

**Pages Missing**



# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 23, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 242.

## “TRUTH” VILLA!

It is gratifying to find so many of our old subscribers renewing their subscriptions and entering the competition for our last great prize distribution. Show your friends the paper, and prevail upon them to participate with you in the benefits to be derived by becoming a subscriber to TRUTH. The list of awards this time is liberal almost to prodigality. By subscribing now you are more than likely to secure one of the awards, and possibly it may be you who will get the beautiful city residence, which will positively be given to some one. An illustration, together with a description and its location will be given shortly. Let no one fail to respond at once, and by sending along ONE DOLLAR secure for yourself the best literary weekly in Canada and the possibility of getting a city residence. See particulars on 22nd page.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

On Sunday next, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, will be sixty-six years of age. She was born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819. She began to reign at the death of her uncle, William IV., June 20th, 1837; she will soon, therefore, complete the forty-eight year of her reign. Never before did any human being reign so long over such a mighty nation. Never did any King or Queen reign more loyally in the hearts of the people. The present stability of the Throne of Great Britain, while nearly all others have been trembling with revolution—may be largely attributed to the personal worth and good sense of Victoria. She is certainly not the most brilliant woman that has graced England's throne, nor does she now compare in this respect with many women her subjects, but she appears to have been gifted with good common sense, and inspired with a sincere desire to do faithfully the duties required of her position, and it is on this account her subjects remain so loyal to her person. An English writer has well said of her: No former monarch has so thoroughly comprehended the great truths, that the powers of the crown are held in trust for the people and are the means and not the end of the Government. This enlightened policy has entitled her to the glorious distinction of having been the most constitutional monarch this country has ever seen.

Queen Victoria enters her sixty-seventh year in good health, and with a fair prospect of many years of official usefulness yet before her. “Long may she reign” is the loyal response and earnest prayer of millions of her loyal subjects. Happily the chances are that when she has to lay down the reins of power they will be taken up by a worthy and judicious successor,—her son a man of ripe experience, carefully trained by his royal mother for the duties apparent to him. One of the glories of Queen Victoria is that she has proved a queenly mother as well as a motherly Queen. Her numerous

children have been all well and carefully educated, under her immediate personal supervision, and they have all showed themselves well possessed of the good judgment, the tact, the kindly heart and the obliging manner of their mother. They are all popular with the people on that account. No nation could be more proud of its Royal family, and no nation has had better reason to be proud and thankful in this respect.

The antipathy felt towards the Chinese population along the Pacific coast does not appear to abate. In British Columbia the white population—or some of them at least—are becoming so exasperated about the continued presence of the Chinaman there that a resolve has been published to drive them out by force, if the Dominion Government much longer refuses to take any action in the matter. In California the feeling appears to be still more intense. In San Francisco a good deal of indignation is being expressed because the courts have decided that American born children of Chinese parents must be allowed to enjoy educational advantages in the common schools in common with other children. One journal says the people don't object to sending missionaries to convert and elevate these people at home, but in the eyes of the average Californian it is a mean thing to do much towards the education or elevation of the same race if they happen to live this side of the broad Pacific. At this distance it is hard to understand why such a strong feeling prevails against the Chinese.

Here is a statement in regard to the overcrowding in Ireland, which tells its own story. As it is from reliable authority it is probably quite correct, and it certainly furnishes a strong argument in favour of some vast emigration scheme from Ireland. It is hardly probable that anything but emigration, from some parts of Ireland, will afford the people just the relief they need.—In Dublin 31,202 families live in 7,284 houses, containing 48,116 rooms. One hundred and seventy five Dublin houses, valued as freeholds at \$13,385 are let to poor tenants at an annual rental of \$41,555. Surely here are some of the wrongs of Ireland for Parzell and his friends to grapple with.

A respected reader of TRUTH calls attention to the fact that the beautiful poem commencing,

“I am old and blind” attributed to Milton, was not from the pen of that great poet, though it is often attributed to him, and is published in an Oxford edition of his poems. The authoress was Elizabeth Lloyd, a young lady of Philadelphia, a Quakeress. She afterward married Robert Howell. It was entitled “Milton's Prayer for Patience.” Probably John Milton did not write anything so truly touching or more beautiful in sentiment.

Party squabbles are becoming so much the rage that it seems as though public interests are often but a secondary matter of consideration. In New York State, just now, there is such a squabble about the

appointment of three thousand census enumerators that it begins to look as though no census at all will be taken. Every ten years a census of the state is required by law, and it has been quite the custom for the Secretary of State to appoint the enumerators. It so happens that the present Secretary is a Republican and the Governor is a Democrat. Each official is anxious to control the appointment with a view to serving the future interests of the party. The Governor has vetoed a bill appropriating \$400,000 for the census, and the Secretary and his party seem unwilling to pass any bill through the Legislature favouring the Governor's desires in the matter. That much confusion comes from the election by the people of both Governor and the heads of the Department. Of course under our Canadian system of responsible government just such a dead lock could not take place.

So far as the Halfbreed rebellion in the North-west is concerned, the probabilities are that it is about at an end. Last week our noble volunteers did their country good service in driving the rebels out of their entrenchments at Batoche, and in capturing the arch-rebel, Riel. The solitary lesson the Halfbreeds have been taught will not, it is hoped, soon be forgotten. The accounts go to show that the number of them slain or wounded at Batoche was large, while our own men escaped wonderfully well. Some of our noble young men were killed, some others maimed for life by the wounds they have received, and others slightly wounded. All this is to be deplored, but it must have been expected. How it was possible to accomplish so much with so little sacrifice of life is all but a mystery. Gen. Middleton was evidently more desirous to save his men than to gain a reputation for bold dash by sacrificing them. Now that the strong hold has been taken and the chief captured it is to be hoped that farther bloodshed among the Halfbreeds may be averted.

What disposal will be made of Riel now that he has been captured? It is certain he cannot be trifled with again. Sir John did the country an irreparable wrong in his temporizing policy regarding the agitator after his former rebellion. Not only was the people's money wrongfully taken to pay him off at that time, but it was, indirectly, the means of much, if not all, the present expense and bloodshed. The opposition, in the amnesty business, were less blameworthy. Both sides appear to have been too much actuated by mere time-serving motives in the whole business. The country is not in a mood to tolerate anything of that kind again, and probably the party leaders are well aware of the fact by this time. The rebellion was evidently allowed to ripen in consequence of the incompetency and neglect of the Government officials in the North-West, and possibly at Ottawa too. Had they been as vigilant as it was their duty to be it might have been nipped in the bud. The pity is that some share of the punishment that has fallen on the country, on the unfortunate settlers of

the territory, and on hundreds of deluded Halfbreeds, should not fall on the heads of those whose unfaithfulness to plain duty allowed the trouble to grow into such alarming proportions.

In the interests of the whole people the government should at once acquaint itself with all the facts of the case so as to obtain clear information who among their servants were unfaithful and who were faithful. It will not do to allow the same men to go on administering affairs in the same manner in the North-West. The country will hardly be satisfied to learn that the Lieut.-Governor is spending weeks of his time off-duty in Ottawa, as in former years, or, still worse, in British Columbia “visiting his Mother-in-law,” as the Premier so cheerfully informed the house last year. Such an announcement made sport for the Premier's admirers at the time, but the same grim humour cannot safely be indulged in again.

Canada has certainly good reason to be proud of the bravery of our volunteers. The young men of the country nobly and heartily responded to the call of duty when their services were required, and in no instance do they appear to have flinched for a moment to march into the thickest of the danger and battle. Their coolness and discipline, too, has been of the most creditable character, and the cheerfulness with which they have endured the great fatigue and privations so necessary in such a campaign, in such a climate and in such a country, deserves our highest admiration. All honor to our noble volunteers. Unfortunately too many of them will never return to us again. What a pity that such noble lives must be sacrificed because of the acts of such mean men, and in defending our country against such an uprising!

There is a great deal of shrewdness left yet in Connecticut. Every body has read, at some time, of the sharpness of the people in that “down east” State. The last evidence of it is furnished in the fact that the select men of Middleburg have recently adopted a resolution requiring that every tombstone erected in the country there shall contain, among other things, the name of the physician who attended the deceased. Whether the medicos will look with favor on this innovation, TRUTH has not been informed. A good deal of gratuitous advertising will be done in this way, but whether it may turn out to be to the doctor's advantage may be quite another thing. It will be a curious study to see how many men died without the aid of a doctor in a given time, and what diseases facilitated their take off. Some one here has suggested that all newspaper death notices should contain the name of the performing doctor, just as every marriage notice gives the name of the performing minister, but somehow the suggestion has not been acted upon generally. The Middleburg select men are evidently wrestling with some such great question just now.

## Truth's Contributors.

### THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

A Visit to the Battle Ground Forty Years Ago.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.  
No. 5.

On our return from the falls—narrated in TRUTH of last week—we found a card from a Mr. Anderson, or Captain Anderson, waiting at the inn. Anderson was a noted character at the falls and acted as guide or companion to strangers. He had served in the British Artillery on the field of Lundy's Lane.

The card was an intimation that he was at our command, and as a recompense for his services our host informed us that he had arranged that matter. The Captain liked his dram, as all old soldiers did, and our host satisfied him that he and a friend of his would have the honor of drinking to our health every day during our stay.

The Captain proposed a walk to the field of Lundy's Lane, within a mile of the falls, being close by and bordering on the village of Drummondville. Although it was Sunday, we could not resist the temptation, remembering that Waterloo was fought on a Sunday. We noticed that the Captain had fortified himself by a visit to the bar before starting.

"This is the battle field of Lundy's Lane," said our guide, as he took his stand on the front steps of the old church, in which the country people were then at morning service. "There," said our guide, directing our attention to a certain part of the field, "was General Sir Gordon Drummond's position, and there"—pointing to another part—"was where our artillery was posted, on the front of the hill, close to the church where we were then standing. There, to the right in front of the hill," he said, "was the way or road by which the American Colonel Miller advanced with his regiment at a bayonet charge and captured our artillery, bayoneting most of our men and making prisoners of the rest. Hurrah, boys!" he cried, for getting under the excitement of the moment that he was standing on the steps of a church filled with worshippers. The old man was actually carried back some thirty years to the real desperate struggle of that dreadful bayonet charge of which he was an eyewitness on that very spot. "Hurrah, boys!" he cried, "there"—pointing to the left of the British position—"there came the 89th red coats, at a mad charge, with a wild, ringing, British charging cheer." This outburst of enthusiasm soon emptied the church; the people were anxious to learn what was going on outside and to hear the old soldier fight Lundy's Lane over again.

The country people appeared to enjoy it very much; so did we. The whole scene was something new and strange to us. "Just there in front of us," said our guide, "across that road—Lundy's Lane—Colonel Miller, elated by his first success, had advanced to meet the British 89th regiment—bayonet to bayonet; it was a short but bloody struggle. The Americans were repulsed with dreadful slaughter and our artillery recaptured."

It was nearly thirty years before our visit that the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on this spot during the evening and night of the 25th July, 1814. To make this article more interesting to the young Canadian reader, we shall give a short account of the several affairs and movements of the two armies on the Niagara frontier during the month of July, 1814, preceding Lundy's Lane.

The small British force under General Rial had full possession of the Canadian side of the Niagara frontier, from Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, down to Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara river, on Lake Ontario. They also held Fort Niagara, on the American side of the Niagara, opposite Fort George. The British headquarters were at Fort George. The American army of about 6,000 men of all arms, under General Brown, crossed from Buffalo and Black Rock, three miles below Buffalo, on the 3rd of July; part crossed above Fort Erie, the main body below, at Black Rock, completely surrounding and cutting off all communication between the small body of British (less than 200 men) in Fort Erie, and the British advanced post at Chippewa.

On learning that the Americans had crossed the river, General Rial immediately advanced his headquarters to Chippewa, three miles above the falls, and on the 4th, the day after the Americans had crossed, marched up the Canadian bank of the Niagara to relieve Fort Erie. It was then he learned of its surrender. General Rial was forced to fall back on Chippewa before superior numbers, not having over 1,500 men. There, at Chippewa, on the afternoon of the 5th of July, he made a halt and took a stand to arrest the onward progress of the Americans, but after a desperate fight was repulsed with a loss of about 500 men.

After the battle of Chippewa the British retreated to Fort George. The Americans advanced as far as Queenston, having made themselves masters of the whole surrounding country, which they retained for three weeks. During this time they committed ravages which remain a lasting disgrace to the American Army. Besides plundering the farm houses and country homesteads, the whole village of St. David's, containing about forty houses, was burned to the ground.

These three weeks, from the 3rd to the 25th of July, 1814, was the darkest period for the British Arms during the whole war of 1812 to 1815. General Sir Gordon Drummond was then at Kingston, about three hundred miles distant, by land route, from the scene of conflict on the Niagara frontier.

On the first intelligence of the reverses reaching Kingston, Sir Gordon Drummond posted for York (Toronto) from which place he sailed on Sunday the 24th, reaching Fort George on the 25th July, 1814. Previous to his arrival the Americans had retreated from Queenston to Chippewa. General Rial had also, after leaving a force in the two Forts, Forts George and Niagara, retreated or fallen back to form a junction with parts of the 103rd and 104th regiments advancing from Burlington Heights. Having met with the expected reinforcements at the Twenty Mile Creek, he, General Rial, faced about and took up his march on Lundy's Lane, having learned on the road of the American retreat from Queenston to Chippewa.

The American General, having also learned of Rial's retreat from Fort George, advanced again that afternoon, the 25th, from Chippewa. Hence the meeting of the advanced bodies of the now two advancing armies on Monday evening, the 25th of July, on the field of Lundy's Lane.

Lundy's Lane! Ever to be remembered Canadian battle-field! "Is the spot marked with no colossal bust, nor column trophied for triumphal show? None!" Reader, young Canadian reader, have you ever stood on a battle-field of your country—one on which you could claim to have had over a score of relatives doing battle for their King and country, and among them some of your nearest kindred? The writer could claim this, and prided himself, as a boy, while standing on the field of Lundy's

Lane, of having had, besides many distant relatives, two of his mother's brothers foremost in the fight on that ever glorious battle-field! These two—then young soldiers—afterwards became, respectively, the colonel and major of the 1st Regiment of the Glen-garry Highlanders, whom the writer met at the head of their regiment at Beauharnois, on the 11th of November, 1838, as described in our No. 5 article in TRUTH.

General Sir Gordon Drummond, immediately after his arrival at Fort George, took up his line of march by way of Queenston to support the advance of General Rial from the Twenty Mile Creek on Lundy's Lane, (the heat, under a broiling July sun, was excessive), but on his (Drummond's) arriving within three miles of the field, he found that Rial had already decided on a retrograde movement before superior numbers—that he was actually again in retreat. This backward movement was arrested by General Drummond, who ordered a face about and a return to Lundy's Lane. The British force was now increased to a little over 3,000 men. The American force amounted to nearly 5,000. Then began in earnest that fearful struggle on Lundy's Lane. The Americans fought with a sure certainty of victory. They had been successful in every affair during the month. The Canadian Militia fought with a desperation. They were goaded on nearly to madness by the outrages perpetrated on their homes by the Americans. Revenge was their battle cry. We shall not attempt to describe that fearful hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot deadly struggle—the giving and the taking of death! Every man in the British ranks fought as if the fate of the Empire rested on his bayonet. Scattered bands, fighting independently, here, there, and everywhere over the field, were blazing at each other within pistol shot range, and bayoneting or clubbing with the butt end of their muskets or rifles at close quarters in the dark. "It was bloody, butchering work," said an old soldier. There, within a small compass, and in some places in heaps, over 1,700 men lay dead and dying on that fatal field, being over one-fifth of the combatants engaged!

The Americans, worsted at all points, withdrew about midnight to Chippewa, leaving the little British force masters of the field—of a field covered with the dead and the dying of both armies, and on which the victors sank, totally exhausted after their six hours' hard fighting and their long march during the early part of the day from Fort George and the Twenty Mile Creek.

Who can picture that field? The thunders of Niagara, silenced or drowned during the rage of battle, were once more heard, and the still nearer sounds—the groans of the wounded and dying—rang in the ears of the survivors as they sank down exhausted on the won field to seek repose.

At early sunrise on the 26th of July 1814, the field of Lundy's Lane presented a ghastly sight. The dead and the dying lay thick around! The heat was so intense that the bodies had to be disposed of without delay. The dead were collected and placed in two heaps to be burned—the British dead in one, the Americans in the other. The fires were then lighted, and what remained of that mass of "living valour" of yesterday was soon reduced to a smouldering pile of ashes. A fearful necessity! It had to be done. Profanation had set in; a terrible stench arose from all parts of the field! Long before break of day of the 26th, and even before the crowning cheers of the victors had reached the camp followers, the field of Lundy's Lane

presented another sight, perhaps the saddest, the most affecting one, full of hopes and fears, conducted with a battle-field. Close by, in the rear, as camp followers, listening in fearful suspense to every volley and cheer from that fatal field, were hundreds of women and children, the mothers, the wives, the daughters, the sisters of the brave men of the Niagara District. There were early on the field, searching among the living, the dead and the dying for loved ones! Even these forgot for the moment their dead, in the general rejoicings of a great national victory!

The victors had not much time for rest. The British force prepared immediately to advance, to follow up the enemy. The Americans had retreated during the night to Chippewa, but the next day they continued their retreat in great disorder to Fort Erie, throwing all their artillery and heavy baggage into the Niagara. The greater part of them crossed the river at Black Rock and Buffalo, leaving a strong force in Fort Erie.

### THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

In a few days more we shall have the pleasure of celebrating another Queen's birthday. The event has been observed for a long time in Canada, and probably with more favor than in England itself. I do not think the Canadian, as a rule, is a very demonstrative person, but he appreciates progress and stability, and hence the privilege he enjoys as a subject of the most enlightened and progressive nation in the world, and his love for the noble woman, who has long and so ably reigned over it, is deep and earnest. In the Queen we feel that he has an embodiment of those nobler traits which make up the character of true womanhood, and thus it is that the throbbings of his heart towards her are ever real, and the prayer that frequently springs to his lips is truthful and sincere "God save our Queen."

Several years ago I had the gratification of spending some time in England. Immediately after arriving at Liverpool I proceeded to the Northern part of Lancashire to visit some friends there, and from there proceeded to Bristol on a similar errand. My stay in this fine old city was very enjoyable, and particularly the excursions we made from time to time to different points outside. One day it would be to the ruins of an old castle or abbey, or another to a place of historic interest, but nothing delighted me more than the rural scenery of the south and west of England. I can hardly think of anything more enjoyable than bounding at leisure through quiet lanes, beside green hedges redolent with the fragrance of wild rose and honeysuckle, under the shadow of great trees, or through fields ablaze with floral beauty.

After sitting for some time around London, not unlike a moth around a lighted lamp, I was drawn into it and lost in the midst of its millions. My first night was one of oppressive loneliness. It seemed to me that my personality had faded away in the heart of this vast city. This, however, did not last long; the multiplicity of things to be seen soon absorbed attention, and my fits of loneliness were quickly dispelled. My attention was called one morning at breakfast to a grand review that was to take place that day at Windsor in the presence of Her Majesty and Royal family, in honor of the Shah of Persia, then in England, whose entree into London I had already witnessed. A Toronto friend chanced to be stopping at the same hotel, and after a brief consultation

we decided to go and see the sight. We proceeded to the Cannon Street Station, and were soon wending our way out of the great city, and in a short time are put down at Windsor. Before us rose the massive walls of Windsor Castle, from whose lofty battlements floated the Royal Standard. Our objective point was where the military display was to take place, and though we would have been pleased to loiter on the way, the crowds that were pressing on warned us that if we wished to see anything we must pass on too, and before we got through we discovered what passing through a crowd and in a crowd of some three hundred thousand people meant. Our experiences in this matter also might furnish material for an amusing paper. However, after various adventures and numberless squeezes—sometimes so severe that breathing was a task of much difficulty—worked our way towards the grand stand, and succeeded in getting a good position to see. There were nearly two hours' delay in the arrival of Her Majesty, but presently the royal carriage appeared through the trees that adorn the great park, and the cry ran through the vast assemblage, "They come." As the carriage drew near the staff from which the Standard of Britain proudly waved, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and the chorus from hundreds of thousands of human throats was a revelation to an untravelled Canuck, long to be remembered. It is difficult to imagine the noise, either in volume or kind, such a multitude would make. It seemed to me like the roar of the sea. The Royal carriage passed by the Standard, while the Shah, mounted on a white Arab charger, and his suit, took up their position by the Persian Standard, and both were surrounded by a brilliant group of Royal and other great personages. The march past now began, and as the crack regiments of the British service, led by their celebrated bands, moved on with the precision of a clock, the enthusiasm reached its highest point. It was a grand sight to see, and which caused a thrill of patriotism to tingle every nerve. My space will not permit me to enlarge on this interesting and exciting display. When it was over my friend and I, though we had been where we could see the Queen and those around her very well, as desired, if possible, to get a nearer look at her, and so made off in the direction of the castle. Our object in this was furthered by the fact that the great majority, to whom the sight of Her Majesty was not a novelty, were anxious to see the Shah. We took up a place on the edge of the principal roadway leading through the park to the Castle, and waited patiently for an opportunity. After a little the carriage came slowly along followed by the Shah and his attendants. In passing we got what we came for, a good look at our noble Queen. It is hardly necessary for me to attempt a description of a personage made so familiar to every Canadian by the numberless prints that have appeared from time to time throughout Her Majesty's long reign. It seemed to me then, and does now, that if I had met her anywhere, unattended even by the trappings of royalty, I should have known the Queen. The impressions I had formed had not changed in any way by the closer view, and the glance I caught as I stood by the roadway, with lifted hat, the expression of the face, slightly flushed from the excitement and warmth of the day no doubt confirmed me in the estimate I had made of the appearance and character of Her Majesty. Under the circumstances we might have looked for considerable display, but there was none. The dress she wore

was a plain black, trimmed with white; no ornaments and no jewellery that could be seen. If I had never read of the loving wife, the devoted mother, the earnest Christian woman, the noble Queen, I should have felt that I had seen her to-day. We watched the carriage and its cortege as it drew near the castle for a few moments and then turned away and proceeded with all possible speed to the station, where we were glad to get standing room in the guards van, and were soon starting back to London, where we arrived at nine p. m., very weary, it is true, but in the humor, nevertheless, for supper, which we did ample justice to I am certain.

### LIFE IN MEXICO.

THE VIGA CANAL—SNOW-CROWNED POPOCATEPETL—A DUCK PRESERVE—FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY—INSATIATE APPETITE OF OLD HUITZILHUITT—ROWS OF GRINNING SKULLS.

(Truth Special Correspondence.)

One of the most delightful excursions which can be made anywhere in the world is up this Viga Canal. A covered boat, with awnings, movable benches, and two Indians to propel it, can be hired for about \$3 per diem. It is best to make up a party of "congenial spirits"—if they can be found in this far-away country—to provide energetic lunch-baskets, and to start at the first peep of dawn, that there may be ample time for picnicking among the floating gardens at mid-day, and a glimpse of the evening festivities at Santa Anita.

Leaving the Garita de la Viga (an old Spanish water-gate, at which toll is taken from the market boats) before sunrise, one meets multitudes of canoes coming down to the city, each with overflowing cargoes of fruit, flowers or vegetables. Every mummy-like figure, wrapped to the eyes in rebozo or zerapho (for the morning air is chilly) murmurs a musical *Buenos dias, señoras*, as you pass, generally supplemented by the solicitous query, *cómo pasa V. la noche?*—"how did you pass the night?"—for the poorest of these people are wonderfully polite. The *chalmupas*, perhaps the very same used by Cortez's Indian spies, are each managed by a single native, who stands upright in poses fit for a sculptor, and plies his long pole with marvellous dexterity. Not uncommonly it is an Indian girl alone—and a very pretty figure she makes, encased among her market produce: or flat-boats piled high with fragrant alfalfa; or canoes laden with tobacco, castor-oil beans, or freshly-gathered rushes with which to decorate the doors of pulyne shops; or a load of poppies and marigolds, to strew the floor of some church for a *fiesta* or a funeral.

Gliding along under the bending willows, the scene upon either side is surpassingly beautiful. The hills which environ this far-famed Valley of Anahuac are still wrapped in their misty robes *de nuit*, but the first rays of the rising sun flush SNOW-CROWNED POPOCATEPETL, and the dead giants, Ixtaccihuatl, stretched on her bier beside him. To the left rise those heights upon which the signal fires of the Aztecs were kindled during the early days of Spanish invasion; and a little farther on is "The Hill of the Star," where the sanguinary priests of Montezuma sacrificed a beautiful female captive at the end of each cycle of fifty years, believing the world would end unless the gods were thus propitiated. The few houses in sight are mostly of wild cane, thatched with Spanish-dagger leaves; here and there a gray or pink-tinted adobe villa, with private water-gates, is slowly mouldering upon the banks, apparently unhabited for cen-

turies, and a proper prowling-place for spoons. Numerous old churches,—most of them now ruinous and disused,—point crumbling towers toward heaven, on both sides of the way, for in olden times the Catholic law-makers granted lands and perquisites to pious souls who built churches. The shallow salt marshes on the right are a literal hunter's paradise, being blackened with wild-duck, millions of which both winter and summer here. The lands not diked into gardens are kept submerged, a kind of

DUCK-PRESERVE,

and leased for "happy hunting-grounds." The Indians have a singular mode of committing wholesale slaughter, which has at least the merit of effectiveness. Several hundred musket barrels are planted in hollowed logs, so arranged that half of them point horizontally along the water to sweep the birds that are sailing, while the rest are elevated at an angle of 45 degrees to rake those that rise. The guns are all touched off at once, by a fuse or electric battery, and the execution is terrific.

The *Chinampas*, or "Floating Gardens," are generally disappointing at first sight to the tourist who has read much of Prescott. But, though the soil is now mostly solidified, time was when it actually floated, and in that condition bore crops. To this day expanses are found which are kept in place only by stakes, with four feet of water running below them, yet strong enough to sustain grazing cattle. Farther on we meet wandering strips of verdure appropriately called *cucas* (ribbons), drifting about wherever the current carries them. We are told that in earlier times these floating fields, with their growing cargoes, were sometimes wrecked, like vessels, by bumping together in gales of wind, or being driven violently ashore; and that robbers and political refugees have been known to defy pursuit by diving under the illusive areas, to "bob up secretly" elsewhere. The gardens of to-day, which liberally supply the markets of Mexico, are formed by the division of what was once all water—but now made earth—into small square patches, intersected by narrow canals. The gardens are so tiny that the owner, paddling around them in his canoe, can irrigate his entire estate by tossing on water with a gourd.

But though these celebrated *chinampas* no longer float, they are curious because of their origin. No human being knows how many years, or ages, after the roving Aztecs had wandered from their unknown "Aztlan, the country of Herons," they reached this valley of Mexico, and settled first near Chapultepec, the "Grasshopper Hill" of their predecessors, the Tolties. Being persecuted here by the princes of Tlatoacan, they took refuge (about 1245) in a group of islands to the south of Lake Texcoco. But here they fell under the grievous yoke of the Texiocan kings, and soon fled to Tlaxpan, where—as a reward for assisting those chiefs against their petty princes—they were set at liberty and allowed to establish themselves in a city, which they called Mixcalcingo. But even here the Aztecs could not be contented, for their priests were still searching for that spot foretold by the gods, which would be indicated by an eagle perched upon a rock-rooted cactus. The long-looked for

FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY

came in 1325,—and to-day a queer old monument in the heart of the modern capital marks the exact spot (then covered by Lake Texcoco) where believing Aztecs behold that snake-eating bird, calmly breakfasting upon a prickly-pear, which grew out of a rock washed by the waves.

During all their wanderings the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies, and in the midst of a lake where were few fish, necessity compelled them to form floating fields upon the bosom of the water. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants, intertwined with twigs of light branches, till a foundation was formed strong enough to support soil, which they drew from the bottom of the lake, washed free from salt, and in it sowed maize and chili, which, for them, comprised the necessities of life. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water, in the form of a long square. Many of them held also the bamboo hut of the owner—his only habitation; and when the neighborhood was not to his liking, (for the early citizens of Tenochtitlan lived mostly in huts, erected on piles over the water) he had but to assemble the family and paddle his estate away! So strong was this natural love for flowers that soon the useful was secondary to the ornamental, and the little gardens became gay with blossoms and aromatic herbs, which were used in the worship of the gods or to bedeck the palace of the emperor. Truly, the ancient city, with its watery avenues and floating fields, must have been far more interesting than the modern town—a charming place for tourist's visits, barring such inconveniences as the Sacrificial Stone and the insatiate appetite of old Huitzilhuiti for the hearts of human victims.

Santa Anita, the first village on the Viga behind the city of Mexico, is the universal rallying point on Sundays, for both natives and sight-seers from the capital. There is always a *fiesta* at Santa Anita, and there the Indians are eternally fandangoing, ballad-singing, and pulyne drinking. On arriving at this village, the first business of everybody is to secure a wreath of poppies and corn-flowers, which the women wear upon their tangled hair and the men upon their sombreros—though, perhaps, the "human form divine," thus beautifully crowned, may be but partially covered with scant and dirty rags. Lovely wreaths sell for a *muñito* (six cents) apiece, and the woman, young or old, who is not wreathed before the day is over, is either deep in *disgracia* or hopelessly out of fashion. This native love of flowers is a direct heritage from the swarthy founders of these floating gardens. History tells us that the most valuable gift which Montezuma presented to the Spanish ambassadors at his court, was accepted by a rare bouquet—and a strange anomaly it must have seemed, this love of the beautiful combined with this blood-curdling religion. Baron Van Humboldt remarked upon it centuries afterwards. To-day those who sit in the market places must embower themselves in green branches garlanded with flowers, while even prosaic pulyne-barrels are wreathed with roses, and mugs and pitchers similarly bedecked! The poorest village church has its floor strewn with blossoms, and fresh bouquets are arranged upon all the altars before service begins. The babe at its christening, the child at its confirmation, the bride at her wedding, the corpse in its coffin, are alike adorned.

At the Indian village next above Santa Anita is a rare old church, built by Cortez in 1533, and still in daily use. It is well worth a visit, and if the doors chance to be closed, a few cents will induce the custodian to produce the key and unveil all its treasures of antique ugliness. In the rear is a weed-grown grave yard, with

ROWS OF GRINNING SKULLS

ranged along the arms of its central cross, which is surrounded by the inevitable pile of human bones. In front of the church



facing the plaza fountain—where the women love to collect with their water-jars and gossip, as even Indian women will—around several blue-painted adobe tombs. The vaults are mostly empty, except a few mouldy bits of coffin and grave-clothes (as any one may see by looking in) and each is graced by the owner's skull and cross-bones, placed carefully on top. There is something grotesquely ludicrous in the idea that these long-dead folk have come out to watch the little world they left, and each eyeless "dome of thought" seems to wear a cheerful grin as if appreciating the situation.

Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the evening home-coming down the Viga—the happy-hearted natives singing on shore and in their boats, fandango-dancing to twanging guitars, the dusky gondolier keeping time to the music with their paddles, the sleepy water growing purple beneath the willows, and the soft twilight of this marvellous climate throwing its glamour over all. Everybody, of whatever age or color, sex or station, wears a poppy-wreath; and—since it is "better to be out of the world than out of fashion"—Betsey and I don them also, and enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

FANNIE B. WARD.

City of Mexico, May 1st.

OUR QUEEN.

BY ROSS JOHNSTON, WHITBY, ONT.

God save the queen! Yes, from every loyal heart  
Throughout the vast expanse of thy broad realm,  
On which the sun ne'er sets, goes up the prayer  
That God would save and bless our noble Queen.  
Thou art alone the might of the land,  
Mighty in power, and wealth, and influence,  
A noble lineage, and proud descent,  
Who bear the royal smiles and circle round  
Thy throne august, as planets circle the sun,  
From whose great heart goes up the earnest prayer;  
But from the lowly ranks of daily toil  
In all the lines of labor manifold,  
Where mind, or muscle, or the two combined,  
In earnest effort wring the sweat-drops out;  
From these, tho' stars of lesser magnitude,  
(From social stand-point views) but hearts as large  
And sensibilities as keen as those,  
Goes up to heaven the self-same ardent prayer.  
How is it that throughout the wide domain  
Of great and greater Britain, and the Isles,  
And kingdoms, states, and continents where fame  
Of Britain's Queen has reached, she is revered,  
And held by all the good in God's sweet?  
It is as when you circled sun pursue  
His annual journey through the zodiac,  
And entering Aries, earthward turns and smiles;  
And gentle spring through every nook and glen,  
And sunny hill-side, and high mountain top,  
Feels the glad thrill of joy that smiles impart;  
And soon, sweet incense rising through the air  
Ascends in glad response to that sweet smile;  
But not alone from roses many-bud,  
And stately lilies, and carnations sweet,  
And gorgeous floral gems of richest shade  
And rarest perfume, born of crystal dew;  
But from each lowly tenant of the vale,  
The meek-eyed daisy, primrose, violet,  
Snow-drop, and daffodil, and buttercup,  
And water-lily dancing on the wave,  
Nor these alone, but glad some vocal sounds  
Of joy-voiced birds, from hedge-row, bush and dell,  
And forest grand, and hum of insect life,  
And rippling brook, and nature's myriad tongues  
In rich glad melody express their joy,  
And why this universal homage given  
To our good queen, by figure thus portrayed?  
The secret lies in that deep love of hers  
For all that's good, and pure, and lovable;  
And not for these alone, but for the weak,  
The suffering, the distressed, the sorrow-stricken.  
Her human heart, and human sympathy,  
Touched by a spark from off the heavenly altar,  
Glow forth in words and deeds of truest love,  
Not to her people only, but the race.  
Go back and see her in her maidenhood,  
Ere royal crown adorned her queenly brow,  
Gentle, and pure, and loving, she adorned  
With graceful dignity her quiet sphere,  
And doing all a daughter's duties well,  
And what an wife, and mother, a theme ye  
Who long had access to the inner temple,  
And knew the deep devotion of her heart,  
And knew it still, how brightly burned the flame  
Of pure conjugal love, and holy joy;  
And how her heart was riven at the loss  
At once of husband, Councillor and friend,  
And later loss of daughter, loved and true,  
And other griefs that rent her widowed heart;  
But through them all, her trust was in her God;  
And, like a buried seed, or floweret crushed,  
Gave sweeter notes, and sweeter fragrance, too,  
Witness the widow's heath; her feet have trod,  
And humble dwellings of the sons of toil,  
How she dispels false pride and arrogance,  
Her sympathy is broad as human kind,  
And reaches out to sorrow everywhere,  
To single hearts, or nations, in their grief,  
As Queen, she well has filled the British throne,  
Guiding with wisdom the affairs of State,  
(Alid by counsels of the wise and good),  
And adding lustre to her lengthened reign,  
A reign which evil men essayed to end,  
But were with Royal clemency forgiven.  
What is the secret of your nation's greatness?

Was asked of Britain's Queen by foreign Prince,  
Through his ambassador, in quick response  
She sent a copy of the Book of Books  
As fitting answer to the enquiry.  
God save the Queen! Long may she live and reign!  
And may her Empire long be clear, joined  
In bands of truest brotherhood and love,  
And should great war-clouds darken the horizon,  
Or lesser specks of discord or rebellion  
Call for united aid to quell the strife,  
Or to maintain thy just and righteous cause.  
Then Canada, as heretofore, will yield  
Her ready quota to uphold thy throne;  
And the auspicious day that gave thee birth  
Will yearly ring with poems of our joy  
As now, on this commemorative day.

PROHIBITION vs. NATURAL RIGHTS.

BY HON. S. D. HASTINGS.

It is claimed by some that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is an interference with natural rights. The presumption is against the soundness of this objection from the fact that the courts have almost invariably sustained prohibitory legislation. We look to our courts to sustain us in the possession of our rights.

But what are our rights, and how are they affected by our connection with civil society? The rights of the people may be regarded in a two-fold light. First, our natural rights, and second, our rights as citizens, as members of the body politic.

First, our natural rights. We all have natural rights—rights that are higher, dearer, more sacred and precious than any civil or constitutional rights—rights that are above and superior to all constitutions and laws—rights that pertain to us because of our manhood—rights that belong to us because we are the children of the great Father. Among these God-given rights are the right to life, liberty and to the pursuit of our own happiness; the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience—the right to educate our children—the right to provide for our own wants and the wants of those dependent upon us the right to cultivate the soil—the right to the possession and enjoyment of the fruit of the labor of our own hands and of our own brains. But along with these rights there are duties and responsibilities; there are limitations. We have no natural, no God-given rights that are not limited and controlled by the obligation in relation to ourselves. First, to do nothing that will injure us as being possessed of physical, intellectual and moral natures; and second, to do all in our power to promote our highest good as being thus constituted. And second, in relation to our neighbor, negatively, we have no right to injure him or tempt him to injure himself; and positively, we are bound in all we do to consult his highest good; to love him as we love ourselves, and to do to him as we would have him do to us.

Man has no natural rights that are not limited by the obligation in every act of his life to consult his own and his neighbor's highest good, and the idea that to prohibit a business that causes untold loss, sorrow, misery and wretchedness to thousands of human beings, and inflicts countless injuries upon the community at large; the idea that to prohibit such a business would be to interfere with man's natural rights is too absurd and preposterous to be entertained for a moment!

Second—What are our rights as subjects of civil government? To do just what we please in all matters, except where the public good or public safety requires some restraint or direction. In civil society the public good or public safety is the great thing, and every man must yield to this. When the interests of society demand it we are restrained and controlled in the smallest and apparently the most trivial, as well as in the largest and most important matters. Can we drive in a crowded thoroughfare on

whichever side of the road we please? But, can we not use our own property, the result of the labor of our own hands and our own brains, as we please? Can we erect a wooden building in the heart of a great city? Can we erect a slaughter house, there? Can we offer for sale upon the public streets tainted meat and decaying vegetables? Can we open a store for the sale of obscene books and pictures? Can we open a gambling establishment or a lottery? Can we open a store for the sale of poisoned flour? Why not?

We compel no one to purchase our decomposed meat, or decayed vegetables, our obscene books and pictures, our lottery tickets, our poisoned flour; why then are we restrained?

Because experience has shown that the public good—the public safety requires that there should be a law of the road—that wooden buildings and slaughter-houses, should not be erected in the heart of great cities—that decomposed meats and decayed vegetables should not be sold—that gambling, lotteries, obscene books and pictures tend to corrupt and demoralize the community, and hence they are forbidden or controlled. There are not a few who claim that in dealing with the liquor traffic we should rely solely upon moral suasion—that we should only use the law of love and try and persuade men to give up the evil business. To quote the words of one of these moral suasion advocates:—"With an enlightened public sentiment prohibition laws are not needed; without it they cannot be enforced." Suppose we apply this reasoning to other matters:—"With an enlightened public sentiment laws against murder, robbery, stealing, counterfeiting, obscenity, gambling, lotteries; against the sale of decomposed meat, against the erection of slaughter-houses and wooden buildings in the heart of great cities, the law of the road, etc., are not needed; without it they cannot be enforced." If society has the right to prohibit these things to which allusion has been made, has it not the right to prohibit the "gigantic crime of crimes," for so the liquor traffic has been pronounced by a senator in a discussion upon the floor of the United States Senate!

"And will you give to man a bill,  
Divorcing him from Heaven's high way?  
And when God says, 'Thou shalt not kill,'  
Say ye, for gold ye may—ye may?  
Compare the body with the soul!  
Compare the bullet with the soul!  
In which is felt the pierced bliss  
Of the destroying angel's breath?  
Which binds the victim the more fast?  
Which kills him with the deadlier death?  
Will ye the felon fox restrain?  
And yet take off the tiger's chain?"

MAINE LAW ENFORCEMENT.

LETTER FROM HON. NEAL DOW.

PORTLAND, May 11th, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. CASEY:

Probably the following facts in regard to the change that has taken place here in regard to the enforcement of Prohibition may be of interest to the readers of TRUTH: The Law is well enforced here now, and this is the way of it. The Republican party is dominant in this State, and has been so in this city, but it has falsified all its past record on the temperance question and has become an active partner in the liquor business.

At the last municipal election, the party arranged for a victory in alliance with the low secret grog shops, and we nominated a prohibition ticket, and inflicted upon the Republicans a most humiliating defeat. The total loss to the Republicans since 1884, was 1,000 votes. Republican officials began in June, 1875, to enforce the law as they called it—and from that time to April, 1885, the shops had not been reduced in number by one. In two weeks after the new administration came in the traffic was practically destroyed.

The next year we shall put in for mayor the same man. The State election takes place in September of that year—and we mean then to make him Governor, which we think will be the most effective way of serving notice on the Republican hopes. That the Republican party cannot be run on the rum line of rails without being tipped over into the ditch.

That's what we mean to do, and can easily accomplish next September. The party is now under the control of a few unscrupulous beer and whiskey politicians—though the rank and file is in favor of prohibition by two thirds or three quarters.

Truly yours,

NEAL DOW.

BATOUCHE.

(Sunday, May 10, 1885.)

BY G. FELHAM MULVANT, M. D., SO. 1 COMPANY G. O. R., 1806, LIEUTENANT SHERRBOCKE RIFLES, 1807.

Strange were the visions that Sabbath day,  
And sadder the priests that watched the sacrifice.

Through all Ontario's cities there was peace.  
The church bells pealed through all the calm May morn;  
And no sign told of those blood wet fields,  
That dim ravine where ambushed murder lurked  
In coward covert: home was home as yet;  
The paring words so recent, and so sure  
The safe and soon return; the absent ones  
Gone but to spend a summer holiday;  
As on our own Niagara camping-ground  
Our boys have gone and camped in summers past,  
For three weeks' soldiering, and have safe returned;  
Their strong limbs lustier for the hardy fare,  
Their bonny faces brown with sun and wind.

With louder churchbell broke the Sabbath day,  
With other impulses rose the charging cheer.

Chafed through long days, impatient of delay,  
Their brave hearts hurt by every party hack  
And seaward unto the *Mail* and *Globe*,  
(The coward loquax of the absent brave).  
They sought the practised ambush of the foe,  
The death shot sped, safe-sheltered, forest screened,  
Or behind rocks in some deep rifted ravine,  
A puff of rifle smoke that scarce gave sign,  
Ere it smote home and flew, our boys lay camped,  
Save when the rifle bullets reached.  
There at the creek, "inactive" checked:  
Unparticipating through the land so crooked,  
Our boys lay camped that Sunday morn in May.

Slow from bush covert crept the rifle smoke,  
The half-bred bell-hounds bark at intervals  
Rose from his safe recess of rifle pits;  
Our boys (as ever the *Globe* admits) are brave,  
But, (as the *Mail* says) are not first-rate shots,  
And answer vaguely to the half-bred's fire;  
Checked were they at Fish Creek, so says the *Globe*;  
Founded by Poundmaker maintains the *Mail*.

The scouts crept nearer to the ambushed foe,  
Then to his soldiers Middleton said, "Advance!"  
Then swept across the open that fierce tide  
Of brand and bayonet flashing in the sun—  
Canada's first army in Canada's first fight,  
United with one aim, invincible.

Yet when at half mast floats our victor flag?  
Why with sad minor notes do we recall  
The glad *Te Deum* of this Sabbath morn?  
Woe does not see the triumph he has won,  
Woe in that long sleep where there are no dreams,  
In the first rupture of that headlong charge;  
Nor treading down the storm of leaden hail,  
Has Fitch victorious seen his victory?

Ord rest their gallant souls and give them peace,  
And crown their brows with amaranth, and set  
The saintly palm branch in their grog right hand,  
Our dearest, bravest, soldiers' conquests—  
"Whom the Gods love die young," and young died they.  
Victors of Canada's first victory,  
Such were our gifts to God that Sabbath day,  
So costly was the fearful sacrifice.

Short mantles, jerseys, cloth and silk jackets, long newmarketa, raglans, and dolman visites of medium length are all fashionably worn as street wraps.

There are souls innumerable in the world, as dry as the Sahara desert—souls which, when they look most gay and summer-like, are only flaunting the flowers gathered from other people's gardens, stuck without roots into their own unproducing soil.

The martyr goes to the stake, the patriot to the scaffold, not with a view to any future reward to themselves, but because it is a glory to fling away their lives for truth and freedom, and so, through all phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

Will be given each Week for the Best Piece of Poetry Suitable for Publication in this Page.

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

SPECIAL OFFER.

The publisher of TRUTH will give a special prize of ten dollars for the best original poem for "Dominion Day" (July 1st). The contributions are not to exceed 100 lines each, and to be sent in, addressed to Publisher of TRUTH, not later than June 15th.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. D. Stewart, Esq., Chief of Police, Hamilton, acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of \$5, the prize awarded for best poem published in TRUTH of April 25.  
J. H. Macdonald, Boom, Nova Scotia, also acknowledges the receipt of \$5 for best selected poem published in TRUTH of April 11th.

THE AWARD.

As TRUTH is now issued one day previous to "Queen's Birthday," it was thought desirable to offer a special prize for the best poem relating to Her Majesty. Though the notice given was short, over thirty poems have been sent in, a number of them possessing good literary merit. The committee decided in favor of the following, by Rev. J. H. Chant, Methodist minister of Collins Bay, Ont., to whom \$10 will be paid on application. Several others are also here given, which, we are sure, will be read with pleasure.

Queen Victoria.

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

We do not sing of vast domain—  
Empire as vast as ours are seen,  
And o'er their millions despot reign;  
We sing the praises of our Queen.

We think of her, when, but a maid,  
The message came, "The King is dead!"  
And at her feet a crown was laid;  
In great distress of mind, she said:

"In my behalf, I ask your prayers."  
Then falling on her knees to pray,  
She told the Lord her fears and cares,  
And sought from Him strength for her day.

He seemed to say, "Child, do not fear;  
I will uphold thee with my hand,  
And I will make thy pathway clear,  
Thy throne establish in the land."

'Twas thus began Victoria's reign,  
And God has made her throne secure;  
Her enemies shall plot in vain,  
For it is destined to endure.

But while she sits on regal throne,  
And acts full well a royal part,  
She reigns not on the throne alone—  
She reigns to-day in England's heart.

Her queenly heart with pity throbs  
For every suffering subject's woe;  
In lowly cot, 'midst groans and sob,  
She like a ray of sunshine goes.

As sweet perfume by outward gale  
Is carried far o'er sea and land,  
So queenly virtues never fail  
To reach true hearts on every strand.

In every land her name is blest,  
She is beloved by old and young;  
From pole to pole, from east to west,  
The song, "God Save the Queen," is sung.

Through sorrows deep her path has led,  
And tender ties have sundered been;  
Bright hopes were buried with her dead,  
And love has kept their memory green.

By grief secluded from the world,  
For many years she lonely trod;  
And oft her life has been imperiled,  
But she has leaned upon her God.

And as she wept, a nation's tears  
In heartfelt sympathy were shed;  
Forgetting their own griefs and cares,  
They wept beside the royal dead.

With grateful hearts her natal day  
We loyal Britons hail again,  
And join with millions as they pray,  
"God bless our Queen—long may she reign!"

And when at last life's glories fade,  
And robes of state are laid aside,  
And nature's debt to dust is paid,  
And charms no more earth's pomp and pride,

May angel bands her spirit bear  
Up to the palace of the King,  
Where she a fadefless crown shall wear,  
And the new song with rapture sing.

—For Truth.

All Hail to the Morn!

BY MRS. M. A. MAITLAND, STRAITFORD, ONT.

All hail to the morn when to England was born  
A sovereign the noblest and best;  
Whose honor and name, whose glory and fame  
Resound from the east to the west;  
Whose sceptre of might never swerved from the  
right,

But in wisdom has ever been swayed.  
Whose arm to the foe who would fain overthrow,  
Has been prompt to uncover the blade.  
All hail to the happy May morning that gave  
VICTORIA to rule o'er the land of the brave!

Long, long on her brow may as proudly as now  
Rest the crown she so nobly has worn;  
Long, long o'er her lands may the "Aye, ready,"  
hands

Bear the flag they so bravely have borne;  
And may the same hand that has sped on the land  
The cause of the just and the true,  
Aye favor the breeze to the Queen of the Seas,  
Aye compass her "jackets of blue."  
All hail to the happy May morning that gave  
VICTORIA to rule o'er the land of the brave!

May the Sovereign of Love from His kingdom above,  
With rich robes abundantly bless  
Our monarch revered, by her virtues endeared,  
"A Queen, but a woman none less."  
May each year to her bring with the blossoms of  
spring,

A nation's good-will and regard;  
Till her sceptre and crown are in honor laid down,  
And the righteous has found her reward.  
All hail to the happy May morning that gave  
VICTORIA to rule o'er the land of the brave!

—For Truth.

Queen Victoria.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, JR.

This is an age when ancient things  
From pride of place are hurled;  
And intellect, as well as kings,  
Is ruling in the world.  
An age not overawed by towers,  
Or aught an heir inherits;  
And princes, potentates and powers  
Must stand on their own merits.

Appointed by the Powers above,  
Hail! Sovereign of the free,  
Who reignest over us in love,  
And hence we honor thee.  
A loyal people's love sincere  
Is guardian of thy throne,  
For thou art to the nation dear  
For virtues of thine own.

We honor thee with loyal men,  
For thou art good and true,  
Because thou art indeed a Queen,  
"And yet a woman, too."  
Not to thy titles or thy fame  
Bows any loyal and true man;  
He honors thee, yes, in the name  
Of every virtuous woman.

Not that thou reignest o'er kingdoms great,  
The highest in command;  
But because thou art, apart from state,  
First lady in the land.  
The day of abject loyalty  
Is gone, forever gone;  
Men won't bow to depravity  
Tho' seated on a throne.

Surely thy tears of sympathy  
Thy jewels far outshine,  
For tears that flow for others' woe  
Come from a source divine.  
The power thou wield'st 'at was built by woe  
Herold hearts and aches,  
Through many years of toll and tears,  
The outcome of the ages.

There Bacon's wisdom is enshrined,  
Burd's mental treasures vast,  
And a long line of bards divine  
A halo round it cast;  
That power's unswilled in thy hands,  
And long, long may'st thou be  
Great Empress of the smiling lands—  
Great, glorious and free!

—For Truth.

Queen Victoria's Birthday.

BY B. MOORE, QUEBEC.

In vain the poet tunes his lyre,  
And breathes his soul in song,  
And vain his efforts to aspire  
To rouse the rapturous throng  
Whose loyalty assumes the sway  
On Queen Victoria's natal day.

No eloquence is needed now,  
Nor yet the poet's lore;  
The people in devotion bow,  
And gratefully adore  
That God whose goodness they have seen  
Long focused in their noble Queen.

We hail with heartfelt loyalty  
The Twenty-fourth of May,  
And in a rapture full and free,  
Applaud the natal day  
Of our loved Queen, the gift of heaven  
To all who prize the blessing given.

Queen, Empress, all her titles are  
Less than her human heart,  
Which gives a lustre, brighter far  
Than crowns or works of art  
Above her rank we love to trace  
Her piety, love, truth and grace.

A loving mother's watchful care  
Prepared her in her youth  
To seek the Lord by earnest prayer,  
To love and hold the truth.  
Thus through life's changes God has been  
The leader of our loving Queen.

As wife and mother she has proved  
An honor to her name.  
A queen so loving, so beloved,  
Of such unalloyed fame  
Has never sat on any throne,  
And this loved Queen we call our own.

Her vast dominions own her sway,  
All nations speak her worth;  
Then let us hail her natal day,  
And celebrate her birth.  
And about, "Long live our gracious Queen,  
To be what she has always been."

For forty-seven years her name  
Has been a household word,  
And still she gains increasing fame,  
As all with one accord  
Declare she is, and still has been  
A loving, wise, and model Queen.

In vain we search through ancient lore  
A better Queen to find;  
All other queens she stands before,  
And leaves them far behind.  
A virtuous court, a stainless throne  
Belong to her—to her alone.

What tho' some wretched rebels may  
Their dissatisfaction show,  
Our sentiments declared to-day  
Must silence every foe.  
Our million-voiced great shout shall be  
Victoria, love, and loyalty.

God bless our Queen, long may she reign  
To share her people's love;  
And after death, O may she gain  
A brighter crown above—  
A crown begemmed with every grace  
Which in her virtuous life we trace.

And may her few declining years  
Be peaceful and serene;  
Nor war's alarms, nor anxious fears  
Disturb our dear old Queen.  
Until at last the angels come,  
And bear her blood-washed spirit home.

—For Truth.

Song for Queen's Birthday.

MISS JENNIE LYON K, TORONTO

Hail, glorious Twenty-fourth of May!  
It is Victoria's natal day;  
And 'midst the cannon's roar  
From those who call her Queen and friend,  
We hear a thousand prayers ascend  
To bless her as of yore.

For many years fair Albion's Isle  
Has prized her gentle words and smile,  
And watched her Christian course;  
So now throughout her closing years  
It mourns her widowhood and tears,  
And weeps their mutual loss.

Then hail, bright, glorious morn of May,  
That ushers in this natal day;  
For Victoria has ever been  
Throughout her useful, noble life  
A perfect daughter, friend and wife,  
A true mother and good Queen.

—For Truth.

Victoria.

BY MRS. C. JEWETT, WEST DENMARK, MAINE.

Across the sea, across the sea,  
We send our greetings unto thee,  
Our loyal greetings, gracious Queen,  
From the far land thou hast not seen.

Long have we held thy name,  
And thy unquelled fame,  
Thy stainless honor, thy renown,  
Our nat on a joy, our nation's crown.

In all thy wide domain  
Thou stands no nobler name;  
No sweeter and no truer life  
As mother or as wife.

A Queen in very truth,  
First in thy earnest youth,  
Then in thy golden prime,  
Now in that after-time.

When from life's deepened root  
Hath sprung the ripened fruit,  
That gives thy history's later page  
The added dignity of age.

Something still of gracious sweetness,  
Of thy royal hor-'s completeness,  
Crowns, as nothing lesser could,  
All thy noble womanhood.

Baby fingers at thy breast  
All the heart of England pressed,  
Widow's tears from out thine eyes  
Darkened all the English skies.

India's Empress, England's Queen,  
Lofly titles, still I deem,  
But the nobler, truest, best,  
Loved and cherished east and west.

With its honored place bespoken,  
Deep in English heart of oak  
Is Victoria, widowed wife,  
Crowned with years of staleness life.

And to-day we send to thee  
Greetings fair across the sea,  
Wish thee joy and length of days,  
And that God in pleasant ways

Still shall guide thy feet aright,  
Walking ever in His light.  
May thy years grow and increase,  
May the end thereof be peace.

And when that sad day shall come,  
That shall mark thy journey down,  
May He bless thee with His rest,  
Pray thy people in the West.

—For Truth.

Our Good Queen.

BY MRS. J. CRAWFORD, NEWCASTLE, ONT.

Once more this day returns to us,  
Clothed with earth's choicest green;  
And flowers fair, both rich and rare,  
On every side are seen.  
And perfume-laden breezes sigh,  
Ecstatic as they play,  
Seeking with blessings bright to crown  
Our good Queen's natal day!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
And many years bring back to her  
Her natal day again!

Her reign with blessings has been fraught,  
And subjects free and glad  
Praise her laws good and merciful—  
Such laws no other Britain had!  
But more than this we honor her,  
We hold her dear as life,  
The queen and crown of womanhood,  
Pure mother, perfect wife!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
May many years bring back to her  
Her natal day again!

Then shout aloud for our good Queen,  
And all our hearts be gay,  
As here we meet to celebrate  
Our sovereign's natal day.  
Thank God for Queen Victoria!  
The best the world has seen!  
And may each heart put forth its prayer—  
God guard our gracious Queen!

Then shout for Queen Victoria!  
Long may she live and reign!  
And many years bring back to her  
Her natal day again!

—For Truth.

The Natal Day

BY MRS. W. HAYNES, HAMILTON.

The Queen! the Queen! our gracious Queen  
We'll raise on high our voice,  
And let it by our smiles be seen  
That every heart rejoices!  
Her natal day we'll celebrate  
With ardor and devotion,  
And Britain's festal tumult  
In our Canadian nation.

"Now let Old England's flag be spread,  
That flag long famed in story;  
And as it waves above our head,  
We'll think upon its glory!  
Our noble Queen! we'll fire the gun  
And set the bells a-ringing.  
An' 'then, with hearts and voices one,  
We'll all unite in singing,

"The Queen! the Queen! God bless the Queen  
And all her royal kindred;  
Prolonged and peaceful be her reign,  
By a brow never hindered!  
May high and low, the rich and poor,  
The happy or distressed,  
O'er her wide realm, from shore to shore,  
Arise and call her blessed!"

—For Truth.

The Queen's Birthday.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

All hail! most gracious Queen,  
On this thy natal day;  
Full many thou hast seen,  
Dear Twenty-fourth of May.

From every clime on earth  
Thy soul send greetings full,  
And proudly own thine birth  
Beneath thy sovereign rule.

In many scenes of life  
Our hearts round thee entwined;  
As mother, Queen, or wife,  
Thy virtues nobly shine.

Let rebels point with scorn,  
Or cowards quake with fear;  
Thy subjects, British born,  
In memory, hold thee dear.

God spare thee many years,  
In trouble send relief;  
At last, a nation's tears  
Shall wet thy grave in grief.

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 26.

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

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

## THE OLD QUEEN.

SENT BY MISS BELLA TAYLOR, PAKENHAM, ONT.

In a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead darkening the furrows of age—afrown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long-endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is no much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful, and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste: hangings of rare old tapestry; cushions glowing with crimson and gold; ebony tables carved to a network, and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally stung; birds of Paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage, and many a rare curiosity from the east, filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled gray, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, unmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed, but still majestic figure, a robe of glowing crimson fell, wavy after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine, and jewels over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small, pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels, that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a mosaic of precious stones, whereon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum, that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Every thing in the palace seemed moving on with the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the queen. Through an open door, which led to the anti-chamber of her withdrawing room, several pages and and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old queen sat with that stern look upon her features, gazing upon the role of parchment that her minister Cecil had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment, and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face, and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart, and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet, and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into deep thought.

All at once Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway up-lifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the in-

firmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with the quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring! he has the ring, and yet he sends it not! To save his own life will he not bend that stubborn will, and to his queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added: "But if the cry of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from a fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand to her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that flashed upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling, disappointed old woman—in whose wrong heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her old age—it was his death-warrant that her counsellors had laid before her. The pen was ready; the vellum was before her, lacking nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hand and her face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of passionate feeling and trampled it under foot.

"May thy queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-warrant!" she cried, in a voice that reached the anti-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe if they dare, and say that the queen would not shed the blood of him she loved! Ha! what intrusion is this!" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tears that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than regal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females, dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her; one, a tall, beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale with emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of the queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name becometh you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it, but despair has made us bold. God, in his mercy touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience."

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age were at her feet. The widow of Leices-

ter, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumphs of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with the thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let all hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great queen, say not so!" cried the countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash, headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person more truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proves it, by wedding with thy baby face."

"Oh, that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter despair, and burying the ravaged features in her hands—for she saw that their very loveliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him? Great queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sank forward upon her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also loved all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its palor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex, "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the queen with a haughty sneer.

"Aye, I know not; for I have ever been a humble and loving subject,—"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart, I am no longer deemed worthy even of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your majesty's feet."

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still the queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," cried the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love, yet when he found favor with your highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as sought

compared to the worship which he lavished upon his queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death. Oh, not to death! Great queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for so much love."

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments from the suppliant's grasp and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the queen.

"Your son was a traitor," she said, "taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!"

"He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!" pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. "When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things."

"Beyond all earthly things!" cried the queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

"Spare but his life," she cried, "and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not to the block!" and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment and wrote upon it.

"Take this," she said, reaching it toward the elder countess; "it is an order for your admission to the tower. Go and see your son."

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sank down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth. She, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added:

"Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer will be given!"

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions—to that of the queen.

"The Lady Essex will remain here," she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her," cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. "Mother, mother, plead for me."

"Go!" said the queen, sternly, waving her hand. "The Countess of Essex will await you here."

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager, like those of a newly prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The queen watched her narrowly and the cold smile deepened around her lips. She found intemperate satisfaction in the torture which was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor, the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must reunite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and covered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition had been received.

At last the queen arose and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had received how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

Half an hour after the queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon be-



came wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out, that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again.

What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomps of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had for gotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been alone in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had not time for such cruelty.

So rarely had she reached her hair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bedchamber opened the door and announced—

“The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester.”

This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

“Well,” said Elizabeth, sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, “our order admitted you, doubtless—and your son; felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?”

“He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He—”

“But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our whole council—nay, against all England!”

“Alas, alas!” said the Countess, “he gave me no ring!”

“Nor mentioned one,” said the queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

“Nor mentioned one,” was the faint and heart broken reply.

“Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!”

Elizabeth stopped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly something it out with both hands, very pale those hands were, and so also was her face, but every feature seemed locked with fierce resolution; she was calm and stern as death.

When the parchment was smoothed Elizabeth took a pen from the stand before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take up the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

“Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and say that the great seal is affixed,” she said to the person who entered—“then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more.”

“That parchment,” cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth,

with her wild eyes—“Great queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not—”

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her. “It is the Earl of Essex’s death warrant,” said Elizabeth, rising sternly. “Go!” She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her, but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen; her eyes had a terrible light in them.

“Elizabeth of England, the Great God of Heaven will call you to judgment for this act.”

Before the queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

“My daughter, let us go. Henceforth, we must only trust to the God who will avenge us.”

A moment after and the old queen was alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOLUNTEER, Fergus.—The Russian army is supplied with the Berdan rifle. It is described as an excellent firearm.

NORTH OXLOW, Que.—Will the party who sent \$1.12 in a letter bearing above post-mark kindly send name, and state what the money is for?

A. McD., Brandon.—We do not think there is any law by which a party could be fined for going from house to house using a silver-plating machine.

G. E. BROOKFIELD, 7 Union Avenue.—Will you please give the Publisher your post office? For want of it no books or other answer can be sent to you.

KARL.—You had better put your case in the hands of a regular physician and place him in a position to know all about the disease. Without such knowledge any opinion will be of very little value, indeed.

PUZZLED, Barric.—The Saskatchewan River is higher in midsummer than in the spring, because the snow on the Rocky Mountains, where the sources of the river are found, does not begin to melt to any extent until July and August.

ANXIOUS, Port Elgin.—We prefer not to express a very decided opinion upon the merits or demerits of the new Franchise Bill. You will find reliable and trustworthy information upon the subject in the party papers, which are discussing the points of the Bill so “calmly and dispassionately.”

SIMPLETON, Arthur.—The antecedents of the late General Gordon have been for generations soldiers. His great grandfather fought at Prestonpans, and his grandfather was with Wolfe at Quebec. His father, Lieut. Gordon, was an artillery officer. In addition to Latin, Greek, French and German, the hero of Khartoum knew Chinese, Arabic, and the Turkish languages.

D. M. G., Halifax.—It is usual to allow a certain period for vessels to clear out of the respective ports after war has been declared between two nations. In the event of hostilities between England and Russia it is likely such an arrangement would be made as to ensure the safety of shipping, which at the moment might be in the waters of the contending parties.

Work with all the speed and ease you can, without breaking your head.

DISSOLUTION.—Mr. Raggles—“You’ve been an’ made a mistake with my washin’, Mrs. Mangles, and sent ‘omo three old hankychers as don’t belong to me, an’ nothink else.” Mrs. Mangles—“Lor! Mr. Raggles, that ain’t hankychers; that is your snirt as ‘as come to pieces in the washin’ at last.”

BEGIN IT FIRST.—An old minister in the Cheviots used, when excited in the pulpit, to raise his voice to a loud half whisper, half whine. One day a shepherd had brought with him a young collic, who became so thrilled by the high note of the preacher that he also broke out into a quaver so like the other that the minister stopped short. “Put out that collic!” he said, angrily. The shepherd, equally angry, seized the animal by the neck, and, as he dragged him down the aisle, sent back the growling retort at the pulpit, “It was yer-erel’ begoud it!”

THE SCOTT ACT—SOMETHING ABOUT MAINE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—General Neal Dow, of Maine, claims that in Maine they save “at least \$12,000,000 in direct cost, and an equal amount in indirect cost, making in all \$24,000,000 saved annually, which, but for prohibition, would be spent and lost in strong drink. This large saving,” he says, “is seen every where through the State in the vastly improved condition of the people, and in the healthy and vigorous condition of all our industries.”

Now, as prohibitory laws have held sway in Maine for some 33 years, we may safely estimate that the amount of money saved all those years was \$792,000,000, and as the population of Maine is nearly stationary, ten per cent only being the increase in 33 years, and only numbers 648,000, this vast amount ought surely to leave evidence of its accumulation on every hand. Search, however, fails to find one solitary cent of it. These prohibitions appear no better off, and often worse, than surrounding States in their accumulations and investments.

In nothing whatever can they compare with Ontario. They tell us we are cursed with whiskey, but, thank heaven, we are not yet damned with prohibition.

As of most interest to workmen we will first glance at Maine’s manufacturing interests and wages, and compare them with Ontario, taking only the last census decade:—

Table with 2 columns: Maine and Ontario. Rows include Manufacturing Establishments (1870-1880), Hands Employed (1870-1880), and Wages (1870-1880).

The difference in favor of Ontario is overwhelming. Now for a search for some of that \$792,000,000. There are certain States called New England States. They are New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. With the two first we have nothing to do. They are under prohibitory laws, though not so strongly enforced as in Maine, and present the same features in greater or lesser degree. Massachusetts had prohibition for twenty years, though not strongly enforced. Connecticut also had it on the statute book only, for the same time. Rhode Island also played with a delusive spectre for several years. But none of these three States ever tried to enforce the law as it has been attempted in Maine. The general claim is that Maine’s efforts have resulted in the above large saving; hence, the other three States, as they are now license States, with local option, ought to be behind Maine in the race for fortune, especially as they all present nearly the same geographical features. How do they really stand?

Table with 2 columns: State and Per cent. Rows include Increase in number by per cent. between 1850 and 1880, and Products of Manufacturing States.

Still Maine is behind, though she has a larger population than Rhode Island or Connecticut. It is evident that a sordid drain exists somewhere, and that “the healthy and vigorous expansion” of the General’s speech is tetotal carbon dioxide evolved from the fermentation of decayed ideas in that gentleman’s brain.

Leaving the manufacturers we will descend to the people themselves and hunt for this tremendous amount, which seems to be possessed of a similar nature to certain gases which contract or expand, and certainly it is hard to find any trace of. The laws relating to taxation in all the New England States are very similar, so that the following figures may be regarded as founded on an equal basis. We find that in Maine the assessed personal property per head is \$95, in Connecticut \$197, in Rhode Island \$232, in Massachusetts \$265. No trace of the millions saved annually, mind. Taking the owners of Government bonds we find:—

Table with 4 columns: State, Male Holders, Female Holders, and Total. Rows include Maine, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

It is well here to note that Connecticut has a smaller population. Least there should be a plea that these figures do not represent the working people whom prohibition is said (falsely) to benefit, we will take the holders of \$500 and less. Maine has 693 such bondholders; Connecticut has 719; Massachusetts has 7,244; Rhode Island has 263. Yet Connecticut has a smaller population, and Massachusetts is only three times larger.

Rhode Island here bears the same population as Maine; but there is no sign of the millions put into the poor man’s pocket, “nor” the vastly improved condition of the people *à la* Gen. N. Dow.

We will now leave the people and search the coffers of the commonwealth for this sum, and at the rate of \$24,000,000 per annum, it surely ought to crop up a little here, as we have as yet found no trace of it. In the last census decade the net debt of Maine increased 37 per cent; Connecticut, 29 per cent; Massachusetts, 33 per cent; or placing it *per capita* in dollars, Maine increased \$9 per head; Connecticut, \$3.50; and Massachusetts, \$3.70.

While in Maine the State is supposed by our talking General to be getting richer by millions, and as the people are getting so rich the State kindly taxes them 45c. per \$100, though in poor licensed-ridden Connecticut the rate is only 15c. per \$100 in Rhode Island the same, and in Massachusetts 3c.

I have heard it said that if the money is not spent in whiskey, it will be given to the poor, or the church, or the school. I need only remark that no one ever heard that the people of Maine were fond of giving away part of this \$24,000,000; no one ever heard that they were better than others at such good work. As to the school, well they have a good school system; but if they had the same population as Ontario, and only gave as they do now, they would come over \$260,000 short of what we spend on our educational system. “The poor you have always with you,” says the Great Teacher. They certainly have in Maine, in spite of \$24,000,000 per annum saved, and expanding manufactures, and no licensed bars.

I find recorded that in 1880 there were in Maine 3,211 paupers, of which 1,600 were supported in almshouses (bless the mark), and this enumeration is known to be too small. Much more could be said on the subject, but if the General’s boast needs any more extended commentary, or the argument of Wm. Burgess any further refutation, other facts are at hand. Maine is the only State or place which has given prohibition a fair trial; it is the only standard we have to gauge tetotal assertions by, and if it does not uphold their theories it is not for them to grumble, nor to say that we ought not to make the Maine law decide against their ideas, because it is not fully carried out.

We see in this State prohibition working and finding that it has apparently spared the life blood out of the commonwealth, trodden under foot virtue and respect for law, and has not helped the artisan classes, we are justified in demanding further evidence that “beneficial effects would follow a prohibitory law” before accepting the Scott Act.

Yours, etc., GEO. BOUSFIELD.

Toronto, May 9.

I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain peaks, and say, “I am eternal and defy your power.”

Smile not on the legend as vain, that once in holy hands a worthless stone becomes a cup of silver. Let thy alchemist be contentment, and stone or ore shall be equal to thee.



## Temperance Department.

### AN ABUSE OF POWER.

HOW DRUGGISTS' LICENSES ARE BEING GIVEN OUT UNDER THE SCOTT ACT.

According to the provisions of the Canada Temperance Act nothing approaching a retail license can be given out anywhere except to druggists. The object of the druggists' licenses is to provide the facilities for procuring alcoholic liquors for medicinal purposes. Complaints have been made that in several counties the Commissioners under the McCarthy Act have actually given out these druggists' licenses to old tavern-keepers and ex licensed grocers, to the actual exclusion of bona fide druggists. A statement was made by a recent deputation to the Attorney-General that such had been the case in Huron county, where the Scott Act has been declared in force. In order to lay the honest facts before TRUTH readers, letters of enquiry were sent to leading and reliable citizens of Huron county asking for definite information. In reply to one of these letters the following information has been sent by a leading citizen of Goderich,—a gentleman well informed on the matter and in whose veracity we have no doubt whatever. A state of things such as he describes is truly shameful, and well calculated to bring the officials themselves into contempt. The wonder is that the Ottawa Government has not at once instituted an enquiry into the matter. Surely the people are not to be trifled with in that way about the enforcement of a law adopted by themselves by such an overwhelming majority.

Our correspondent, whose name can be obtained at any time, writes as follows.—“In the county of Huron the druggists have been ignored entirely in the matter of license under the Scott Act. We have in this county four towns and four or five incorporated villages, and a number of small villages, but not a druggist has been licensed. Nearly all have been given to hotels or shop keepers formerly licensed to sell liquors. The exceptions to this are so few that they are not worth mentioning.

“Not only so, but these licenses are not even given to the best of these, in most cases. The druggists nearly all made application for licenses, but it was no go. The Dominion Inspectors are men strongly opposed to the Act, and, I fear, will do but little to enforce it.”

### Intemperance and Pauperism.

The *Lancet* is well known as the leading medical journal of England. It is not given to much “temperance rant,” and yet some of the strongest temperance arguments published are found in its columns. Here is an article clipped from a recent issue:—Several different causes have been assigned for the pauperism which is increasingly prevalent in our great cities. It is well that everything which has influence on this subject should receive due attention at the present time, when the greatness of the evil is rendered more apparent by a general depression in trade, and when the minds, all are turned to consider any possible schemes for the proper maintenance and housing of the poor. The destitute man, if he were now asked to state the cause of his condition, would almost certainly blame the times and would be largely justified in doing so. Whatever be the origin of the present inaction, whether business competition, the store system, the spendthrift extravagance of many whom a false ambition tempts to live above their means, or other circumstances, the fact remains that work is more difficult to find and to hold than formerly. Nor does the very poor man alone suffer, but the shoe pinches everyone in some degree. This want of employment and lapse of the regular habits which belong to it, have doubtless very much to do with such poverty as is generally felt. It does not, however, account for all the misery of the so-called “outcast.” Other factors enter into that dismal pressure which rests upon

each member of many households, not alone in our days, but even in more prosperous times. It was not for the first time at a recent meeting in Exeter Hall that drunkenness and unthrift were condemned as the twin and chief producers of abject poverty. The connection between those vices is too much a matter of daily remark to call for proof. It is as real as the opposite union between thought and shrift. Words are not needed to explain how the poor must go to the wall when the trade is slack, if their exchequer never too full, is in literal liquidation on behalf of a morbid appetite, while the giving hand of the employer is restrained by an enforced economy. On our own part, also, as medical men, we cannot but speak in support of these opinions of the political moralist. Science recommends alcohol to no one who has health; but, on the contrary, enjoins abstinence in this particular to all such, and in reference to all states of labour, mental or bodily, to exposure, worry, and even fatigue. In circumstances of exposure and exhaustion, indeed, testimony goes to prove that such drinks as tea and coffee afford a stay nearly as speedy in action as, and much more trustworthy and enduring than, any that alcoholic stimulants can give.

### Temperance in the Soudan.

A correspondent of the *L. L. Journal* writes:—From time to time we are cheered by testimony in favor of total abstinence from unlooked quarters. We do not require assurance that our principle is a safe working one; on the contrary, our anxiety is, that it should be put to the test of practice. But to non-abstainers the following may be as a revelation:—The *Times'* correspondent in the Soudan says in a recent letter:—If further proof were required that drink is the source of ninety per cent. of the crime in the army it would be furnished by the conduct of those troops who, as you know, have nothing to get drunk upon, and while their conduct is all that could be desired their physique has certainly not suffered, for a finer body of men it would be impossible to pick out of any army in the civilized world.” So too, in the *Expositor* for March, a writer who is careful to assure us that his “paper is not intended as a plea for temperance,” in an article on “A Campaigner's Beverage” says “This Psalmist” (the writer of the 110th Psalm) “knew what he was telling of when here he represents the mighty man as refreshed by the brook, not the wine flask.” Again—“Doubtless, David, Thobi, Machir, and Barzilai, all, probably men used to border warfare in their time, knew that wine was not a necessary commissariat of an army, though it might hold a valuable place among the medical stores.” Further—“David knew that wine is not a good leverage to work on, however useful it may be as a restorative after over work; even as a restorative, he knew that there were good substitutes for it, and for other purposes he treated it at best as a harmless luxury. The only occasion when we can prove (the italics are the writer's) that he personally used wine is in the shameful story of Uriah's drunkenness.” The quasi “good creature of God” is surely falling into disrepute. The idol is tottering. Workers worn, but not yet weary, may yet hear the shouts that proclaim its fall.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

**CANADA'S DRINK BILL.**—Prof. George E. Foster, M.P., is now a leading member of our Dominion House of Commons, and he possesses excellent opportunities of obtaining full and reliable information in regard to the extent of the drink traffic in Canada, at the present time. Here are the results of his recent careful inquiries summarized:—“The people of Canada consumed in the calendar year of 1882 18,908,611 gallons of intoxicating liquors, at a cost of \$36,769,618. During the fifteen years that have elapsed since confederation Canadians have drunk 206,171,147 gallons, and for it they paid \$473,200,000.”

**A TEMPERANCE CENTENNIAL.**—It is now about a hundred years since the temperance work first began in the United States, and it is proposed to celebrate the event in a proper manner. Recently representatives

of the several national temperance societies and organizations met in Boston, and decided upon the week commencing Sunday, September 20, 1885, as the time for a centennial celebration all over the country; that ministers of all creeds and denominations be requested to preach on that day—and that Monday, the 21st, be set apart specially as the day of the week upon which to hold public demonstrations, and the entire week be known as Centennial Week.

**DR. LEES.**—One of the most prominent and respected temperance workers in England is Dr. Frederick R. Lees, of Leeds. Researches and writings in regard to the scientific aspect of the temperance question nearly a century ago, did more to arouse the interest of scientific men than probably those of any other man. His contributions to the scripture phase of the temperance question have also been of a very valuable character. Recently Dr. Lees completed fifty years of labor in the temperance cause, and his numerous friends presented him with a beautifully illuminated testimonial. The *Irish League Journal* very properly says of him:—“As an author and temperance speaker, he has no equal, and, as far as we know, is not likely to have a successor.”

**AN ENORMOUS WASTE.**—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* is a literary journal, and not given to dabbling in temperance matters, but in a recent issue a sensible editorial appeared considering the drink traffic from a purely financial point of view. Here are some extracts from the article.—“Writing not at all from the point of view of the temperance agitator, but from that of the political economist, it is evident that the annual expenditure for liquor in the United States constitutes a very serious drain on the wealth and resources of the people. The statistics gathered by distillers and brewers, and by officials of the Government, show that in the year ending June 30th, 1884, 79,616,601 gallons of distilled liquor and 18,995,616 barrels of fermented liquor were consumed in the United States. It is estimated that about 5,000,000 gallons of distilled liquor were used for medicinal and mechanical purposes. To the consumer, at ordinary rates, the cost of distilled liquor drunk was \$478,548,246, and of malt liquor \$638,252,798. The drink bill of the American people for a single year was thus no less than \$1,114,799,044. By such extravagance the political economist may well be troubled. So great a tax on resources would easily and soon drive the ordinary nations into bankruptcy. It is only the great wealth and large profits of the people which permit such a waste, without entailing most lamentable financial consequences. The drink bill of England is less than that of the United States, and the expenditure in Germany for liquor is only about one-half what it is in this country. The United States is, in its annual drink bill, wasting more than it can afford to use.”

**CARDINAL MANNING.**—While Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, is engaged in writing to the press in opposition to the Scott Act, and consequently in favor of the continuance of the legalized drink traffic, a higher and better known dignitary of the Roman Catholic church, Cardinal Manning, of London, is earnestly imploring his people to become total abstainers, and earnestly working for the adoption of a law for England similar in its provisions to our Canada Temperance Act. At a recent public meeting Cardinal Manning spoke as follows:—“Only a few hours ago I heard something that made my heart heavy. Men are more sober than they were; the League of the Cross has enrolled thousands, and the men keep their pledges, and become temperate, prosperous, and sober; but women drink more than the men. Drink is increasing among the women and the young women, and when a woman, especially a young woman, drinks, alas for her! Nine times in ten, if a young woman goes wrong, it is when her brain is turned by a little drink—not by drunkenness—she is no longer herself. I implore you to give up and renounce even the taste of that deadly poison which poisons the soul, wrecks and ruins it both in this life and in eternity. The other night the one who told me saw in a public house five or six girls of 17 or 18 years of age, six or seven girls of 14 years of age, and five or six of only 11 years. Is it possible

that any children of God or children of Mary of the age of 18, of 17, of 14, or of even 12 years of age, are beginning this cursed habit of intoxication? These surely are the dead trees in the garden of our Lord. Let us see then what we can do. If there is a young man or young woman here who is in danger, I call upon them never again to touch that poison. There are men and women among you who have never tasted that poison or never taken too much. I call on you, too, temperate people, to set the example and promise never to touch drink again for the sake of those who are dear to you. You may have talked to them in vain, but one thing you have not done—taken the pledge yourselves. If we only preached to you, you might fairly say, “Oh, you bishop or you priests talk fine things in the church, but let us see them exhibited in your lives.” Surely it is a very little self denial to do this, and if you have the love of souls in your heart you will give up the use of these things for the sake of many who cannot use their liberty properly. If you will do this and pray for the conversion of those under the habit and in the power of drink, you may not know in this world the effect of what you have done, but you shall know it when you meet in the kingdom of God those to whom you have given the example, and who shall raise up then and bless you.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

**R. W. G. L. MERTING.**—The Annual Session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars will be held in the theatre of the Normal School building, commencing Tuesday, 20th inst., at 10 o'clock, and it will probably continue during the week. There will, probably, be about a hundred members present, representing the various Grand Lodges of the order in the Dominion of Canada, the United States, Great Britain, New Zealand and Australia. The Toronto Good Templars propose giving them a reception and an entertainment on Tuesday evening. The members of the order in the city are all expected to attend, and all of the Protestant ministers, the aldermen, and other officials are invited. The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, himself a Good Templar, is expected to preside, and the Hon. Lieut. Governor has kindly consented to be present and extend a welcome on behalf of the Province. Probably this will be the most important representative meeting of temperance workers ever held in Toronto. On Sunday next a number of the leading members are expected to give addresses on temperance in the Park, some of the leading public halls and the principal churches throughout the city. The announcements will be made in full in the daily papers on Saturday.

### For the Scott Act.

BY J. S. DENHAM.

While publicans and sinners were eye classed as one of old,  
They cannot yet be sundered, if all the truth were told,  
For now as then, and then as now, this is our cry—  
ing sin:  
There is no wlab, there is no room for Jesus in the Inn.

They pay their licenses and say: they ply a lawful trade,  
And legally as others do, they seek to earn their bread,  
Regardless of the higher law and lawgiver as well,  
Who holds them all responsible for the liquid fire they sell.

They say they only sell to those who come to them to buy,  
That neither force nor flattery to gain them do they try,  
That if they do not drink provide, they're sure that others will,  
But not for these but for themselves, they're here accountable.

They say “tee-total” is not found in all God's Holy Word,  
That, therefore, total abstinence is impious and absurd,  
But can they, dare they pray to God to increase and bless their trade,  
Ah! no; for this world but increase His curses on their head.

What think they of the ruin and the wretchedness they cause,  
Can they shrink the woeful issues, under shield of human laws,  
Or face the day of destiny, as if free from any blame,  
And dare the Judge of all earth to roll their eyes at less same?

The wisdom of this world is but foolishness with God,  
And all who take no other guide are on the downward road;  
The wisdom from above, alone, can lead to whence it came,  
While all who lack will read their doom as gleams of quenched flame.  
Dunbarton, Ont.

## Our Young Folks.

—For Truth.

### To-Night, not Another Day.

BY MARY KNOWLES.

"Come, darling, put away your toys," I said, "The birds in their nests are fast asleep. And you, like them, must run away to bed. Ere the little stars through their curtains peep." So baby Bertie put aside his toys, And I undressed and robbed him in white; And as I laid him in his little crib, I said as I kissed him, "Darling, good-night."

"But, Auntie, I must pay." "Yes dear," I said, "And I thought of the toys." "Another day, but not to-night, you must be still in bed." "No other day, but not to-night, Auntie, I'll pay," And into Bertie's deep blue thoughtful eyes, There stole a questioning, unsatisfied look; And I headed not, but hurried down stairs, And was soon in the depths of a story book.

When I heard a patter of feet overhead, I listened—down the stairs there softly crept A whisper, "It is all dark out of bed." Then the door by some one was pushed ajar; A little face on which fell the lamp light ray Peeped in, then a baby form stood in the light. "Auntie, I can't leave them till 'nother day, I must, I must say my prayers to-night." Dundee, Manitoba.

## CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

Then again he shouted for help with all the energy of despair. He saw Ben running bareheaded down the shore, but he was still a long way off. With that strange attention to trifling details which arrests for a moment a mind in distress, David noticed that his friend was empty-handed. This reminded him to lighten his own weight by throwing off his cart-ridge-bag.

By that time he had sunk nearly to his hips. He thought of the sorrow his death would cause at home; and his thoughts dwelt for a moment on a certain brown-haired girl classmate. He had her picture in an inside pocket; but he could not take time to look at it then. When the small came up to his waist he determined to throw himself forward, and make a tremendous effort to swim out of it "dog-fashion." He resolved that he would keep on the surface, or die trying.

But help was nearer than he thought, or had dared to hope. It chanced—most opportunely for him—that a small canoe containing two Indians was coming leisurely down close to the shore of the island; and as his cry for help rang out, the two occupants suddenly stopped paddling, and remained for a moment on the alert. Then they leaned forward, plunged their paddles into the water, and sent the light craft flying forward towards the sounds of distress. One can have scarcely an adequate idea how fast a small Venezuela *cowirara* can go, driven by the practised hands of these river boatmen.

Two minutes later the shallow little canoe shot round the point and came skimming swiftly across the still surface of the lagoon, straight towards the sinking man. It was the old turtle catcher and his son.

"*Animo, señor!*" (Courage, sir).

Hearing a shout, David looked behind him and saw that deliverance was at hand. He had prepared to die like a brave man, without a whimper or a tear; but when he saw that he was about to be rescued, his fortitude gave way; and out of genuine pity for his own recent distress, he unravelled. But how were his rescuers to reach him in the middle of that quicksand without a rope?

The frail little craft slid upon the sand for nearly half its length; the occupants sprang out, one on either side, and holding fast to the sides, to keep themselves from sinking below their knees, they shoved the boat along through the yielding sand and struggled along beside it, until they reached David and pulled him in. He was weak as a child, and sat down without saying a word. Then the canoe was slowly and laboriously pushed back into the water, and the fishermen climbed in.

They paddled down to the point; and there David crawled out on the bank, just as Ben Chester came up, red as a boiled lobster, puffing like an engine, and almost fainting with exhaustion. It was a wonder he did not have a sun-stroke.

"I'm sorry I made you take such a run for nothing, partner," said David, weakly and apologetically.

"Never do you—mind that! I'm all right—if you are," said Ben, panting heavily. "But I call that a mighty close shave. Whew! How did you get into such a fix, anyhow?"

David explained how the sand gave way and turned to quicksand after he had walked over it; and they immediately planned to prevent the repetition of so dangerous an occurrence.

The old turtle-catcher and his son were invited to paddle up to their camp on the island, and await their arrival. Half an hour later Ben and David found them there; and in token of his thankfulness David offered the old man a shining ten-dollar gold piece, as a present. But with many polite expressions of appreciation, it was gently but firmly refused. He was finally prevailed upon to accept, as a remembrance of the occasion, a handsome little spy-glass in a leather case.

They also induced him to sell them the little canoe which had been the agent of rescue. David wanted it, partly for his own satisfaction, and also because they needed a small, light canoe.

The following day they broke up their comfortable camp on the island, and with their small canoe in tow, paddled on down the river. The crocodile skins and skeletons, already quite dry and odorless, were folded up compactly and stowed away in the bottom of the canoe, until an opportunity should offer to ship them by steamer to Trinidad.

Their voyage down the river to Barrancas was without incident; they paddled and sailed, when they could, during the cool hours of the morning and afternoon, and rested quietly on shore at noon when the heat was greatest.

At evening they drew their canoes up on the clean sandy shore, slung their hammocks between some stout stakes, carried for that especial purpose, and built a camp-fire. If any birds had been shot during the day, David skinned them while Ben prepared their supper.

Camping on shore in the open air, with no rain to fear, no mosquitoes, a balmy breeze blowing and the starry heavens for their canopy, was the most delightful experience of the day. Such surroundings are enough to thaw the most uncongenial spirit, and with travellers who are full of rollicking good-humor as were Ben and David, the camp-fire draws forth an endless chain of cheerful anecdotes, reminiscences and speculations for the future. To a camper-out the plainest food is palatable; and in fine weather none but a chronic grumbler can find it in his heart to quarrel with the bill of fare.

Two weeks after leaving Crocodile Island, David and Ben reached Barrancas, where they boxed up their specimens and sent them to Trinidad, and this done, continued on to Sacupana, where they hoped to meet Señor Alfredo and begin hunting in earnest. Leaving Barrancas and following the main channel of the Orinoco, they were soon in the delta—the mysterious delta, an uninhabited wilderness of tropic forest.

### CHAPTER III.

HIG GAME AT BAY.

At the end of their first day's journey down the Orinoco from Barrancas, the two explorers camped on the *Isla de Tortola*, and next day proceeded to examine the forest on both sides of the river, but found it so impenetrable, on account of the thick and tangled undergrowth, that it was impossible to proceed without first cutting a passage with a *machete*. In three days' hunting here they were unable to get a shot at a quadruped of any kind, nor did they see birds of any value to them. Mosquitoes swarmed in the jungle by day, and made sleep almost impossible at night. But Don Alfredo had promised to show them how to make *mosquitos* when they reached Sacupana, which would effectually protect them when in their hammocks.

On the fourth morning, Ben proposed to try their luck fishing. "Let's go fishing to-day for a change," said he, "and then go down the river to-morrow."

"Lucky thought!" responded David. "It's no use hunting."

They got out their tackle and made ready to start. "Don't you intend to take your gun?" said David, as his companion stepped into the little canoe without any firearm.

"No; what's the use?" said Ben. "There's no danger of our seeing anything to shoot."

David expressed his disapproval of going off without their rifles, but finally contented himself with taking his shot-gun and an assortment of cartridges for birds and small mammals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—For Truth.

## THE BAD OLD CROW AND THE OHIOK-A DEE.

FOR MY BOY JACK AND OTHER CHILDREN.

I.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived alone with his grandmother, on the edge of a big, big forest,—at least the little boy thought it was a big forest because there were ever so many big trees in it, and he couldn't see them all at once, nor could you if you were there,—and there was a spiteful old crow that lived away up in one of these trees, and knew all the country for miles around. But more than that, there were ever so many other birds in the forest and foxes, and squirrels, and it was said that bears and lions and such wild animals were to be seen in the night-time, though no one ever heard or saw them in the daylight. Well, Hans—that was the little boy's name—went messages for his grandmother to the village that lay on the other side of the forest, and you may be sure he never wanted to be late, so that the bears and lions might see him—he never expected to see them, oh no—but he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, and always got back in twenty minutes. When Hans got older he got bolder, and used to stand near his grandmother and shout out at the forest and all its bears and wolves, but he was always sorry for this when he had to pass close by. He was very civil then, and once when a big old goat put up its head suddenly on the other side of a log, Hans was scared almost out of his wits. But that was nothing to a fright he got from a sleepy owl, who set up such a hoot when Hans was at the darkest part of the road. I believe he would have dropped right down, only that Gyp, his big dog, came jumping along just then, and Hans felt safe, and was all right again in a minute.

But, as I was saying, Hans got older and bolder, and didn't give a goat for the big old goat, or the howl of the owl, (dear me, this reads like rhyme, but I mustn't) and often came up from the village near sundown, and never said a word when he was in the thick of the wood, though he called all sorts of names to bears, and goats, and owls when he got near home. But I'm very tiresome, ain't I, with this story, and haven't told you a word yet about the crow that lived in the big tree, and knew everybody—knew Hans, and the man with the gun, and the ragged, funny man that stood in the corn fields and never hoed any corn. I'll be good if you listen. One day grandma sent Hans to the village for a pint of meal, "and Hans," she said, "don't delay on the way, as it is now near six o'clock. Twenty minutes, and then supper."

So Hans set out, but he was a little tired that day, and he didn't keep up to Gyp, who bounded on ahead of him, and was lying in wait with his nose on his toes under a big tree in the forest, before Hans got half way. Hans was tired, and the soft grass and the clean moss looked so inviting—I mean so nice—that Hans put down his basket, and the pence for the meal in it, and told Gyp he would rest his head for five minutes, and be back in good time with the meal. Gyp said nothing, but looked a little grave, or troubled, you know, for he knew it was a hot day, and that it took himself

all the time he had to keep awake. He thought, too, that Hans had no sleep that afternoon, though he, Gyp, had a short nap, only disturbed by three bits at a fly. He was afraid Hans would fall asleep—and just as true as can be he did—went right off. Well, Gyp remembered the fly, and didn't bother Hans, but went off also—not asleep, but off home to grandma to see about it.

II.

It happened that just after Hans fell asleep the knowing old crow was returning home to his family, and looking down he saw how things were, and stopped to see if Hans was only pretending or was really asleep. The crow is a cautious old chap, so this one sniffed the air three times, and looked on every side to see if there was any smell of powder, and not finding any, moved down on a limb near Hans, buttoning up his swallow tail coat as he stopped, for the crow always goes out in evening dress, and has the blackest of broadcloth always on his back. He is a solemn, pompous sort of bird, with hoity-toity ways.

"Who is our sleepy friend?" said he, in a lofty way to a little chick-a-dee near him. "O, that's little Hans," said the chick-a-dee, "and I heard him tell his dog, Gyp, there would be plenty of time to get the meal and be back by six o'clock."

"You are a silly bird," said the crow, "he can't get the meal till he goes back. People take their meals at home, small bird," said the crow. "You should know that if you know anything."

"Isn't it meal time now with you?" said the little sauce-box, "perhaps you could steal some corn and get your meal when other people are getting theirs."

But the gentleman in black did not notice this talk of a mere grass bird, with only a grey tweed suit on his back. He rather talked to himself. "I don't like boys or men," said he. "I will go and call bruin, and see if a meal can be got for him. The old bear will make a nice meal of him."

The crow unbuttoned his swallow tail coat, and flew and flew away through the forest after the big bear. But the little grass bird liked Hans, and was up with his short tidy suit of gray, and could outfly the blackest crows that ever stole corn. Well, the crow had gone for ever so far, he came to the big bear, and quiet out of breath he asked him if he was in want of a meal, and the bear said he was, and very truly, I've no doubt, for the bears are always hungry. "Then," said old Full Dress, "Come with me," and both went off as fast as they could, but that wasn't so very fast, though not bad as bears and crows go. And so they both flew and ran, and ran and flew towards the place where poor little Hans was fast asleep—the big big bear and the spiteful old crow, but don't be afraid, dears, because I must tell you what the little chick-a-dee did:—

The little chick-a-dee never lost sight of the bad old crow, and she said to herself "Old Broadcloth is brewing mischief, and may bring bruin to eat up Hans—hands and legs. O, I must look after them."

She flew and flew, and heard every word the crow and the bear said, the meal and the hunger, and saw the two tearing away in the direction Hans was lying. So the brave little bird turned and dashed off in the very thick of the wood, till she came to a big, big, O such a big lion, and she asked him if he was in want of a meal, and the lion said yes he was, so loud that the poor little thing nearly dropped down with fright. But she came too all right, and said to the lion "come with me," and you ought to see them go, and the way he tore everything out of his way. Three bears couldn't go as fast as that one lion—no, nor roar 'yes' the way he could.

Well, in two minutes they came in sight of the bear and the crow, and the lion was so pleased at the chance of a meal that he gave one awful roar, which killed the crow with fright, and woke up Hans, five miles away. In another minute the bear gave a terrible howl, because the lion had pounced on his back, and made a meal of him. Just then Gyp had made grandma understand that something was the matter with Hans, and they both came flying into the forest just as Hans was flying out of it. And when Hans went to tell her about the bear and the lion, she wouldn't believe a word of it, but said he was dreaming it all, though the little chick-a-dee near her head knew all about the narrow escape Hans had in the big forest. But Hans never heard of the lion after that, and he knew what became of the bear.

[Copyright.—Now First Published.]

## IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Man," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Morsels," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"And pray, Miss Propriety, what is that?" from Tom.

"Why, you get all the papers from London, and read all about the theatres and people and dreadful places. Why, only the other day, I found in your study"—she pronounced the word with supreme contempt, and the echo of her laugh hovered among the gilded leaves—"a paper that contained nothing else but theatrical news. You can't deny that, can you?"

"I do not deny it. But do you know why I had that paper?"

"How should I know anything about it?"

"I bought it," Tom said, solemnly, "to see which were the best theatres to take you to when we go to London on our honeymoon."

"Oh, pa! You don't know what a story he is telling. He has bought that paper every week since he has been in Sewton. I'm sure," she added, pursing her lips, "it would be much better for him were he to spend his time in reading some of those big books he has in his room. I declare that there are two great volumes there never cut yet."

In reply, Tom, with a rich mellow voice, sang:

"My only books,  
Were woman's locks,  
And folly's all they've taught me."

"That," said Lily, "is apparent to every one." Then changing her bantering tone, she asked him whether he would really like to make it his home?

"I assure you that I should," he replied; "but I don't care about leading so lazy a life. I must get down to some town where there is a chance of obtaining a decent practice."

"Tut tut!" said Walter, "why do you always harp upon that string? Why need you bother about getting a big practice? No, no, my boy, make up your mind to remain here, if you both wish to—remain here at least until—until I am dead."

"I should not like to leave dear old Sewton," Lily acknowledged, pensively. "I have been so very happy here."

"Then," said Tom, decisively, "Sewton let it be. 'I wish though,' he added, "that we could get up a joint-stock company to import a few more people here. I don't consider that I'm treated fairly. I'm legally licensed to slay, and there's no one here to kill. I'm not doing my duty to the sapient college that has had the wisdom to make me one of its members."

"Don't grumble," said Lily; "you can keep your hand in by practicing on Father Time. You are a capital hand at killing it."

"I expect I am almost as quiet here as I should have been had I carried out my original scheme."

"What was that?" Lily inquired.

"Did I never tell you? As a youngster, you know, I was very fond of reading travels and adventures in strange countries; indeed I promised to be such a rover myself that my dear mother was in a constant state of terror lest I should run away to sea. When I was a lad at school I determined I would travel the moment I got my degree."

"You were not very enthusiastic then," said Lily. "Most lads would not think of waiting."

"Ah! 'I was a steady fife, you see.'"

"And pray where did you think of setting up your gravestone, as you call that fearfully ugly plate of yours?"

"Well, I had a great fancy for New Zealand. I am told that some of the scenery—"

Tom was interrupted by a sharp, sudden cry from Mr. Barr. The old gentleman turned upon him, his voice and manner exhibiting the utmost consternation. His face was pale, and his eyes staring; his forehead was bedewed with moisture.

"What—what!" he ejaculated, his limbs trembling. "What do you know about New Zealand?"

"Nothing," Tom commenced.

"Never let me hear you speak of it again," Walter went on with nervous energy, "the place is accursed. Never think of going there, or of—of—taking Lily there."

Promise me that—promise me on your most solemn oath."

"I will do anything," Tom answered readily, regarding this sudden outburst with some alarm, and anxious to calm the excited old gentleman, "I will do anything you wish."

"As you love that girl," Walter went on, "never talk about it, never think about it, never dream about it—"

"It was only a foolish, boyish notion," Tom hastened to explain, "I have long since given up all thought of going there—"

"That's right, that's right; and you will keep your word?" The old, old childish notion will not return, eh? You are sure it will not return?"

"Quite, quite, Mr. Barr. Come, take my hand upon it. I am sorry I have disturbed you. Let us forget that the place was ever mentioned. Let us forget that it exists."

"Ay," the old man echoed, and repeated many times to himself, "let us forget that it exists. Let us forget that it exists."

Then Lily, who had witnessed with great grief this return of one of the attacks from which her father had for some time been free, took her father's arm, and led him into the house.

She motioned Tom to remain behind. She had an idea—and it was a just one—that her father would more quickly recover his accustomed calmness if he were left alone with her.

Tom pondered long and deeply over the scene that had just been enacted.

Was Mr. Barr the victim of some mental delusion, or was there a terrible secret connected with his past? Tom could not decide, but he was fully convinced of one thing. If Walter Barr's past was shadowed by a crime, he was the victim, not the culprit. Walter Barr, he was prepared to swear, was incapable of willingly inflicting injury upon any living creature.

During the rest of the afternoon Walter remained very silent. His features were composed, and he appeared perfectly calm, but his manner was that of a man occupied with some deep thought.

More than once Tom endeavoured to draw him out, but Mr. Barr invariably replied in monosyllables, evidently designed to discourage continuous conversation.

As the light of the day faded, and the poplars in front of the house threw long black shadows across the lawn, and queer forms appeared to be lurking among the hedges, Lily and Tom stood at the open window watching the purple film of cloud gradually spread itself over the sky.

Mr. Barr had thrown himself upon a sofa which stood in the gloom of one of the corners of the room, and, from his deep, regular breathing, it appeared that he was sleeping heavily.

"There are times," said Lily, "when I feel very, very miserable."

"Miserable!" Tom repeated, "surely little one, you have nothing to make you unhappy?" Then he added softly, "is this one of those times?"

"I am afraid so, darling," nestling her face in his coat, and speaking in a low, soft voice.

"Why, what on earth have you to make you melancholy now?"

"Sometimes I think that it is only my great happiness. It is very foolish of me, I know, but I can't help it. You will call me fanciful and childish, but really, love, the feeling is too strong for me to conquer. I have been to very, very happy lately, Tom, and, discontented little stupid that I am, the longer that happiness lasts the more I dread lest it should suddenly be destroyed. Supposing anything should happen, Tom, wouldn't it be awful?"

"What can happen, darling? Surely you are getting sentimental over the dying day. I won't let you stand here any longer. Come over to your piano and knock off one of those jolly tunes of yours, and that will soon clear your mind of these morbid fancies."

"I won't disturb papa," she said, gravely.

"I am sure that sleeping will do him good."

Even as she spoke the man upon the sofa

twisted and turned as one in agony; his breath came quicker and shorter, and a moan escaped him.

They could not see him writhing, but they heard him move, and they distinguished that he had a difficulty in breathing. They kept quite silent. Lily scarcely breathed.

Suddenly a scream from him made them first start away, and then run to his side. As they did so he was struggling with some imaginary enemy.

"I did not do it," he cried in piercing tones, "I did not do it! My God—my God—"

His arms were gesticulating wildly, and with a view to calming him, Tom endeavoured to hold these down. The moment the dreaming man felt that he had something tangible to battle with, he wretched with redoubled vigour. Tom, strong as he was, could not hold Walter down. During the struggle, Lily, who was greatly alarmed, had rung for light. As the servant illuminated the room, Barr, with a supernatural effort, sprang to his feet. The sudden blaze showed him battling fiercely with Tom, his eyes starting from his head, and every vein upon his forehead like a silken cord. Lily stood powerless, watching them with the most intense anxiety, the wondering servant, as terrified as her mistress, remained quaking in the centre of the room.

"Where am I? What is it?" Walter Barr demanded in a dazed way, releasing his grip of Tom's arms.

"I think you have been dreaming," was Tom's answer, spoken breathlessly, for the strength of his antagonist had almost been too great for him.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barr, sinking down upon the sofa again; "a dream—a dream: a very bad dream!" He looked wildly round him, then he wiped the perspiration from his pallid face, and in a low, apologetic sort of way, added—

"I don't think I am well to-day."

"An undigested piece of cheese or an obstinate bit of cucumber," Tom suggested pleasantly.

Though he spoke so lightly he was studying his friend's expression with much concern.

"That must be it," said Walter, "yes, yes, indigestion does cause these things."

He held his head down for a few minutes, and no one spoke. They were all looking at him very earnestly.

Suddenly he said, rising as he spoke—

"Lily, I am not at all well to-night I shall go to bed."

She ran to him. He put his arm in hers, and without another word to any one he went from the room.

Tom waited some time for Lily's return, and during her absence his thoughts were occupied with Mr. Barr.

"I must watch him carefully," he said to himself, "there is something very wrong with him. Poor Lily! He must be a little bit gone," he went on cynically and with a slight laugh. "No sane man who had much money would give his only daughter to a fellow scarcely worth what he stands up in."

Perhaps," he added, "I'm scarcely doing the old fellow justice, for he's the most simple-hearted man I have ever met. However, seeing how things go now-a-days, I can't be blamed for thinking a man mad who happens to do a generous action."

When Lily at last returned, she looked very grave, but she made an effort to speak cheerfully.

"He is quieter now," she said, "and I think that he will sleep well. I am terribly distressed to see a return of these fits. I thought that they had gone for ever. Can nothing be done?"

"Oh yes, darling," Tom answered, with a confidence he did not feel. "We can do a great deal for him. But do you know, little one, I do not think that you have any cause for anxiety. This will pass off by the morning. You cannot expect," he added, "these attacks to end all at once. I was afraid myself that we should get a return of them. Of course it is a great thing to have a long interval between the attacks. Ultimately I hope they will cease altogether."

"But, what can we do, what can we do?" Lily cried impatiently.

"Keep him from everything likely to irritate him, and give him plenty of change. He has shut himself up here too long."

"Where can we take him?"

"Anywhere so long as it's a change. I tell you what," Tom went on, "if he's all right to-morrow, I'll drive him over to Rarnalearn. You know it's the first day of the Fair, and

the bustle will cheer him up. What do you think of that proposal?"

"Capital," she cried, forgetting for a moment her trouble, and even clapping her hands, "and I should so much like to go myself."

"Then that's settled."

"If he's well. I won't go on any account if he isn't better."

"Of course not. I'll go up and see him before I leave, and if he wants it, I'll give him a sleeping draught."

"Wasn't it funny," said Lily presently, in that grave way she sometimes had "that just as I was talking about feeling so wretched and fearful, he should—"

Tom chided her for encouraging morbid thoughts. She could not finish her sentence, for he kissed her words away.

"The old fellow wasn't a complete rousing up," Tom soliloquised, as he walked home in the moonlight, "indeed, I don't think that a regular spree would do him any harm. Well, we'll see how he gets on at the Fair, to-morrow."

In the long days of sorrow that followed, he often cursed himself for ever proposing this excursion, and he wondered in his agony what demon suggested it to him. Surely, in taking the old man to this miserable Carnival, he was the instrument of Walter Barr's worst genius.

## CHAPTER IX.

DOWN IN THE WORLD.

"You're right, Boss; them double events is a bit snarey. But when they do come off—an, when they do!"

The speaker was Mr. Stivey Blend. Time seemed to have passed him over; many years had elapsed since we last saw him, without leaving any impress upon his features. He had grown a trifle thinner, perhaps, and age had dulled the overpowering glow of his red hair.

As he spoke, he sat in a small, dingy, dusty, untidy auctioneer's office, situated in a cloudy street in the shadiest part of that not too aristocratic district, known to the Londoners as Kentish Town.

The room was very small, and little light entered it, for the window was plastered with announcements of forgotten sales and out-of-date notices. An odour of tobacco and stale beer hung about it, and the central table, round which there was scarcely space for a stout man to walk, was strewn with a strange medley of accounts, greasy ledgers, soiled letters, damaged envelopes, racing calendars, crumbs of cheese and bread, and fishing-hooks. In one corner a narrow, twisted staircase led to an upper apartment, which the proprietor had fitted up as a bedroom, severe yet simple in its appointments.

Opposite to this dwarf of a shop a decayed, sullen-looking, public Hall frowned upon the dismal street, and increased its natural gloom. Here, every Saturday evening, the flabbiest youths of the neighbourhood met together, and gave, what they, with a cynical humour, were pleased to term, an "Entertainment."

To this exhibition of their qualifications for Colney Hatch they, with a reckless wit, irresistible in its darning, invited the public; and, moreover, in their boundless mirth, they suggested that the said public should pay for the privilege at the rate of threepence, sixpence, and ninepence, according to the position of the seat occupied. Here, too, every Wednesday, a certain number of the oiliest of the tradesmen of the vicinity assembled in a mouldy room, and with much circumlocution and solemnity discussed the affairs of "THE GREAT NORTH-WEST BUILDING AND MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY."

A clumsy and badly-lettered board affixed to one of the pillars of the portico of the building, informed those anxious to avail themselves of the countless benefits to be derived from joining this flourishing society, that the printed rules and all information could be obtained upon applying to Mr. Gregory Axon, auctioneer, valuer, and debt collector, opposite.

In smaller letters at the foot were the words, "Agent for the Guarantees Insurance Company."

Mr. Stivey Blend sat on one side of the table, and Mr. Axon on the other. Mr. Blend wore a rough, long coat, several sizes too large for him, and boasting very formal buttons. As he finished the sentence with which we have opened this chapter, he bent down and studied with apparently the keenest interest a sadly battered felt hat, which he was slowly turning round upon the knob of a pleasant stick he held in one of his knotty hands.

Time  
than to  
face was  
frank blu  
restless;  
clothes a  
that his  
"Ah,  
tone tha  
away,"  
He thr  
puffed vi  
tween his  
"If I'  
went on  
spinning  
aire," he  
Mr. A  
down he  
crumbs a  
and clou  
"If I'  
with pass  
ago. E  
wrong al  
country,"  
"It's  
wonderfu  
up from h  
with bou  
"It an  
on irritab  
"I nev  
"And  
and done  
"You'  
with an a  
that's all  
"And  
went on i  
high enco  
ruffled fee  
know a li  
"A fo  
"You a f  
There's n  
know as m  
that if yo  
has a righ  
He emp  
floor vicio  
in his ene  
fell and r  
"Every  
matters h  
year bea  
The exp  
Gregory A  
had grow  
veloped a  
stimulants  
big; but,  
and his ex  
of his face  
matter for  
and absol  
"It was ins  
friends rec  
that he ha  
his clothes  
really mad  
taller.  
There w  
believed i  
nces thoug  
before him  
late knock  
merity t  
were colour  
and Gregor  
and defra  
possible oc  
"Things  
confidential  
Mrs'x bou  
and he b  
sat Grego  
in the wor  
en I  
other decla  
much us  
raising fo  
straining  
red."  
"You m  
marked G  
feet aga  
that qua  
"Gregory  
ough he  
had woul  
"The tob  
is a quere  
Stivey pl  
ried of h  
the corr  
stocco scr  
paper.  
"It isn't



do you  
for a  
ng her  
30 my.  
ccount  
ee him  
ll give  
tly, in  
"that  
ing so  
morbid  
stence,  
ousing  
I home  
think  
harm.  
e Fair,  
llowed,  
posing  
agony  
Surely,  
scrabble  
Walter  
events  
mo off  
Time  
many  
him,  
on his  
sinner,  
power-  
dingy,  
ated in  
of that  
to the  
le light  
atered  
lea and  
tobacco  
central  
y space  
n with  
edgers,  
racing  
ad, and  
arrow,  
rtment,  
s a bed-  
ents  
decayed  
upon  
natural  
ing, the  
oil met  
with a  
erm, an  
tion of  
h they,  
its dar-  
over, in  
ted that  
privilege  
ce, and  
n of the  
ineady,  
rades  
mouldy  
ion and  
"Tus  
MTRUAL  
daffixed  
o of the  
to avail  
its to be  
society,  
rmation  
to Mr.  
und debt  
etters at  
for the  
is of the  
r. Mr.  
ral sizes  
formal  
sentence  
pter, he  
mly the  
felt hat,  
upon the  
in one of

Time had been less kind to Mr. Axon than to his companion. The broad, open face was now red, bloated, and blotchy; the frank blue eyes were dimmed, watery, and restless; and, from his shabby beer-stained clothes and slovenly office, it was easy to see that his fortunes had fallen.  
"Ah, when they do," he repeated in a tone that told you his thoughts were far away, "when they do."  
He threw himself back in his chair and puffed vigorously at a black pipe he held between his teeth.  
"If I'd have pulled this one off," Stivey went on slowly, increasing the speed of the spinning hat, "I should ha' been a million-aire," he repeated; "Just think of it."  
Mr. Axon brought his dirty, beefy fist down heavily upon the table, making the crumbs and fishing-hooks dance in the air, and clouds of dust rise to the grimy ceiling.  
"If I'd only had fair play," he declared with passion, "I should have been one long ago. Every thing seems to have gone wrong since I returned to this cursed country."  
"It's wonderful how you stand it—wonderful," declared Stivey Blend, looking up from his hat and regarding his companion with boundless admiration.  
"It isn't as if I hadn't tried," Axon went on irritably.  
"I never see a man so industrious."  
"And it isn't as if I hadn't been straight, and done the thing that was right."  
"You're too good—too good," said Blend with an air of profound conviction, "and that's all that's the matter with you."  
"And I'm not a fool," the auctioneer went on in a self-satisfied way. Mr. Blend's high encomiums were very soothing to his ruffled feelings. "I flatter myself that I do know a little bit about business."  
"A fool!" Blend echoed scornfully.  
"You a fool? I should think not, indeed. There's not many in this little village that know as much as you do, and it's my opinion that if you can't get on no one breathing has a right to."  
He emphasised his words by striking the floor viciously with his ash stick. He had in his energy forgotten his hat, and this now fell and rolled some yards from him.  
"Every year, since I left New Zealand, matters have gone worse with me, but this year beats them all; I can't make it out."  
The explanation was far more simple than Gregory Axon cared to acknowledge. He had grown inconceivably lazy; he had developed a quenchless desire for alcoholic stimulants. He had always been a hum-bag; but, while fortune smiled upon him, and his excess had not destroyed the beauty of his face, it was comparatively an easy matter for him to hide his infinite selfishness and absolute lack of heart from the world. It was instructive to notice how readily his friends recognised his numberless faults now that he had no dinners to give them, and his clothes were purchased at rare intervals really made from from a cheap advertising tailor.  
There was one man, however, who still believed in him; who could not see his ices though they were brought prominently before him a dozen times a day; who would have knocked any one down that had the temerity to exhibit Gregory Axon in his true colours. This man was Stivey Blend; and Gregory, true to his nature, imposed on and defrauded his blind admirer upon every possible occasion.  
"Things will come right," said Stivey, confidentially; "they must come right. It's bound to get on."  
And he believed this as firmly as he did that Gregory was one of the least selfish men in the world.  
"On luck, then, must come soon," the latter declared petulantly, "or it won't be of much use. There's that fellow in Kent raising for the quarter's payment, and threatening all sorts of things if I don't pay."  
"You must keep that square," Stivey remarked gravely. "If I could only get on my feet again I might give you a bit of help at that quarter."  
"Gregory shrugged his shoulders as though he had very little hope that Mr. Blend would ever resume the perpendicular. "The tobacco's done now," he muttered, at a querulous child.  
Stivey plunged his hand into a spacious pocket of his Brobdingnagian coat. In one of the corners he discovered a morsel of tobacco screwed up in a dirty piece of newspaper.  
"It isn't much, he said, handing it to

Gregory, "but half a smoke's better than none at all."  
His companion took it, as a matter of course. A slight nod was all the acknowledgment he vouchsafed the simple-minded Mr. Blend, who was inwardly full of sorrow that he had not more of the fragrant weed to offer his idol.  
Suddenly his face brightened.  
He jumped up, and in a sprightly way cried:  
"I've got a few coppers left; supposing we have a drop of old Muggleton's stout? It will cheer you up."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)  
TIM.  
"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, My brethren."  
They said the train was an hour behind time, and that information made us all feel put out and annoyed. Therefore, when a boy about fourteen, poorly dressed and having a trampish look, came along the platform, asking for financial aid to get him down to R—, on the train we were waiting for, it was but natural that one and all should reply:  
"If you want to go to R—, take the dirt road! You look as if you were used to tramping!"  
He had no saucy word in reply. When he went and stood in the light of the window, and I saw how he shivered in the cold wind, and how worried and anxious he seemed to be, I grew ashamed of my gruff words. I saw two or three others look him over as I had done, and I had no doubt that they felt as I did. I ought to have walked up to the boy, and said:  
"Here, my lad, if you really want to go down to R—, I'm willing to help you. Take this half-dollar. How happens it that a lad of your age is cold, ragged, hungry, and away from home and friends?"  
But I didn't. I moved towards him, feeling ashamed, and yet not quite ready to acknowledge it to him, and all of a sudden he disappeared. I reasoned that he had gone up the hill to the village, and that his pretending to want to go to R—, was all a trick to beat honest men.  
When you reason that way, the heart grows hard 'pretty fast, and you feel a bit revengeful. We talked the matter over—four or five of us—and our conclusion was that the boy would die on the gallows.  
Well, the train came along after a while, and it was moving away, after a brief stop, when a piercing shriek, followed by shouts and calls, brought us to a stop.  
"Somebody's been run over!" called out a voice, and in a moment the coaches were emptied.  
Yes, somebody had been run over—had a leg cut off above the knee by one of the cruel wheels. Who was it? How did it happen? It was our boy—the lad who was to end his days on the gallows. He had crept under the coach to steal a ride on the trucks.  
There he was, having only a few minutes to live—his face as white as the snowbanks—his eyes roving from face to face—his lips quivering, as twenty men bent down and spoke words of sympathy.  
"Who are you?" asked the conductor.  
"Tim."  
"You shouldn't have tried it."  
"But I wanted to get to R—, so bad. I was up here to find work, but nobody would have me, and yesterday I heard that mother was dead."  
"But anybody would have given you fifty cents to pay your fare."  
"Oh, no they wouldn't! I asked lots and lots of men, and they said I ought to be in jail. I—I—wanted—"  
There we were—the half dozen of us who had repelled him with insult—wrong his young heart still more—sent him to his horrible death under the wheels! We dared not look into his face—we even shunned each other.  
If it could only come to pass again—if Heaven would but send him back to earth, and let him stand before us as he did on that winter's night—but it is too late.  
Don Carlo calls himself now the Duke of Madrid, although the title is not quite felicitous.

**THE SPHINX.**  
"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."  
—Dryden.  
Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourne, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.  
NO. 119.—AN ENIGMA.  
What I am you soon shall learn,  
A ship that has a narrow stern,  
With deep waist, projecting quarters,  
Fitted for the briny waters;  
A double tripod with six feet  
Will make my meaning more complete.  
And yet I have not told it all,  
For I'm an ancient game of ball,  
And, to give you further aid,  
The implement with which 'tis played.  
'Tis said some dames are fond of me,  
How strange that such a thing can be,  
Unless you shrewdly chance to guess  
The definition I suppress.  
NELSONIAN.  
NO. 120.—ANAGRAMS.  
I  
One in disguise may go to view  
"Queer dramas," if he wishes to.  
II.  
In "most blue ore" there's always present  
What is the opposite of pleasant.  
III.  
A trembling note may make you start,  
And bring to mind a "demon art."  
NELSONIAN.  
NO. 121.—AN OFFENSIVE NAME.  
I am a person rather common,  
Some times a man, sometimes a woman;  
Besides, it seems to be my luck  
To be a plant, also a duck.  
But to a dame my name apply—  
You'll see the lightning of her eye,  
Expressive of indignant ire  
That seems to say, "you are a liar."  
The other biped with my name  
Is rather honored by the same;  
As for the plant, let doctors use it,  
All healthy persons will refuse it.  
If I should choose to make parade  
Of what I am in a charade,  
Then I might say to a one two  
Your two is one, and 'twould be true;  
Or I might say, what would seem droll,  
That second brings to mind a pole.  
NELSONIAN.  
NO. 122.—A UBIQUITOUS CHARACTER.  
In Heaven, in earth, in water, in flame,  
I am always in these and always the same;  
In the elements all and in every place;  
And no single hand can my presence efface.  
The universe over my figure you trace.  
R.  
NO. 123.—A CHOICE SELECTION.  
I paint without colors, I fly without wings,  
I people the air with most fanciful things.  
I hear sweetest sounds where no sound is heard,  
And eloquence moves me, nor utters a word.  
The past and the present together I bring,  
The distant and near gather under my wing.  
Far swifter than lightning my wonderful flight  
Through the sunshine of day or darkness of night.  
And those who would find me must find me indeed,  
As this picture they scan and this poetry read.  
MRS. W. S. W.  
NO. 124.—CHARADE.  
MY FIRST and MY LAST each two words comprise,  
Of respectable shape but diminutive size.  
MY FIRST of MY FIRST and last of MY LAST  
Will redder small ears like a country blast.  
The last of MY FIRST we often in flame,  
With the first of MY LAST being one and the same.  
MY FIRST into type is successfully carved;  
MY LAST in cold weather should never be starved.  
Wm. H. YEMANS.

NO. 125.—A GUARDED ISLAND.  
Alas, alas, alack the day,  
My evil genius led astray!  
Like Bonaparte, of daring mind,  
I'm to an island small confined.  
I hear the surge in Puzzer's Bay  
That limits now my little sway.  
A thousand guards are placed before;  
Behind, five hundred more.  
Vaulting ambition's bubbles burst!  
Reflect that I, though not the first,  
Yet may not be the last.  
For by the magic of my rhyme  
You're doomed like me this time.  
JACQUES.  
AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.  
Many years ago a prominent merchant in Taunton, Mass., is said to have promised an eccentric old woman, named Lucy King, that if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess, he would give her a certain prize. The riddle is given below. Who can answer it?  
Adam, God made out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first;  
So I was made before the man,  
To answer His most holy plan.  
My body, He did make complete,  
But without arms, or legs, or feet;  
My ways and acts he did control,  
But to my body gave no soul.  
A living being I became,  
And Adam gave to me a name,  
I from his presence then withdrew,  
And more of Adam never knew.  
I did my Maker's law obey,  
Nor from it ever went astray;  
Thousands of miles I go in fear,  
But seldom on the earth appear.  
For purpose wise which God did see,  
He put a living soul in me;  
A soul from me my God did claim,  
And took from me the soul again:  
For when from me that soul had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And without hands or feet or soul  
I travel on from pole to pole.  
I labor hard by day and night,  
To fallen man I give great light;  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Do by my death great light behold.  
No right or wrong can I conceive,  
The Scriptures I cannot believe;  
Although my name therein is found,  
They are to me but empty sound.  
No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;  
To heaven I shall never go,  
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.  
Now, when these lines you closely read,  
Go search your Bible, with all speed;  
For that my name's recorded there  
I honestly to you declare.  
ANSWERS.  
104.—Estheticism.  
105.—Alchemical.  
106.—Mast. [1. Mast of ships. 2. Acorns. 3. Nuts.]  
107.—Inter-mediate.  
108.—Faith.  
109.—1. Ecart, cart. 2. Scrap, crape.  
3. Scribe, crib. 4. Gloomy, loom.  
110.—Poist, fist, fit.  
111.—Dreams.  
Carlyle on Fashionable People.  
I see something of fashionable people here (wrote Carlyle to Miss Welsh) and truly, to my plebeian conception, there is not a more futile class of persons on the face of the earth. If I were doomed to exist as a man of fashion, I do honestly believe I would swallow ratbane or apply to hemp or steel before three months were over. From day to day and year to year, the problem is, not how to use time, but how to waste it least painfully. They have their dinners and their routs. They move heaven and earth to get everything arranged and enacted properly; and when the whole is done, what is it? Had the parties all wrapped themselves in warm blankets and kept their beds, much peace had been among his majesty's subjects.



Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

\$10.00, \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.00.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power.

Every week four prizes, aggregating twenty dollars in gold, will be given to actual subscribers sending in for the page the best Tid-bit, containing a moral, a pun, a joke or a paroc either original or selected.

The choicest of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number is his or her favorite.

A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to TRUTH office at once.

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

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

AWARD.

FIRST.

Number 345, published in our issue of May 2nd, entitled "First Trip to School," sent by George M. Jardine, Brantford, Ont., has obtained the greatest number of votes, and has, therefore, won the first prize of ten dollars, according to the new arrangement proposed last week.

SECOND.

Number 360, in the same issue, entitled "She Would be Alone," sent by Mary Hanley, Hamilton, Ont., having the next largest number of votes, takes the second prize of five dollars.

THIRD.

Number 351, in the same issue, "Not fit to be Kissed," sent by Mrs. C. Harris, Cowanville, Que., is the winner of the third prize of three dollars, having the next greatest number of votes.

FOURTH.

Number 357, "Turn not Away," sent by Miss A. Reeve, Alliston, Ont., having the next largest vote, takes the fourth prize—two dollars.

REMARKS.

Numbers 346, 368, and 369 also seemed to be quite popular.

We hope this division of the \$20 into four prizes will result in a large number of Tid-Bits being sent. Four chances now instead of one, as before.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Addie House, Delhi, Iowa, acknowledges, with pleasure, the receipt of \$20 from publisher of TRUTH for the best tid-bit, published February 11th.

(440)

House-Cleaning.

A tippy-tippy tumbit and a strange strife stirred, A dusty, damaged dinner and a wild, wicked word, The chronic carpet cleaning with a strong, stout stick, The pipe that's so perplexing, and the tack's trail to the top.

(441)

It Didn't Take.

She was a literary lass, And edited a cultured journal; And oh, I loved her with a love That lives and lasts for time eternal.

(442)

Such is Life.

"Like as a plank of driftwood Tossed on its watery main, Another plank encounters, Meets, touches, parts again. So is it with us ever On life's unresting sea; We meet, we greet, we sever, Perhaps eternally."

(443)

Bear and Forbear.

Take back, I pray, that hasty word, Or it may chafe to be The little brook that swells at last Into an angry sea.

(444)

Youth's Promise.

"In youth we gather flowers The brightest of the hours That wave the passing years; Its crops for us are sweeter, The feet of joy are fleetier, The sunshine always cheerier.

(445)

The Penny Offering.

A child a penny gave, With it a tract was bought, By which a heathen chief Was to the Saviour brought.

(446)

A Lost Pearl.

I do not know where I lost it, For it slipped from a broken string, And far and away from my sight to-day It lies a neglected thing.

(447)

The Dudine.

Is the Dudine whose picture we show, It's for her bangs and her bustle below. C is the cotton that humbugs the beaux. D is her doggie kissed off on the nose. E is her eyebrows dark shaded with care. F is her flirting, if 'twas in't there.

(448)

The Cross.

Quaint though the construction be of the following poem, yet never has the story been told with more truthful simplicity:—

(449)

Our Free Choice.

Though God be good and free be Heaven, No force divine can love compel; And though the song of sin forgiven May sound through lowest bell,

(450)

The Best Gift of All.

One-and-twenty, one-and-twenty, Youth and beauty, lovers plenty; Health and riches, ease and leisure, Work to give a zest to pleasure; What can a maid so lucky lack? What can I wish that fate holds back?

(451)

"Thy Will be Done."

Four little words, no more— Easy to say, But thoughts that went before Can words convey?

(452)

My Pearls.

Somebody gave me a string of pearls, And bade me wear them among my curls. So one, a bright and beautiful gem, I placed in a golden diadem;

Gilles Hill, Ont.

Mrs. Anna McKay

223 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

Frederico.

Mrs. F. Brock.

Wallboro, Penn.

Mrs. E. A. Iversen.

(455) —Selected.  
**Suggestive Name.**  
 "My dear, what shall we name our baby?" said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.  
 "Why, hub, I've settled on Peter."  
 "Peter! I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could ever earn his salt."  
 "Well, then, we will call him Salt Peter."  
 Thorold, Ont. MAMIE WILLIAMS.

(456) —Selected.  
**What He Might Take.**  
 "Darling," he whispered, as the clock sadly struck two and he still sat there trying to impress her with his love, "there is one thing I so much desire. Would you let me take something that would be eternally sweet to my remembrance?"  
 "I don't know," she coyly replied, making a move as if to fall on his thirty-cent shirt front, "but there is one thing you could take that would fill my happy cup to overflowing."  
 "What is it, loved one?" ready to catch her; but only a cold answer came, that sounded like the bottom of a coal box in December:  
 "You might take your leave."  
 Leesville, Mich. V. J. HICK.

(457) —Selected.  
**A Significant Name.**  
 "What will they call the child?" said the old nurse, as she crooned to and fro with a restless, crying baby.  
 "Call it?" said the father, "why, call it 'Conscience,' for with all your coaxing and soothing and wheedling you cannot send it to sleep."  
 Plevna, Ont. MRS. CLAXTON.

(458) —Selected.  
**His Reproof.**  
 Polly has been known to assume the part of a monitor and administer reproof. *Harper's Magazine* gives the following illustration of the fact:—  
 One South American bird had, unfortunately, learned on shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with a bucket of water at each offence. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop, and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls, and screamed out, "been swearing again, hain't ye?"  
 ROWEMIA LAWRENCE.  
 Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

(459) —Selected.  
**Examination by Telephone.**  
 Tickleribe is a practical joker, but he is very much afraid of consumption. The other evening he got to coughing, and went to the telephone and called up Mr. Whitty, and told him he was pretty sure he was in the first stage of consumption.  
 Now, it may be stated, by way of parenthesis, that Tickleribe had played a good many jokes on the girl at the central station, so as soon as she heard what he said, she rang up a store where a young man was in the habit of practising on a bass horn, about that time, and told him in her sweetest tone that she would like him to blow a short sharp blast right in front of the transmitter of his telephone as soon as he heard the bell tinkle. The young man got ready.  
 "Oh! I guess you're mistaken," said the doctor.  
 "No, I ain't. Loosen 'em. Come right over at once."  
 "Hold on! Cough in the telephone."  
 The girl, who had been listening, jerked out the plug connecting Tickleribe, put that connecting the brass horn in its place, and tinkled the bell, according to previous arrangement. The young man dropped the receiver from its hook and blew a terrible blast. The girl immediately restored the connection, and the doctor, after recovering from his astonishment, asked—  
 "Did you cough?"

"Yes. Aint't it pretty bad?"  
 "I should remark!" exclaimed the doctor.  
 "What shall I do?"  
 "Confine yourself to a diet of oats and baled hay."  
 "Oats and baled hay! What do you mean?"  
 "Why, you are turning to a jackass very rapidly, and you had better begin your new way of living at once. You have symptoms of the consumption of oats and baled hay."  
 While the doctor wondered, and the patient raved, the telephone girl split her sides with laughter, and the innocent young man tooted his horn in ignorance of what he had done.  
 GILBERT WELLS.  
 Bay Verte, N. B.

(460) —Original.  
**Quite Taken.**  
 Mr. Wrench's letter upon first seeing the large list of gifts in TRUTH, and wondering if TRUTH spoke truth:—  
 "My fear of being taken in has resulted in my having taken TRUTH in, and my family being quite taken with TRUTH. The young punster came uncalled. I cordially bade him take a seat, when lo! he had taken himself off, afraid of being taken in. I was just as much taken with his abrupt departure as with his uncalled-for presence. His fear, however, was as groundless as mine of being taken in by TRUTH. Or as that of an English huntman, who earnestly called out to a rustic sitting upon a gate: 'Don't take off your cap, my boy; my horse is shy.' The rustic replied: 'I wasn't agoin'!'"  
 RICHARD WRENCH.  
 St. Ignace, Michigan.

(461) —Selected.  
**She Ought to Prepare for the Worst.**  
 "Is my husband prepared to enter heaven?" she asked anxiously as the minister came from the sick man's chamber.  
 "I have labored with him very hard, my dear madam," replied the good man gravely, "but I would not like to assume the sole responsibility of saying that he is. I shall speak to some of my brother ministers at once and invite them to a consultation; but I am afraid that you will have to prepare yourself for the worst."  
 Brantford, Ont. AMY ROBINSON.

(462) —Selected.  
**Endurance of Brotherly Love.**  
 The love and affection that exists between brothers frequently begins to exist when they are mere children.  
 "Will Tommy always be younger than I am?" asked a little boy of his mother.  
 "Yes, sonny."  
 "That's bully. I'll always be able to lick him and take his things away from him as long as he lives."  
 St. John, N. B. JOHN HARTZ.

(463) —Selected.  
**A Victim to Mustard Plasters.**  
 "I was koid av nervous laht noight," said Phelan, "an' didn't slape very good, an' Mary Ann insisted on putting a mustard plaster on me chist. It don't matter what ails me, whether it's the pink eye or a touch av the rheumatism, Mary Ann won't rist aisy in her moind until she gets wan av those ould blister raisers on me chist. I wud jist as soon have an election bonfire rising on me person as wan av those plasters, but I moight as well thry to argue wid 'thirty dollars or sixty days' as to talk Mary Ann out av her mustard plaster, an' the consequence is if anything is the matter wid me, an' she finds it out, it munce that I've got to wear wan av them. But, after Mary Ann gets through wid me, I'm in furst class fighting trim, an' wud jist as soon foight as a to."  
 Windsor, Ont. ELLA HEARN.

(464) —Selected.  
**The Right Answer.**  
 A young lady, calm, azure-eyed, and serene, once upon a time received a visit from a prying female neighbor well advanced in life—or, at least, so far advanced as to be authorized to exercise a certain degree of

surveillance over the younger members of the society to which she belonged. The visitor talked long and aimlessly—talked until the young lady, self-possessed and enduring, was beginning to weary—and finally came to the subject of import which had evidently called her thither.  
 "By the way," she said, after she had arisen, and fixed her hat, and smoothed her scarf, "I have been asked a good many times if you are really engaged to Dr. B—. Of course I didn't know. But if folks ask me again, what shall I tell them I think?"  
 "Tell them," answered the young lady, with just the least bit of feminine wickedness (i. e.—anger) breaking through the azure light of her beautiful eyes—"tell them that you think you don't know, and that you are very sure it is none of your business."  
 MRS. HAFENBRAKE.  
 22 Reid St., Toronto.

(465) —Selected.  
**He Couldn't Make it Out.**  
 The proprietor of a tannery having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a sign would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After awhile he noticed a grave-looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:  
 "Good morning!"  
 "Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.  
 "You want to buy leather?"—"No."  
 "Want to sell hides?"—"No."  
 "Are you a farmer?"—"No."  
 "Are you a merchant?"—"No."  
 "Lawyer?"—"No."  
 "Doctor?"—"No."  
 "Minister?"—"No."  
 "What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher, I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me, I can't make it out!"  
 Colchester, Ill. RUTH KENT.

(466) —Selected.  
**Too Previous.**  
 "Well, Masherby, how are you, old fellow? Haven't seen you for an age," remarked one young man on Bay street to another yesterday.  
 "Oh! I'm jogging along much the same as usual. It must be two or three months since I saw you," said Masherby.  
 "Yes. By the way, how's that Miss Clara Flimsy you used to be so sweet on? Let me see, you're engaged to her, ain't you?"  
 "No, not now. I was, you know, but that's all over," replied Masherby.  
 "All over, eh? Broken off, is it? Well, old fellow, I'm not sorry. There was something about Clara Flimsy I never did like," went on the other, "she always seemed to me to be pretty bold faced and brassy. I'll just bet, old man, that she was no better than she ought to be, and you're deuced lucky to have got rid of her. Then her feet! By Jove, these feet were a caution! Big as mud-scows, and her mouth, eh, Masherby? Ye gods! what a mouth! and her hair was as red as the scarlatina. I used to wonder at your taste to be spoony on such a decidedly plain creature as Clara Flimsy. However, it's all done with now, and I congratulate you, my boy. But tell me, how did you end it?"  
 "Oh, easily," replied Masherby—"I married her."  
 Regina, N. W. T. MRS. PATTERELL.

(467) —Selected.  
**National Characters.**  
 English, Scotch, and Irish have each their peculiar constitution of mind, which a great wit once illustrated by their different modes of answering a question. Ask an Englishman what you please, and he replies promptly and seriously, like a person who means business. Put the same question to a Scotchman, he deliberates and answers

warily, or meets you with a cross-question. But desire an Irishman to have the goodness to respond, and he immediately makes a joke. Three choice spirits dining on a certain day at a tavern in London fell to discussing upon national character, and one proposed to test the wit's remark. Agreed. The spokesman of the party calls a waiter and accosts him thus:—"Thomas, what would you take to sit for a night outside St. Paul's?" Thomas, smartly, "A guinea, sir." "Good; go and find us a Scotchman." Thomas returning shortly afterwards with a Caledonian of his acquaintance, the question is repeated, "Well, Sawney, and what would you take to sit all night outside St. Paul's?" Sawney, after a pause, and in a slow up-and-down hill tone, "What would ye gie?" A porter from the Emerald Isle is similarly summoned, and similarly interrogated. "Now, Paddy, my boy, what would you take?" and so forth. Paddy, archly, "Faith, then, I'd take a had cowl!" The truth of the illustration had been triumphantly vindicated.  
 This story has been told in several forms, but the above is the manner in which it originally appeared.  
 U. C. College, Toronto. ALFRED SHAW.

(468) —Selected.  
**Pat Among the Lawyers.**  
 Some half-dozen lawyers were once dining in a hotel in Boston, when a green Irishman rapped at the door of the dining-room for admittance. The waitress opened the door, and seeing the intruder was an Irishman of the homespun species, refused to admit him to dine with the gentry. A limb of the law, overhearing the parley, said to the waitress, "Let him in, and we will have some fun with him." Pat was accordingly introduced, and sat down amongst them. He was no sooner seated than one of the lawyers said to him:—  
 "Were you born in this country?"  
 "No, I was born in Ireland."  
 "Was your father an Irishman?"  
 "Yes."  
 "What was his profession?"  
 "He was a jockey, sir; he traded horses."  
 "Is he alive now?"  
 "No; he is dead."  
 "What does he do in heaven?"  
 "Trades horses, sir."  
 "Did he ever cheat anybody in heaven?"  
 "One man, I believe."  
 "Did they prosecute him?"  
 "No."  
 "Why did they not prosecute him?"  
 "Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."  
 Mitchell, Ont. JAMES ELLIOTT.

(469) —Selected.  
**Rowland Hill's Rebuke.**  
 The Rev. Rowland Hill was once preaching in a certain city. During the sermon a couple of young men sitting in the centre of the church, got up and started to go out. When they got near the door, the minister stopped in his discourse and said, "I will tell you a story." The young men immediately stopped to hear the story, when the rev. gentleman went on: "There was once a minister who said, if all the trees in this country had grown into one great tree, and all the axes were made into one great axe, and if he could wield that great axe, he would cut down that great tree and make it into one great whip, to whip ungodly young men who turn their backs on the gospel, but stop to hear stories told."  
 Yarmouth Centre. WM. NEWCOMB.

(470) —Selected.  
**"A Your Service."**  
 The bullying manner of the German students is proverbial, as is also their mania for duelling. It was at Heidelberg that a quiet citizen, leaving the cars, said to a swaggering student: "Sir, you are crowding me! Keep back a little bit, sir!" The student turned fiercely, and said, in a loud tone: "Do you not like it? Well, sir, I am at your service whenever you please."  
 "Oh, thank you," said the traveler. "Your offer is very kind, and you may carry my valise to the hotel for me." The student fled amid shouts of laughter.  
 Moncton, N. B. A. MASTERS.

# T. EATON & CO.

190 to 196 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## Jerseys :

The Jersey waist continues to be the leading thing for a waist. In this the second season the popularity is greater than ever, and the probability is that it has come to stay, as there is nothing that can take the place of the Jersey in the way of economy, style, comfort, or convenience.

Eaton's prices this season are wonderfully low to what Jerseys were sold for in the past. Black Jersey, ladies' size, cotton, \$1 each; beautiful Black Jersey, scalloped bottom, \$1.50; all wool, black, scalloped and braided, \$2, \$2.50, \$3. Colors, blue, brown, myrtle, fawn, golden brown, drab, stone, cream, pink, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.

## Boys' Jersey Suits :

This class of goods is very much sought after. Prices, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, in sizes to fit boys up to 9 or 10 years old.

## Mantles :

This department is complete with all the latest goods. Ladies' Tweed Jackets, \$3.50, \$4, and \$5. Black Ottoman Cloth Jackets, \$5, \$6, \$7. Jersey Cloth Jackets, trimmed with Lace or Fine Braids, \$7, \$7.50, \$7.75, \$8, \$9.50, \$10. The stock of Dolmans is very fine, including all the newest designs in Ottoman Cloth, and Ottoman or Brocade Silk, \$8, \$9, \$10.50, \$12, \$14, \$15, \$18, \$22, \$25.

## Skirts :

Full Skirts, Black Cashmere, trimmed with Brocade satin, \$7, \$8 and \$9, with a jersey waist; these make a complete and cheap dress.

## Millinery :

This department is full of all the novelties. The display of trimmed goods is very extensive.

## Carpets :

Your particular attention is called to this department. The prices carpets are cut at Eaton's are astonishing to every one. Best Brussels at \$1, \$1.25. Medium Brussels at 80c, 90c, and \$1.00. Best Tapestries 55, 65 and 75c. Medium tapestry, \$5, 45, 50c. Special prices in Unions and all Wools. The stock is very large and the variety of patterns extensive.

Mail orders promptly attended to. Samples of any class of goods sent upon application.

T. EATON & CO.

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE ST.,

TORONTO.

## SPRING MEDICINE!

Use Sarsaparilla Blood Purifier for all diseases arising from blood, prepared only by M. DILL & HOAR, 356 Yonge St., Toronto.

## NEW COMPLETE Illustrated Catalogue,

Mailed free to any address, of

TENTS, HAMMOCKS AND CAMP FURNITURE, LAWN TENNIS, CRICKET, BASE BALL, LACROSSE, CROQUET, ARCHERY, &c.

Largest assortment and lowest prices in Ontario. Note the address,

P. C. ALLEN'S,  
CITY NEWS & GAMES DEPOT,  
35 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

## SOMETHING NEW!

## Books of Instruction —IN— ART NEEDLEWORK.

A Ladies' Book on Art Embroidery in Silk—forty pages—with over thirty illustrations of Embroidery Outlines, Crazy Stitches, &c. A splendid book at a small price.

Only 15 Cents, Postpaid.

Kensington Embroidery and Colors of Flowers—over sixty pages—with sixty illustrations of Stitches, Patterns and Designs of made-up Fancy Articles. Aside from the other splendid features of the work, is the giving of the proper colors to be used in working different flowers, which alone is worth its price to a beginner.

37 Cents, Postpaid, or Three Books for \$1.

Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work—nearly one hundred large pages—containing over five hundred designs of all kinds of Fancy Work. A splendid book.

Price 65c., Postpaid, Two Books for \$1.30.

Book of Darned Lace Patterns, containing over fifty patterns of Tiddles, Spineers, Toilet Sets, Shams, Bed Spreads, Aprons, Edgings, &c.

Price 33 Cents, Postpaid.

Hand Book of Crochet and Knitted Lace. This book contains over 60 pages, with 40 different patterns, besides showing over twenty illustrations of different stitches.

Only 33 Cents, Postpaid.

Letter Orders receive prompt and careful attention. Can send goods to any part of Canada.

Henry Davis,

—DIRECT IMPORTER—

292 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

50 SATIN FINISHED CARDS OR 20 transparent cards, no two alike, with your name printed neatly on them, for 10 cents. C. H. HOBBS, 135 River St., Toronto.

(ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS.)

S. D. DOUGLAS & CO.

(Successors to the late Alex. Hamilton.)

Our Spring Importations of  
WALL PAPERS, BORDERS  
—and DECORATIONS

Are constantly arriving, and surpass anything we have ever shown. Give us a call and examine for yourself. No trouble to show goods. Also in stock, Prepared Wallpapers, Prepared Mosaic, in all the latest artistic shades. Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Japans, Turpentine, Gold Leaf, &c.

PURE WHITE LEAD  
Wholesale & Retail.

183 King Street East,  
Toronto.

CARDS 50 Lovely new styles, French and Gold Floral Chromo Cards, with name; also fancy illustrated book, one Agent's Sample Book, all for 10c. Send 6c. for pocket Sample Book, and special terms. Agent's large Album, 25c. BLANK CARDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES. GLOBE CARD CO., ST. THOMAS, ONT.

A. MERCER,  
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,  
131 Bay St., Next the Fire Hall.

Orders left at Residence (220 Robert St., near Bloor) promptly attended to. Jobbing of every description done on the shortest notice. Shops, Store Fronts and Fittings a specialty.

THIN FACES!  
By Prof VORNBERG'S Method  
In a very short time the Facial Muscles can be so developed as to make the  
CHEEKS PLUMP AND ROBY,  
and fill out the neck. Failure impossible. No medicine. Only 50 cents by mail. Descriptive circular for 3 cent stamp. W. KAY'S Bureau, 127 Queen Street East, Toronto.

REMINGTON STANDARD  
TYPE-WRITER.  
General Agency, 31 King St. E., Toronto.

ITS WONDERFUL DURABILITY  
Lombard and Lanarkshire Fire Insurance Company, Head Office, Toronto Mar. 22nd, 1885. Dear Sir:—I am sending you my Type-Writer to be remodelled. As I think you are aware, I have had this machine some seven or eight years; have done an immense amount of work with it, and have never yet had breakage, nor has it ever been out of order or had a penny expended on it for repairs or anything else. Yours truly, A. Sims, Manager for the Dominion, Circulars on application.

"Cleanliness is the Index of Civilization."

DOMINION  
STEAM CARPET CLEANING WORKS.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that we have recently fitted our place with the most complete machinery for the purpose of cleaning carpets, Rugs, Hobos, &c.

This is to certify that I have patronized Messrs. Gawett & Sway, proprietors of the Dominion Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, and also personally investigated their method of cleaning carpets, and have no hesitancy in recommending them to the public. They do their work thoroughly, and without any injury whatever to the carpets.  
JOHN WHEAT, Walker House.

GAWETT & SWAY, Proprietors,  
OFFICE AND WORKS:  
29 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO.  
TELEPHONE 406.


**WHAT A PITY**

It is to see so many LADIES disfigured from a disagreeable growth of Superfluous Hair on Face or Arms. The discovery of

DORENWEND'S  
"Eureka" Hair Destroyer

Has now been greeted by thousands of Ladies. Wonderful cures and results are achieved every day. This preparation is sure to do its work without pain. Sold in bottles at \$2.00 each, or 3 for \$5.00. Sent with full directions enclosed to any address on receipt of price. Address,

"Eureka" Mfg. Co., 105 Yonge Street,  
TORONTO.  
A. DORENWEND, Manager.



# "MOTHERS, WHOSE CHILDREN ARE SLEEPING."

Words ANON.  
Andantino.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, moth - ers, whose chil - dren are sleep - ing, Thank God by their pil - lows to - night; And  
 2. The som - bre - winged an - gel is go - ing, With pit - i - less flight o'er the land; Wo  
 8. Oh, yes! there are hearts on whose al - tar Is noth - ing but ash - es to - night; And

*Cres.*.....*Dim.*..... *p* *m*  
 pray for the moth - ers now weep - ing O'er pil - lows too smooth and too white; Where bright lit - tle  
*Cres.*.....*Dim.*..... *p* *m*  
 wake in the morn - nev - er know - ing What he, ere the night, may de - mand; Yes, now, while our  
 voic - es whose tones sad - ly fal - tor, And dim eyes that shrink from the light. Oh, moth - ers, whose

*p* *m*  
 heads oft have lain,..... And soft lit - tle cheeks have been press'd; Oh, moth - ers, who know not this  
*p* *m*  
 dar - lings are sleep - ing, There's ma - ny a soft lit - tle bed, Whose pil - lows are moistened with  
 chil - dren are sleep - ing, While bend - ing to touch their fair heads; Pray, pray for the moth - ers now

*Cres.* *Dim.* *Ritard.*  
 pain, ..... Take cour - age to bear all the rest, Take cour - age to bear all the rest.....  
*Cres.* *Dim.* *Ritard.*  
 weep - ing The loss of one dear lit - tle head, The loss of one dear lit - tle head.....  
 weep - ing O'er si - lent and des - o - late beds, O'er si - lent and des - o - late beds.....



## Health Department.

[A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondents on all subjects pertaining to health and hygiene. This department is now in charge of an experienced Medical Practitioner, and it is believed that it will be found practically useful. Questions under this department should be as brief as possible and clear in expression. They should be addressed to the editor of this journal and have the words "Health Department" written in the lower left corner on the face of the envelope.—Ed.]

### Clean Your Cellars.

By a beneficial arrangement of Providence, the gases and odors most prejudicial to human life, are lighter than the air which surrounds us, and, as soon as disengaged, rise immediately to the upper atmosphere, to be purified, and then returned to be used again.

The warmer the weather, the more rapidly are these gases generated, and the more rapidly do they rise, hence it is, that in the most miasmatic regions of the Tropics, the traveler can with safety pursue his journey at mid-day, but to do so in the cool of the evening, or morning, or midnight, would be certain death. Hence also the popular but too sweeping dread of "night air." To apply this scientific truth to practical life in reference to the cellars under our dwellings, is the object of this article.

In the first place, no dwelling ought to have a cellar. But in large cities the value of land makes them a seeming necessity. But it is only seeming, for during many years' residence in New Orleans, we do not remember to have seen half-a-dozen cellars. But if we must have them, let science construct them in such a manner, and common sense use them in such a way as to obviate the injuries which would otherwise result from them.

The ceilings of cellars should be well plastered, in order most effectually to prevent the ascent of dampness and noisome odors through the joints of the flooring.

The bottom of the cellar should be well paved with stone—cobble stones are perhaps best; over this should be poured, to the extent of several inches in thickness, water lime cement, or such other material as is known to acquire in time almost the hardness of stone; this keeps the dampness of the earth below.

If additional dryness is desired for special purposes, in parts of the cellar, let common scantling be laid down, at convenient distances, and loose boards be laid across them for convenience of removal and sweeping under, when cleaning time of the year comes.

The walls should be plastered, in order to prevent the dust from settling on the innumerable projections of a common stone wall.

Shelves should be arranged in the centre of the cellar, not in the corners, or against the walls; these shelves should hang from the ceiling, by wooden arms, attached firmly before plastering—thus you make all safe from rats.

To those who are so fortunate as to own the houses in which they live, we recommend the month of June, but to renters, the great moving month of May, in New York at least, is the most appropriate time for the following recommendations.

Let everything not absolutely nailed fast, be removed into the yard, and exposed to the sun, and if you please, remain for a week or two, so as to afford opportunity for a thorough drying.

Let the walls and floors be swept thoroughly, on four or five different days, and let a coat of good whitewashing be laid on.

These things should be done once a year, and one day in the week, at least, except in mid winter, every opening in the cellar, for several hours, about noon, should be thrown wide, so as to allow as complete a ventilation as possible. Scientific men have forced on the common mind, by slow degrees, the importance of a daily ventilation of our sleeping apartments, so that now, none but the careless or most obtuse neglect it, but few think of ventilating their cellars, although it is apparent that the noisome

dampness is constantly rising upwards and pervading the whole dwelling.

Emanations from cellars do not kill in a night; if they did, universal attention would be forced to their proper management, but it is certain, from the very nature of things, that unclean, damp and mouldy cellars, with their sepulchral fumes do undermine the health of multitudes of families, and send many of their members to an untimely grave; especially must it be so in New York, where the houses are generally constructed in such a manner, that the ordinary access to the cellar, for coal, wood, vegetables, etc., is within the building, and every time the cellar door is opened, the draught from the grating in the street drives the accumulation of the preceding hours directly upwards into the halls and rooms of the dwelling, there to be breathed, over and over again, by every member of the household, thus poisoning the very springs of life, and polluting the whole blood.

### Lung Gymnastics.

If I should say that very many healthy people do not use all their lungs for respiration, and that this is so habitually, some of you may be surprised. Yet this is very true, and especially so with men of sedentary habits, students and women. Some of these may be "too lazy to breathe," yet not fully conscious of it. It may be better to say they are "too careless to breathe," or have never considered its full importance. Dr. J. H. Tyndall ("Treatment of Consumption," p. 85) has well said: "The importance of knowing how to breathe can not be over-estimated. No line of treatment (of lung diseases) at home or by change of climate should be inaugurated without thorough instruction in lung gymnastics, in the mechanism of breathing. Until you have paid close attention to the subject for a number of years you will never know how many human beings do not know how to breathe, and through which organ to breathe. Respiration, this most important of all functions of life, is by some carried on superficially, by others pervertedly and contrary to physiological requirements."

"Breathing is a function which should be exercised slowly and profoundly; a requirement which can only be fulfilled by breathing through the nose. Breathing through the mouth leads to superficial and often rapid breathing; still oftener to snapping off the air."

We are often called on to prescribe for patients or give advice for relief of those who are of sedentary habits, as bookkeepers, clerks, women or students, who will complain of pain in the upper half of the chest, or of at least a very uncomfortable feeling of depression in the breast or lungs. These patients often express a fear of organic lung trouble, and that consumption is threatening them. In such cases we will very often note a languid expression or a semi-melancholic appearance. It is also not at all uncommon to note a sallowness of skin, a feeling of inability for any considerable manual effort, dyspnoea when the effort is made, or that the patient becomes quickly exhausted, is constipated, has hebetude of mind, and very little disposition to do more than absolute duty demands.

But in such cases I believe we have, in forced respiration, a valuable means with which to accomplish complete relief, or to at least assist in reaching such a desirable end. Let a patient who comes with soreness of breast or lungs, a little cough, dyspnoea on exercise, lassitude, easily exhausted, rapid pulse on slight exertion, constipation, mental hebetude, etc., commence at once these forced inspirations and expirations, and practice this for ten to fifteen minutes from four to six times every day, and with proper measures otherwise he will soon feel like a new man. He will need very little medicine, often only a placebo, and will need mostly hygienic management as to diet, hours of work, exercise, sleep, etc.

Tyndall says (*loc. cit.*), "Lung gymnastics proper should be carried on in the open air, while at work if possible, or while walking or standing still, or in a well-ventilated room. The exact limits to which actual gymnastics should be carried on at home or in a gymnasium often tax the best judgment

of the physician. Nearly all . . . performances require more or less severe straining of the pectoral muscles, and sudden calls upon the heart for increased action."

"While walking, the patient should as frequently as possible (say, every ten or fifteen minutes) take deep inspirations and expirations without straining, from six to eight times in succession; which act completely empties and refills the lungs.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

### Bad Air.

When a person has remained for an hour or more in a crowded and poorly-ventilated room or a railroad car, the system is already contaminated to a greater or lesser extent, by breathing air vitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bodies and clothing of the occupants. The immediate effect of these poisons is to debilitate, to lower vitality, and to impair the natural power of the system to resist disease. Hence it is that persons who are attacked by inflammatory diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, can generally trace the beginning of the disease to a chill felt on coming out of a crowded room into the cold or damp air, wearing, perhaps, thin shoes and insufficient clothing. If these facts were generally understood and acted upon, thousands of lives might be saved every year. It is a well-known fact that men who "camp out," sleeping on the ground at seasons of the year, seldom have pneumonia, and that rheumatism, with them, comes, as a rule, only from unwarrantable imprudence. There are two facts that should be learned by every person capable of appreciating them, and should never be lost sight of for a moment.

One is that exhalations from the lungs—the breath—are a deadly poison, containing the products of combustion, in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if a person were compelled to rebreathe it unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it would prove as destructive to life as the fumes of charcoal.

This is an enemy that is always present, in force, in assemblies of people, and only a constant infusion of fresh air prevents it from doing mischief that would be immediately apparent. The other fact is that pure air is the antidote to this poison.

The oxygen of the air is the greatest of all purifiers. Rapid streams of water that pass through large cities, receiving the sewerage, become pure again through the action of the air after running a few miles. Air is the best of all "blood purifiers." Combined with vigorous exercise to make it effective it will cure any curable case of consumption.

### Treatment of Measles.

This is an acute inflammation of the skin, both external and internal, combined with an infectious fever. The symptoms are chills succeeded by great heat, languor, and drowsiness, pains in the head, back, and limbs; quick pulse, soreness of throat, thirst, nausea, vomiting, a dry cough, and high colored urine. These symptoms increase in violence for three or four days. The eyes are inflamed and weak, and the nose pours forth a watery secretion with frequent sneezing. There is considerable inflammation of the larynx, windpipe, and bronchial tubes, with soreness of breast and hoarseness. About the fourth day the skin is covered with a breaking out which produces heat and itching, and is red in spots, upon the face first, gradually spreading over the whole body. It disappears in the same way, from the face first, then from the body, and hoarseness and other symptoms disappear with it. At last the outside skin peels off in scales. In a mild form nothing is required but a light diet, slightly acid drinks, flaxseed or slippery-elm tea. Warm herb teas and frequent sponge baths with tepid water; some put a little soda in it to serve to allay the fever. A pack carefully given followed by an oil-rub, keeping them warmly protected in bed afterward, will bring out the rash nicely. Great care must be taken that during the time of disease and for weeks, even months after, the patient takes

no cold, as after-effects are most serious. We once heard an old physician say that "for three months mothers must be over watchful," and that unless such care was exercised he dreaded measles more than small-pox.

False measles, or rose-rash, appears with the same general symptoms as measles, and continues about five days; or sometimes comes and goes for several weeks. The rash appears in small, irregular patches, paler than those of measles, and of a more roseate color. Treatment as in measles, except if rash assumes a darker red, and the patches are more elevated a tonic is needed.

### Light in Sick-Room.

It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room, and that it is not only light but direct sunlight they want. You had better carry your patient about after sun, according to the aspect of rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. People think that the effect is on the spirits only. This is by no means the case. Who has not observed the purifying effects of light, and especially of direct sunlight, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick-room there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air—of air unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease, is all important. It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light.

### Tenants May Vacate Unsanitary Houses.

A case has recently been decided in New York justifying the right of a tenant to vacate a house and refuse to pay rent on the ground of unsanitary conditions. The case was: "In a suit for rent claimed to be due from a tenant of a suite of rooms in an apartment house, it appeared that the tenant's wife and servants were taken sick by inhaling a malarial or poisonous gas in the apartments occupied by them; that this unhealthy condition of the apartments was owing to a defective condition of the general plumbing work of the house, of which the landlord was notified by orders of the Board of Health, requiring him to have changes made in the plumbing work, and which unhealthy condition could have been removed if he had complied with these orders, that the defendant waited for two weeks, and finding that nothing was done on the part of the landlord, left under the apprehension that he was imperiling the health of himself and family by remaining." The case was appealed to a higher court and confirmed. It is to be hoped the practice will become general.

### To Get Fat.

Do you want to get fat? Eat supper just before going to bed. The food so taken goes all to fat. A nap after each meal is also conducive to the same end, but gentle exercise should be taken between meals to promote appetite. Large doses of fresh air, avoidance of envious thoughts, entire contentment with one's lot in life, one's children, husband, relatives, and friends complete the same great end. There is one great advantage derived from the craze on fat or no fat. It is a poor rule that don't work both ways, and many of the laws for gaining or losing flesh are the same, and are great health promoters. The formation of tennis, skating, swimming, and walking clubs, and the patronizing of them by both stout and thin alike, is adding greatly to the health of our women.

"Son return,"  
"There to that  
haunt the  
destructive  
nering  
with th  
tion on  
meditat  
better  
arm."  
"Yo  
You ar  
scornfu  
"He  
Browne  
was to  
ing leg  
receive  
unhapp  
"I h  
said to  
"Th  
too wil  
friend's  
aid,"  
"I do  
the hor  
your s  
to say  
repeat  
you mi  
it and  
"I s  
says K  
"He  
Brown  
a year  
was n  
of end  
effect  
that h  
leap.  
lead a  
"I  
got th  
always  
"Si  
softly,  
over r  
with r  
last s  
"I  
can be  
"I  
happy  
are fit  
ended  
"Ti  
about  
be, w  
"Y  
I did.  
like C  
"A  
at fir  
my de  
it, bu  
brute  
"I  
really  
"Y  
But I  
you r  
nico o  
do ye  
"I  
digni  
"F  
age  
searc  
meml  
that  
"C  
cont  
"C  
murs  
"  
"I  
my t  
over  
It  
all t  
from  
upon  
welc  
It

## LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED.)

"Sometimes, however, the travelers do return," goes on Mr. Browne, thoughtfully. "There have been several authentic stories to that effect. They return to earth to haunt those to whom in life they owed their destruction. You won't like it when Manxering comes to your bedside some night with the blue and vivid marks of strangulation on his lily-white throat. Though—meditatively—"perhaps, after all, it is better than his taking his head under his arm."

"You are surpassing yourself to-night. You are positively eloquent," says Kit, scornfully.

"He sent you his love," goes on Mr. Browne, unmoved, "and a kiss. He said I was to deliver the latter. It was his parting legacy to me. What! you decline to receive even the dying embrace of your unhappy victim? Can callousness go further?"

"I insist upon knowing what he really said to you," says Kit.

"There need be no insistence; I am only too willing to communicate to you our poor friend's expiring remarks. 'Tell her,' he said, 'that one word will recall me to her side forever! Oh, think of that! Fancy the horror of having a ghastly corpse tied to your side forever. Fortunately, he forgot to say the 'word,' or I should be obliged to repeat it, and in your dreams some night you might by some fell chance give voice to it and be henceforth his slave."

"I suppose you think you are amusing," says Kit, with scathing contempt.

"He said something too," says Mr. Browne, dreamily, "about fifteen thousand a year. I don't exactly remember what; I was naturally agitated beyond my powers of endurance, but no doubt it was to the effect that he meant to bequeath to you all that he possessed, before taking the fatal leap. Oh, Kit! How could you so mislead a trusting heart?"

"I didn't,"—indignantly. "He never got the faintest encouragement from me. I always thought him the greatest—"

"Speak gently of the dead," says Dicky, softly, elevating his hand. "It must be all over now. Would you like to come up with me and cut him down? It will be the last sweet service you can render him."

"I wonder"—wrathfully—"how you can be so unfeeling."

"I wonder how you can ever know a happy moment again. Alas! 'all tragedies are finished by a death; all comedies are ended by a marriage.'"

"There wasn't one spark of tragedy about this wretched affair. There couldn't be, when he was the hero of it."

"You wouldn't say so if you saw him as I did. He mouthed like King Lear, ranted like Othello, and lamented like Romeo."

"A pretty Romeo, forsooth!"

"He made very flattering mention of you at first, but just at the last he—he—really, my dear Kit, I quite shrink from confessing it, but the truth is, he called you—a brute!"

"What!" says Miss Beresford, growing really two inches taller on the spot.

"Well, yes, it sounds horrid, doesn't it? But the fact remains; he certainly called you a 'gazelle.' I don't think that was nice of him. It wasn't gentlemanly, I think; do you?" with anxious inquiry.

"I shall go to bed," says Kit, with dignity, turning away from him.

"But not to rest, I trust. At your tender age the conscience cannot be altogether seared. Remorse must gnaw you. Remember, as you lie upon your downy couch, that he is still dangling in mid-air."

"Oh, good-night!" says Miss Beresford, contemptuously.

"So young, and so untender!" murmurs Dicky, with a regretful sigh.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Upon thy gladd days have in thy mind  
The unwarlike woe of harm that comes behind."

"A happy Christmas to you, my bird! my treasure!" says Mrs. Desmond, bending over the cot that contains her son and heir.

It is indeed Christmas morning. Outside all the world is white with snow, and up from the village, faintly, sweetly, borne upon the strong wind, come the bells, welcoming in this holiest of tides.

It is barely eight o'clock, but Monica,

clad only in slippers and a dressing gown, has rushed along the corridor to be the earliest to wish sweet wishes to her pretty boy on this his first Christmas day.

"Darling thing! See how he puts out his arms to me. Oh, nurse, isn't he sweet?" appealing to the big and comely woman beside her.

"Deed he is, ma'am, that surely, an' a deal more," says nurse, heartily. "It's but a poor word for him. To my thinking, there isn't his like in the country, let alone the children round us, an' he's that clever, there's no bein' up to him—the darlint!"

There is no knowing to what lengths of imbecile worship Mrs. Desmond and her nurse might presently have got, but that the nursery door opening at this moment compels the former to raise her eyes from the all-engrossing baby.

"Ah! A happy Christmas to you, Bridget," she says, gayly, seeing it is her own maid who has entered. She is a tall, handsome, rather peculiar-looking girl, with deep earnest eyes and a firm mouth. Just now she is ghastly pale, and her eyes shift a little beneath her mistress's friendly gaze.

"Thank you, ma'am," she says, in a low voice, but the usual kindly return—"an' the same to you, ma'am, an' plenty of them"—is not added.

Nurse having taken up her young gentleman and carried him over to the fire, with a view to preparing him for his morning's amusement—namely, his bath—Mrs. Desmond is at leisure to regard the girl with closer attention. Her pallor, the purple rims beneath her eyes, that speak of a night spent in unhappy vigil, not unbedewed by tears, awake vague suspicions in her mind, and a desire to administer consolation if possible.

Bridget has gone to the window, and is now standing there silent, gazing upon the laurestinus and the laurels drooping beneath their load of snow.

"What is it, Bridget?" asks her mistress, gently, touching her arm. "Is it any trouble?"

"Trouble! says the girl, quickly, facing round with some vehemence, whilst a dull red flashes into her pale cheeks. Then, in an instant, she calms her evident agitation by a violent effort, and with downcast eyes says, respectfully, "You are very kind to ask me, ma'am, but—what trouble should there be with me?"

As a rule, she speaks excellent English—as most Irish servants of the better class can—but in moments of strong excitement she slips into the old soft guttural style again.

"None, I hope," says Monica, very kindly. She is one of those women who think it by no means derogatory to their dignity to feel an open and expressed sympathy with the weals and woes of their domestics. This girl Bridget is regarded by her with special favor, having been her maid before her marriage, and her faithful attendant since.

"There is none—none at all," says the girl, with nervous eagerness.

"I am glad of that; I feared"—looking at her earnestly—"there might be something about—Con—to make you unhappy."

A subdued expression of fear creeps into the girl's eyes, and she recoils a little.

"There is nothing, indeed!" she says, with unnecessary force. "What should there be? I'm sure"—with a miserable attempt at a smile—"Tis Con himself, ma'am, would be proud to think you'd take the thought to ask after him."

At first Mrs. Desmond had been inclined to think a lover's quarrel was the cause of the girl's changed appearance, but some instinct tells her that those colorless cheeks have not been born of love's wounds. Bridget has half turned away, but yet Monica lingers. Then—

"Come to me, if I can ever be of use to you," she says, softly, and having again caressed her baby, goes back in a somewhat thoughtful mood to the warmth of her own fire.

Twenty minutes later still finds her standing before it, gazing into its depths, conjuring up from it happy thoughts. Bridget and her white face are forgotten: Brian and his last tender speech are full in her mind. She is beginning to wonder what gift he has in store for her this Christmas morning,

and whether he will be pleased with what she has for him, when a sound upon the threshold wakes her effectually from her pleasant day-dreams.

The door is open. Just within it stands Bridget, regarding her mistress silently, fearfully. As their eyes meet, she stirs into life, and, entering the apartment with a determined step, turns and locks the door deliberately behind her.

"Bridget, something has happened," says Monica, going quickly up to her.

For all answer the girl falls upon her knees at her feet, and, clasping her white dressing gown, looks into her eyes as though she would read her very soul.

Her face was pale a few minutes since, but now it is positively haggard, and large blue veins stand out prominently upon her forehead. Her eyes are wild, her lips parted and quite bloodless.

"Bridget!" exclaims Mrs. Desmond, nervously, laying her own upon the girl's right hand as it clutches her gown.

"I must speak," says Bridget, in a low hoarse voice; "though they kill me for it, I must. It has been like a raging fire in my veins during all the dark and terrible hours of this past night. An' when ye spoke to me awhile ago—Miss Monica, listen to me." (Her mistress is always "Miss Monica" to her, as in the old days, in spite of the baby in the nursery beyond; and the general impropriety of it.)

"Say what you will to me," says Monica, gently.

"Ay, ay, but how to say it? I tell ye I have come here this mornin' to give my life into yer hands. An' more—far more"—throwing out her arms with a passionate gesture: "I am goin' to give ye the life of him I love!"

She covers her eyes for a moment, and then looks up again, a terrible calm upon her face.

"Swear to me," she says, "by the heaven above us both, that, as I hope to save the man you love to-night, you will save mine, if ever the power to do it lies wid ye."

"What horrible thing are you going to tell me?" says Monica, faintly, recoiling from her. It is noticeable, however, that, though she does recoil, she still shows no small inclination to ring the bell that is almost at her hand, and summon assistance.

"Horrible, by my faith, it will be if it succeeds," says the girl, violently; "but you have not sworn yet."

Monica hesitates. It is not, however, a time to distrust warnings of brutal deeds, or treat them as theatrical effects: the hesitation is barely perceptible before it dies away.

"I swear to help you in your extremity, as you will help me in mine," she says, slowly, her eyes upon the girl's.

"It is an oath," says the latter, quickly.

"The trouble of him I love will be my trouble; an' so ye have pledged yourself to help us both."

"It is Con?" says Monica, with a curious change of feature.

"Ay, 'tis so," says the girl, in a voice of the most intense anguish, rocking herself to and fro, with her arms clasped across her bosom. "He's in it too. Them devils who preach of good to be got from fire an' blood caught a holt of him: while past, an' now he's in the thick of it. There's mischief to you an' yours brewin' by night and day for weeks past, an' now it has come to a head. I tell ye"—crawling ever closer to her, and staring at her with horrified eyes—"there's murder in the very air ye're breathin'. Last night—"

Still grasping her mistress's robe, she looks suddenly around her, and her tone sinks to a whisper.

"Yes—last night—" says Monica, bending over her.

"I stole through the frost an' the snow to the cabin where I knew they held their meetin', and I put my ear to the hole in the window, and listened, and first I heard—niver mind what—I won't tell ye that, but I heard of many evil deeds yet to be done, and at last—at last," smiting her breast, "of one that pierced my heart as I listened. It was—Hiat! was that a step boyant?" She cowers at Monica's feet, and again tightens her clasp upon her gown, and points in a frenzied fashion towards the door.

"No, there is nobody. Go on, go on; it was—"

"It was what ye're thinkin'," says the girl, solemnly. "To-night they are to come in a body to this house, and the doors are

to be open to them by one inside its walls, an' then—"

She pauses. The pause is ominous.

"Inside these walls! You would tell me that one of our own people would betray us? I will not believe it," says Mrs. Desmond, growing deadly white. For the first time her self-possession fails her. Detaching the girl's hand from her dressing-gown, she walks rapidly in an agitated fashion up and down the room. "It cannot be true," she says; "I have so trusted them all! What one in our service can speak of anything but kindness shown? It cannot be true."

"It is thrue," says Bridget, sullenly, who also has risen to her feet. "Led away, like many another, by false words an' falser hopes, there is one within yer walls who is willin' an' ready to betray ye. Yet the tool is not so bad as him that handles it. I tell ye that the very one that now is consentin' to yer death, only two years ago would have shrunk from the sight of blood. May our Blessed Lady in Heaven," cries the girl, flinging her arms above her head, and lifting her flashing eyes to the sky without, "rain down deadly curses upon those black-hearted villains who have led our lads astray!"

As though a little exhausted by her vehemence, her arms sink slowly to her sides again, and her head falls in a dejected fashion on her breast.

"Who is this traitor who would open our doors?" asks Monica, coldly.

"I cannot tell ye that. I will not," says the girl. "I have delivered myself an' him I love into yer hands, on the faith of yer oath. But more I will not do. If harm comes to Con of this mornin's work, I'll kill meself before yer eyes, and then you will have two deaths, not one, upon yer soul."

Then her defiant mood changes, and she bursts into tears.

"Oh, don't be angered with me, asthore," she says, weeping bitterly. "What can I do at all, at all! But I tell ye again be warned in time; make plans to save yourself an' them ye love while yet 'tis aisy to ye. But be secret! an' remember always," with subdued vehemence, and a terrible intensity upon her pale, haggard, but resolute face, "that my life is in yer keepin'. If the boys once suspected me of this day's work, they'd think as little of slitting my throat as if I were a dog! The lightest word ye utter may be heard, and be the signal for my death."

"I shall speak no word that will do you harm," says Monica, steadily. "But you have not yet told me all. When the doors are opened, what then?"

"The ould mather—The Desmond himself—is to be murdered in his bed, an'—an' any one else that interferes wid the doin' of that deed. Then the house is to be burned, an' made a bonfire of, to show the country round what power is wid 'the boys,' an' how they will make an example of them as goes again Parnell an' his laws; thim that thry to escape by door or window will have a hard time wid the rabble awaitin' them widout, an' thim that don't will be burned alive. Ye hear me," says the girl, rocklessly: "I've told ye all. See to it. She wipes her damp brow as she ceases speaking.

"To-night!" says Monica, in a faint whisper; "to-night!"

There are but eight policemen, all told, in Rossmoyne, and the troops, by order of a benevolent government, were removed from Clontree some months ago. Eight men!

What would they be among so many? "So soon!" she says again, in a terrified voice. And then, "The child, Bridget—the child!" she says; "what is to be done with him?"

"Send him down to the ould ladies below—to Moyne House," says Bridget, eagerly. "I have thought of all that. Nurse can take him. It will not seem strange that he should go to them, bein' Christmas d

CONTINUED.)

There may be such a thing as chance, but there is nothing certain, no man can prove it.

When alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families our temper, in society our tongues.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast; at the feast of the Centaurs they ate with one hand and had their drawn swords in the other; where there is no peace there can be no feast.



FIG. 35.

**NEW PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.**

Umbrellas for ladies' use are medium in size and of dark shades, such as navy-blue, green brown or garnet, in preference to black. The handles are of natural wood or silver, the latter being antique or hammered. A pretty wood handle is of cherry, with a natural twist forming a large ring. The short, neatly-furled umbrella is becoming the constant companion of ladies bent upon shopping or walking excursions, and forms a fitting finish to the fashionable tailor-made costumes and jaunty toque or capote to match.

The present rage for glaze effects is also seen in the parasols now shown. The canopy and Japanese styles are mounted, as they were last year, so as to show the golden rods inside. Striped silks, velvet brocades, changeable taffetas, embroidered goods and Surahs are the ordinary materials seen. The lining may be striped and the outside changeable, or vice versa. Even the plain, dark colors chosen by ladies of quiet tastes are lined with changeable satin. The octagon shape of last year—consisting of two squares placed diagonally upon each other—that was called the "London" and "Novelty," are seen again in very small quantities, which fact does not predict a success for them. Handsome black parasols are covered with a plain cover of Escorial lace and lined with glaze satin. Covers of Oriental lace in cream-color, Escorial and thread in black, are seen in the accordion pleatings. One and two frills of lace, chenille fringe, embroidered sprays and handsome ribbon bows on top and handle are the chief trimmings worn. A flat band of velvet appears on some of the plain designs, and occasionally we find one covered with pinked ruffles, or one ruffle may head a frill of French lace.

White Swiss lace over satin, India silk, beaded Kompadour satins, velvet brocaded and gold striped grenadines, are made up for carriage and watering-place use, as they are really too thin to afford any substantial protection from old Sol's rays. Arrasene embroidery on one gore is a fancy of the moment. Double frills of lace have one turning down and the other upward. The frise brocades are made up with changeable or thin, puffed silk linings, but a prettier fashion is to have the curly figures forming a border on a plain design. Coaching parasols are in the favorite changeable red, blue, light and dark green, brown and gold, etc. Surah, with or without a border of contrasting stripes. Their handles are of natural wood, short, thick and knob-headed. pongee shapes are shown for country wear, with satin linings and bamboo linings.

Figure No. 36 represents a dressy design of Oriental lace over a golden-brown satin



FIG. 35.



FIG. 37.



FIG. 36.



FIG. 34.

lining; flat bow of changeable gold and brown moire on top, and a handle pouf of chenille to match. Handle and top of welchsel in its natural roughness. Figure No 37 illustrates a black satin parasol trimmed with two frills of Manresque lace around the edge and top, bow of black ribbon, cords to confine the folds, ending in puff balls, changeable red and gold lining, and a snake-wood handle. The second design is a coaching design of red and blue glaze Surah, having a cherry-wood handle, steel inlaid, decorated with a cockade bow of two colors. Figure No. 35 shows a carriage shape of cream satin, with a double frill of Original lace, flat bow of cream-colored moire ribbon, and a tassel stick with the knots tipped with silver; the lining is of cream and bronze glaze satin

The handle shown in Figure No. 33 is intended for a small umbrella in brown or dark green silk. The material is antique silver in arabesque designs. Figure No 34 represents a smaller handle on top for the same purpose. The design is of the days of Louis XV. and is of sterling silver. Polished wood, horn inlaid with pearl, enameled figures, silver and gold inlaying, make desirable handles. Carved animals' heads, knobs, plain or inlaid with steel, silver and gold nails, twisted sticks, natural rings and hooks, are fashionable designs. The spotted snake-wood, amaranth, English fir, midgeon, welchsel, teasel, bamboo, white ash, olive, ebony, pimento, pilgrim wood and Malacca are employed for handles. The natural knobby look of the wood is left, but it is given a high polish, steamed and twisted into fantastic shapes, unless one is fortunate enough to procure a stick of gnarled, mishapen aspect; then it only requires polishing, is in the height of the fashion, and the owner happy.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—One and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, whites of four eggs, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of almond, half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

**USEFUL RECEIPTS.**

**BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.**

**CHICKEN PANADA.**—The following is an excellent formula, given by Dr. Thomson, and has the additional merit of serving as a general receipt for making panadas from various kinds of meat, exclusive, however, of those containing much fat: "Take the white meat of the breast and of the wings of a chicken which has been either boiled or roasted; free it from the skin, and cut it into small morsels; pound these in a mortar with an equal quantity of stale bread and a sufficiency of salt, adding, little by little, either the water in which the chicken was boiled, or some beef-tea, until the whole forms a thin fluid paste; lastly, put it into a pan and boil for ten minutes, stirring all the time."

The lean part of tender beef, or a slice from a cold leg of mutton, may be prepared in exactly the same manner. This panada we regard as the most convenient of all forms of giving "animal food" in a nicely graduated quantity, and it is used with great satisfaction both for adults in convalescence and for the nursing of children. It may be made of any degree of thickness—so thin that it may be given through the bottle, or so thick as to form spoon-meat.

It is unnecessary to add further formulae for preparations holding, like the above, an intermediate place between farinaceous foods and the full meat diet for more advanced age. We may, however, select from Dr. Dobell's manual—already referred to—the following formulae of mixed farinaceous and animal food. In these the elementary principles are combined in nearly exact normal proportions, according to the chemical requirements of the system:—

**FLOUR PUDDING.**—Mix four ounces of flour with one ounce and a quarter of sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of suet, three-quarters of a pint of milk, and one egg. Boil in a basin tied in a cloth.

**SUET PUDDING.**—Mix one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of finely-minced suet, and three quarters of a pint of water. Boil in a basin tied in a cloth.

**STOCKS FOR SOUP AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.**

**STOCK FOR SOUP MAIGRE.**—Eight large or twelve small carrots, four turnips, four onions, two lettuces, two sticks of celery, half a small cabbage, one parsnip, three ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one

quart of peas, either green or dried. Put the vegetables into a stewpan, with the butter rolled in the flour, and add about a quart of water; stew together slowly till the liquid is nearly dried up, then fill the pan nearly up with water, and add the peas according to the time of year; season to taste with pepper and salt; simmer for four hours, and, when done, strain through a tammy.

**MEDIUM STOCK.**—Four pounds of shin beef, or four pounds of knuckle of veal, or two pounds of each; any bones, trimmings of poultry, or fresh meat, quarter pound of lean bacon or ham, two ounces of butter, two large onions, each stuck with three cloves; one turnip, three carrots, one head of celery, three lumps of sugar, two ounces of salt, half a teaspoonful of whole pepper, one large blade of mace, one bunch of savory herbs, four quarts and half a pint of cold water. Cut up the meat and bacon or ham into pieces of about three inches square; rub the butter on the bottom of the stewpan; put in half a pint of water, the meat, and all the other ingredients. Cover the stewpan, and place it on a sharp fire, occasionally stirring its contents. When bottom of the pan becomes covered with a pale, jelly-like substance, add the four quarts of cold water, and simmer very gently for five hours. As we have said before, do not let it boil quickly. Remove every particle of scum whilst it is doing, and strain it through a fine hair sieve. This stock is the basis of most of the soups mentioned, and will be found quite strong enough for ordinary purposes.

**TO CLARIFY STOCK.**—The whites of two eggs, half a pint of water, two quarts of stock. Supposing that by some accident the soup is not quite clear, and that its quantity is two quarts, take the whites of two eggs, carefully separated from their yolks, whisk them well together with the water, and add gradually the two quarts of boiling stock, still whisking. Place the soup on the fire, and when boiling and well skimmed, whisk the eggs with it till nearly boiling again; then draw it from the fire, and let it settle, until the whites of the eggs become separated. Pass through a fine cloth, and the soup should be clear. The rule is, that all clear soups should be of a light straw-color, and should not savor too strongly of the meat; and that all white or brown thick soups should have no more consistency than will enable them to adhere slightly to the spoon when hot. All purées should be somewhat thicker than this.

The M  
tion this  
signs for  
aldic me  
incorpor  
and med  
used wit  
carbs, as  
are used  
Surah is  
bordered  
same pr  
Bulgaria  
silks and  
Angora  
tinsel.  
large ros  
vet ribbe  
covering  
ing down  
Other  
top of w  
Capot  
of brow  
side of t  
of wool  
on the o  
shows a  
brocade  
the edg  
agrette  
No. 22  
brim of  
Platr,  
broza  
the eta  
fall box  
the left  
side of t  
rozes w  
leath r  
the glo  
ostrich  
Gauze,  
with bri  
binatlor  
and moi  
meiden  
Gild etc  
form an  
A b  
consists  
crown a  
on top,  
much st





FIG. 22.



FIG. 24.



FIG. 23.

MILLINERY.

The Middle Ages are claiming our attention this season and furnishing us with designs for ribbons, gauze, scarfs, etc. Heraldic motifs, painted or embroidered, are incorporated in stripes, cross-bars, squares and medallions, and a large portion of gilt used with quaint, antique colors. Etamine scarfs, seven inches wide and fifty-four long, are used for both hat and bonnet trimmings. Sarah handkerchiefs, shot with two colors, bordered or gold striped, are worn for the same purpose. Unbleached etamine and Bulgarian crash are highly embroidered in silks and gilt and mingled with velvet gilt. Angora and colored woolen laces, worked in tinsel. The simplest straw bonnets have a large rosette of velvet, moire, gauze or velvet ribbon, woolen lace or etamine, almost covering the top, with pointed ends extending down the sides of the bonnet.

Other shapes are trimmed with a bow on top of wide moire or striped ribbon.

Capotes of brown straw have large bows of brown moire and strings of the same; inside of the edge is a gold cord, and a frilling of woolen lace embroidered with gold shows on the outside of the brim. Figure No. 23 shows a capote covered with a piece of embroidered etamine caught in irregular folds, the edge resting upon the hair; pouf and aigrette in front and moire strings. Figure No. 22 represents a fish-wife poke, with brim of plain ecru canvas laid in reversed plait, inside and out, and finished with bronze beads on the edge; large crown of the etamine dotted with brown chenille; full bow of corresponding ribbon toward the left; strings of the same, and the inside of the peak is placed a bunch of pink roses with greenish brown foliage. A new feather ornament consists of two pieces of the glossy aigret skin and a bunch of tiny ostrich tips, surmounted by an aigrette. Gauze, tulle, and etamine designs will be with brims of velvet. One model is a combination of sage-green velvet, striped gauze and moire ribbon; the flowers are heath and maiden-hair fern in velvet and chenille. Gold lace, black gauze and scarlet poppies form another striking design.

A bonnet that is easily made at home consists of a black straw with closely-woven crown and open brim, bright red velvet bow on top, with a jotted aigrette; another bow much smaller is placed inside of the slightly



FIG. 21.

Figure No. 21 represents one of the stylish shapes of the season. The crown is high and conical, brim slightly rolling, and faced with velvet and gilt galloon; band of galloon around the crown; several loops in front, with two loops of velvet held by gold pins; two straight plumes are placed sideways through the loops. A shape that bids fair to be popular has a coronet front, comes low over the ears, and no brim in the back; crown high and square. The brim is faced with a strip of velvet, one inch and a half in width, or fancy galloon; a scarf is wound around, forms several loops in front, and is kept in place by several long pins. Later on etamine scarfs will be worn in the same manner, with flowers in front. Two small gilt herons' plumes are worn in the scarf knots. Figure No. 24 illustrates a slightly rolling shape of garnet straw faced with garnet velvet; bow of garnet moire ribbon with ornament of aigret skin and feathers, shading from garnet to ecru. Dark green and ecru are combined on a straw of a medium tint, with a rosette of ecru lace, gold embroidered.

The peaked hats have a ruching of Angora lace around the crown, flowers in front, and a fluffy rosette of lace inside of the peak. All-black designs have ruchings of woolen lace, jotted and a rosette in front mingled with jotted wheat and aigrettes. A handsome design is called the Toreador, which has a high crown and narrow brim. One of brown straw is bound with velvet, has a large scarf of moire around the crown, and a bow of stiff, upright loops of moire ribbon edged with velvet, half a dozen long gilt pins adding to the effect. All the fashionable colors are shown in the English, French and Milan braids—even shades of colors are represented in the various plain and mixed straws.

Overworked Women.

An overworked woman becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself the curse of overwork.

peaked front; ties of the velvet ribbon are passed around the back and caught on either side. The ribbon velvet, gauze, and moire ties are of No. 16 ribbon and much longer than they have been, now consisting of two loosely tied loops and ends about twelve inches in length. Straw bonnets are powdered with gold and silver dust. Several shades of a color are skillfully combined on both hats and bonnets—this is an especially notable feature in the green designs. Open-work brims are used with close straw crowns, as those of some silk, chenille or gold wrought fabric. Ribbons will be used in profusion and are shown in several received styles, Roman stripes, cut and uncut velvet blocks on satin, cross-bars of

gold and several bright colors, friso dots, squares and diamonds on satin, checks of gauze and satin, canvas with painted or brocaded devices, and embroideries of silk and gold, and a few of the immense varieties shown,

Long pins with ball heads of coral or turquoise are used through the loops of trimming; others have a claw setting with a stone. Bees are used on bonnet ties as well as for lingerie pins, in cat's-eyes, onyx or pink coral with diamond wings. Gentlemen's scarf-pins are worn for the same purpose. Dragon-flies of gilt gauze with jewelled eyes are poised lightly over the gauze and etamine bonnets. All sorts of gold pins are in vogue.



Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter.

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

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

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 164 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 25 and 26 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICE. MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 121 St. James St., C. E. Scott, Manager.

WINDYBEE, M.C.—No. 230 Main St., Windsor, Ont., Manager.

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

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

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

Regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 25 & 26 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

ABOUT RENEWALS. SPECIAL PRESENT INDUCEMENTS.

TRUTH subscribers whose terms have expired, or are about to expire, are respectfully requested to renew at once.

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

To all subscribers sending in \$3 for a year's renewal, a FREE GIFT will be made of Canada Under Lord Lorne, a splendid Canadian volume of 700 pages, well printed and well bound; or Shakespeare's Complete Works, neatly printed and well bound.

To all subscribers sending \$1.50 for six months' renewal, a free gift of Elihu Burritt's great work Chips from Mynty Blocks, 300 pages, or Poems and Songs by Alexander McLachlan, a favorite Canadian poet.

These books will be delivered free a TRUTH office, or sent by mail if the extra postage is sent, viz:—12 cents on the present to yearly subscribers, and 9 cents on that to half yearly.

This offer holds good for one month only. Please send in at once, therefore. Subscribers whose terms have not yet expired, may also avail themselves now of this offer, and full credit will be extended to them. Don't let the chance slip. It is seldom such a liberal offer is made, and it may not be made again.

In sending in be sure and mention it is for a renewal. Renewals may also be made by the Bible Competition scheme, in another column, but those competing will not also be entitled to one of the gift books above referred to.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

About two years ago the publisher of TRUTH resolved to make a great effort to extend the circulation and influence of his paper to the fullest possible extent, and hit on the expedient of offering a large number of splendid premiums for correct answers to Bible questions.

This has been done in the past, and it will be done in the future. Within the last two years he has, among other rewards, given out about \$3,000 in cash, 25 pianos, 25 organs, 500 gold watches, 500 silver tea sets, 500 silver watches, besides many other valuable articles too numerous to enumerate here.

No other publisher in America, if in the world, has ever paid out anything approaching this in the same manner, and few others have ever so extensively advertised.

The result is that full confidence has now been established in the honorableness of the scheme, and the reliability of the publisher. TRUTH now circulates in every Province in the Dominion of Canada and in nearly every State of the American Union, besides having a large circulation across the Atlantic.

READ THIS CAREFULLY. You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time.

Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes.

Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

A GOOD GUARANTEE. Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises.

Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promise, as to fall at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

THE REWARDS. In order to give every one, living anywhere, a fair chance to obtain one of these rewards, they have been distributed equally over the whole time of the competition, in seven sets as follows:—

FIRST REWARDS. 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$200

2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto, 1,650

5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs..... 800

9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 600

14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches..... 640

20 to 25.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches..... 330

26 to 30.—Twenty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements..... 400

31 to 35.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

36 to 40.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs..... 780

41 to 50.—Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 500

SECOND REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 200

2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos..... \$1,650

5, 6 and 7.—Three fine ten-stop Cabinet Organs..... 800

8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 750

16 to 25.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches..... 1,170

26 to 30.—Twenty-five solid quadruple plate silver tea sets..... 730

31 to 35.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches..... 900

36 to 40.—Twenty-nine solid gold gun rings..... 750

41 to 50.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 750

51 to 60.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant pattern..... 625

61 to 65.—One hundred and seventy-half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 850

66 to 70.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 510

71 to 75.—Two hundred and six fine butter knives..... 206

76 to 80.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

THIRD REWARDS. 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood square pianos..... \$1,500

4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400

8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches..... 400

12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 640

18 to 25.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedias (10 vols. to set)..... 600

26 to 30.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300

31 to 35.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 750

36 to 40.—Fifty one solid gold gun rings..... 600

41 to 50.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver-plated cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450

51 to 60.—Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 415

61 to 65.—Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 450

66 to 70.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA, a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto.

Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks.

The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences.

The winner must consent to allow the name "Truth Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

FOURTH REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$ 200

2, 3 and 4.—Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto..... 1,600

5 and 6.—Two fine ten-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm..... 600

7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services..... 200

10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 600

16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches..... 450

21 to 25.—Nine renowned sewing machines..... 600

26.—Ten Dollars in Gold..... 10

27 to 30.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches..... 750

41 to 50. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 200

51 to 100. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons..... 400

101 to 110. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 300

111 to 120. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper..... 60

121. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 10

FIFTH REWARDS. 1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin..... \$ 100

2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos..... 2,100

6 to 10.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches..... 1,000

11 to 15.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches..... 1,000

16 to 20.—Fifty solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 1,440

21 to 25.—Thirty double-barrel, twist, breech loading shot guns..... 2,700

26 to 30.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia..... 2,000

31 to 35.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 680

36.—Twenty dollars in gold..... 20

37.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

38 to 40.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches..... 540

41 to 50.—One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated Tea spoons..... 900

51 to 60.—Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper)..... 100

AFTER these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below.

To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

CONSOLATION REWARDS. 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$ 200

2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500

5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750

8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—57 pieces..... 300

11 to 15. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800

16 to 19. Eleven heavy black silk cravat patterns..... 500

20 to 25. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 415

26 to 30. Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 360

31. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

32 to 35. One hundred and thirty nine new German Olographs..... 500

36 to 40. One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author..... 50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS. As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 716 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists.

Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

Each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least four months for which one dollar must be sent with their answers. As this is the regular subscription price, you therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards.

HOW TO SEND. Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next.

Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months.

Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Poet's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course of leading and the Hincks, M. A., M. S. D. H. Finch, Maine; D. D., J. J. I many of In ad which a publishe valuable selected tieman' Short S the beat extraor publish parallel this con

You for the worth t opportu costly r be give vestment sers ar suring i without scriptio son, 33 Canada

TH

BIB

The the qu the re

808, 809, 810, 8 Grego Mary Monts Bellev Monts Monts 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada and the United States, such as Sir Francis Hincks, of Montreal; Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A., Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Hon. S. D. Hastings, of Wisconsin; Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska; Hon. Neal Dow, Maine; Dr. Daniel Clark, Rev. Jos. Wild, D. D., G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto; Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, as well as many others.

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes:—\$20 in gold for the best selected or original Tid-Bit; a lady or gentleman's solid gold watch for the best Short Story, original or selected; \$5.00 for the best original or selected Poem. This extraordinary liberality on the part of the publishers of TRUTH stands unique and unparalleled in the history of journalism on this continent.

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money. You also have a good opportunity of securing one of the above costly rewards, as everything will positively be given as offered, so in any case the investment is a good one. Hundreds of letters are being sent by present readers assuring the publisher that they would not be without TRUTH for many times the subscription price. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

THE WINNERS. —IN— OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:—

MILTON'S OR TENNYSON'S POEMS.

(Continued.)

- 808, A. W. Griffith, Marysville, Mich.; 809, Mrs. Hugh McLean, S. Lancaster, Ont.; 810, Mrs. McLeod, Glennevis, Ont.; 811, Gregory S. Lay, St. Joseph's Is., Ont.; 812, Mary Foss, Montreal, Que.; 813, H. Garner, Montreal, Que.; 814, Mrs. Joseph Fox, Belleville, Ont.; 815, Miss Annie L. Ewing, Montreal; 816, L. H. B. N. Athelstane, Montreal; 817, Elizabeth Dawson, Montreal; 818, Mrs. A. Small, Montreal; 819, Theodosia M. S. Rice, Montreal; 820, Annie Hutchison, Montreal; 821, Lem H. Morgan, Clinton, Ont.; 822, Miss Jessie E. Balcom, Clifton Springs, N. Y.; 823, Richard Ford, Franklin Co., Vermont; 824, Fred. Frampont, Lindsay, Victoria Co., Ont.; 825, M. David McClue, Sullivan, Ont.; 826, Alex. D. McNabb, Byng Inlet, Ont.; 827, Mrs. J. S. Jones, Prescott, Ont.; 828, Mary Bolton, Russell, Ont.; 829, Jno. G. Nichols, Cobourg, Ont.; 830, Miss Minnie Hills, Midland, Ont.; 831, G. E. Hepburn, Iroquois, Ont.; 832, Mrs. R. Pearce, Manieko, Shell River, Man.; 833, Alice Forster, Hamilton, Ont.; 834, D. C. Blanchard, Guy's Mills, Pa.; 835, B. Baker, Montreal, Que.; 836, Robt. Gray, Thorold, Ont.; 837, Mrs. T. L. Boyd, London, Ont.; 838, Mrs. R. W. Henry, Brantford, Ont.; 839, Mary Rossiter, Port Elgin, Ont.; 840, Jas. Wright, Gridley Sta., Cal.; 841, Mrs. Jennie Bell, Inland, Mich.; 842, James F. Moore, Elk Creek, Cal.; 843, A. R. Withrow, Trompscau, Wis.; 844, Mrs. J. W. Reid, Mansfield, Ohio; 845, Stephen S. Smith, Tower Hill, N. B.; 846, Miss Lizette Dixon, Sheppard, Man.; 847, Mrs. C. B. Randall, Potosky, Mich.; 848, J. S. Lewis, West Nicholson, Pa.; 849, Frank W. Hingbans, Montgomery, Ohio; 850, A. A. Wylie, Deming, New Mexico; 851, Mrs. Emma Golden, Owensville, Ohio; 852, G. S. Atkinson, Baraboo, Wis.; 853, Minnie L. Smith, Trumansburg, N. Y.; 854, James Dewey, Canoe Camp, Pa.; 855, Mrs. James Kilfoyle, Shutter's Cor., N. Y.; 856, E. C. Mallory, Mich.; Dakota Ter.; 857, Alice Willoughby, Lyman, N. H.; 858, D. Ferguson, Gagetown, N. B.; 859, H. Green, Danlop, Ont.; 860, A. Farlam, Winnipeg, Man.; 861, Isabella Smith, Barrie, Ont.; 862, L. Finzel, 1076 St. Cath-

- arine St., Montreal; 863, H. I. Dix, G.I.T. R., Montreal; 864, Robt. Johnson, 181 Congregation St., Montreal; 865, D. E. Charlesworth, Port Hope, Ont.; 866, Jas. Taylor, Granville, P. E. I.; 867, E. Lookley, Williamson, N. Y.; 868, T. T. Carter, P. M. Adams, N. Y.; 869, Mrs. N. Conatos, Hobron, Conn.; 870, Mrs. M. Poesles, Brooklyn, Conn.; 871, T. W. Brooks, Waldo, Wis.; 872, B. F. Shults, Bennington, Kansas; 873, John Y. Easterbrook, Jamestown, Dak.; 874, John A. Adams, Potaluma, California; 875, L. H. Bockman, Clinton, Indiana; 876, Geo. R. Miller, Newport, Vermont; 877, J. P. Woodhall, Vinita, Indian Terr.; 878, Mrs. E. W. Talbot, E. Norton, Mass.; 879, Will M. Raach, McKeo's Rocks, Pa.; 880, M. A. Hildnth, Lyndon, Maine; 881, Miss Florence A. Clark, Pontonoc, Mass.; 882, R. P. Dickson, Holton, Kansas; 883, Mrs. Wm. Lamble, Reno, Dakota; 884, Mrs. E. L. Woodetzki, Lincoln, Ills.; 885, Mrs. E. Spencer, Fairmont, Minn.; 886, John Roath, Burnside, Ill.; 887, C. E. Grandy, Newport, Vermont; 888, Rosa Graham, Lyndville, Ind.; 889, E. M. Proctor, Prooterville, Mo.; 890, Mrs. H. Bundy, Minnesota City, Minn.; 891, Lally Lowery, Briar Hill, N. Y.; 892, Henry Munat, Oak Park, Ills.; 893, Jane Brown, Bethel, N. Y.; 894, Mrs. Thomas Perdue, Rosedale, Man.; 895, Mrs. T. Laidlaw, Gates Centre, Kansas; 896, M. Jaap, 178 N. Clark St., Chicago; 897, Mrs. Wm. McKerlie, 346 20th St., Chicago; 898, Mrs. Thos Nelson, St James, N. B.; 899, Amelia M. Wright, Drummondville, Que.; 900, J. H. Allbright, Syphoxs Cove, N. B.; 901, Annie M. Cochran, Cornwallis, N. S.; 902, F. L. Trundy, W. Winterport, Waldo, Maine; 903, Meva F. Harley, E. Coventry, Penn.; 904, A. C. Cline, Lummisville, N. Y.; 905, S. B. Barnes, Hoosick, Falls, N. Y.; 906, Mrs. D. Wilson, Pettowawa, Ont.; 907, C. E. Brown, Cowanville, Que.; 908, Miss Erminia J. Houghton, Hants Co., N. Y.

PRIZE-WINNERS, PLEASE NOTICE.

The lack of ordinary courtesy amongst prize winners in the TRUTH competitions is most remarkable, though we have on more than one occasion requested, as politely as we knew how, those parties who won prizes to kindly acknowledge their receipt. Our very reasonable request has been complied with in an astonishingly small number of cases, as will be seen by turning to our published lists of acknowledgments. One of our stipulations in these competitions was that the receipt of prizes should be acknowledged by the recipients, and those entering these competitions tacitly bind themselves to comply with our request, but nine-tenths of the prize-winners appear to be gifted with most peculiar and feebly tenacious memories, as, though they never forget to send for their prizes, all recollection of what is expected of them in the way of acknowledgment thereof appears to fade from their mnemonic tablets. Common courtesy, at least, requires that when an individual receives a present, he or she should say "Thank you" for it. A great many of our prize-winners don't do as much.

Who Wants to Swap?

Attention is called to the "Exchange Department" of this journal, which must prove a most valuable medium for those having articles they wish to exchange in which to make known their wishes. Large numbers of our subscribers and others have already availed themselves of this department as a means of announcing their wants, and it is evidently a very popular one. Subscribers have the privilege of making use of the Exchange Department free, whilst of others the small fee of twenty-five cents is required for inserting each announcement.

Will you Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain. Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago, and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. Large bottles 25 cents.

Exchange Department.

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

A Ruby maglo lantern in good order, with 6 alides, for curiosities and indian relics. TOM LEWIS, Alton, Illinois.

A horned toad, for the best offer in colons. Dates must be plain. WALTER MACK, 723 Fort St. W., Detroit, Mich.

A book entitled Ambergris Island, by George Russell Jackson, for a goodie and a Mexican onyx. GEO. L. HURD, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Four thousand rare postmarks, for fonts of type. Write stating condition and size of font. POSTMARK COLLECTOR, 174 Broadway, Norwich, Conn.

A good solid rubber ball, a miniature steam engine, and a pocket compass, for curiosities. BEAT. VAN PELT, 113 Jefferson St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A number of miscellaneous books, in good order, for a new or second-hand self-inking printing-press and material, chase not less than 6 by 9 inches. H. O. R., Box 97, Monroe, Mich.

A good pair of Indian clubs, used but little, for the best offer of minerals and curiosities, or a good book on minerals. All postals answered. O. H. BLANKS, Box 359, Schenectady, N. Y.

Will exchange a first-class 7 1/2 octave Rosewood piano, square—now—cost price being \$500, for a good driving horse and rig. Offers invited. R. E. ANDERSON, Acton, West Ontario.

Very fine specimens of tarantula nests (with trap doors and hinges), preserved forms of Southern California, snake rattles, and curiosities, for hand-painted panels, stuffed birds, and other decorations for a sitting-room. EXCHANGERS, Agua Tibia, San Diego Co., Cal.

A collection of revenue, match, and medicine stamps, numbering over 150 and mounted in a cloth-bound album, and a set of surcharged Guelph stamps of 1851, for offers in well-bound literature. Harper's and Century Magazines preferred. JOHN KILLART, Walsby, Ont.

Designs for crazy patchwork, scraps patterns, and toilet receipts, to exchange for scraps of embroidery, silk and satin, advertising cards, music, and other offers. Designs for crazy quilts, sofa pillows, blocks, 80 row stitches, fans, flowers, and a book on crazy patchwork, for \$1. ALICE OASER, Lake Geneva, Walworth Co., Wis., Box 460.

Will exchange the following books, which are in good order, for job fonts of new or second-hand type, or other books—drawing preferred. Harper's Typograph or Book of Specimens (\$5); the American Printer, (31); Color Printing, (33); the Progressive Printer, (75-1); Stereotyping and Electrotyping, (72); the Electrotypers' Manual, (75-1); a large number of Woodcock's Printers' and Lithographers' Weekly Gazette, containing nearly all of Practical Lithography, the greater part of color and color printing as applied to lithography, and all of practical bookbinding. Address, GEO. J. WEAVER, Humberston, Ont.

HAVE A PURPOSE.—Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a wail, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Music and Drama.

Laurence Barrott closed a most successful engagement at the Grand on Saturday evening last. We have already noticed his extraordinary performance of *Lanciotto* in *Francesca do Romini*. Richelieu is one of Mr. Barrott's favorite characters, and in his hands the wily cardinal is always a strong and exceedingly realistic production.

Last week Mlaco's combination gave a meritorious performance every evening. There were several members of the combination who deserve special mention, and the troupe as a whole is far above the average. This week the Albert Aikon Company.

We have received a copy of a new opera, entitled, "Mikado; or, the Town of Titipu," by the gifted Gilbert & Sullivan. It is published by the Anglo-American Publishing Co., of Toronto. We shall next week notice this clever and interesting opera at greater length.

SPRING MEDICINE!

\* Use Sarsaparilla Blood Purifier for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, prepared only by MADILL & HOAR, 350 Yonge St., Toronto.



NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 25th MAY, 1885, for the delivery of Indian Supplies during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1886, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Halls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

Parties may tender for each description of goods or for any portion of each description of goods separately or for all the goods called for in the schedules.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs on a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent of the amount of the tenders for Manitoba, and ten per cent of the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

Tenders are required to make up in the Money columns in the Schedule the total money value of the goods they offer to supply, or their tender will not be entertained.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department, for the proper performance of the contract.

In all cases where transportation may be only partial by rail, contractors must make proper arrangements for supplies to be forwarded at once from railway stations to their destination in the Government Warehouse at the point of delivery.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VAN ROUGHNET, Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, OTTAWA, 10TH MARCH, 1885.

HOSIERY!

- Ladies' Cashmere Hose, In Navy, Seal, Cardinal & Black, 4 1/2 up.
- Children's Cashmere Hose, 4 1/2 to 8 1/2 inch, Sky, Navy, Cardinal, Seal and Black.
- Infants' Cashmere Socks, In Pink, Sky, Navy, Cardinal and Brown.
- Ladies' Cotton Hose, In all the best shades, 12 1/2 up.
- Children's Cotton & Merino Hose, All Sizes.
- Infants' Cotton Socks, Stripes and Self-Colors.

ONE PRICE. C. O. D. PAGE & PAGE, MANUFACTURERS OF Ladies' & Misses' Underwear, Baby Linen, &c., 202 & 204 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

COMPLIMENTS.

Mrs. J. N. Evans, Rutlandville, Manitoba:—I think TRUTH is perfection. I never took a paper I liked better.

ANNIE CUNNINGHAM, Gordon, Ont.:—I always look forward with pleasure for Saturdays mail which brings TRUTH.

Mrs. KAILL, Vankoughnet, Ont.:—Here in the backwoods we need no other paper while we take TRUTH. That God may bless your labours is the wish of the writer.

Mrs. MARY C. BLACKMORE, Nashville, Tenn., writes:—"I am highly pleased with TRUTH and wish you a great success. I will do all in my power to extend your circulation." Thanks.

JAMES WALLACE, Hillsdale, Ont., writes:—"I wish to say that in the face of the fact that I have been disappointed in obtaining a prize I completed for, I value TRUTH very much and would not like to want it when it is possible to procure it.

J. PERCIVAL BELL, Hamilton, writes:—"Although I did not get a prize in the competition I did receive a splendid prize in TRUTH itself. I did not before deem it possible for any one to turn out such a gem for the amount of the subscription.

Mrs. ANNIE INNES, Chicago, writes:—"I have been a subscriber for TRUTH since it first started, and enjoy reading it very much. I sincerely hope it may prosper and well reward, by a very large circulation, those who have sought to make it so interesting and valuable.

Mrs. R. McDUGGALL, Auburn, Ind.:—I am a regular reader of TRUTH and prize it very highly. I have sent several competitions for prizes, but have not been successful in receiving anything but the paper. Though I feel disappointed I think the paper alone is well worth the money sent.

EMILY McARCHER, Clare Tandrae, Ireland, writes:—"My consolation prize in Bible competition No. 12 arrived safely. It is very pretty little brooch, and is much admired. Even had I not received a prize TRUTH would have well made up for my disappointment, as it is really good value of itself. Its continued stories are excellent and the general literature, music and science all that could be desired in the pages of any magazine.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

GOLD WATCH.—Geo. Zincker, Cape North, N. S.; R. H. Ashbury, Stirton; James Powell, Ailsa Craig.

"TORONTO PAST AND PRESENT."—Rosa Glasford, Cookstown; H. Frederickson, Aniston, Ala.; Mrs. J. D. Reagh, Olympia, Wash. Ter.

POEMS.—J. P. Blackhall, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto; Mrs. M. McEwen, Leadbury; Benj. Hunter, Hullett; Francis Smith, Campbellcroft; Geo. Zincker, Cape North, Nova Scotia.

TEA SPOONS.—Mrs. Martell, Belle Ave., Toronto; Ethel Moore, Hamilton; Francis Smith, Campbellcroft; L. Beaton, Kileyth; James Keo, Britannia; J. C. Williams, Manchester, Eng.

GOLD BROOCHES.—Maggie Graham, London South; Mrs. J. A. Reeve, Idaho St., Chicago, Ill.; Nellie Shapland, Palermo. A. J. Muirhead, Midland; Mrs. A. L. Lee, Brantford; James Deans, Oakvale.

BUTTER KNIVES.—D. Kellock, Perth; Mrs. John Allan, Glen Tay; R. M. Skinner, Niagara Falls; Mrs. S. E. Bush, Richmond, Que.; J. B. McFayden, Caledon; T. J. Armon, High Bluff, Man.; Mrs. J. B. Croson, Brucefield; E. Smith, Berlin.

WORLD'S CYCLOPEDIA.—G. B. Thellan, Rockport; P. Stelton, Pearce, Gaspé, Que.; K. I. Snodgrass, Markworth; Mrs. S. E. Stringer, Fenwick; Mrs. P. R. Sillatrop, Hays City, Kans.; John E. Williams, Manchester, Eng.; Sarah E. McIntyre, Port Stanley.

Strive to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$100
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos. \$550
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs. \$10
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services. 500
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches. 640
20 to 25.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches. 320
26 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches. 400
31.—One hundred dollars in gold. 100
32 to 35.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons. 750
36 to 39.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) selected by the most fascinating and celebrated writers. 125
40.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant upright pianos. \$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches. 400
8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches. 400
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services. 640
18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set). 600
24 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches. 300
29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold. 75
30 to 35.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches. 1,000
36 to 41.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate case baskets, elegant designs. 450
42 to 49.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons. 415
50 to 59.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers. 450
60.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold. 150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos. 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces. 300
11 to 18. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches. 800
19 to 29. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns. 500
30 to 39. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns. 412
40 to 49. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons. 360
50.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold. 100
51 to 59. One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches. 800
60 to 69. One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers. 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post-office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size), large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, Editor "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Consumption Cured

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

Laziness grows on people; it begins like cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as pearls, slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial assures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.

Baldness may be avoided by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, which prevents the falling out of the hair, and stimulates it to renewed growth and luxuriance. It also restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, and radically cures nearly every disease of the scalp.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

After Twenty-three Years' Suffering.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Warton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the system.

A Father's Hint to His Children.

There was once a very distinguished general in the army who governed his family more or less on military principles, and he never failed to reprove with firmness and kindness his children. Whenever he saw them endanger their health by any childish imprudence, he would say to them: "Now, my dear ones, I love you with all my heart; but I love you most when you are well and full of fun and healthy glee. When you are sick you are a great trouble and expense, so I want to keep you well. It is your duty to do so. Knowing your duty, do it." Certainly the advice is good and the way of putting it is ingenious.

This is Reliable.

R. N. Wheeler, Merchant, of Everton, was cured of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs by Haggard's Pectoral Balm. This great throat and lung healer cures weak lungs, coughs, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all pectoral complaints.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

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

Though we love the treasure, we hate the traitor.

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

Right habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each year.

C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "I have sold at retail, 156 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician penciling it for several days to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter, it never failed to relieve almost immediately."

Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

There is no magic like sweet, cheery words.

A Secret

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

The world is curved round about with heaven. Its great blue rafters bend low on every hand, and how one can get out of the world without getting into heaven is a physical mystery.

Those By re- rived glo- cures me- or patent- to their- insane fe- perform- the time- Although Th of testin- voluntar- as they- medicam- It has n- give of- similar- to any- hood in- cures by "A pro- patient- health- said- earnest- named p- doctor f- with it, The f- tax a p- visit, o- ance all- Bitters- and all "Is i- at worl- "I i- tirely- Bitters- gave hi- Kidney 17 N- on the- stuff wit- He t- of oth- and h- others, You- Gil as- gis, or- plaints- Men- their- ment- touch- Ayc- curati- cheap- A b- plant- all w- Cor- Corn- the w- Ha- like f- S- write- ma f- Dr- reliev- ing n- and l- nearl- La- sure- If- be in- who- weak- drast- ly a- tonic- cure- "got- heal- G- littl- E- Hag- cure



Thousands Hastened to Their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at \$3 00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

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

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

Depend Upon it.

You can depend upon Haggard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia, and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures.

Men are apt to mistake the strength of their feelings for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has such concentrated, curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and surest blood-purifier known.

A beautiful woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.

S. Chadwick, of Arcadia, Wayne Co., writes: "I have had severe attacks of Asthma for several years. I commenced taking Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The first dose relieved me in one hour. I continued taking it in teaspoonful doses for a few days, and have not had an attack of it since, now nearly one year."

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

IF A FEW GRAINS OF COMMON SENSE could be infused into the thick noddles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accreted and healthful laxative and tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which causes "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both."

Great men often have greater faults than little men can find room for.

An Ex-Alderman Tried it

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Haggard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

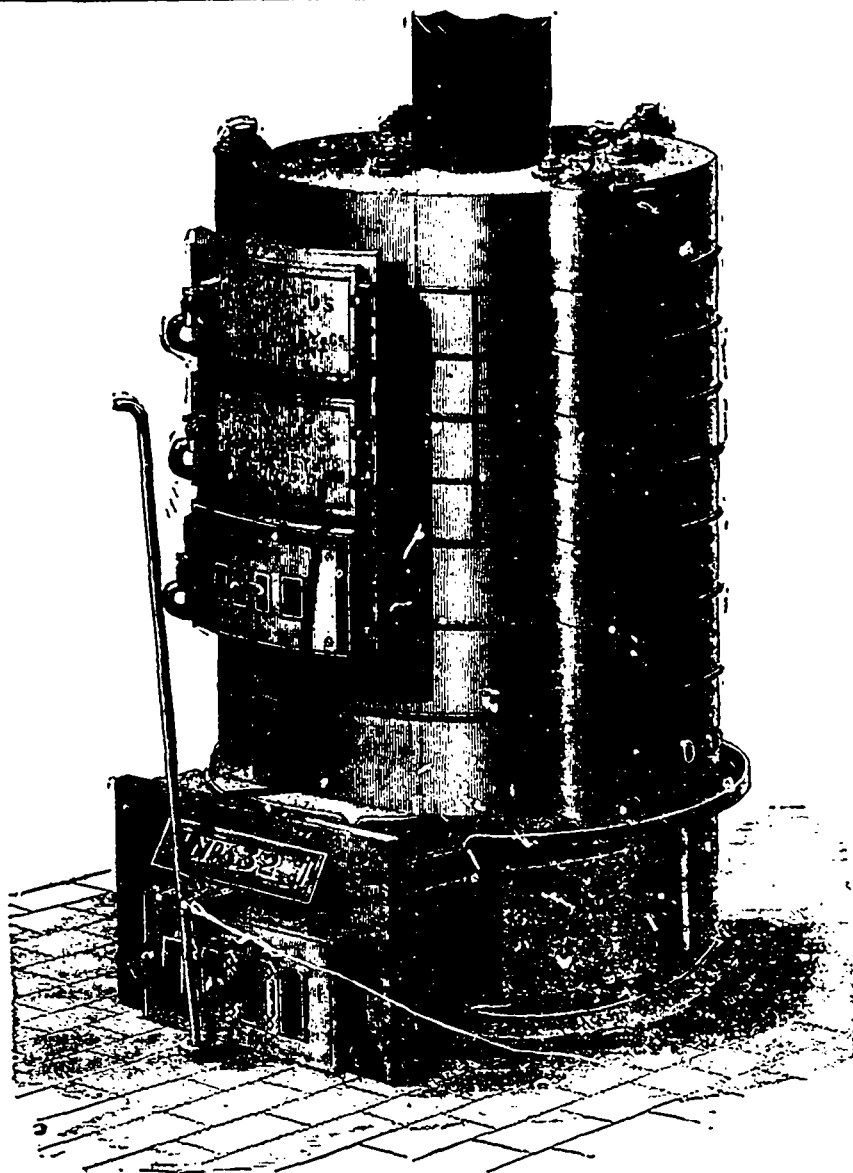
HOT WATER HEATING BOILER!

THE

E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG



These Heaters

Are not only the Cheapest Manufactured, they are also the simplest, being easily operated by any one competent to care for a Hall Stove.

WE SOLICIT EXAMINATION BY THE TRADE.

It will be noted that the proceeds of combustion, after passing through the first row of tubes, pass into a combustion chamber, when after expanding they pass through a second set of tubes, and so on to the exit to chimney flue.

