 6, Marian Fuller, Cannington; 7, Nelle Russel, 188 Hughson St. N. Hamilton; 8, B. M. Parke, Windsor.—9, 10, 11 and 12.—Four ladies' elegant fine Gold Watches.—9. M. O. Pond, Brantford; 10, J. M. Laing, Kingston; 11, Portia Laird, Port Hope; 12, Lance Polson, Pt St Charles. 13 to 19, Seven celebrated fine finish Sewing Machines.—13, Jno. Whitehead, 49 Walton St., Toronto; 14, Arthur R. Hanscome, 10 Wood St., Toronto; 15, F. Folsom, Toronto P. O.; 16, B. M. Daniels, Hamilton; 17, Frank Hunt, Montreal Que.; 18, F. Loudon, Montreal, Que.; 19, C. M. Boston, Belleville. 20 to 28, Seven gentlemen's fine solid Gold Silver Watches.—20, M. I. Paterson, 4 Kelley St., Hamilton; 21, Robt. Armstrong, Paris Station, Ont.; 22, Annie Woon, St. Catharines; 23, Arthur Laurison, St. Thomas; 24, F. O. Peake, Belleville; 25, Mrs. Oabel Marsh, Little Britain, Ont.; 26, Nicholas Ingram, Bowmanville. 27 to 50, Twenty-four solid Gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners.—27, Lizzie Mills, Chatham; 28, Mrs. Martell, Bellevue Ave., City; 29, R. Jackson, Janetville, Ont.; 30, Thomas Butler, Kettleby; 31, Mrs. Geo. Whyte, Manilla, Ont.; 32, Samuel Kelso, Dundas; 33, John Thompson, 12 Bishop Ave., Montreal; 34, Chas. Hendry, jr., Stirling, Ont.; 35, Edward Donmore, 12 Carlisle St., City; 36, Mr. Fleming, Chatham; 37, Chas. Brighton, Berlin; 38, Adeline Eckardt, Unionville, Ont.; 39, Mrs. Long, Lansing, Ont.; 40, Mrs. Clendenan, West Toronto Junction; 41, John Tilley, 52 Lumley St., City; 42, Mrs. John Robinson, Box 70 Prescott; 43, B. F. Erb, Preston; 44, Walter Laidlaw, Galt; 45, W. B. Martin, 312 Front St. W., City; 46, Mrs. H. F. Falkner, 50 King St., Parkdale; 47, Donald Mitchell, Walkers, Ont.; 48, Geo. T. Lewis, 68 Bellevue Ave., City; 49, Thos. Clark, West Lorne, Ont.; 50, Mrs. C. Mackenzie, Niagara Falls. 51 to 135, Eighty-five ladies' fine Retailed Gold Brooches.—51, Mrs. P. E. Macpherson, Woodstock, Ont.; 52, Chas. H. Wilson, Sarnia; 53, Chas. Turner, 251 Chesnut St., City; 54, Mrs. G. Shirran, Thamesville; 55, W. J. Loudon, 104 Queen St. West, City; 56, Miss Bessie Hicks, Bowmanville; 57, J. Foster, Bowmanville; 58, Geo. M. Beach, Lys, Ont.; 59, Miss Ida Bailie, Box 525 Kingston, Ont.; 60, J. S. Duguid, 80 Walton St., City; 61, Helen L. Beardmore, 123 Beverley St., City; 62, Mrs. I. B. Hale, Port Hope; 63, Mrs. Dyron, London East, Ont.; 64, H. Leadbetter, Kincairdine; 65, Heavy Edmonds, Komoko, Ont.; 66, Mrs. Kliza Sudworth, Ingersoll; 67, Harry Turner, Thorold; 68, Ida Blockell, Dundas, Ont.; 69, David Caldwell, Galt; 70, Mrs. F. Albrecht, Brantford; 71, John M. Wolcott, Pifford, Livingston Co., N. Y.; 72, Hugh McIntosh, Oromo, Ont.; 73, W. B. Graham, Lindsay; 74, J. S. C. 851 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.; 75, Mrs. J. Campbell, N. W. R., Collingwood; 76, Iliian Sills, Prescott, Ont.; 77, John Burns, Florence, Ont.; 78, Mrs. E. M. Tree, 25 Belmont St., Montreal; 79, Emerson Kellington, Toronto P. O.; 80, E. O. Scratch, Leamington, Ont.; 81, Mrs. Ed. Nash, Walkerville; 82, Mrs. R. Dodds, Box 73 Guelph, Ont.; 83, A. Stevens, Box 291, Petrolia, Ont.; 84, W. Rey-

- nolds, Privy Council Officer, Janeville; 85, W. Coldrey, Cummings Bridge, Ont; 86, Thos. Henderson, 164 Cadieux St., Montreal; 87, Robert Wilson, Willstead; 88, Mrs. J. E. Johnson, Leamington; 89, Mrs. McLeod, Balsam Lake, Ont.; 90, Wm. Baynes, Deerhurst, Ont.; 91, Mrs. Geo. Hall, 98 Euclid Ave., City; 92, Ada Preston, Bethany, Ont 93, Mrs. O. M. Campbell, Campbellford; 94, Miss E. M. Kimball, Knowlton, Que.; 95, Mrs. Geo. Fisher, Exeter, Ont.; 96, Mrs. N. Shepherd, 16 Lowther St., City; 97, Mrs. Coleman, 111 King St. West, City; 98, Mrs. Mary Goodings, Utoka, Ont.; 99, Alfred Godfrey, House D, South St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.; 100, Wm. Mackie, Winterbourne; 101, E. Smith, Shakespear; 102, Jas. L. Smith, Lieury; 103, Samuel Adams, Goderich; 104, Susan J. Moore, Keena; 105, W. F. Glass, Troy, N. Y.; 106, Jaz. Sampson, Shanty Bay; 107, J. Young, Box 70, Richmond, Que.; 108, Jno. R. Uutter, Richmond St. Que.; 109, Theo W. French, Fort Dodge, Iowa; 110, John M. Coll, Jr., Box 1074, St. Thomas; 111, Robert M. Larea, Hampstead; 112, Ida Isaacson, Lachine, Que.; 113, Mrs. J. D. McInnes, Caldwell Mills; 114, Wm. Wright, Paris Station; 115, Wm. Chester, Listowel; 116, Annie Mitchell, Napier; 117, Mrs. C. Keffer, Vellore; 118, G. Inglis, 310 Jarvis St., City; 119, Mary Johnston, Churchill; 120, Mrs. W. Mowat, Merivale; 121, Mrs. J. H. Savage, Shefford Mountain, Que.; 122, F. Ketchum, Cherry Valley; 123, Thos. Anderson, Gores Landing; 124, J. Churchill, Amherstburg; 125, Mrs. L. H. Moore, Hamilton; 126, M. Farrell, Kincairdine; 127, A. L. H. Duncan, Lamaroux; 128, Robt Cameron, Owen Sound; 129, Peter Bogardus, Montrose; 130, J. E. Thompson, Springbrook; 131, F. H. Ritchie, Bothwell; 132, A. Caldwell, Orangeville; 133, L. A. Fraser, Merrickville; 134, Mrs. Jas. McCauley, Kintore; 135, Mrs. Moir, Wick. 136 to 335.—Three Hundred Copies of a Fine German Olograph.—136, Elsie Bogardus, Montrose; 137, Alice Hopper, Victoria Square; 138, Thos. Millar, Bond Head St., Kingston; 139, Ida Oag, 159 St. Patrick St., City; 140, A. Dorenwend, 105 Yonge St., City; 141, James Fulton, Newport; 142, Mrs. W. H. Williams, 47, Harbord St., City; 143, Ada Arnold, Bowmanville; 144, Mrs. L. Young, Bridgewater; 145, A. Sutherland, 62 Wellington West, City; 146, Ilie Mallou, Isle Verte, Que.; 147, Miss Jennie Skinner, Galt; 148, Rev. O. N. Roberts, Hartland, Niagara Co., N. Y.; 149, Mary Howard, 17 Markham St., City; 150, Miss Bonnick, 800 Yonge St., City; 151, S. E. Qua, 4 North Mutual St., City; 152, Annie Doeg, Mandaumia; 153, Mrs. W. A. Neelands, Owen Sound; 154, J. A. McIntosh, Minden; 155, S. Stoker, Belleville; 156, Rev. Jas. Ross, Harwood, Ont.; 157, Granville Richardson, Mount Pleasant, Durham Co.; 158, L. Burgess, Grahamville, 159, O. A. Nichols, Bridgeport, N. Y.; 160, Hettie Davis, Manchester, Iowa; 161, Mrs. Percival, Pittsboro, Ont.; 162, M. S. Gale, 120 Bloor St. E., City; 163, Mrs. E. Leaver, 228 Adelaide St. W., City; 164, Mrs. Wilcox, Ellsworth, Pierce Co., Wis.; 165, Mary Stewart, Nairn, Ont.; 166, J. McFadden, Millbank, Ont.; 167, G. D. Spooner, Glenburnie, Ont.; 168, Clara Davidson, Burgessville, Ont.; 169, Emille Crow, Dundas; 170, Ben Barker, Camborne, Ont.; 171, John Murdoch, Hespeler, Ont.; 172, F. J. Patterson, Collingwood; 173, Russel Recker, Box Grove, Ont.; 174, Wm. Lee, 287 Farley Ave.; 175, Mrs. L. Marks, Niskayuna, N. Y.; 176, Ethel Bell, 6 Bleeker St., City; 177, James Morrison, Unionville, Ont.; 178, Jas R. Cooke, Deer Park, Ont.; 179, G. W. Herbert, Bucksport, Maine; 180, Mrs. L. Haggarty, Allamuchy, N. J.; 181, Aggie Holstein, Port Hope; 182, H. Gross, Waterdown, Ont.; 183, Albert Smith, Ryokman's Corners, Ont.; 184, W. F. Payne, New Hamburg, Ont.; 185, Wm. Barker, Beasville, Ontario; 186, A. B. Fraser, King; 187, L. Fell, Welland; 188, Miss L. Dixon, Allanburg; 189, Mrs. R. Moderswell, Thorold; 190, Harris McNeill, Port Elgin; 191, Edith Davidson, Ryokman's Corners, Ont.; 192, P. Ritchie, Gambridge; 193, W. A. Switzer, Bobcaygeon; 194, Mary Adams, Campbellton, N. B.; 195, Sophie Hay, Woodstock, N. B.; 196, Lois Bowie, Hullett, Constance; 197, Maud Matthews, 35 Market St., Hamilton; 198, Mary Reynolds, 31 Tisdale St., Hamilton; 199, Mary Etter, Westmoreland Point, N. B.; 200, Hattie Todd, Woodbridge; 201, Ina Cooke, Malton; 202, Lillie P. McMillan, Paris, Ont.

A Memorable Reign.

On the 3rd of January there was general rejoicing throughout the ancient kingdom of Prussia. In Berlin, the capital, there were processions and feasts, gal-performances at the opera, and gay holiday-making in the streets and parks.

The occasion was the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the reign of William I. as King of Prussia; and the subjects of the still sturdy old monarch, who is in his eighty-ninth year, eagerly availed themselves of the event to show them their veneration and love.

There is no more memorable period in the entire history of the German people than that covered by the quarter of a century of William's reign. Coming to the throne of Prussia in 1861, he found that kingdom inferior, in military power and international influence, to several of the other States of Europe. Russia, Austria, and France were each more powerful than she.

A hope there was, of that national unity of which the Germans had for a long time dreamed; but it seemed dim and distant. Neither of the two great German realms—Prussia and Austria—seemed likely to be able to combine all the German States into one.

The greatest public event in Europe of this century has been the accomplishment of that unity, under Prussian leadership, and under the imperial crown of William.

William was, above all, fortunate in selecting, almost at the beginning of the reign, a statesman of rare will and genius to guide his counsels. In Bismarck, he has found perhaps the only German who could have realized, in his favor, the proud dreams of Prussian kings and Austrian kaisers through many generations.

But it may be said that, while William could not, in all likelihood, have achieved German unity without Bismarck, neither could Bismarck have carried his great project to success had not William's character been well adapted to co-operate with him in the task. The king and his chief counsellor, in short, have been necessary to each other, well-fitted to each other, and, united, have done nobly and well their great task.

Prussia's triumph, first over Austria and then over France, was due to Bismarck's foresight and stout persistency, to the able generalship of Von Moltke and the princes, and also to the good sense and heartily given aid of the king himself. We might say, also to the strong popular support which king, princes, generals, and chancellor received; but this was rendered in great measure because the people have always believed in their king.

Nor have the wise qualities of William been less conspicuous in the period which has followed the accomplishment of German unity. The difficulty of establishing the new empire on a solid and lasting basis has been as great, perhaps, as that of bringing it into existence. Yet, thanks to the constructive genius of Bismarck, already supported and aided by his sovereign, this task too, has been successfully performed.

On the verge of ninety, the buff old emperor still bears his years bravely. Both his body and his intellect seem to defy the assaults of time and age. His zest alike for work and for pleasure is apparently undiminished. He begins to labor each day after dawn; and his share in the government of his mighty realm is daily performed without relaxation or delay.

He still appears, erect and smiling, freely among his subjects; rides his horse as firmly as ever at the military reviews; and maintain his habit of disdainful luxury, and living with a curiously plain simplicity and frugality. Truly, his is a wonderful and happy old age. He has lived to see the loftiest earthly ambition fulfilled in his own person; to reign as a father and patriarch over his devoted people; and to be the arbiter of the destinies of nations.

"This a way they have" when you don't see the point in handling a hornet.

SNEEZING SONG.

Words by W. H. Thurston.

Music by CHARLES M. RYAN.

1: Per-haps you may think there's something wrong—(A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) With my
 2. I'd court-ed sweet Nell for man - y a day—(A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) But
 3. We're mar-ried at last, but I al - ways sneeze—(A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) When I

ac - cent while I'm sing-ing this song, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) I vis - i - ted Nel-lie on one chil - ly night, We
 ne - ver could pluck up cour-age to say—(A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) To say the one word that would set-tle my fate, Till the
 think how nearly I 'scaped a freeze, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) A mor - al be-tween these lines you'll find, If to

stood at the gate in the bright moonlight, And the cold that I caught was a per-fect fright, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!)
 night that I stood at her fa-ther's gate, And she said "Of course, I'll be your mate," (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!)
 marry a maid-en you feel in-clined, Pro-pose in the house, now, bear me in mind, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!)

Chorus.

A - chee, a - chee, a - choo! I felt ex-ceedingly blue, Don't stand at the gate When seek-ing your mate, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!) A -
 chee, a - chee, a - choo! I felt exceedingly blue, Don't stand at the gate When seek-ing your mate, (A - chee, a - chee, a - choo!)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

We are pleased with the interest thus far manifested in this department. We would like, however, that a still greater number of our readers would endeavor to answer the enigmas. The work of studying up the questions, besides being a pleasant recreation, is profitable to all who wish to become proficient students of the Bible. For the next "puzzler" take the following

PICTURE CHARADE.

NO. IV.

Gen. xviii. 11 18; Job xviii. 15; John ii. 6 10

1. The feast was spread, the guests have poured
Upon their hands the cleansing stream,
Then take their places at the board,
Where wedding joy becomes their theme:

The empty water-jars remain,
Which Jesus bids them fill again;
They fill, they draw, they drink with zest,
For now 'tis wine—the very best!

2. The day was warm, the journey long,
The sun was sinking in the west;
The traveller sang his evening song,
Then laid on the ground to rest;
With pleasing dreams he passed the night,
Then rising in the morning light,
He reared his pillow for a sign
To mark that resting-place divine!

3. How high they filled the jars, will show
Exactly what our first must be:
And you shall soon our second know,
When you that traveller's pillow see:
And thus our total is described,
And Bildad's saying verified,
To punish those who practise guile,
And burn the dwelling of the vile!

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending for the articles called for.

For exchange, an unbound book, viz. Chemistry: Theoretical, Practical and Analytical (as applied and relating to the art and manufacture) by Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E., M.R.C.S. fifty two parts, cost one shilling per part, in good state of preservation, for the best offer in decent bound books, for two weeks; all offers answered. Also eleven odd numbers of the Phonetic Journal, cost five pence each, to exchange for one book. Address William Gooder, 80 Esther St., Toronto.

Stamps on British Columbia, Central America, Feejee Islands, Hawaiian Islands, and Egypt, for others of equal value. Paul R. Tasselle, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fine minerals, fossils, star-fish, an International album with or without stamps, books, papers, etc., for the same. Send lists. D. H. Eaton, Box 1235, Woburn, Mass.

Stamps and good reading matter, for games or autographs. Edward Wise, Ripon, Fond du Lac Co., Wis.

A Boston printing-press (hand-inked) chase 5 by 8, 4 fonts of type one 6-pound font, ink, etc., for a stamp album and stamps. L. J. Spelman, Chatham.

Will sell Printing Press and outfit cheap (type not far from new) can print Statement Heads, Business Cards, Labels, Visiting Cards, etc., with it. Paid \$35.00 for it now. Will sell for best offer of cash, C. E. Hobbes, 135 River St., Toronto Ont.

I have the following books for exchange for good books, or other offers. The books are Household Recipe Book, Household Game Book, and Household Primer; all new. Address R. McLaren, Hampstead Ont.

One Cent Invested

In a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you, free, full particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

In a Dangerous Condition.

Any man, woman or child is in a dangerous condition when neglecting a constipated state of the bowels. There can be no perfect health without a regular action of this function. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by imparting a healthy tone to all the secretions.

A manufacturer of Breslau, Prussia, is stated to have built a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction were made of compressed paper, jointed with silicious cement. The chimney is said to be very elastic, and also fireproof.

MALARIES MULTIPLY ONE ANOTHER.—A simple fit of indigestion may—especially if the constitution is not naturally vigorous—throw the entire mechanism of the liver and bowels out of gear. Sick headache fellows, poisoning of the blood by bile ensues, and there is grave and serious disturbance of the entire system. Check the threatened dangers at the outset with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the medicine that drives every impurity from the blood.

Just now straight feathers lead the ostrich plumes in popularity.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Undressed kid gloves in natural colors are in favor.

W. W. McLellan, Lyn, N. S., writes: "I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and had used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply.

Plum color and yellow are found keeping company.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville, writes: "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'it just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine, with such happy results."

Rough edges obtain in stationery.

O. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

Ball dresses are more than ever in the lightest hues.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured 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 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 EPPE & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

California blankets are now made into wrappers.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

Gilt cord and tassels are used on house shoes for lacing.

A Seasonable Item.

During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, and other painful effects of sudden cold, are prevalent. It is then that Haggard's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy.

Parisian women wear tiny lace muffs in ball-rooms.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada.

Tan colored Suede gloves hold their own in popularity.

No Blunderbus.

There is no blundering in the dark—in the action of Burdock Blood Bitters upon the system. It is no scattering shot-gun prescription, no cure-all; but it acts directly upon the four cardinal points of health: the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the blood, and works its cures in a natural manner through nature's channels.

Beaded tulle is very popular for ball dresses for young people.

REDUCTION IN WOOLS

Fancy Goods

- Berlin Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ounce.
- Shetland Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ounce.
- Andalusian Wools, all colors.....10 cents per ounce.
- Ice Wools, in balls, all colors.....10 cents per ball.
- Baldwin's Fingering Wools, all colors, 70c. per skein.
- Crowl Wools, extra quality, 4 cts. per skein.....40 cents per dozen.
- Embroidery Silks, all the plain colors.....15 cents per dozen.
- Embroidery Silks, shaded colors.....25 cents per dozen.
- Silk Arrasone, American make.....5 cents per skein.
- Silk Arrasone, (imported), large skein.....15 cents per skein.
- Macrame Cord, 1/4 lb. balls.....12 1/2 cents per ball.
- Panel Rods, plain brass, 8, 10, 12, and 14 inches.....20, 25, 30, 35c each.
- Panel Rods, twisted brass, 8, 10, 12 and 14 inches.....25, 30, 35, 38c each.
- Brass Crescents, two sizes, plain .10 & 13 cts. per doz.
- Brass Star Crescents, large size.....25 cents per dozen.
- Brass Bangle Crescents, 7c each.....75 cents per dozen.
- Plush Crescent Tassel, small size, all colors.....50 cents per dozen.
- Plush Pompoms, very pretty.....50 & 85 cts per doz.
- Plush Pompoms, large double drop, handsome tassel.....\$1 20 per dozen.
- Chenille Cord, (chenille over silk gim) all colors.....10 cents per yard.
- Stamped Tildes (figures or flowers) all fringed.....25 cents each.
- Stamped Toilet Set, (5 pieces) figures or flowers, all fringed.....35 cents per set.
- Stamped Splashes, 20x48, newest designs.....50 & 60 cents each.
- Woollen Java Canvas, 18 in. wide, all colors.....50 cents per yard.
- Linon Fiosette, all sizes, 4 cts per skein.....40 cents per dozen.
- Brussels Net for Darned Work, 36 and 72 inches wide.....30 & 50 cts. a yard.

Also a Complete Stock of everything for Fancy Work.

A Full Line of "Briggs" Stamping Patterns in stock.

All letter orders receive prompt and careful attention. Ladies should write for price list, as 25 per cent. will be saved on purchases, and we can send goods to all parts of Canada.

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



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY:

E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen genuine which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

Also No Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

Treatise on Compound Oxygen free on application to E. W. D. KING, 58 Church St., Toronto, Ont.



THE EVILS OF AN ARISTOCRACY.

DAR'S DEGRADATION FOR YER. MONEY DON'T FETCH NO RESPECT IN DIS TOWN. DAT'S DE FOUR TIME DAT GAL'S CUT ME, AND HER MUDDER'S BEEN DOIN' MY LAUN- DRY FER MO' EN SIX MONTHS BACK.

Music and Drama.

The week's engagement of "The Mikado" company was one of the most successful in the history of the Grand.

The Harmony club presented on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the Grand the opera of "Cloches de Corneville" under the direction of Mr. Haslam.

Mr. J. W. Herbert, the Lord High Executioner of Mr. Stetson's "Mikado" Company, has been laid up since Friday of last week with hemorrhage of the kidneys.

Burmese Ants.

Burmah, which the British have recently conquered, and added to their vast possessions, will not be a pleasant residence for Europeans, if we may judge by some of the statements made in regard to the country.

The rains, which commence usually about the 15th of May, seem to awaken myriads of all kinds of flying insects mosquitoes being the most troublesome both to man and beast, whilst flying ants are as disagreeable.

The Burmese—to whom little comes amiss in the eating line—fry the flying ants in oil, and pronounce them of excellent flavor.

The flying ants of Burmah have this in their favor: in their short life they only emerge from mother earth and fly towards the light, and in their winged career they often eat nothing before they immolate themselves at the nearest lamp.

A Wise Choice.

In selecting a remedy for coughs and colds the wise choice is to take one that loosens the mucous clinging to the air passages.

Combined letter paper and envelope are the latest.

A Bad Breakdown.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause.

Black alpaca lined with red flannel is much used for undershirts.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it.

At a recent wedding the dresses of both the bride and bridesmaids were trimmed with fur.

Searching for Proof.

There is no trouble in ascertaining from any druggist the true virtues of Hayard's Yellow Oil, for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Some one says the Mormons are cowards and wouldn't fight. All the same they are the only people in this country who have the Spartan courage to marry a dozen wives in a three years' inning.

Out in the boundless West when a young fellow gets married the first thing he receives is a serenade from the local band. This generally reconciles him to any sort of treatment, and he settles down and is happy afterward.

Doctor (who has been suddenly called to see a patient)—"You wish me to tell you the truth?" Patient (feebly)—"Yes, doctor." D.—"You're not afraid of death?" P.—"Certainly not. I've been married twenty-six years."

"Can't you drive faster, John?" said a farmer's wife, "we'll never get to town at this rate." "Can't help it," replied John. "Them horses has plowed all the week, and I want to save what life they is got left for a dash past the hotel."

A case of necessity—Wife: "Dear, I am sorry you are to go down town tonight." Husband: "Yes, so am I. In deed, were it not for one unfortunate thing I could stay at home." Wife: "Ah! what is that?" Husband: "I have already bought the street-car tickets, my darlin'."

Fifty years ago the telegraph was unknown. It was possible at that period for a man to leave home and journey in one direction, and a woman to depart and travel in another, without a dispatch appearing in the papers next morning stating that they had eloped together.

The megaloscope is a new apparatus by which the interior of the human body can be examined. The man who is addicted to taking a little of St. Paul's tonic for his oft infirmities, and so forth, and wishes his wife to believe that he is strictly temperate, should not leave a megaloscope lying loose about the house.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage, Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS. Positively reduce Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs a month. Cause no sickness contain no poison and never fail.

GARDEN, FIELD, TREE, AND FLOWER SEEDS. Sterling Worth and Quality Have Made SIMMERS' SEEDS the most popular brands.

J. A. SIMMERS, SEEDSMAN, TORONTO.

SEEDS FOR 1886. OUR ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE. Field, Garden & Flower Seeds. JOHN S. PEARCE & CO. LONDON, ONT.

CURED OF CATARRH AND ASTHMA After Being Given Up to Die by the Family Physician.



The subject of this sketch, a victim of Catarrh and Catarrhal Asthma for several years, makes the following statement:

With a naturally fine and vigorous constitution I was stricken with Catarrh and Asthma, and became a complete slave to the disease by day and by night.

Certificate of the father of this young man:—I certify that my regular family physician told me there was no use in trying to cure my boy: it was only throwing away money to further treat him.

(Signed) GEO. J. ST. LOEGER, Cor. Denison Ave. and Queen.

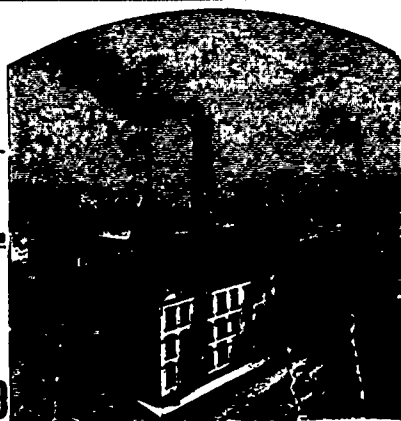
These are among the diseases this Association treats with perfect success. In a few weeks we will publish other cases just as remarkable as this, including one treated for a year by that "Reputable Physician."

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The "Golden Health Pellet," a sure preventative against Cholera and Small-pox. No one need fear taking Infectious diseases if they will take a dose of "Health Pellets" once or twice in 10 days.

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WORLD'S STAR KNITTING-MACHINES.

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Never fails. Piles Cured Without Operation, thus avoiding all pain and danger, from which no operation is free. Prolapsus Ani, or protrusion of the bowels, effectually cured.

CURRENT HUMOR.

Selected miscellany—Mince pie.
Coast notes: The fog whistle's.
It is said the axe trade might be sharper.
The lawyer's advertisement—Give me a trial.
They say those artificial eggs cannot be beaten.
To keep good resolutions one must be resolute.
The reputation [of the transgressor, like his way, is hard.
We hope in the barbers' union they will not all talk at once.
A drunkard is a man who has failed as a moderate drinker.
"My stars!" is a favorite expression with theatrical managers.
"Oh, come off," said the man as he rubbed down the grease spot.
The man who does not pay his pew rent has a religion of his own.
"Say, waiter, this beefsteak looks as if it had been hammered on an anvil." "Yes, sir, we buy it by the pound."
"Half the books in this library are not worth reading," said a sour-visaged, hypercritical, novel-satiated woman. "Read the other half, then," gratuitously advised a bystander.

A Cure For Drunkenness.

The Cure of drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit, we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes a disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite, for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the drunkard being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Lubon's medicines may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is inclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

The full skirt of last season is again the favorite of young girls.
Catarrhal Headache, hawking and spitting up phlegm, etc., at once relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure. No reason why you should suffer another day. Many cases of catarrh of long standing have been cured by a single bottle of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure. All Druggists \$1.00 per bottle.

The weight of a molecule of camphor sensible to the smell was computed by Bordenave to weigh 1 2,262,584,000th of a grain.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto, Ontario.

White woollen tulle is a novelty in ball dresses; it is draped over white or colored silk.

The entries for the great Colonial and Indian Exhibition still come in from all quarters of the Dominion, and corporations, societies, and institutions of all sorts are contributing to make the display of the most varied character. One of the novel features in the Dominion display will be a journal printed in the building. This paper will be edited and published by Canadians, printed from Canadian type, on a Canadian press, and from Canadian made paper. It will be published by a syndicate of gentlemen, under the name of the "Trades Publishing Co.," with offices in Toronto and Montreal.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, disease of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits) spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Russian sleighbells are properly mounted and used on the tea table as call bells.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

The red, gilt and copper galleons are very effective on black or brown plush skirts.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Black underskirts to wear with house, street and theatre dresses are the most popular.

The Russian bath is the best of luxury, and is said to be very invigorating.

There is no excuse for your suffering any longer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., when you can get a remedy guaranteed to cure, and which is perfectly safe. Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure is a pleasant and effectual remedy. Ask your Druggist about it.

Parlour ball dresses are ornamented by flights of tiny stuffed birds or real butterflies.

A.P. 267.

YOUNG MARRIED persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 50 for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. BOURWICK, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED—10,000 Millmen and others interested in machinery to send name and address for a copy of my No. 12 Illustrated Catalogue; sent free. H. W. PEYRE, Machinist and General Machine Dealer, Brantford, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BEST SELLING Patented Article in Canada to-day. Send 25 cents for Sample and Agents Terms. DELWOOD & Co., Guelph.

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WILD LANDS FOR SALE—21, CONCESSION 2, Northwassa, Simcoe County; 100 acres; one mile from Stayner; will make a first-class grain or dairy farm; also lot 26, 2 Vespra; 100 acres; will be sold cheap; also lot 85, north boundary Stephen Huron County; 100 acres; will be sold cheap. Apply to T. Edm. Barrister, Toronto.

SHORTHAND TAUGHT FREE by mail. Students thoroughly prepared in Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Grammar, Classics, Matriculation, and Civil Service examinations, by attending our Academy. Students helped to situations when proficient. Shorthand books and periodicals wholesale and retail. Immediately address, The Union Shorthanders' Commercial Academy, Arade, Toronto.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. That man only is rightly educated who knows how to use himself, who possesses such practical knowledge and such manual skill as will enable him to compete successfully with his fellows in the bustle of life. To impart such education, to prepare such men is the design and purpose of this institution. For terms, etc., call at the college or address M. MACCOORMICK, Principal.

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LINTON, LAKE & CO.,
Manufacturers of all kinds of Carriage and Waggon Axles, Iron and Steel Set and Cap Screws, Studs for Cylinder Heads, Steam Cylinders, Pumps, etc., GALT, ONT.
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JAMES PARK & SON
Perk Packers, Toronto.
L. O. Bacon, Rolled Spice Bacon, C. O. Bacon, Glasgow Best Ham, Sugar Cured Ham, Dried Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tongues, Mess Pork, Pickled Tongues, Olives, Family or Navy Pork Lard in Tubs and Pails, The Best Brands of Eggs and Fine Dairy Salt in Stock.

A SUCCESS AGAINST ALL PREJUDICES—Williams' Eye Water has proved itself a success by all who have used it according to directions, if their eyes were curable, as will be seen by the undersigned certificates. It cured me, 8 years blind, oculist failed. O. Fortin; it has cured me, oculist would not try the Alexander Ward, 6 years blind, Ochs. Amiot; 4 years Elie DuFour; 35 years blind and now I see, John Leclerc. Ask your Druggist for it. Wholesale—Egan Sons & Co., 334 St. Paul St., Montreal.

GOOD STOCK AND GRAIN FARM FOR SALE Cheap.—Lots 53, 54, 55, 56 and 57, Maitland Concession, Goderich Township, Huron County, containing 884 acres, 6 miles from Clinton; 350 in cultivation; 84 acres in heavy hardwood timber; well watered by an arm of the Maitland river; frame house and barn erected. Price, \$23 per acre if sold before 1st March 1886. Apply to THOMAS JACKSON, Clinton, or to T. Edm. Barrister, Toronto.

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has no superior; 30 feet per hour; hand or horse power; combined boring and rock drilling machine; grand success; first prizes and diplomas. Send for Catalogue.
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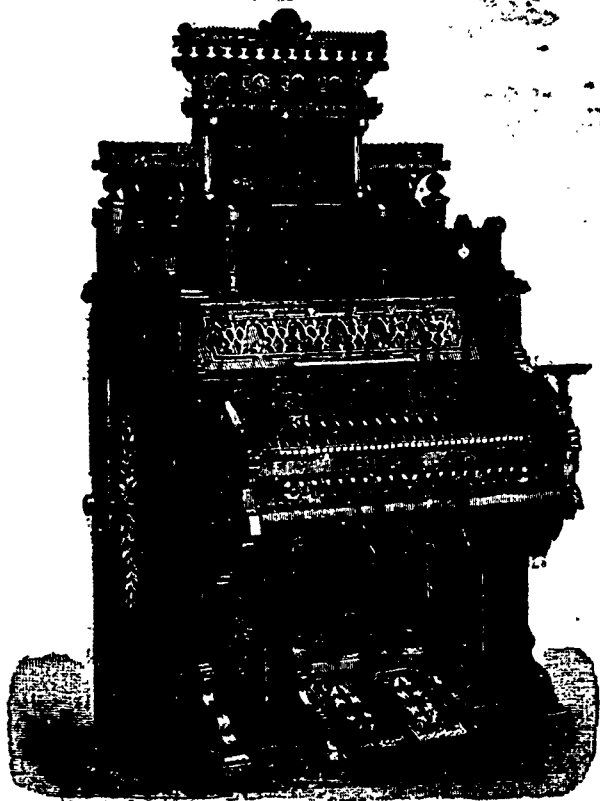
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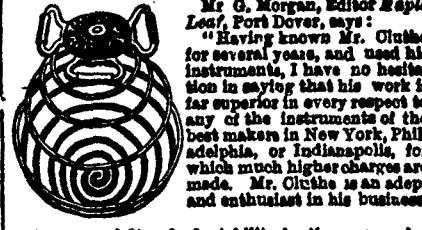
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