

NATIONAL CANADA  
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

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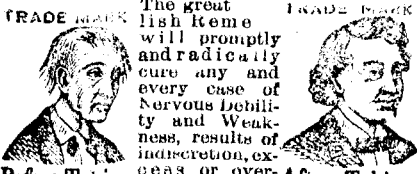
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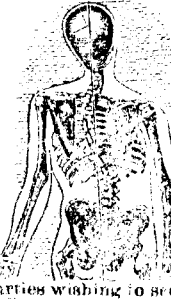
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# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MARCH 15, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 180.

## TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

A Bill has been introduced in the Senate at Washington providing, among other things, for the free importation of coal, lumber, and salt in the United States, the coal exemption not to go into effect so far as Canada is concerned until the American coal is admitted duty free into Canada. The Bill is certainly one of great importance to Canada. So far as the lumber trade is concerned there are some who sincerely question the advantage of encouraging it to much extent, for our country is now being stripped of its lumber at a rapid rate, and before many years pass there will be good reason to regret that it is gone.

The advantage to the salt trade of Canada of freely opening up the United States markets, especially those of the West, will be very great. There are in this Province vast salt beds, of hundreds of square miles extent, and of great depth. The supply appears to be practically inexhaustible but with our own limited markets the salt industry cannot be developed to anything like its full extent. The West would afford a splendid market for our salt beds along the shores of Lake Huron but for the almost prohibitory tariff of the United States. Let the duty but be taken off and a vast salt industry would spring up, especially in the Counties of Huron and Bruce. Shipments can be made from there to Chicago in cargoes in bulk, and the sales would be at remunerative rates but for the duty deducted. Last year there was exported from Canada 197,185 bushels of salt, the product of the Dominion, and with the exception of 26 bushels from Quebec the whole of this was sent from Ontario. From our salt fields many times this quantity can be annually produced if the market is only opened up for it.

It is much to be hoped that the coal proposals will be adopted at Washington. It is quite probable that a proposal of reciprocity in coal would be satisfactory all round. The Nova Scotia coal producers would, probably, be very glad to forego the advantages of our present coal tariff, and the Canadian demand that it may bring them, if the Boston and other Eastern States markets were only thrown open to them. On the other hand the Pennsylvania coal dealers find a more immediate market in Ontario than in the Eastern States; and the Ontario manufacturers would be correspondingly benefited by the changes thus made. Last year Sir Charles Tupper put forth a very ingenious theory in the House to demonstrate that the coal consumers in Ontario were actually getting their American coal all the cheaper because of the present coal import duties, as it tended to make our markets a strong competitive point, and all hands sold low on that very account. The theory was generally repro-

duced all through the country and applauded by a good many of the politicians, but TRUTH is decidedly of opinion that all this would be pretty carefully reconsidered and remodelled if the fact becomes at all apparent that the Nova Scotia coal fields can find an open market elsewhere.

There is, just now, evidently a good deal of feeling in Manitoba that ought not to be overlooked by our men in authority. For some months past our party newspapers have been busy, as they usually are, in magnifying or minifying the importance of the news of discontent from that Province, and the public have become so accustomed to that kind of persistent misrepresentation that not much attention was paid to it. The events of the last few days at Winnipeg leave no room to doubt, however, in regard to the real intensity of the feeling of discontent. That a large number of farmers from the various scattered sections of that Province should meet to devise some means of bringing about a change is of itself a significant fact, and it is still more significant that there was a good deal of diversity of opinion about the propriety of raising the standard of the disruption of the Dominion as the most effectual means of obtaining such measures as they claim in justice they should have. It may be that the effect of the legislation at Ottawa has been more severely felt in Manitoba than many of us have imagined.

The heavy import tax on agricultural implements was scarcely felt anywhere else, as the other Provinces did not require to import them to any extent. It is so, also, in regard to several other important branches of manufactures. It may turn out that our manufacturers, in their anxiety to command the Manitoba markets over-reached the bounds of prudence. In consequence of the great distance of that Province from our manufacturers, and the very great cost of transportation it was deemed necessary to put on a high rate of duty, in order to leave much margin of profit at all. The high tariff may have proved very pleasant to manufacturers here, but very galling to the consumers in a new country where money is very hard to procure, and where manufactured articles must be very dear at the best.

Probably, however, the railway monopoly policy of the Canadian Pacific and the Government have done more than anything else to bring on something like a crisis. It is not reasonable to expect that a free, enterprising people like the majority of those making up the population of the West, would long consent to being confined to a single line of railway, or submit to the policy of disallowing all Acts of their own Provincial Legislature in chartering other projected roads. The Hon. Minister of Railways has recently given an assurance in the House of Commons that as soon as the C. P. R. is completed around the north shore of

Lake Superior, the monopoly will end. But it is not now probable that the promise of something of years hence will satisfy the present feeling. The Railway company may know its own business very well, but it is doubtful if it may not find that a present relaxation both as regards the railway monopoly and the land monopoly would be a very judicious move. The land regulations of the Government, too, ought to be carefully considered at once. It would be a pity to chafe and gall the feelings of the adventurous pioneers who are now doing so much to build up a great Province, or several great Provinces to the west of us, if it can be reasonably avoided.

On the other hand the tax payers of the old Provinces of the Dominion have good right to feel that they should be treated with some consideration so far as all this business is concerned. Great burdens of debt were laid on their shoulders to purchase this territory from the Hudson Bay Company, and still greater burdens to open it all up by the great national railway, besides the heavy expense of providing, in part at least, for the survey and the government of the country. The tax payers have surely gone as far as can be reasonably expected of them. A railway with a monopoly may be much better than no railway at all, and the present land system better than no system.

Toronto can now boast of a Free Library creditable to the city and to the Province of which it is the capital. Toronto will be a much more desirable home to the man of intelligence and the lover of literature because of this new institution. It is encouraging to see with what zeal and interest our leading citizens and our largest tax payers have gone into this free library business. Probably in the end the tax payers will find this open library and reading room, free to every citizen, a good investment. It may save taxes instead of increasing them. Burke remarked years ago, that education is a cheap system of government. The uneducated citizens are, as a rule, the dangerous and expensive ones; to guard whom police and other officers require to be employed and paid, and to punish the crimes of whom many heavy burdens of taxation are required. Let our young men become attached to our Library, let their evenings be spent pleasantly there, and let the taste for a pure and healthy literature be thus cultivated, and the community will be the better, the pleasanter, the safer, and the more easily and cheaply governed.

The Lasker resolutions have just been returned to the Washington Senate from Bismarck. Of course there is yet quite a ripple of excitement in political circles over the whole matter, but it must soon have its day. After such a snub from Bismarck it is possible that the Senate may be somewhat more inclined to mind its own business. Dr. Lasker was a prom-

inent German politician and the leader of the republic party in that country. He had been a powerful opponent of Bismarck and the present German government, and had often bitterly denounced its rule. When the Senate adopted resolutions approving highly of the course of such a man, as being much in the interests of the German people and then sent them to Bismarck to present to the House, little wonder that a man of his arbitrary spirit should promptly return them again. The resolutions were purely voluntary at best, and possibly intended by their authors for kite-flying purposes, among the German voters in the United States, and they may serve political ends just as well as though Bismarck had presented them and then laid them away in a musty official pigeon hole.

The general supposition has been that if woman was but given the franchise the end of the legalized liquor traffic would not be far off. It is just possible that it may turn out to be one of the many popular mistakes. In Wyoming Territory the women have had the full right of the franchise for years, and the results are always reported quite satisfactory. It turns out, however, that in Wyoming temperance legislation is not so far advanced as in some other localities west where women have no voice in the elections. A local option bill was recently introduced into the Wyoming Legislature and defeated by a good majority. In view of these facts, it is just possible that the new franchise agitation may not prove nearly as desirable to some of our politicians, and not nearly as much to be avoided by some others.

The foot-and-mouth disease has broken out among the cattle on some of the Kansas ranges, and there is a good deal of consternation in regard to the matter. A greater calamity could hardly have occurred to that State. Cattle raising is the great industry of Kansas, and the herds there are in such vast numbers, and so little separated from each other that a terribly infectious disease, once fairly spread, would prove a general disaster. As it is loss by even the rumour of such a fact will be serious. The English cattle market will be closed more effectually than before against American cattle, and all trade with this country must be entirely cut off. Canadian cattle raisers will have to use very great precautions for some time to come, as the epidemic is now in existence in England, in the Eastern States and in the West, and importations from any of these directions would be attended with serious danger.

Special attention is directed to page 22, and the large rewards there offered for answers to Bible questions. The leading reward this time is an elegant Piano. The next a Cabinet organ, and then other very valuable rewards follow. Try your skill. Only \$1 required for a six months subscription.

Wife beating has always been a cruel practice with too many brutish men in England, and it is a well known fact that the too frequent cause of this crime is beer drinking. The crime continues to grow worse in England, and thoughtful men are casting about for some more efficient remedy than anything now tried. Fines or imprisonment have long been the penalties attached as the punishment for wife beating, but the facts show plainly enough that any such penalties have not the effect of stopping, or even of lessening, the evil. A brutish fellow, fined for his cruelty at home, takes that much out of his net earnings, after his own personal wants are met, and the wife already misused has to suffer additional want; the punishment falling to a large extent on her and not on the real criminal. The besotted and idle husband, imprisoned for home cruelties, gets well fed and nothing to do in prison and so has but little care, while the family must often resort to even theft to keep starvation from the door. It is a deplorable state of things for a Christian nation. A Bill has just been introduced in the House of Commons making flogging the penalty for wife beating. Probably any measure less severe will not have its effect with many of the brutish criminals now disgracing the country.

Reports come almost every day of some new dynamite plot being discovered and nipped in the bud in England. Such reading is becoming almost monotonous, as well as painful. How does it come that so many men manage to get a plot so far under way and yet always get frustrated before any practical harm comes out of it? Are these men always fools as well as fiends? If they are not they would, some time or other, get a stage farther than the one that always manages to get unearthed. TRUTH don't want to see any of them get a stage further and blow some building, or some couple, or both, to pieces, but TRUTH suspects there is a little design in all this, on one side or the other. Either the dynamiters don't want to go any farther, and just keep matters moving as they do in order to keep up an excitement all the time, or else they have not the wit and wisdom necessary for the successful general slaughterers they aspire to be. Or, is it just possible, that the police authorities have any object on their part in keeping up an excitement, and therefore don't care to lay bare the plot until it has gone about as far as it will can without somebody getting hurt? Any way, how strange it is that while so many of these plots are being discovered, and so many men must be implicated in them, there are so few of them actually discovered and arrested.

The plan of offering high rewards for the apprehension and conviction of certain criminals is always well intended, but it is certainly subject to great abuse at times. It is just stated that at Windsor a large number of deserters from the United States Army have found refuge, and of course they cannot be extradited. There is a good reward for their arrest on United States soil, and so some harpies are constantly lurking about Windsor, inducing the deserters to drink and then getting

them across the river when in an intoxicated state. A much worse case was mentioned in the House of Commons a few days ago. A member stated in his place that one Roger Amero, an uneducated Acadian, a citizen of Nova Scotia, was arrested and taken to Massachusetts charged with a murder that had occurred in that State, on which a large reward had been offered. Amero, it seems, was in the State at the time of the murder, but there was no evidence whatever that he had any hand in it. The facts go to show that he was arrested on mere speculation, and hopes were entertained of having him convicted and getting a fine reward for the business. As it was, the man was kept in custody for months and he returned home to find his two sisters driven to insanity and in an asylum on account of the trouble. He has since become himself insane and is now also an inmate of an asylum. This is certainly a very extraordinary and very serious case, and it may not turn out as bad as was represented, but the dangers are too great of grasping at high rewards to be lightly considered.

The question of the propriety of reducing the number of members in our County Council has had a pretty good airing in the Legislature during the past week. Mr. Drury, of Simcoe, has given a good deal of attention to the question, and he has had a good deal of practical municipal experience. His speech was, therefore, of interest and value. The facts and figures he gave in regard to the costs of County Councils are of great importance to the tax payers. In Simcoe, Mr. Drury's own county, the cost of the Council foots up something like \$6,000 a year. It is one of the largest and most populous counties in the Province, and the expense is therefore among the greatest, but in most of the others the expense is probably as great proportionate to the population and extent. There are few who have given this question much consideration but are convinced that there is really no actual necessity for such a large number of county councillors as we now have, and of so many meetings of those bodies as are usually held.

Considering the number of members and the time occupied in meetings the expenses are certainly not at all great, for the pay of county councillors is usually low, and they are moderate in the matter of luxuries in the shape of flunkies and understrappers, as compared with our Legislators of a higher order; but is there any need of so much machinery any way, and of so many men to assist in the running of the machine?

As things stand there is a very great disproportion in regard to the size and the population of the counties. It is very desirable that there should be a thorough remodelling of these, at least for municipal legislative purposes, and then a lessening all round of the number of representatives elected by the people.

The fact is, Canada needs some pretty heroic treatment just now in regard to government machinery. There is entirely too much of it, and on too expensive a

scale, for the actual demands of the people. We have probably double as many bodies in existence with the power vested in them to tax the people. There are the School Boards, the Town and Township Councils, the County Councils, the Provincial Legislatures and the Dominion Parliament. Possibly some are now forgotten in this long list; but with each one of these bodies exercising the dangerous prerogative of laying on tax burdens, each quite separate and independent of the rest, and all laying them on the same shoulders, is it not a wonder that the poor tax-payer escapes as easily as he does?

Is there any necessity that the less than three millions of actual tax paying population in Canada should have possibly a thousand or so local Councils, hundreds of County Councils, seven Provincial Legislatures; everyone with a Lieutenant-Governor, a Cabinet and all the paraphernalia of a Parliament, and all "playing at Parliament," with all the tom-foolery, unnecessary waste of time, and expense, besides one or two other Lieut.-Governors thrown in; and a Dominion Parliament with its expensive luxuries of a Governor-General and full sets of Cabinet Ministers all decked off in Windsor uniform, and waited on by awfully impressive ushers, and all such? One draws a long breath as he thinks of the whole thing, and possibly consoles himself with the thought that, at any rate, we ought to be the best governed people in the world, considering the large number of persons having a hand somewhere at the Government crank.

Surely the time must come for some pruning out of the officials we have, and the sooner the work is commenced the better it will be for the actual burden bearers of taxation.

The member for Lennox has just been letting the public a little bit into the family secrets of the members of the Ontario Legislature. Last week he made known a fact not generally known, that at the refreshment room, kept up for the special benefit of the members, liquors are kept constantly on sale, and that too without even the semblance of a liquor license. The fact is simply disgraceful, and Mr. Roe, who is generally a very out-spoken man, any way, did well to expose the business. The only wonder is that Mr. Fraser, a member of the Government, should stand up in his place and attempt to defend the whole business, on the somewhat slender plea that the House might be considered somewhat like a large club, and have liquors on hand for their own use. The Government is certainly to a large extent responsible for this state of things, which very few expected. The *Globe* draws the curtain still further aside and states that any person going to the House refreshment room can buy drinks if he desires to do so. Surely the Ontario Legislature ought to set a better example than all that. A groggery is not needed in the precincts of the House at all, and an unlicensed one is simply disgraceful. How can a House so situated legislate with any show of consistency for the summary

stamping out of unlicensed liquor sellers all over the Province? TRUTH sincerely hopes that some one will prosecute the unlicensed seller before the Police Magistrate and put several M. P. P.'s in the witness box as necessary witnesses.

#### The Woman's Hour.

The Woman's hour evidently is coming pretty fast. In the Provincial Legislature last week a Bill passed its second reading giving to unmarried women and widows the right of voting in municipal elections providing they were tax payers to the same extent as the male electors. There was a fair majority for the measure. The only wonder is that there was any opposition at all. The women owning property and doing business are assessed and taxed just the same as men are, and why should they be deprived of all voice in the selecting of the men who are to levy the taxes and to spend the money thus raised? It is too late in the day to say that the women holding property are not sufficiently intelligent to vote. Under our present system of co-education in all the public schools it is quite probable that the average of intelligence among women has become higher than among men, and it will probably continue to rise. To raise the objection that one hon. member did about the "sphere of women" sounds many years behind the times. Women have the legal right to do business, to employ labor, to purchase property, and to pay taxes, and you might just as well object that all these things are outside of the charmed "sphere," as to draw the line right there and say that though compelled to pay her full share of all municipal burdens she shall have no voice whatever in municipal affairs.

In Toronto to-day thousands of dollars of the municipal funds raised and expended are collected from women, and the proportion becomes greater each year. It is quite possible to imagine a locality in which three fourths of all the property taxed belongs to women, and yet some men, who have evidently outlived their age, would go for the one-fourth of the tax payers in that locality having the entire voice and the whole control of things simply because they happen to be males. In some localities four tax payers may reside side by side, paying about an equal amount of tax; three of them may be educated and intelligent women, but they, forsooth, must have no voice whatever, while the fourth, a man, may not be able to either read or write, and yet he, and he alone, has all the voice and control! Such is the idea of justice and right some intelligent men still carry about with them!

The Legislature, too, adopted a resolution in favor of the doors of University College being thrown open to females. Of course there are some with terrible misgivings about the moral and social result of such an innovation. As matters now stand a female is entitled to her degrees at the University if she can only pass the necessary examination, but the college where she ought to go in order to obtain the necessary training is shut against her! For years and years there has been co-education in our common

schools, in the high schools, and in the normal schools, and all has gone on well enough. Why should old fogysm linger in our colleges long after it has been dispelled from every other branch of our school system? The new Minister of Education—a man of much practical experience in educational matters—did well to give his voice and influence on the side of equal justice. It is quite likely that the authorities of University College will soon give heed to the opinion of the Legislature and throw wide open their doors to all, irrespective of sex.

In the House of Commons the new Government franchise Bill will very probably become law before the close of the present season. Sir John still adheres to his proposal to give the franchise to unmarried women and widows with the necessary property qualifications. No doubt many of his supporters would sooner not favour such a plan, but the Leader of the Party has committed himself to that, and the Party will endorse his action. It is certainly a more liberal measure than any Liberal government have proposed.

The Ontario Government are expected to bring down a franchise bill also, but it hangs fire so long that it is not probable it will be introduced and passed through this session. Possibly the Government are waiting to see just what Ottawa will do first. If the new Provincial measure does not include female franchise, and that too on a more liberal basis than the Dominion law, some people will begin to seriously enquire which is the Liberal party in the country.

#### Prohibition in Parliament.

Last week Prof. Foster, M. P., moved resolutions in the House of Commons in favor of prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors in Canada, as the only true remedy for the evils of the drink traffic. In doing so Mr. Foster made an able and eloquent speech, which was not finished when the hour for recess arrived, and in consequence no vote could be taken, the question having then to give away for other routine business. Mr. Fisher, of Brome, is the seconder, and when the turn on the notice paper comes again he will be heard and a vote will probably be taken.

It is not all probable that any thing definite will come out of these resolutions just now, for no one expects a prohibitory law from this Parliament, but it is as well to keep the fact constantly before the attention of the House and the country that temperance people look to prohibition alone as the ultimatum, and all measures short of that is but a step in the right direction.

The *Mail* sniffs politics in every thing and has a good word to say in behalf of its friends all going for a prohibitory law from the very fact that in doing so the Government would score a grand victory over the Grits of Ontario. TRUTH sincerely hopes that Sir John and his friends may act on the hint and thus cut the difficult knot in regard to the question of the rights of the Provincial legislatures in the license question. The *Mail* writes a good many sensible things as well as a good

many foolish ones; but, for once, nearly every temperance man in Canada would heartily approve of its suggestions. It says, in effect: Pass a Prohibitory law, which the Dominion Parliament has an undoubted right to do, and then the Provincial legislatures may stop any further agitation about their rights on the matter of legislating about the drink traffic. Sir John is generally very willing to do a shrewd thing to out-general his opponents, and he never had a grander opportunity of taking the wind out of their sails completely. At the same time he could gain for himself thousands of hearty supporters who would readily support him and his government if he resolved to stand or fall on the great question of giving the country a prohibitory liquor law. Now is your grand opportunity, Sir John!

#### Preserve Some Fo rest

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

There are reasons altogether independent of the rationalities of commerce for the preservation, here and there, of some remains of our once wide-extending woodlands; though money may be the main chance, and you and I, and our neighbor alongside, ride what hobbies we may—thorough bred with silver plated stirrups or broken down cobs with a wheat sack across 'em, whether they trot over the road merrily, or drag wearily along the way—have the oddest aptitude, come we suddenly to a by-road where the Temple of Riches glitters golden in the distance, to jerk the smart bridle or the rope yarn substitute in that direction, and away we all go, helter skelter—"and the dust that those fellows are kicking up there in front is choking me, sir; but I'll get there if I die for it," grunts the old fellow on the donkey—as if the devil was after us, as indeed he is said to be close behind all who travel that road.

It is the way of the world, and the way they travel in it. But suppose we leave it, and rest ourselves on this retired and shaded eminence, where—for I observe you to be a person of discrimination and taste—we will quietly consider the effect on communities of the loss of their forests.

Many experiments by scientific men have given the reason, and many histories of the decadence of nations have added examples, that where the forest is recklessly cleared from the surface of the land, the springs cease their accustomed flow, the rivers fail in their courses, the rain no longer descends at its wonted fertilizing periods, and the parched and arid earth demands from the wearied husbandman a double labor for a scant return. While the forests held the hills of Palestine, her valleys were the lands flowing with milk and honey. The nations whose chariots were of iron must have given many a million of good trees to the furnace. Egypt, in her freshness must have been, with her soil, the home of forests dense and huge as many an African region yet can show. Observe the effects on the people of a once powerful nation, and compare her timid and sand-blind race of to-day with the stout fellows who kept Israel in thralldom for so long. By the way, what a loss they suffered in not having some of our institu-

tions! What a reverberating anti-Israelite boom might not have arisen among the native artisans; and what crushing orations might not Pharaoh's Loyal Opposition have levelled at the "astonishing and inconceivable imbecility of the gentlemen on the Treasury Benches," as the successive plagues appeared.

Of course there is still the Nile, and still the kind of fertility it gives. But think of the past of that whole great region around—African and European—the mighty cities buried in sand—the waste countries once rich in forest and field—the scant populations—the forlorn harbors now. Think of one incident of that past—the thronging laborers—the hosts of armed men—the concourse of ships which once were there. Remember Byron:—

"A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salam's;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations—all were his!"

Look round for a moment—and tell me what you could do without wood?—your cradle is of wood—your floor, your door, your roof—nay, your every convenience—your carriages, your stables, your side-walks, your counters, your furniture, your wharves, your shipping—it is wood—it is forest. Carry then your mind back to that time gone by and think of the concourse, "flashing with steel and rough with gold," extending right and left to the distant horizon, bounded in front by the blue and rocking waves on which rose and sank the anchored navies—the myriad galleys—singly—doubly—trebly banked with oars—which Xerxes must have viewed. Consider what it betokened—that these myriads poured to the call of the Emperor from forested regions, for only such could have supported them—only such could have afforded the many munitions necessary to such a host. But now what are the regions which then maintained and sent them?—a wilderness of soil, partly sterile, and of sandy desert wholly so. This change has been caused by the destruction of the forests which maintained the life-giving moisture in those lands.

It is the lesson of history. Yet nations, it is said, never learn. But, let me remark, all the statement declares is that nations never did learn. But shall they never? Shall you, my dear Sir, with the full light of modern knowledge beating brightly on every side—with free schools dotting the country as thick as mushrooms—with great colleges anxious to educate you by State-aid, and denominational colleges extremely anxious to educate you likewise—with learned institutes haranguing you on everything from catfish upwards—with free libraries also emerging from the mist—shall you, uncompelled follow, where your ancestors, by the compulsion of ignorance, were led?

The country judge wrote to his bookseller, "Pleeze send me the ax of agustus pease." "No doubt," says the commentator, "when the learned justice had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose." Not to a more reckless purpose than we on our trees. We came to Canada, like the ancient Bersekars, with our axes on our shoulders; and like the enemies of those heroes, the great forest appears to have fled before our faces across the length and breadth of the land, till over great sections

the ground is almost bare, save where, in low places and inaccessible valleys, patches of woodland hide themselves, their top-most branches seeming to look shiveringly over the edge in remembrance of the desolating storm that has passed them by.

All Ontario, luckily, is not yet thus. Every here and there, the farmer holds ten, twenty, forty goodly acres of the ancient forest. But they are not continuing to hold them.

The Ontario Government have commenced a movement in forest preservation which is destined to bear good fruits. But throughout settled Ontario, it needs the farmer's co-operation, for he holds the forest remainder. In all directions that remainder decreases. The axe, which once thinned, now extirpates. It is full time that, on ten or twenty acres of every farm, the chopper should stay his hand. But he must do more—he must exclude his beasts; where hoof and horn range, down go undergrowth and sapling—in a moment, before their placidly devouring jaws, vanishes the umbrageous wealth of flexile branch and delicately-penciled leaf—gone is the promise of hardy timber yet to come. The little youngling elm, his green and double leaf fresh springing from the soil—the infant cotyledon of the future oak—the maple bud and the sprouting ash are no more; and from tree to tree, is nothing but trampled leaves. The forest ground dries and shrinks; far above the giant masses of the upper foliage alone oppose the rushing wind; the undergrowth below—the natural barrier—is gone; the air sweeps through; some stormy morning the outward ranks are prone—the beech and the great oaks lie across; with the next tempest more will follow. Our enemies are those of our own stables; and our farmers may say, "With the jaw-bone of an ox, heaps upon heaps, have I slain a thousand trees."

On every farm some forest is needed to break the winter winds. It is needed to keep level the drifting snow. It is needed for pleasure; he who has near his house a forest walk of his own, where he may for a space enjoy the health-giving atmosphere, and

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time." has opportunities many would give much for. It is needed to aid in procuring rain in due season. It is needed as a store house of timber—soon likely to be full scarce throughout the land.

We found here the wood—the water—the fertile soil. It is certain that the deforesting of a country in process of time does more than withdraw the one; it greatly impairs the others, so much that the land may not then support one-tenth of those it now could maintain. Proprietors should remember that no one can possess a title to destroy the usefulness of the soil, lest "the land cry out against him, and the furrows thereof likewise complain." The vast concourse of humanity continually emerges from the unknown past; it travels toilsomely by; it passes into the clouds of the future. Be sure that there we shall meet with stern questioners; nor will those pass unchallenged who have, to serve their temporary greed, rendered painful, sterile and barren, the path of generations yet to follow.

## JACOB FAITHFUL.

About Prizes in General and Truth's in Particular—Dr. Gregg and the S. S.—The Free Library—The Dudes and the Flirting Waitresses—Sundry other Matters of More or Less Importance and Interest.

The most exciting thing going, as far as JACOB can make out, is the competition for the prizes of one kind and another offered by TRUTH. In certain circles it is the chief talk, and all kinds of people are busy trying to secure one or more of what are so generously offered. How it is managed I don't pretend to know. In my ignorance I would think that the game was not worth the candle, but you will know better. One thing is clear. The successful competitors have good reason to be satisfied, and those who fail have always TRUTH for a year, and everybody says that it is well worth the money. Some of your fellow journalists are not any well pleased, especially those who have been asking advertisements and asking in vain. They did not tell me what they were swearing about, but I soon discovered. But isn't it dreadful fun to see such fellows play the magnificent, and even the indignantly virtuous? If I were they I would not make myself so ridiculous. Yet, dear TRUTH, if you would stretch a point and give them an advertisement once in a while, it would be a great charity, for they

ARE DREADFULLY HARD UP, as you know. By the way what is your circulation up to now? Was it five hundred thousand last week? Or only four hundred thousand? Perhaps it was one or two fewer. Imitating the honest particularity of some of your *cotems*, you ought to put it somewhat like this, 427,651. Would you like your business books examined to get at the true inwardness of the whole thing? You may if you like, but I would not advise you. Now supposing that investigation was made and your actual circulation was found to be only 427,650, what an awkward position you would be in! Well, whatever your circulation, you have the comfort of knowing that there are few, if any, better paying papers in Ontario, if even in the Dominion. Let people say what they like, you in the meantime

JINGLE THE DIMES.

The Masons are awfully mad at some of the Presbyterian clergy, especially at Dr. Wm. Gregg. It seems he has been saying very hard things about the fraternity, as if their religious rites were heathenism and the whole influence of the society hurtful to true religion. This is surely hard on the brethren of the mystic tie. What is the matter with them? What have they done, and how have they offended? And the Oddfellows too! Nay, all the secret society men. One way and another that makes up a goodly proportion of the community. JACOB frankly acknowledges that he is a Mason, but he hopes he is a good Christian at the same time.

The opening of the Free Library was a grand affair. I was there, and therefore know. The crowd was great. The tickets with which the elect were furnished, were of no use. First come, first accommodation, was the rule. The chair-

man was, of course, in all his glory, and really did very well. The Lieutenant-Governor ditto, and so did all. Goldwin Smith's compliment to the Librarian was especially handsome and deserved. What an amount of vulgar abuse was poured upon the head of poor Mr. Blain, and how it was prophesied that he would turn out a dead failure, and would drag down the library along with himself into the mire! Now everybody acknowledges that he is the right man in the right place, and that it would simply have been a great calamity had his chief competitor been preferred. Well, well. It is all well that ends well. Mr. John Hallam also deserves a great deal of praise. He is

A COCKY LITTLE MAN, and does not seem to pull well with some of his colleagues on the Board. But had it not been for him the whole thing would have been a fizzle, at least it would not have been such a success. The Reading room will really be first rate after it is all put right, and so will the Library. How will they manage without a catalogue?

The Esplanade business is again up for discussion. It is to be feared that the railroads are masters of the situation. Why they should be, who shall say? Everybody knows that since all competition ceased, the Grand Trunk officials are ten times more uncivil, and they were bad enough before, Heaven knows. I have occasion sometimes to cross the track. I never do so, however, but with fear and trembling. It is surprising how all these companies and corporations do just apparently as they like. There should be gates and gate-keepers at every crossing or subway or overway. The danger is simply awful, but everything and everyone is apparently bull dozed by the influence of the railway magnates.

I stumbled, the other day, into one of the Coffee Rooms. It is all very nice and comfortable. But don't the girls flirt too much? I saw three or four of them round one young man of not more than fifteen summers, and they were fooling right furiously. All right, but it is rather a public place for spooning. I have noticed the same thing in a fashionable refreshment establishment on King street west. The girls

ARE FEARFUL FLIRTS, but if customers are old or ugly, let them look out. JACOB tried it once, but he will never do so again. Nobody seemed to care whether he were served or not. He has been younger, and is certainly not an Adonis. Still, his money is as good as that of the youngest dude there.

I was up to the Conway street people the other day. It is simply awful. The emigration agents that told these poor people such bouncing falsehoods, ought to be literally hanged, or even crucified. It would be far better in the meantime, to drop all assistance to proposing emigrants. Those who come may come and welcome. But those who can't, Canada will manage to do without.

By the way, what in the name of all the gods and little fishes did Mayor Boswell mean by perching up the Anglican Bishop and the Roman Catholic Archbishop to have the citizens pay respect to them, when they come to greet his lordship as the Head of the City? He ought to know that the two worthy men afore-

said, have no official standing in this city above any of the other clergy, that they have not half the brains or any thing like the scholarship of a round dozen, who could easily be mentioned. What is the use of making decentish, plain, commonplace men more or less ridiculous, by making it appear as if they were something ke

LORDS OVER GOD'S HERITAGE,

and been conscience keepers to the chief Magistrate? Some people are shockingly destitute of common sense.

One is glad to hear that there is to be quite a crusade against expensive funerals. Quite time that there should, for they are a heavy and a very needless tax upon many poor struggling people. Why cabs at funerals? Why a grand hearse? Why floral wreaths? Why scarfs? Why hat bands? Why black clothes? Is there any sense or reason in such things? It would puzzle a conjurer to say. The Ministerial Association are to discuss the whole question on Monday next, and you bet I'll be there, and be sure to hear all that is said, both *pro* and *con*.

In the meantime, it may be as well to delay all other causes, and subscribe myself

Yours to command,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

## THE SPHINX.

"Riddle me this and guess him if you can."—*Dryden*.

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

### NO. 13.—ENIGMA.

I am easily found or lost,  
I tumble and slide and slip,  
And the little home where I lie at ease  
Will but cover your finger tip.

But when you're tired and old,  
If you come to me some day,  
I will shelter you from the burning sun,  
Or keep the rain away.

R.

### NO. 14.—GEOGRAPHICAL CONSTRUCTIONS.

1. If one-ninth of Liverpool, one-fourth of Ohio, one-sixth of Naples, one-seventh of Denmark, one-tenth of California, and one-seventh of New York be combined, the result is a great city.

2. If we place together one-sixth of Sweden, one-fourth of Iowa, one-seventh of Ipswich, one-fourth of Asia, one-sixth of Africa and one-eighth of Oceanica we get a desert.

3. If we join one-seventh of Sumatra, one-sixth of Europe, one-fifth of Maine, one-ninth of Australia, one-sixth of Borneo, and one-fourth of Peru we get a fort.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

### NO. 15.—ODD MATHEMATICS.

One-third of six from seven  
To take you must contrive,  
So what is left is even,  
And therefore is not five.

J. K. P. BAKER.

### NO. 16.—CHARADE.

*John in a foreign language* (1), request me to repair to the garden and cultivate the soil with a small hand implement, (2), but being highly interested in a novel by Sir Walter Scott (1 and 2) I declined the invitation.

E. GOTIST.

### NO. 17.—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Slender and frail is the form that I bear,  
And simple and harmless I seem;  
But a wonderful magic I secretly wear,  
For my head carries dangers unseen.

Deal with me roughly, but treat me with care,  
For the reckless I sometimes defy;  
Your storehouses, homes, and cities so fair  
May fall by the blight of my eye.

Deal with me fearlessly, I am a friend  
To evoke from your shadows much joy;  
To serve you my short-lived existence I end,  
Though hosts of my kin you destroy.

A star of the morning has lent me his name,  
To tell it your guessers may try—  
While I in my narrow, dark prison remain,  
And he soars away in the sky.

S. E. A.

### NO. 18.—NUMERICAL CHARADE.

1, 2 the twilight of a day near the close of his autumn 3, 4, 5, 6 of school, the teacher sat 7, 8 his room striving to work out some plan by which he might be 9, 10, 11, 12 to assign the graduation work of his pupils to the satisfaction of all. As midnight drew near he found his task still unfinished and seemingly 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and with a final look at the long list of names before him, he sighed wearily and retired.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

### The Prizes.

1. The sender of the best lot of answers to the puzzles will receive a cash prize of one dollar. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the dates of TRUTH containing the puzzles.

2. For the best original contribution to this department during 1884 a prize of five dollars will be awarded.

3. For the greatest variety of original contributions furnished during the year, two dollars will be presented.

All are invited to compete for these prizes.

### Answers.

- 1.—Me.
- 2.—1. Chum, C, hum. 2. Dear, D, ear. 3. Maid, M, aid.
- 3.—1. Pear (pair). 2. Cypress (sigh-press). 3. Axle-tree. 4. Whiffle-tree.
- 4.—1. SA (essay). 2. AT (eighty). 3. IV (ivy). 4. EZ (easy).
- 5.—The Adirondack Mountains.
- 6.—1. Chase. 2. Lake. 3. Mason. 4. Park.

Special attention is directed to page 22, and the large rewards there offered for answers to Bible questions. The leading reward this time is an elegant Piano. The next a Cabinet organ, and then other very valuable rewards follow. Try your skill Only \$1 required for a six months subscription.

Julia Hatcher, who lives near Salisbury, in England, has been awarded the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for bravery in saving the life of James Lodder, a boy who had been several times gored and tossed by a bull. The medal has an inscription stating that it was awarded "for service in the cause of humanity."

The *North German Gazette* replies to the "attacks of the Spanish republican Castelar on the elevated person of the German emperor" by as hearty an attack on the character of his assailant, ascribing his rancor to the fact that Germany was one of the first powers to recognize Alfonso XIII. after the fall of the republic, and his motive to a desire to fish with selfish ends in the troubled waters of a new republic.

## Temperance Department.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

**PROGRESS.**—The *Irish League Journal* says that there are now thirty-six members of the British Parliament total abstainers. In 1865 there were only two.

**MORE RESTRICTION.**—The municipal council of Campbellford has just passed a by-law separating shop licenses from the sale of groceries in that locality. There is a general move in that direction.

**MORE RESTRICTIONS.**—A Bill has been introduced in the British House of Commons, by Dr. Cameron, M.P., of Glasgow, the principal provision of which is to require public houses in Scotland to be closed at 10 o'clock each night instead of 11, as at present.

**BRIGHTON PROGRESS.**—The village of Brighton has now a progressive Blue Ribbon Society with 349 members. The *Ensign* expects that the membership will be 400 in a couple of weeks more. Few villages were in greater need of actual, efficient, temperance work.

**LICENSE IN N. B.**—The Attorney-General of New Brunswick proposes, during the present session of the Legislature, to introduce an act somewhat similar to the Crooks Act of Ontario, in affirmation of the idea that the Local Legislatures have the right to deal with the question of issuing and controlling liquor licenses.

**COFFEE HOUSES.**—The Executive Committee of the Church of New York are discussing the question of establishing coffee houses in different sections of the city. The late Dr. Holland had prepared plans for the establishment of such houses, and the probabilities are that the plans devised by him will be adopted.

**A HERITAGE.**—An eminent physician at the Long Island Inebriates' Home has looked into the family history of one hundred and sixty-one patients there. He learned that ninety-eight of that number had drunken fathers; six, drunken mothers, and sixteen, grandparents and other kindred who were intemperate. Fifteen were of families in which insanity existed, sometimes along with inebriety.

**A GOOD STEP.**—The *Journal of Education* says:—The Legislature of Vermont has wisely forbidden the use of tobacco by teachers and pupils in its public schools. It is none too early to begin the work of stemming the filthy tide that threatens to overflow even the youthful, green pastures of American life. One of the greatest trials of a clean American citizen to-day, is the omnipresent curse of the weed in every disgusting variety of its use.

**AT WASHINGTON.**—A New York paper says:—The Congressional Temperance Society has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. A review of its history, which was read on the occasion, shows that there is very much less temperance in Washington than there has been in years past, a fact which is indeed apparent to the most casual observer. The advance of the temperance reformation is nowhere reflected more accurately than at the National Capital.

**A RISE IN PRICE.**—We are glad to see one more good move coming out of the present rise in the price of licenses all round. At a recent meeting of the Prescott liquor sellers it was unanimously resolved to raise the price of drinks to ten cents. That is a move in the right direction. We hope there will be a resolve all round to largely "water the stock" of each bar. Men ought to be made feel that whiskey is a luxury, and a dear one at that.

**SITTING DOWN HEAVILY.**—The New York *Herald* grows funny over the anomalous case of a law-breaking saloonkeeper haled to justice in the city courts and punished to the limit of the law. Sunday selling was the offense upon which the judge sentenced the offender, one Sandy

Spencer, to the penitentiary for thirty days and imposed a fine of one hundred dollars, saying as he did so:—"It is not a very heinous offense, but it is one that must be met by proper punishment."

**WOODBRIDGE.**—A Juvenile Temple was organized in February by Bro. Fanner, C.D., and promises very successfully. Up to the third meeting over fifty members were initiated and the prospects are of doubling that number in a short time. Bro. Fanner offered a prize for the member proposing the most candidates. One bright young gentleman, Naaman Kayser, proposed no less than twenty last week, and others don't intend to be behind if they can help themselves. Jabez Mason, Esq., is the Superintendent.

**INTEMPERANCE AND INSANITY.**—According to an official report of Belgium, intemperance is fast on the increase in that country, and insanity is fast increasing too. Since 1850 the number of drinking establishments has more than doubled in the country. The number then was 53,000. The population in that time has increased about twenty-five per cent. The number of suicides has increased 80 per cent, and the proportion of cases of insanity has increased no less than 104 per cent. The facts and figures are significant.

**PROHIBITION IN NEW YORK.**—In the Assembly at Albany, on the 28th ult., a measure in favor of a Prohibitory Amendment to the State Constitution was proposed, and it was only defeated by a narrow majority. No less than 124 out of 128 members of the House were present and the vote stood 61 for, to 63 against. Nearly all the members from the rural districts, without distinction of party, voted for the measure, while nearly all the city members voted the other way. The Republicans very largely supported it, and the Democrats were as largely in the other direction.

**RISE IN ALL ROUNDS.**—The *Bowmanville News* says:—The Quebec government is about to follow the example of the Ontario government by increasing the price of licenses to sell liquor. Quebec is hard up for money and no doubt takes this way of raising revenue, but the same remark would not apply to Ontario. Ontario has a surplus of five millions, whereas Quebec has a debt of nineteen millions. The opposition being shown to the McCarthy Act by the authorities in Quebec, is due to the fact that if it goes into operation it will deprive the Province of a large annual revenue.

**A ROYAL PRINCE SPEAKS.**—The *Chicago Signal* says:—The Duke of Albany seems a most enlightened personage. In a recent speech on public education he pleads for the introduction of the teaching of cookery in the national schools, commends the wide extension of the coffee house system, and urges the early training of English children in habits of economy and frugality as a direct flank upon the great enemy drink, "drink, the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear." These are rare words from such a source, full of prophecy of the day when kings shall reign in righteousness and princes rule in judgement.

**A DEMONSTRATION.**—A practical temperance argument was one day very deftly put forth by Prof. Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin. A friend sitting by him ordered brandy and water with a plate of oysters. Professor Houghton implored his not to ruin his digestion in that way, and sending for a glass of brandy put an oyster in it before the eyes of his friend. In a short time there lay in the bottom of the glass a tough leathery substance resembling the finger of a kid glove and just as digestible. Any one can try the same experiment very easily and convince himself.

**SWITZERLAND.**—A few years ago, the *Chicago Tribune* was very zealously advocating the general use of light wines and beer as a remedy for intemperance. Total abstainers objected then, as now, to the use of these lighter beverages as tend-

ing to develop an appetite for the stronger alcoholics. Switzerland is a wine producing country with the very best opportunity to test the efficacy of light wines as a safeguard against intemperance. But now comes the *Chicago Tribune* with a wail that Switzerland has become the most drunken country in Europe! Just what might have been expected. The much vaunted "light-wine cure" is also a "failure."

**THE SAFEST.**—A Boston paper says:—An Eastern express company has decided to dismiss any employee using intoxicating liquors. The railroad companies are also getting more decided and particular in the same direction. It has been found that the abstainer is the safest and most reliable man, especially in employments where a steady head and a clear eye are desirable. In all important business, employers are getting to be more particular about the character of their employees. When it becomes understood that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate is the employer's rule, it will be a temperance measure that will reach many who cannot be reached by moral suasion.

**LICENSE AT HALIFAX.**—It appears that in Nova Scotia it is determined to fight out the matter of the rights of Provincial Licenses, as well as in Ontario. A Halifax telegram says:—"At a meeting of the City Council on Wednesday afternoon a petition from the liquor dealers praying the Council to take action in reference to the license law. After some discussion a resolution was passed by nine to six that the city will grant licenses the same as last year, and will also defend in court any person selling under such licenses that may be prosecuted under the Dominion License Act. According to the Dominion Act less than one half of the licenses now in force could be allowed for this city."

**HEROIC TREATMENT.**—The following, a copy of a placard which has been posted up at Grimsby, seems to indicate that there is at least one father in that town who belongs to the class that believe in heroic treatment: \$100 REWARD—I will thankfully pay one hundred dollars (and law costs if any should accrue) to any two or more men finding my son Charles in any tavern or billiard-room in Grimsby (he not having been forcibly taken there) who will smear him all over with rotten eggs and tar and feathers, and then gently ride him on a rail through the village. Hoping it may prove a lesson to him and his family, I remain, his affectionate father,

W. W. KITCHEN.

**THE THREE AGENCIES.**—*York Witness* says:—Happily, the temperance men have three agencies of mighty power on their sides, namely: The pulpit, the platform, and the press. No preacher can preach against total abstinence, but tens of thousands can preach against liquor-drinking. If brewers, distillers, saloon, tavern, bucket-shop keepers were to call meetings to justify and promote their business, they would be laughed at even by their own victims; and their attempt to use the press on their side are so ridiculous as to excite either mirth or contempt. Every journal got up by the trade is, in reality, bringing their trade into disrepute.

**TEMPERANCE ADVANCING.**—Senator William P. Frye, in a letter to the Maine Temperance Alliance, written a few days ago, says:—"In this matter of temperance the Washington of to-day hardly resembles that of twenty years ago. Then on New Year's day the open house without the hospitalities of the side board was almost unknown. Now its tempting display of the wine that mocks is almost forgotten. Then the Government official who was not lavish in his offer of liquor to every caller was looked upon as a fanatic unworthy of his high position. Now nothing would be more discreditably. Then the public man who refused was regarded as eccentric—impolitely odd. Now

the majority decline. In this reform Maine took the lead."

**THE WORST POISON.**—Dr. Hargraves, of Philadelphia, says:—Great complaints are made by the lovers of the foaming beverages that beer and ale are not as good nor as pure as in "our grandfathers' days"; that they are terribly "doctored," "adulterated" with cocculus, wormwood, etc.; yet these drugs are no worse nor as bad as the alcohol for which every one drinks malt liquors and distilled spirits. Take the alcohol out of beer, and not a person would drink it. The beer-drinkers—good, easy souls—are ready to tell you that whiskey is bad, that they would not drink it for anything; yet they do not seem to be aware that when they take their favorite, foaming beverage they are only swallowing a mixture of hot-water and whiskey, colored and flavored to their taste.

**TEMPERANCE AND LONGEVITY.**—Statistics of English life insurance companies seem to indicate very clearly the value of total abstinence from alcoholic liquors as a means of promoting longevity. In the United Kingdom and General Providence Institution the claims in the temperance section were, in seventeen years, only a little over seventy per cent. of the expectancy, while in the general section they were but slightly below the expectancy. In the Sceptre Life Association, during eighteen years, there were 116 deaths in the temperance section, against 270 expected deaths. In 1883 there were 51 deaths, only 7 being abstainers, whereas, to be equal with non-abstainers, there should have been 16. Some accidental insurance companies charge 20 per cent. less to teetotalers than to moderate-drinkers.

**STIMULANTS AND STRENGTH.**—They tell us, said John B. Gough, that alcohol gives strength and nourishment. No, it does not, it gives stimulus. You sit down on a hornet's nest, and it may be quickening but not nourishing. A man once said to a friend of mine: "You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey has done a great deal of good. Whiskey has saved a great many lives." "You remind me," said my friend, "of a boy who was told to write an essay about a pin, and in his boyish way he said: 'A pin is a very queer sort of thing. It has a round head and a sharp point, and if you stick them into you they hurt, and women use them for cuffs and collars, and men use them when their buttons are off. If you swallow them, they kill you. For five cents you can get a packet of them, and they have saved thousands of lives.' The teacher said, 'What on earth do you mean? How have they saved thousands of lives?' 'By people not swallowing them,' answered the boy."

### NOTES OF PROGRESS.

**ANOTHER MOVE.**—At Cobourg, a convention was held on the 13th inst. of the temperance workers of Northumberland and Durham, to consider the propriety of taking steps for the adoption of the Scott Act in those counties. It will be remembered the Dunkin Act was in force there some time.

**ANOTHER SCOTT ACT VICTORY.**—A vote taken for the adoption of the Scott Act in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, on Thursday, 6th inst, has resulted in another victory for prohibition. The Act was adopted by a large majority. As the Scott Act has been in force in a considerable number of counties in Nova Scotia for years past, and the electors consequently had a fair opportunity of noting its failure or success, the verdict is all the more significant.

In fully one half the counties of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the question of adopting the Scott Act has been submitted to the electors, and in no instance has there been a majority against it. In two attempts made to repeal the Act, in the Maritime Provinces, where it had been some years in force, there was a significant majority given for its continued enforcement.





that you can't help thinking Denham Court a livelier place than the Alders, and so very sorry that you were obliged to leave a lot of nice, bright, amusing people there to come back to a couple of very worthy, but prosy people who—"

"Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Rayner, not that at all!" said I, alarmed.

"Wasn't that what you were going to say? No, my child, you were going to say something far more civil, but not half so true. We may be worthy, but we are prosy; and why should we not own it? And why should you not own that you enjoyed yourself more at Denham Court than you can possibly do here? Why, that is the very thing you went there for!"

"I ought never to have gone at all."

"Now that is a mistake, my dear child. If you were to remain always boxed up in this dreary old vault, you would soon take to spectacles and a crutch. Take all the amusement that comes in your way, little woman, and, after the first natural reaction, you will work all the better for it. And now tell me all about Denham Court; I've been saving myself up for your description as a little treat, though I've heard something of your doings, Miss Prim, from another quarter."

And this was what Laurence, in his passion, called "spying upon me," when Mr. Rayner owned that he heard what went on at Denham Court!

"I heard, for one thing, that you wore the pendant I gave you."

He seemed pleased at this, I thought.

"Yes, it looked so beautiful with my muslin frock. And, oh, do you know, some of the people thought it was made of real diamonds!"

"Did they really?"

"Yes; I knew you would laugh when I told you that. But now you see it wasn't so silly of me not to know the difference when you first showed them to me, when those people who have worn diamonds and beautiful jewels all their lives were taken in by them. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Carruthers, said he once saw a pendant just like it in real ones, and it was worth fifteen hundred pounds. Do you think it is true?"

"I dare say it is. Stones of that size would be very valuable. To whom did it belong?"

"He didn't say. And it had initials behind it too just like mine."

"How very curious! The same initials?"

"Oh, I don't know! I shouldn't think they were the same."

"I thought he said they were the same?"

"Oh, no! He wanted to see the back of the pendant; but I wouldn't let him."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Rayner, I—I thought if he still went on thinking they were real, as I believed he did, and he were to find out by the initials who gave it me, why—why he would think you must be mad, Mr. Rayner, to give diamonds to a governess!" said I, laughing. "Fifteen hundred pounds! Why, it would be about thirty-eight year's salary!"

Mr. Rayner laughed too.

"That was very sharp of you," he said.

"If he had been as sharp as you, he would have got at it, and found out the initials, if he really wanted to know them."

"But I didn't wear my pendant again."

"Why not?"

"Because people noticed it too much, and—and Mr. Rayner, it is really too handsome for me."

"Nonsense! Nothing is too handsome for you, child; haven't your new admirers told you that?"

I laughed and blushed.

"But, Mr. Rayner," I went on gravely and rather timidly, "then such a strange thing happened that I must tell you about. I put my pendant into my desk—at least, I am almost sure I did—on Saturday night, and next day it was gone."

"Well, we must find you another."

"Oh, no! But this is the strangest part. Just before I left this morning, Mr. Carruthers's servant put it into my hand, saying he had picked it up on the stairs. And the little shield with the initials was broken off and lost. Isn't it strange?"

"Well, not considering that they were false. If they had been diamonds, I should say it was very strange that he gave it back again. You careless little puss, you don't deserve to have any finery at all! What will you do when you have real jewels, if you're not more careful with mock ones?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, I hope I never shall!"

"Do you mean that?"

I hesitated.

"I mean they seem to be such a heavy responsibility to the ladies that wear them."

"I suppose there were some ladies there with jewellery that made your eyes water."

"They didn't wear much; but I believe some of them had a great deal. One lady—she was the wife of a very rich husband who wasn't there—had dazzling diamonds, they said."

"And what was the name of that fortunate lady?"

"Mrs. Cunningham."

"What did Mrs. Cunningham think of your pen-lant?"

"She would not believe it was not real, and she scolded me for my carelessness; but I really did—"

"I suppose she is very careful of hers?"

interrupted Mr. Rayner.

"Oh, yes—you don't know how careful! She has one set, diamonds and cat's eyes

By a sudden movement he trod on Nap's tail, and the dog howled. I broke off to comfort him.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Rayner, touching my arm impatiently.

"What was I saying? Oh, I know—about Mrs. Cunningham's jewels. She has one set of what they call cat's-eyes and large diamonds, which she keeps—"

"That she keeps where?" said Mr. Rayner, yawning, as if tired.

"Oh, that she keeps always concealed about her person!" said I.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, much interested.

"Yes, really. She told me so. And nobody in the house, not even her maid, knows where they are. She sleeps with them under her pillow."

Mr. Rayner rose.

"Well, I don't think even the responsibility of diamonds under your pillow would keep you awake to-night, for you must be tired out."

He was fidgeting about the room, as if he were anxious about going to bed too. But he did not look sleepy; his eyes were quite bright and restless. He gave me my candle.

"Pleasant dreams of Denham Court, madam, though you don't deserve them! What business have you to repeat secrets that have been told to you in confidence?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, as if it mattered—to you!" said I, laughing as I left the room.

"Yes, it is lucky you told it to me," he answered laughing back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Land of Peaches.

In the neighborhood of Sydney, Australia, such fruit as the peach, pear, apricot, plum, fig, grape, cherry and orange are as plentiful as blackberries.

The orangeries and orchards of New South Wales are among its sights; and in the neighborhood of Sydney and Port Jackson there are beautiful groves of orange trees, which extend in some places down to the water's edge.

Individual settlers have groves which yield as many as thirty thousand dozen oranges per annum. One may "sit under his own vine and a fig-tree."

If a peach stone is thrown down in almost any part of Australia where there is a little moisture, a tree will spring up; which in a few years will yield handsomely.

A well-known botanist used formerly to carry a bag of peach-stones to plant in suitable places, and many a wandering settler has blessed him since.

Pigs were often formerly fed on peaches, as was done in California, a country much resembling South Australia; it is of late years they have been utilized in both places by drying and otherwise preserving.

A basket-load may be obtained in the Sydney markets during the season for a few pence. The summer heat of Sydney is about that of Naples, while the winter corresponds with that of Sicily.

While the Austrian crown princess was driving recently through the Rothenthurmstrasse, one of the most frequented streets of Vienna, a little boy of 5 years old ran against the wheels of her carriage and fell. He suffered only a slight abrasion of the skin on the nose, but was taken at once to the hospital. The crown princess, with her maid of honor, subsequently went to inquire about him at the hospital, and also called to reassure his parents.

### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

How it Conveyed a man of Murder—A Remarkable True story.

"Speaking of circumstantial evidence," a gentleman from Contra Costa county yesterday, to a reporter of the *Independent*, with whom he had been talking about the Mark-e-y murder trial, calls to my mind the conviction of Robert Lyle in my county, last January, of the murder of Patrick Sullivan, and I consider it the strangest case, and one on which there was the best detective work done that it was ever my fortune to meet with. It is a famous case, and has occupied the courts since the year 1881, and gave the officers more trouble to secure a conviction than a dozen ordinary murder cases. They had hardly anything to work on at first, but stuck to it with the persistence of bloodhounds on the track of a victim, finally securing a conviction almost wholly on the finding of a small piece of newspaper."

The reporter became interested and suggested that the gentleman give an account of the affair, which he did in the following language.

#### THE CRIME

"Sullivan was a prosperous farmer and stock-raiser, living on Wildcat Creek, in the southern part of Contra Costa county, and Lyle was a near neighbor. The latter was always getting into trouble with his neighbors and going to law, particularly with Sullivan. In these suits he was generally on the wrong side of the question, and, of course, got worsted, which enraged him to such a degree that he was injudicious enough to make threats against Sullivan's life, at one time telling the latter's son that his father would fail to come home some night. On the morning of the day of the murder Sullivan left his home with his team and went to town, where he had a trifling lawsuit with Lyle before a justice of the peace, in which he was beaten. The property was fulfilled, for Sullivan never returned home alive. The next day he was found dead with his team in a field not far from his home, his arm hanging over the whiffletree and his body lying upon the ground. The first conclusion was that the team had run away with him, thrown him out, dragged him and broken his neck. This theory was strengthened by the fact that there was a plainly marked trail for two hundred and fifty yards, evidently made by his body. No marks of blood were on his clothes, and no evidence that a crime had been committed. At the inquest when the clothes of the dead man were removed, it was found that he had been murdered by some one who had

#### SHOT HIM IN THE BACK.

Several of the shots had entered his body, one of them penetrating the heart and two of them imbedding themselves in the back of the waggon seat. I attended the trial and took a great interest in it. He was heard to pass the house of a man named Davis about nine o'clock on the night of the murder. The road passed the house of Lyle, so that if the latter so desired he could lie in ambush and kill him.

"When the officers examined the spot where the murder was committed they found the footprints of a man leading to and from Lyle's house over the ploughed ground to the place where Sullivan had fallen out of the waggon. They at once suspected that Lyle had something to do with the crime, and went to his house, where he was found eating his dinner. They told him that he was suspected of murder, and that they were there to make an investigation. 'I have expected this,' said Lyle, 'because I have had so much difficulty with Sullivan.' He then told the officers to go ahead and make their search and that they would not find anything incriminating about his place. On two pegs on the wall the officers found a double-barreled shot gun, one of the barrels of which was moist on the inside, and had evidently been recently discharged. Some buckshot was found, although Lyle denied having any, and on a shelf by the buckshot was found a crumpled piece of the *San Francisco Call*, a part of which was torn off. Lyle was arrested and lodged in jail at Martinez, after which one of the officers took the prisoner's boots and went to the scene of the supposed ambush, where he found in the brush alongside the road the imprints of a man's knees. The boots were found

#### TO FIT THE TRACKS

in the soft ground perfectly, and at this stage of the investigation the Alameda offi-

cers offered to hand over the case to the Contra Costa officers, but were detained by the District Attorney to work it up.

"The officer continued the weaving of the chain of circumstantial evidence, and again returned to the scene of the murder. He went to the place where the tracks of the man's knees had been found, and about thirty feet from that spot found a small piece of paper that had evidently been used as wadding for a gun. It was a bit of newspaper, crumpled and powder-burned, but not so plainly read. At the trial the business manager of the *Call* identified the piece of paper as a part of an advertisement that had been printed in the paper on the same day and date as the paper found in Lyle's house. This little innocent-looking piece of paper was what completed the chain of circumstantial evidence, and convicted Lyle to San Quentin. It was further shown that on the night of the murder, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, a woman's screams and entreaties had been heard issuing from Lyle's house. It is supposed that it was Mrs. Lyle, who knew that her husband was starting out to kill Sullivan, and tried to prevent his going. Notwithstanding the plain evidence in the case, it took three trials to convict the cold-blooded murderer, and the last jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree, a verdict that caused great dissatisfaction. I don't generally believe in hanging a man on circumstantial evidence, but that chain was so strong that no doubt could be entertained of his guilt. As a strange case it beats anything in California's circumstantial history."

### Elegant New York Homes.

New York is full of elegant homes, hardly excelled in the world. All our American cities abound in noble homes, but here, where wealth has been so bountiful, these homes are upon a scale hardly to be found in the world. The merchants and successful men of New York live like veritable kings and princes. In other countries society is organized round men; here the men serve the women, not only for seven years, like Jacob to Laban's daughter, but for seventy and seven. This is the golden age of women. Nowhere else are women without rank or quality maintained as if they were descended from princes. New York homes are replete with everything that money can buy. Almost every house hold has its special devotion; some run to prints, some to coins, some to elegant bindings of books, some to antique and venerable editions of books, some to rugs, some to placques, some to paintings. I venture to say that in this city if the private houses could be thrown inside out we would stand amazed at our own treasures. Sometimes the most magnificent tastes and qualifications are found in the most modest New Yorkers. Some made men feel like ornamenting their homes with the treasures of their own occupations, pleasures, or origins.—*Gath.*

### Where do Sponges Come from?

There are a great number of different kinds of sponges besides those of the shop, and some are to be found in nearly every sea, though we have so little resemblance to what you ordinarily see that you would hardly suppose them to be related. The finer kinds come from the Levant and Mediterranean, while the coarser sorts are from the West Indies and Florida. The Turks gather them by diving, while the sponge-fishers of the Islands along the coast of Greece use a kind of fork with barked tines fixed to the end of a long pole. Those collected with the fork are apt to be injured. Besides, the finest kinds are found in water fifty feet or more deep and can only be reached by diving. To prepare the sponges they are covered with sand when the jelly-like portion soon decays; after this is removed they are thoroughly washed and dried. The finest quality of sponge is very costly. It is sold by weight, and the dealers at Smyrna, the principal market, understand how to make it hold a great deal of very fine sand. Indeed when a case is opened and the sponges are beaten, the sand often far outweighs the sponges.

A little chick of four years, at Pawtucket R. I., surprised his mother the other night by adding the following to his evening prayer. "God bless papa and mamma and Aunt Lizzie, and Bubber Hiram, and Tilley, and all the other kids."

### J. O. Good Templars.

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

#### A Good Appointment.

We are glad to learn that Bro. J. H. Flagg, G. W. C. T., has been appointed by the Ontario Government Police Magistrate of Mitchell. The appointment is an excellent one, both in the interests of temperance, and of law observance generally. Mr. Flagg has had large municipal experience, having been Mayor of Mitchell, besides being for a number of years a prominent member of the Town Council. He is also a gentleman of intelligence and excellent judgment, with the necessary firmness to see that the law are administered without fear, favour, so partiality,

#### Coming Back.

We are very glad to learn that the "Malins Lodge" in Nova Scotia, a large number of which went out from the original Order in 1876 are gradually returning again. A letter just received from Bro. P. J. Chisholm, G. W. C. T., informs us that two of these Lodges in Colchester County, united with the Loyal Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., last week, making an addition of one hundred members in the county. No less than six of these lodges have taken a similar step in Nova Scotia during the past year, and the prospects are that more will follow. This is certainly a move in the right direction. There is no good reason why we should have two separate and distinct orders of Good Templars in Canada. It is an unnecessary division and hindrance in the temperance work.

#### NEWS FROM LODGES.

**WOOLER, NORTHUMBERLAND CO.**—Nassau Lodge is reported as doing well and having a good influence in the locality. J. McPhail, W.C.T.; Sister Annie Ellis, W.V.T.; W. Kingston, W.S.; Rev. G. Horton, L. D.

**POOLE, PERTH CO.**—Bro. John Chalmers writes that there is not as much interest taken in the Order there as formerly, still they have a membership of upwards of sixty. Bro. W. Connell, W.C.T.; Sister Jane Spearer, W.V.T.; Thos. Bennett, W.S.

**COVENTRY, PEEL CO.**—Bro. Chas Kitchen writes from King Lodge that there is but one hotel in the place, and they have got up a petition to have it closed. Bro. Alfred Bowes, W.C.T.; Sister B. A. Caldwell, W.V.T.; Bro. S. Arnett, W.S.

**DALSTON, SIMCOE, Co.**—Our lodge is in a healthy and prosperous condition, having on the roll about seventy-five members in good standing, who are earnest workers in the temperance cause. W. C. T., F. Wood; W. V., Miss E. Farrel; W. S., T. M. White; F. S., N. E. Josey; W. S., Miss S. Spence.

**RICHMOND HILL, ONT.**—At a recent meeting of Richmond Hill Lodge a resolution was unanimously adopted congratulating the Toronto Lodges, and the supporters of Temperance generally in Toronto on their cheering victory in connection with the vote on the grocers by-law, on the 25th of February. W. D. Atkinson, W.S.

**GUELPH, ONT.**—Beaver Lodge is progressing favorably. We have some good workers now, who are bringing in new members every meeting night. One member brought in no less than eleven new ones last lodge night. Finances are good. Forty-three initiated last quarter. R. Mahoney, W.C.T.; Sister M. Dillon, W.V.T.; L. P. Snyder, W. S.

**PORT RYERSE, ONT.**—Bro. Geo. J. Ryerse writes:—"The work is progressing well. The influence of the Lodge is

growing wonderfully. We are not losing members from any cause. Meetings of much interest and profit. We are about forming a permanent library. Our constituency very small, membership now large considering locality. Members pay up well and hold the Lodge in high esteem. Lewis Webb, W.C.T.; Sister Flora Mabee, W.V.T.; Alfred Ryerse, W.S."

**NEW LODGE.**—A new lodge "Mount Horeb," was instituted last week by Bro. W. H. Rodden, P. D., in the Orange Hall, Township of Chinguacousy, Peel County. There were eighteen charter members. Quite a number of members from Brampton Lodge attended and assisted in the organization. John Nixon, W. C. T.; Edward Vernon, W. S.; George Green, W. F. S.; Emma Vernon, W. T.; W. T. Lundy, L. D.; Brampton, P. O. Meetings on Wednesday evenings.

**OTTAWA.**—Cameron Lodge is doing as well as we can reasonably expect. Our trustees have expended over \$40 in improving the hall. Bro. E. Storr has offered a prize for the one who will propose the largest number of candidates, and it is having a good effect in increasing activity. Like all other lodges we have always to be weeding out some delinquents, who allow themselves to fall into arrears for the small quarterly dues. I do wish some good members could show us a remedy for this evil.

**LEEDS COUNTY LODGE.**—The Eighteenth Annual Session of Leeds County was held at the village of Addison on Saturday, 1st inst. Owing to the almost impassable state of the roads, in consequence of the preceding fearful storm the attendance was not so large as was anticipated. There were about sixty delegates and visitors, some of whom drove a distance of over 25 miles to be present. They represented the localities of Lyn, Farmersville, Wiltestown, Phillipsville, Forfar, Elgin and Addison. Bro. John F. Yates, of Lyn, presided. While the lodges represented are in a prosperous condition regret was expressed that so many lodges in the County are now in a dormant state. A motion was adopted instructing the Executive to make arrangements with Bro. Thomas Flynn, of Napanee, to spend some time in the County strengthening and resuscitating the lodges. Considerable discussion took place in regard to the advisability of endeavouring to submit the Scott Act for adoption in the County. A committee consisting of Rev. T. C. Brown, Richard Arnold and Bethuel Loverin were appointed to ascertain the feeling in regard to the Act, and to arrange for a mass meeting, convention, or picnic about the first of June, at or near Farmersville, and also to take steps to secure the attendance of some of the ablest and most eloquent temperance workers of the country. The following officers were elected and installed for the coming year:—W. C. T., Richard Arnold, Farmersville; W. C., B. Loverin, Addison; W. V., Miss N. Forrester, Lyn; W. S., Geo. S. Buell, Lyn; W. T., Wm. B. Pheeps, Phillipsville; W. M., O. P. Arnold, Addison; F. S., Miss M. Stone, Farmersville; I. G., Miss Maud Phelps; O. G., Charles Fisher, Farmersville. The next meeting will be held at Farmersville.

#### THE ORDER ABROAD.

**DENMARK.**—The G. W. C. T., of the Grand Lodge of Denmark, A. J. Anderson, writes: "The temperance cause in this country is advancing, but our own Order is but weak yet. We have the ritual in the Danish language."

**NEW YORK.**—In New York State fifteen new lodges were reported during January. There are six Grand Lodge lecturers, or organizers at work, and each one is reporting something practical in the way of successful effort. The G. W. C. Templar is a salaried officer and devotes his whole time to the work.

**CALIFORNIA.**—At the last session of the Grand Lodge of California, there were

five hundred representatives and visitors present. The membership was reported stronger than ever before, being 18,873, and the finances in good condition. The per capita tax is still 25 cents per quarter, which, of course, furnishes a large fund which to carry on the work of the Order in that jurisdiction. There were also \$17,000 expended in the maintenance of the Order. Four Grand Lodge lecturers are employed under fixed salary, who are devoting their whole time to the work.

**GEORGIA.**—Bro. J. G. Thrower, the enthusiastic G. W. C. T., of the State writes very hopefully of the prospect. He says: "We have initiated since the introduction of the order in Georgia, about 130,000 members. Is it any wonder, with our pledge of total abstinence and our platform of total prohibition thoroughly inducted into the heart and mind of each member, that the State is now reaping the fruit of that teaching by voting out the legalized traffic? Our State is being gradually redeemed from the traffic through our local option law. Over two thirds of the State is now thus under prohibition, and I may say that two thirds of that work has been done by the Good Templars."

#### Receipts from Lodges.

The G. W. Secretary hereby acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges during February:—

##### FOR CAPITATION TAX.

Hope of Parkdale, Parkdale.....	\$ 2 52
Zion, Tupperville.....	1 40
Bethel, Drayton.....	3 68
Union, Peterboro.....	4 00
Blooming Rose, Newmarket.....	2 59
Kleinburg, Kleinburg.....	77
Harmony, Merrickville.....	1 75
Life Boat, Gorrie.....	3 15
Evergreen, Rodney.....	2 45
Pine Grove, Inverary.....	2 80
Ebenezer, Haley's Station.....	3 71
Progression, West Winchester... ..	6 00
Morrisburg, Morrisburg.....	6 10
Refuge, Varney.....	3 15
Edgely, Edgely.....	1 40
Zion, Violet Hill.....	1 96
Virgil, Virgil.....	1 20
Paris, Paris.....	8 19
Blooming Rose, Avonton.....	2 87
Hope of Rochester, South Wood- sley.....	3 78
Scotia, Amherstburg.....	6 30
Rising Sun, Pickering.....	5 53
Maitland, Auburn.....	6 25
Clear Water, Washago.....	2 59
No Surrender, Spry.....	2 10
Conqueror, Hope Ness.....	2 87
New Glasgow, Stewartville.....	3 78
St. Clair, Corunna.....	2 17
Brooklin, Brooklin.....	2 66
Hazledean, Hazeldean.....	1 54
No Surrender, Renfrew.....	2 38
Royal Oak, Glen William.....	4 90
Water Lily, Kingsville.....	5 39
Huron, Seaforth.....	8 82
Comet, Rothsay.....	5 39
Ever Ready, Corunna.....	1 12
Cameron, Ottawa.....	6 02
Toronto Union, Toronto.....	4 90
Richmond Hill, Richmond Hill..	2 87
Leeburn, Dunlop.....	2 38
Victoria, Bishop's Mills.....	4 20
Dunchurch, Dunchurch.....	2 07
Winthrop, Winthrop.....	1 82
Claude, Claude.....	2 59
Hope of Brampton, Brampton... ..	3 01
Cumberland, Matawatchan.....	63
New Hope, Barrie.....	6 02
Union Star, Eglinton.....	4 20
Pride of County, Harrow.....	3 50
Cape Crocker, Cape Crocker.....	73
Chippewa, Chippewa Hill.....	42
Humberstone, Port Colborne... ..	4 69
Providence, Little Britain.....	3 92
Woodstock, Woodstock.....	5 18
Star of Peace, Mar.....	2 45
Purple Grove, Newbridge.....	1 10
Union, Carlisle.....	5 32
Unity, Toronto.....	4 62
Pride of Moore, Colonville.....	4 13
Peninsula, St. Catharines.....	2 25
Evergreen, Ruthford.....	4 00
Lone Star, Barrie.....	5 67

Water Lily, Ripley.....	7 21
Hampden, Hampden.....	3 15
Prosperity, Fordwich.....	2 52
Carswell, Peterboro.....	2 80
Erie, Ruthven.....	6 74
Evening Star, Galt.....	8 12
Elmvale, Elmvale.....	3 36
Derry Star, Derry West.....	2 80
Rose of Huron, Pine River.....	1 40
Star of Newmarket, Newmarket	3 50
Clinton, Clinton.....	4 20
Salamander, Kars.....	5 00
May Flower, Greenock.....	2 73
Best Endeavor, Dixie.....	2 17
Beaver, Cobourg.....	3 92
Oxford, Ingersoll.....	4 41
Ojibway, Sarnia.....	91
Elgin, Easton's Corners.....	2 31
Toronto, Toronto.....	2 80
Wroxeter, Wroxeter.....	84
West Essa, West Essa.....	2 24
Dalston, Dalston.....	5 39
Nassau, Wooler.....	2 59
Fern, Duart.....	1 61
Rosneath, Uhasianga.....	2 38
Huron Hope, Verdun.....	3 78
Beaver, Guelph.....	7 42
Chandos, Clydesdale.....	3 08
King, Coventry.....	1 19
Poole, Poole.....	4 34
Never Surrender, Nicolston.....	1 05
Collinsby, Collinsby.....	2 59
Port Ryerse, Port Ryerse.....	4 11
Triumph, Spencerville.....	3 01
Polar Star, Churchville.....	3 08
Bruce, Tiverton.....	3 50
Dominion, Toronto.....	5 18
Alliston, Alliston.....	2 10
Kissisabeta, Longford Mills.....	2 66
Bethel, Godfrey.....	3 08
Palmerston, Bath.....	1 50
Hammond, London West.....	5 60
Merivale, Merivale.....	4 34
Mitchell, Mitchell.....	5 25
Sarnia, Sarnia.....	4 41
Carlton Union, Carlton West... ..	1 75
Kempfenfeldt, Shanty Bay.....	1 68
P. R. Reform, Lurgan.....	4 20
Rising Star, Newton Robson... ..	1 82
Maple Leaf, Blyth.....	5 81
Young Canadian, Mount Forest... ..	2 10
Albion, Toronto.....	6 58
Stand Fast, Cobden.....	1 05
Safe Guard, Welland.....	2 66
Woodbridge, Woodbridge.....	4 34
Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Pleasant.....	6 09
Balsam Grove, Peterboro.....	2 59
Northern Star, Avon.....	3 00
Burlington, Hamilton.....	3 01
Excelsior, Hamilton.....	2 45
Iron Duke, Pike Bay.....	2 00
Sydenham Valley, Alvington.....	3 43
Magnum Bonum, Craighurst.....	2 40
Gilford, Gilford.....	3 43
Cookstown, Cookstown.....	2 31
Ramsay, Skeads Mills.....	3 64
Mountain Village, Ancaster.....	2 40
Venus, The Grove.....	1 00

##### FOR SUPPLIES SENT.

Rising Sun, Pickering.....	\$ 50
Hope of Brampton, Brampton... ..	9 00
Union, Carlisle.....	1 10
Miss Holland, Bothwell.....	3 00
Brooklin, Brooklin.....	2 80
Bethel, Drayton.....	2 00
Evening Star, Galt.....	88
Woodbridge, Woodbridge.....	1 00
Elgin, Easton's Corners.....	35
Never Surrender, Woodbridge... ..	2 50
Loyal Canadian, Dundalk.....	60
Comet, Rothsay.....	1 00
Paris, Paris.....	70
Hammond, London West.....	3 55
W. H. Johnston, Smithfield.....	5 00
Kempfenfeldt, Shanty Bay.....	60
Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Pleasant.....	91
Ramsay, Skeads Mills.....	60
Gilford, Gilford.....	30
Cameron, Ottawa.....	70
Winthrop, Winthrop.....	35
Beaver, Guelph.....	1 00
Stratford, Stratford.....	2 00
Humberstone, Port Colborne... ..	2 31
Woodbridge, Woodbridge.....	1 00

**HUMBERSTONE WELAND CO.**—Humberstone Lodge, No. 376, meets every Saturday evening at Good Templars Hall. Good Templars visitors always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. V. SISTER SCHOFIELD; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

## Our Young Folks.

### "A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING."

BY EDWARD J. STEVENSON.

Many thousand years ago, when men and beasts and birds all dwelt together in good-fellowship and spoke the same tongue, it came about that the King of the great country of Nessun Luogo took it into his royal head to invite the the Bear, the stag, the Ape, and the Cat, with many other creatures, to come and live at court with him. The Bear he created Minister of war; the Stag he made Chief Postman; the Ape became Lord Chancellor, and the Cat merely a Confidential Chamberlain. Nor did several of the other animals lack good positions.

But not long had they all enjoyed these honors before the Ape, as usual, began scheming how to get into better credit with the King and the court than the other beasts, and especially how to cause the Bear, the Stag, and the Cat to lose the royal favor. This occupied him day and night.

After long reflection he settled upon a plan. One fine day he slyly remarked to the King, "May it please your Majesty, do you not think it would be amusing to hold a grand trial of skill in the palace this evening, at which each of us creatures beginning with my Lord Bear, Lord Stag, Chamberlain Cat, and your devoted servant, shall each perform some trick for the common pleasure?"

"Excellent!" answered the King, smiling; "for I am told that many of you are wonderfully brilliant."

"And," continued the wily Ape, "in order to prevent any practicing beforehand, let that feat which each is to attempt be jotted down upon a piece of paper, and let that paper be tightly folded up, and not handed to the proper animal until the moment his turn arrives."

"Very good," responded his Majesty. "But, you see, I know not what each one of you can most cleverly do. Do you, therefore, my Lord Ape, devise a feat for each, and write it within the papers."

Now this was precisely what the Ape had most desired. Nevertheless, he craftily exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord King, I fear that I too will make great blunders if I do this. Yet if your Majesty will solemnly promise not to tell any one that I and not you inscribed the commands within the papers, why, I will prepare them." So the King innocently promised. Away glided the Ape to plan the deeds for the evening.

Now the clever and quiet Cat, sitting motionless beneath the royal chair, had overheard all this conversation. "Aha!" thought he to himself; "so that is your trick my Lord Ape! But I will get the better of it and you, or it shall go hard with me."

Locked in his chamber, the evil Ape wrote down for each beast, except his mean self, something quite impossible for that particular animal to perform.

But for himself he merely wrote that he should make to the King and all the court a low and graceful bow! The Cat listened eagerly at the key-hole, and by hearing him spell each word aloud slowly (for the Ape was not a good speller) he easily gathered what each creature was expected to do. He resolved to tell nobody, however; he had a better scheme behind his whiskers.

When the evening was come and supper was over, the King, the Court and the animals assembled in the great hall. The King's only daughter, the beautiful Princess Squisita, occupied a stool of honor next the throne as a gracious spectator.

Great was the surprise of all, save the Ape and the Cat, when the King announced how the evening would be passed, and pulled from behind the throne a gold crown filled with many tightly folded papers.

But before his Majesty could open the very first, the Cat stepped modestly for-

ward and said, pleasantly: "May it please your Majesty and the court, I have heard this plan for to-night's sport. Whatsoever shall fall to my lot to attempt, gladly will I undertake. But do you not think it ought to be also commanded that whosoever shall succeed in his task shall be given a prize; while, should any of us fail in the contest, he shall be driven out from the palace in disgrace, and never be permitted to look upon your royal face again?"

"Well suggested!" exclaimed the King; "and, moreover, if any other beast present accomplishes it instead, why, he shall receive the reward. This is just."

To these rules all the courtiers agreed. The Ape had listened, laughing wickedly. The King arose and unfolded the first paper. Inside it the Ape had written, "To my Lord Stag. Let him leap boldly to the floor, head first, from the golden balcony above the throne."

The poor Stag, in utter fear, advanced timidly. He looked first up, then down. For the golden balcony was more than fourscore feet above the hall pavement, and one jump thence would undoubtedly smash to bits his beautiful horns, and break every one of his four thin and long legs—to say nothing of his neck.

"Alas, my Lord King," he was fain to falter out, "I can not attempt this thing."

"Can you, my Lord Bear? or you, Lord Ape? or you my noble Chamberlain Cat?" inquired the King. Both the other two creatures could not but decline. But the Cat, exclaiming merrily, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty," darted down the hall and up into the balcony, and had leaped down and landed upon all four feet unhurt (after the fashion of all cats from the beginning of the world), before the King and court could realize what had occurred. The hall rang with applause. The Ape angrily muttered to himself.

Presto! The King unfolded another paper: "To my Lord Bear," it ran. "Run around swiftly enough to catch your own tail."

A stifled laugh arose. Of course the poor Bear, in addition to all his clumsiness, had no tail worth speaking about to pursue. He blushed and begged to be excused, reflecting sorrowfully on his exile. But if he was so unfortunate, neither did the Stag nor the Ape possess a tail long enough to catch. The Ape frowned angrily, indeed, as the Cat, upon the royal nod, bounded before the throne, and began so merry a race, ending in the capture of the flying tail, that all the court laughed till their sides ached. The Princess Squisita's coiffure shook down, a total wreck, from her vigorous clapping, and the King, enchanted, was obliged to gasp out, "Chamberlain, Chamberlain, pray cease, or I shall expire with laughing!" The Ape secretly shook his withered fist at the Cat as the latter received the rich gift the luckless Lord Bear had lost.

"To the Chamberlain Cat," read his Majesty, from the third paper. "Let him sing a beautiful and sweet song."

Now up to those days the cat tribe had been able to merely mew, and that very gently, save when conversing in the language of the court. Never a loud note had they been known to utter. Conceive, then, the fury of the jealous Ape and the delighted surprise of all the audience, when the cat modestly replied, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty; for I have hitherto concealed from all world a great gift. I will now sing my most wonderful song." And with that did the Cat open his mouth and sing loudly one of those splendid serenades to which evening after evening have our back yards and roofs resounded.

The Princess Squisita blushed deeply as, with bowed head she kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the singer, for his song continued more than one flattering allusion to the graces and charms of her Royal Highness, and the tender effect they produced on any one who beheld them. She toyed with the lute in pleasing confusion. As for the delighted King and his courtiers, they listened until the strains

affected them quite too much, whereupon his Majesty begged the minstrel to stop. So again was the Cat a bashful victor, and he stepped aside.

The King unfolded the fourth paper. "To my Lord Ape," it began. "Let him advance before the throne, and make his lowest and most graceful bow."

The Ape forgot his wrath, and came forth pompously. He bent so low that his hands rested upon the floor, as do the hands of his kind to-day. But, lo! when he would have raised himself upright, he found that two pieces of strong wax had been placed just where he had pressed his palms. Vainly did he strive to rise. The King and all the spectators burst into loud and long laughter at the sight of his desperate writhings. The King grew indignant, and finally enraged, supposing that the Ape was acting some piece of buffoonery as an insult to him.

"Take the odious creature away, some of you," he thundered out. "I will have no more of so graceless, so unmannerly a knave." The miserable Ape was pulled from the floor, howling. Easy is it to imagine how the Cat quickly sprang out, after the Bear and the Stag had alike declined to redeem their lost credit; and that he, keeping warily clear of that dreadful wax, made so elegant a series of bows, and, sitting in a dignified position upon his tail, waved to all present such graceful salutes with his paws, that the court were in raptures.

"Enough," said the King, starting up and tearing up all the crownful of paper. "You are all stupid, awkward, ill-bred animals, the Cat alone excepted. I will witness no more of your wretched efforts. Away, one and all of you, and never let me catch one of you in my presence or raising his eyes to me again! Upon you alone, most accomplished and delightful Lord Chamberlain Cat, shall my royal favor be lavished for evermore; and since you have sometimes hinted that it would please you to change your bachelor condition, why, the hand of my beauteous daughter, the Princess Squisita, shall go along with it. Henceforth only Cats shall have a right to dwell in the houses of men, and only a Cat may look at a King."

And thus and thus only was it that the famous proverb arose, and hence it is that only a Cat to-day is entitled to stare royalty out of countenance. As for the defeated Ape his struggles to rise from that fatal bow before the throne permanently injured his backbone, for ever since no ape has been able to stand perfectly upright.

### A Dog at the Telephone.

The telephone has enabled a physician, several miles away, to detect whether a child had the croup. The child's mouth was held near to the mouth-piece of the instrument, and the physician heard it cough. But more singular than this is the following case of a dog recognizing its master's voice through the telephone: Jack is a coach dog that found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes, where is he?" was the reply. "He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece and his master said, "Jack! Jack! how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice and began to yell. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentlemen recognized the familiar barks, and shortly afterward he reached his friend's office to claim his property.—*Sidney (Australia) Eye.*

The Duke of Wellington, on being asked by Lord Warnccliffe, "Is drunkenness, in your opinion, the great parent of all crime in the British army?" replied, "Invariably!"

## SCENES IN TANGIERS.

### Strange Sights in the Streets of the Morocco Capital.

Just below the hotel and outside the gate of the city is the soko or market-place. On Sundays and Thursdays it is filled with a motley crowd, who bring game, meat, eggs, fowl, and other provisions from the surrounding country. It is here that Gibraltar obtains its supplies.

Here you see the genuine Bedouin Arab. Wild and dirty as he is, he is clean when compared with the horrid-looking men from the Riff coast, descendants of the old pirates. They are wild and untamed, and fiercer than wild animals. They do not even cover their heads. Their heads are closely shaved after leaving a lock by which they fervently believe that Mohammed will pull them up to heaven. The Jews are very numerous. They are known by their peculiar dresses. They cringe to the dust and put up with every insult so as to remain in Tangiers.

The noise and din in the market-place is infernal. At least five thousand tongues are at work. You can hardly force your way through the crowd. Once on the outskirts you are lost in great herds of cattle and strings of loaded donkeys from Barbary. These little creatures carry wonderful loads. They look small by the side of the camels. These animals, relieved of their loads, are lying down in a circle with their fore-legs tied together. Near them are numbers of goatskin tents, filthy in the extreme, and only high enough to sit under. The confusion is terrible. Some of the men are banging on drums, and others are playing the khutah, which is infinitely worse than the Moorish drum.

On passing through two gates we came to a fountain. It was surrounded by a mob of water-carriers. Tattered rags fluttered over their naked legs. They fought fiercely for precedence in filling their water skins. Women whose faces were covered with the exception of an eye crouched on the ground near by, selling bread. The magnificent Moor in flowing white robe and spotless turban, strutted majestically by, not deigning to cast his haughty glance at us. The streets swarmed with children in various costumes. The small shops were packed with men sitting cross-legged. Above, below, around, and beneath there was dirt of every description. Fortunately for us, the vile smells had been tempered by recent rains. In summer the stench is said to be almost unbearable.

This morning we were awakened early by a great noise. We heard cries, shouts, and beating of drums, the firing of guns, and the steady tramp of animals, biped and quadruped. These were the thousands who had filled the "soko" returning to their home in Fez, Morocco, and the great desert of Sahara. There is, however, a dense resident population.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

### Feline Prescience.

I must give a fact which was communicated to me many years ago by an old physician, of which the good old man assured me he was an eye witness. In his house were two old cats, each with a litter of kittens but a few days old. One of the cats was very young, it was her first litter, and the old cat was her mother. It was noticed that the younger cat did not seem well. Each one had her litter by herself, although both were in the same room. As the old cat lay suckling her own litter the young cat came to her mother and made a low mewing, then went to her own litter. The old cat followed her immediately began removing the grand-kittens, adding them to her own. The truth was, she had adopted them, and seemingly at the request of their mother, for not many minutes more had elapsed before they were orphaned by their mother's death.

## Not Yet.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"Not yet," she cried "not yet!  
It is the dawning, and life looks so fair,  
Gleams my little hour of sun and dew,  
Is it a sin that I should crave my share,  
The common sunshine and the common air,  
Before I go away, dark shade, with you?  
Not yet!"

"Not yet," she cried "not yet!  
The day is hot and noon is rising strong,  
And every hour is measured by a task;  
There is no time for sighing or for song,  
Leave me a little longer, just so long  
As till my work is done—'tis all I ask,  
Not yet!"

"Not yet," she cried "not yet!  
Nightfall is near and I am tired and frail,  
Day was too full, now resting time has come;  
Let me sit still and hear the night gale,  
And see the sunset colors shift and pale,  
Before I take the long hard journey home;  
Not yet!"

And to all these in turn,  
Come a Death, the unbidden, universal guest,  
With deep and ungen meanings in his eyes,  
And popped flowers upon his brow, his cast  
Whispering; "Life is good, but I am best;  
And never parted soul looks back and cries,  
Not yet!"

## CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

## CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Nora has sent you her most prized possession," said Vance abruptly, as Nettie turned to him with a little gasp, too bewildered and taken aback to speak, while Jenny and Mrs. Clare pressed forward to examine the costly gift.

"But ought I to take them, Vance," she asked shyly—"jewels like these?"

"My dear, she is weighed down with jewels. Nora has more than she will ever wear or care for."

"But her mother's jewels—surely she must prize them!" the girl said, in a tone almost of distress. "If they had been any other jewels!"

"My dear Nettie, she could not give you Lord de Gretton's presents; these are her own," the young man answered a little brusquely, for he hated to think the state to which his step-sister must have been brought before this last sacrifice was made.

Nora had always been generous—the value of her gift was nothing; in her new state she could afford that and more. But these had been a sort of fetish to the Nora of the old days. She who would cheerfully strip herself of every other possession lent these only with extreme reluctance. It had always seemed to hurt her to see them glittering on Cristine's white neck and arms, as, at the time of the Nettleton balls, they not unfrequently did, for Miss Singleton admired the pretty jewels sincerely and what she admired or coveted she seldom failed to obtain. Vance knew in his heart that, if Nora had been Arthur Beaupre's wife, she would have worn her mother's pearls at her own bridal, and parted with them only at her daughter's; but now what did another link with the old life matter?

"There is a note too," Nettie said, flushing with pleasure as she read the few lines Nora had enclosed to give fresh value to her present. "Oh, read it, Vance; is it not kind?"

It was, the young man thought, as kind as it was brief—a last glimpse of the old Nora, who was to be merged in Lady de Gretton so soon—a little praise of Vance, a fervent wish for his happiness, a promise of future friendship—that was all; but it brought the tears to Nettie's honest eyes and an uncomfortable dimness to her lover's.

"How sweet she is, Vance!" the little girl cried enthusiastically. "She has given the one thing that was wanting to make me quite content. No, no, do not be absurd, sir. I did not mean the pearls, of course, but a word of kindness from your own home."

"Nora was always kind and thoughtful for others," Vance said, with a sigh, his own happiness making him in some dim fashion comprehend the sharpness of his old playfellow's pain. "Poor Nora, I wish we in turn could do something for her!"

"Who knows? Perhaps we may," Nettie said, with a sagacious nod.

The words, seriously spoken, made Vance laugh.

"My dear Nettie," he said with his most superior air, "do you really imagine that Mrs. Vance Singleton could render Lady de Gretton any service? That would indeed be a case of the mouse and the lion!"

"Exactly so," Nettie agreed, looking up innocently into the handsome face. "Why, Vance, what a singularly *a propos* quotation! The mouse did free the lion, you know, when the lion was caught in the toils."

The saucy little creature certainly had the best of the argument, as Vance was forced, with a grim smile, to admit. But the smile soon faded, for he carried on the allegory in his thoughts, and remembered that from the toils in which Nora had even ceased to struggle Death alone could set her free.

The next day Nettie wore her pearls at the altar, and left them in her mother's charge when the young pair started on their brief honeymoon-trip. It was a very brief one—an elysian week across the silver Solent, and then back to hard work and homely duties.

A round of country engagements lay before them, and then that grand *debut* in town which was to make or mar Vance Singleton's fortune, and which, in either case, was to be the signal for breaking the news to the Bruces. On this they were both agreed; Nora's wedding would be over and Lord de Gretton's haughty displeasure a thing of small account. Once they knew Nettie, Captain and Mrs. Bruce were sure to like her, the bridegroom proudly thought; and as for Cristine—well, she would be horrified, of course; but he could not mould his life anew to please Cristine. So they planned the course of events, hopefully and cheerfully enough, knowing nothing of the storm-cloud gathering darkly over their innocent heads.

The end of August found them finishing a week's engagement at Stoke Vernon, the small West-Country town to which so terrible a celebrity was soon to attach. It was the regatta week, the annual awakening of the slumberous little place, and the run on amusements of any kind was—for Stoke Vernon—tremendously great.

The queer irregularly-built town did not, of course, possess a theatre, or even a hall of any decent size or shape, and Nettie, who, on the strength of her growing popularity, was getting a little proud, was very much disposed to pooh-pooh the engagement. But her husband's popularity was still in the clouds, she had a vacant week, and, even could he have spared the pound, he could not spare the practice, so he asserted his rights as lord and master to accept the manager's offer, and Nettie, with only the mute protest of an exquisitely comical grimace, gave in, and followed him whither the guiding hand of Providence most surely led.

The work was easy in that easy-going place, and, as they had much time at their disposal, they wandered through the outskirts of the town, up the green fern-clad hills, and through the lovely over-arched lanes, lounged on the broad red sands, hunted for madrepores and sea-anemones in the clear cool green pools amid the slippery boulders, sailed on the summer sea, and, as Nettie said, renewed the enchantment of the honeymoon in the oddest and most unexpected fashion.

"Are you sorry we came?" Vance asked her, with a half laugh, one morning, being so very sure what the answer would be.

"Sorry!"—the pretty girlish face, to which the fresh morning breeze gave back all the dainty coral tints the gaslight stole away, lighted all over with the energy of her answer. "Vance, I wish we could stop here for a month—and we must go to-morrow."

"Ah, well," he said philosophically—it is very easy to be philosophical when you lie on your back in the shade and dreamily watch the gray spiral smoke of your cigar

float up in curling clouds to the far perfect blue of a Devonshire sky—"ah, well, all things must end, the brightest the soonest! I should say that was a poetical quotation, only I don't believe the English language supplies 'soonest' with a rhyme. We have laid in a large stock of fresh air and sunshine; we have seen all that is to be seen."

"That I deny," Nettie broke in energetically. "There is one sight I have set my heart on seeing, Vance; and your laziness shall not stand in my way."

Vance groaned in spirit at the words, and looked with meek deprecation into his pretty tyrant's face, though all the time he knew the look was utterly wasted. If Nettie had a fault, of which fact he felt by no means sure, it was that she, so fearfully energetic, had so little appreciation of the *dolce far niente*, which was the truest joy of her husband's life.

"Troubler of my tranquility," he said, with a deep sigh, "what is there you still wish to see?"

"That," Nettie said, concisely; and she pointed with her forefinger up to the terraced height above, where a small pretty house gleamed marble white against the framing darkness of the trees.

"My dear girl"—with great relief Vance dropped back in his place, nestling the back of his head comfortably in his open palms—"an Englishman's house is his castle. I cannot take it by storm and run the risk of being arrested as a trespasser, even to satisfy your laudable interest in your neighbours' affairs."

"Have you quite done?" Nettie asked serenely. "Because, if so, you had better dust your coat, which is covered with red sand, and come up the hill with me. An Englishman may show his castle, may he not, you foolish boy?"

"But this not a castle, but a cottage," Vance pleaded forlornly.

"Exactly. It is Cliff Cottage, the marine residence of our county member, Mr. Dalmaine, and one of the show-places of the neighborhood. I read all that in the guide-book, Vance; so you see it must be true."

Mr. Singleton did not see; but protest was evidently useless. He resigned himself to his fate, which was not a very hard one, after all, for, though the sun was warm, the paths were exquisitely shady, and vistas of green beauty opened on every side.

"You are good-tempered," Nettie said, with an affectionate and remorseful squeeze of the gray-clad arm, as the handsome young pair stood at the lodge gate, awaiting the answer to their modest summons. "After all, you know, I had no business to tyrannise and triumph over you like that."

Poor Nettie! It was well she made her little apology when she did, for, after all, the triumph was not hers. The woman who opened the gate civilly informed them that Cliff Cottage was not on view that day.

"But I understand from the guide-book that it was always open to tourists," persisted poor Nettie, with a very crestfallen look; and her husband could not repress an unmerciful grin.

"Quite right, madam; but, in the circumstances, you see—"

"I suppose that Mr. Dalmaine has returned home?" Vance interposed, thinking it time to come to the poor baffled explorer's relief.

"Oh, no, sir!" the woman said, with a surprised look, as though he had shown strange ignorance of a matter of general and engrossing interest. "Mr. Dalmaine is still in Italy; but did you not know that he has rented the cottage to Lord de Gretton for his honeymoon? We expect his lordship and her ladyship to-day."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Lord de Gretton and his lady will be here to-day."

The woman closed the gate with the words, and left the young pair staring blankly each in the face of the other. To each the shock was great; to Vance it

brought a sharp and stinging pain. The thought that his little sister Nora, his pet playmate and loyal friend, was so near at hand, and yet so immeasurably distant, brought him down from his happy cloud-land into a disenchanted region of uncomfortable fact.

"I wish I had seen her!" Nettie said, pausing at the brow of the steep hill to glance wistfully up at the green belt of trees and the pretty white cottage, on which the sunlight fell dazzlingly. "Shall I ever see her, Vance?"

The young man shook his head; his honest bright young eyes were dark with pain. Still it was hard to give up all thought of seeing Nora; nothing seemed more improbable than friendship between a couple of strolling players and Lord de Gretton's wife; and yet—The young pair however, had not much time for moody thought; they were to leave Stoke Vernon by the early morning train, and travel straight to Glasgow, where their next engagement was made; their luggage, duly labelled with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Vansittart's name, had been sent on before them, and they were burdened only with the ulsters, travelling wraps, and hand-bags which even the wisest of women will deem necessary.

As fate would have it, Vance grumbled a little at these superfluities when she set them out overnight; but Nettie laughingly appealed to the landlady, with whom she was at the moment settling all accounts, to say if she had one article too many, and the good woman promptly assured her she had not, adding with that superior smile which most men know only too well and dread—

"Gentlemen never understand these things, mum. I dare say Mr. Vansittart will be glad enough you took your wraps before the day is out."

Nettie laughed, and drew her straps a little tighter as she looked over her shoulder at her lord; the meekness of his aspect disarmed her, and she only said brightly—

"Oh, you must not think him a tyrant, Mrs. Stubbs! He hardly ever grumbles; do you, Vance? But when I left so many things out, I thought that maid, or dresser, with whom I made a half-engagement would have been here to carry them. It is very disappointing."

"It is indeed," the woman said sympathetically. "Little Polly—my grandchild, you know—might help; but I think the train goes at six."

"At six a.m. precisely," Vance said with a laugh. "My dear Mrs. Stubbs, you do not suppose I really mind those things! I claim my privilege to grumble, that's all."

"And, as I weakly told her what train we start by, I have no doubt that Hesba Greer will meet us at the station, and congratulate herself on the fact that we have done all her work for her," Nettie finished, with her quaint little shrug.

And so the matter dropped, passing from their thoughts as a thing of small account then, to be recalled with strange and startling significance afterwards.

The next day, as fair and bright an August morning as ever dawned upon this sad and sin-stained earth found Vance and Nettie early astir. Indeed a strange restlessness possessed them both. When they had swallowed the milk and bread Mrs. Stubbs laid out in the little sitting-room, it was still only half past-four; they had more than an hour to spare.

"Your watch was wrong, Vance," Nettie said, with comic dismay. "We cannot stay here all that time; let us run down and have a farewell peep at the sea."

Vance was nothing loath; so, softly letting themselves out, they walked down the irregular High Street, over the hills and so down to the beach.

The wind blew fresh and cold across the open sea; but Nettie, in her trimly-buttoned ulster and close little velvet cap, did not mind the chilliness, and revelled in the salt sea-breeze. Chatting gaily, she ran on from stone to stone, as light-hearted as any child, while her husband

followed more soberly and more slowly, as became his condition.

Nevertheless he enjoyed the expedition as much as she did, and followed the springy figure with admiring eyes, until it disappeared round a projecting point of the cliff-line, where the boulders were thick and the red sand was hardly to be seen.

"Take care you foolish child—you may get a nasty fall!" Vance cried, in sudden fear; but the warning words had hardly left his lips, when they were terribly answered by a wild despairing cry and an agonized "Vance, Vance, for pity's sake come quickly," in Nettie's clear shrill voice.

It hardly took him a second to lay down all that encumbered him and fly to his wife's assistance, yet in that flash of time a thousand agonizing possibilities flashed through his mind, a thousand scenes of horror rose before him, but not one—oh, merciful Heaven, not one, so terrible, as that which met his sight!

Upon the very verge of the sea, perched on a slippery rock which every instant threatened to dislodge her, stood Nettie, with both arms flung round a slender and desperately struggling female figure.

"Vance, come! I cannot hold her any longer!" Nettie gasped; and in another second Vance stood beside her, and she slipped gently to the ground.

For the moment the young fellow thought only of his brave wife's peril, and while his eyes turned eagerly to her, he restrained the woman's desperate struggles with unconsciously savage force.

Suddenly those struggles ceased, the head dropped back on his shoulder, the body lay an inert weight in his arms. So sudden was the change from violent muscular action to complete repose that it nearly overbalanced him, and, but for Nettie's prompt movement, he would have fallen.

"The poor creature has fainted; she tried to kill herself! Oh, Vance, who is she?"

Nettie's terrified whisper thrilled him like an electric shock. He lifted the prone head; the black hair fell back from the white ghastly face. It was Nora!

"Nora!" Vance said blankly; and he could say no more. For the moment his senses deserted him, and he thought he had indeed gone mad. The whole thing seemed so wildly incredible. Nora, the courted, flattered bride of yesterday, Nora, Lady de Gretton, this desperate fugitive, this would-be suicide! It could not, could not be!

"Vance!" Nettie's voice broke in upon the young man's trance of horror. While he stood staring, trying vainly to understand, she had poured brandy from a flask, and in her quiet helpful fashion, had done her best to call the wandering spirit back. "Vance, come here! What does this mean?"

With a shudder she pointed to some dark spots on the soft velvet skirt, to the stained lace round the pretty wrists, to the small cold hands, which were red with blood.

"Wash them, Vance," she turned away her head, not able to endure the terrible sight. "She has tried to kill herself; she has been driven mad! Oh, Heaven help us all!"

She broke down in a passion of hysterical tears, a brief storm that cleared the atmosphere, and left brave Nettie free to think and act. Vance obeyed her, in a sort of blind stupor, finding as yet no clue to the maze of horror in which his mind was lost.

Meantime, with a long gasping breath, Nora opened her eyes. They rested on the white stern face that bent above her, wildly at first, then with a recognizing glance.

"Vance," she said hoarsely—"Vance! and here! And I—"

She raised her head from Nettie's lap and looked round her, then at her dress, and then, oh, Heaven, the wordless horror of her look, the maddened gleam of the dark dilating eyes!—she threw out her arms and would have broke into the weird wailing cry that woke the dangerous

echoes once before; but Nettie placed one hand upon her lips.

"Be silent, for your own sake and ours," she said authoritatively. "We are here to save you—Vance and I."

But Nora struggled pitifully to break from the strong kind clasp.

"No, no, let me die; it is the only way!" she moaned restlessly. "Vance they will hang me if I am found! Arthur is here, alive and well, and he—is dead—murdered!"

Vance Singleton glanced at his wife; her face was deathly white, but full of steady purpose. She had divined already that which was slowly dawning, in all its ghastly horror, on the man's mind.

"Who is dead, Nora?" Vance asked sternly; and the answer came with a terrible promptitude that made his heart stand still.

"Lord de Gretton. Look!"—holding out her hands with a loathing gesture. "His blood is upon me—the curse of Cain! Oh, Vance, for my father's sake, for yours, for all of our sakes, let me die! The sea is better than the hangman!"

"She is mad," Nettie said, noticing the abhorrence with which Vance drew back from this plain confession of her crime. "Vance, it may be false or true, this—this story; but, truth or delusion, we must save her, if there is yet time."

"Listen, Nora! For your father's sake you must obey us now. We are leaving this place; you must travel with us. Remember that one word such as you have spoken here would kill your father. Do you understand me?"

Nora's wild passion had exhausted her strength by this time. Only the unnatural glitter of the restless eyes told of the fire that burned within. She bent her head, and stood trembling from head to foot, but made no effort to escape, while Nettie, rapidly removing her own ulster, buttoned it over the tell-tale dress which she could not touch without a shudder, placed the black velvet hat on the bare head, and tied a thick Shetland veil across the face that must needs have betrayed her.

"Take her to the station at once, Vance," she said, with an authority her husband dare not dispute. "The things are there; it will all seem natural. Do not waste an instant."

"And you?"

In all the whirl and confusion of the moment, with Nora's hand held tightly within his arm, and his heart throbbing in a mingled tumult of horror and pity at the contact, Vance glanced back still at the slender girl-figure bareheaded in the morning sunlight; but she only waved him on frantically.

"Go; I will follow with the things. You forget Mrs. Vansittart's maid will travel with you," she said, with a ghastly little smile. "For pity's sake waste no time!"

The walk to the station was a short one; but it seemed to stretch on and on for ever. And on that morning, early as it was, the streets were by no means deserted; the little town was emptying fast of the visitors drawn thither by the regatta, and Vance dreaded every moment, that he would encounter some chance theatrical acquaintance who would insist on pausing to bid him "good-bye." And beside that terror was the other haunting fear that Nora's frenzy would break out again.

But fortune favored—no, Vance never used that false and flippant phrase; reverently and humbly he acknowledged that Heaven helped him in his desperate need. He met no one. And Nora walked beside him with an automatic obedience that saved her. They reached the station, mingled unobserved with the boisterous, chatting, laughing crowd that waited for the "cheap and nasty train," and almost before her husband dared expect her, Nettie joined him there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

As a rule, everything eatable at table should be eaten with spoon or fork. Stewed prunes, however, may be taken with a pruning knife.

## MUSIC and the Drama.

### Abbey Thoughts.

Tell me not in accents cruel  
Sembraich is a pearl of price!  
Say not Nilsson is a Jewel,  
Or Trebelli just as nice.

Talk no more of Campini,  
Stagno and the costly crew;  
Verdi, Gounod and Rossini,  
To them all I bid adieu.

How I hate the name of tenor,  
How I loathe the sight of bass;  
Save me from all singing men, or  
Women of the Tuscan race!

Every note is twenty dollars;  
Ev'ry scale a silver mine;  
What a prima donna collars  
Would buy up a royal line.

First soprano takes the boxes;  
Second ditto all the floor,  
All that's left to us a Vox is,  
Præter nil or little more.

Tell me not it would be shabby  
Op'ra never more to bloom;  
I should be a ruined Abbey  
And my backers in the Tomb.  
*Tarello in New York Journal.*

### The Black Flag

The "Black Flag" is already familiar to our theatre goers, and needs therefore but few words at our hands. It is one of the least interesting of the melodramas with which we have of late been over-run, and cannot be compared, either for literary merit or dramatic interest, to the "Silver King"—which, by the way, follows it next week—"The Lights o' London," or the "Romany Rye." Nevertheless it contains a good story, fairly well told, and with the aid of good acting and capital scenery, draws well wherever produced. Of the company now performing in it we need not say much. Mr. Edwin Thorne still plays the leading part of *Harry Glendon*, and, as before, shows himself a thoroughly sterling actor throughout. The entire cast is, however, a good one, but especial mention must be made of Master Harry Woodruff's impersonation of *Ned*, the cabin boy, the part played by Eliza Weathersby (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin) on its first production here. Master Woodruff is only a lad of thirteen or fourteen, but evidently has in him the stuff of which good actors are made. His remarkably excellent acting is one of the features of the performance, and meets with deserved applause.

The Katharine Rogers dramatic company were billed to play in St. John, N. B., for five nights. For two nights the attendance was small, and on the third night the doors of the hall were closed, the company's manager and the local manager having had a disagreement. Finally the company started for New York, except E. J. Parker, Miss Rogers' manager, and Frank O. Rose, an actor, who had Parker arrested on a writ of capias, alleging that Parker owed him a week's salary.

The theatre in Twenty-third street, N. Y., in which the late Salmi Morse did not publicly produce his "Passion Play" has been sold by auction. It was knocked down to Alfred B. Darling for \$144,000. The property was owned by Darling and Griswold. Mr. Griswold died some six months ago, and the sale was for the purpose of partitioning the property. Sheridan Shook was a bidder for the theatre. Mr. Darling has not decided what he will do with it.

Mr. Bandmann, the German tragedian, has made arrangements for a brief engagement in San Francisco, and will take a company with him to that city in the summer. Mr. Bandmann has not thus far been fortunate in a financial sense in his tour of this country. He has, however made more money in California than in any other part of America, and his

hopes of the forthcoming engagement are immense.

The attraction at the Grand Opera House next week will be that most successful and attractive melodrama "The Silver King," which drew such large audiences on its first presentation here. With a few exceptions the company is, we understand, the same that first produced the piece here, and which was admitted on all hands to be an unusually strong one.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard, the enterprising manager of the Grand Opera House, has been tendered a benefit performance by the "Black Flag" Co., which will take place on Saturday evening, first. The many friends of Mr. Sheppard will doubtless rally round him and give him a bumper house.

Miss F. H. Churchill, a Boston elocutionist, already favorably known to Toronto audiences, gave an evening of readings and recitations at Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday evening. We regret that we cannot do more than allude to the fact of her appearance here.

Our readers are reminded of the concert of the Choral Society on Tuesday next. Mrs. Wells Tanner will be the attraction, and selections from Haydn's "Seasons" will form the programme.

Mrs. Jersey Lily Langtry declined to play at a matinee on Ash Wednesday, it being a religious fast day. All the same, however, she sat out and enjoyed a negro minstrel matinee on the same day.

A Washington despatch of Saturday last says the President gave a dinner that evening in honor of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, to which a few intimate friends were invited.

### Funeral of a Paris Rag-Picker.

The funeral of the Paris chiffonnier who suddenly died at the indignation meeting passed off quietly. Fortunately, papers proving his identity were found on him, and the transfer of the body to the morgue was thus rendered unnecessary. The burial-place of his part of Villette being almost out of town, there was no occasion to take the corpse through the crowded quarters. The deceased was 73, and when laid out his head resembled Blanqui's. The hovel in which he lived was on the top of a wooden shed, approached by outside stairs, bare, reeking with damp, but not dirty. Aristocratic Paris went to visit this slum, and word-pictures of it are given in all the boulevard journals. The body of the old chiffonnier was laid out on a straw mattress. A holy-water font was nailed over his bed, and a crucifix placed on his breast. Notwithstanding this sign of Catholicism, his brother ragmen, who subscribed to give him a decent burial, insisted on its being civil. They placed on the coffin a black bead crown bearing the inscription "A notre ami," and an immense one of immortelles. About a thousand poor people, comprising some blind and decrepit led by ragged children, attended the funeral. An old ragman, one Trolley, made a speech of concentrated vigor and good sense which astonished the reporters. It sharply contrasted with a frothy one delivered by M. Roche, a socialist journalist, who attempted to inflame the chiffonniers by telling them that the prefecture quailed before policeman but would not yield to ragmen. Another chiffonnier described his interview with M. Poubelle, whom he called "an empty headed man, inflated with vanity and indifferent to misery." He caused a future candidate for a seat in the chamber to read some verses he wrote in honor of the defunct. All the while heavy rain was falling, and the poor people returned to their wretched homes sadly drenched.—*Paris Cor. London Daily News.*

P. T. Barnum's will, which has just been made, covers seven hundred pages. He will most likely advertise it as "the greatest will on earth."

# I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

MODERATO.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, common time signature. The music is in a minor key. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, common time signature. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D3, E3, F3, and G3. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

Vocal line, first system. Treble clef, common time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics are: "I will be true to thee". A piano dynamic marking 'p' is present.

I will be true to thee Though I share in thy worst des - pair,

Piano accompaniment, first system. Treble clef, bass clef, common time signature. The treble staff has a piano dynamic marking 'p'. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D3, E3, F3, and G3.

Vocal line, second system. Treble clef, common time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The lyrics are: "I will be true to thee, Though my own heart be bowed with".

I will be true to thee, Though my own heart be bowed with

Piano accompaniment, second system. Treble clef, bass clef, common time signature. The treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D3, E3, F3, and G3.

Vocal line, third system. Treble clef, common time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics are: "care. Though cold ne - glect up - - on thy hopes may fall, Though". A forte dynamic marking 'f' is present.

care. Though cold ne - glect up - - on thy hopes may fall, Though

Piano accompaniment, third system. Treble clef, bass clef, common time signature. The treble staff continues with quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes D3, E3, F3, and G3. A forte dynamic marking 'f' is present.

2

fears of death may hov - er near thy soul, Though fu - - neral knells up-

on thine ears may toll, Yet I will be true to thee,

*Rall.*

*p a tempo.*

I will be true to thee, ..... I will be true to thee.

*p a tempo*

*f*

2

I will be true to thee,  
 Though I roam in a far off land,  
 Whether on earth or sea.  
 In a bower or desert strand,  
 Though darkest clouds may mar the morning beams,  
 And vapours dull may settle on the streams,  
 Though blighting time destroy thy fondest dreams,  
 Yet I will be true to thee,  
 I will be true to thee,  
 I will be true to thee,

3

I will be true to thee;  
 I will pray for thee night and day;  
 Wilt thou be true to me,  
 As in years that have rolled away?  
 When all thy childhood's dearest hopes have fled  
 And gloomy visions linger round thy head,  
 When all thy dear and early friends are dead,  
 Then I will be true to thee,  
 I will be true to thee,  
 I will be true to thee.

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Coffee.

The best part of the breakfast is the coffee—that is, when it is the best. Although good coffee is one of the simplest things to make, yet it is one of the rarest to find, either in public or private houses. Like all simple dishes, every attention must be given to the details. Good coffee may be made in two or three different ways, but in the first place you must have good coffee—the older the better—for, like wine, coffee improves with age. Always buy the berry whole, roasting and grinding it at home. It should be roasted at least once a week, and probably it would pay the amateur to do it daily, but the grinding must be done just before using.

Dean Swift always roasted his coffee with his own hands, as Pope tells us, and that he had an "engine for the purpose." If Pope had only described the "engine," this age of coffee drinkers would have cause to thank him, for it is the pressing need of the age—something practical for roasting coffee at home, in small quantities. Now we will imagine that we have the green coffee berry that we selected with great care several years ago—old Java and Mocha—in equal quantity, and we will either bruise it in a mortar until it is reduced to a fine powder, in the oriental custom, or we will grind it very fine, and place in the receiver of a French coffee-pot; about ten minutes before it is wanted; then pour a little boiling water on the coffee—the first boiling of the water is an essential detail—and let it drip through. Repeat this process at least five times during the ten minutes. Our rule for the quantity used is a tablespoonful of ground coffee to each cup of water. Another way, and equally good, is to place the ground coffee in cold water—soft water is always best—and in a tight vessel place it over the fire; close watchfulness is necessary here, for the moment the bubbles form before the boiling begins, it must be taken from the fire and allowed to stand on the back of the stove for a few moments to settle; or a very little cold water poured in from the top will settle the grounds.

Still another, and our present manner of making good coffee, is to place the ground coffee in a tightly-covered coffee-pot—even to the spout is covered—and pour boiling water, slowly, over the coffee. Allow this to stand on the stove, where it will simmer, but not boil, for ten minutes, and it is ready for the table. Always remember never to boil coffee. The aroma passes off with the steam; keep it to be enjoyed from the cup.

A Remarkable Case.

An inquest was held recently at Belfast on the body of a person who for many years has been known as John Coulter, but who, on dying on Sunday from the result of injuries accidentally received, was discovered to be a woman. Evidence was given to the effect that for twenty years she had worked in male attire as a laborer at Belfast quays; that twenty-nine years ago she got married in Dunganon to a woman who was examined at the inquest, and deposed that the deceased was her husband; that they had been separated for the past six years on account of the drinking habits of the deceased, whom she throughout described as her husband. At the time of their marriage the deceased was a farm servant in the employ of the witness' father. The evidence went to show that as far as could be traced the deceased had always worn men's clothing, and had been engaged in men's work. The death was the result of injuries sustained by falling down stairs on Sunday last while she was in a state of intoxication. The woman who had been married to deceased undertook to inter the remains of her so-called husband.—*St James' Gazette.*

The folks who saw his shadow on the window curtain thought he was in a paroxysm of delirium. But he was merely putting on his overcoat.



LADIES' COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—An exceptionally graceful mantelet, the "Lilea," is combined with the "Valusia" skirt in this stylish costume. The dress is made of slate-gray imperial serge, bands of velvet of a darker shade forming the trimming on the front of the skirt, which is the same as that shown in Fig. 2. The mantelet is made of black Ottoman silk combined with velvet brocaded Ottoman, the latter material forming the sleeves or shoulder-pieces, which are inserted with a slight fullness at the tops, giving a moderately high effect, and the plain Ottoman forming the pointed back pieces and the long pointed tabs which constitute the front. The brocaded portions are trimmed with rich chenille fringe, while on the tabs, and carried up the fronts, is a ruffle of "Kursheedt Standard" black Spanish lace headed by a handsome jet passementerie, the lace also forming a full ruche around the neck. These laces are noted for their fine finish and superior silky lustre, and sample sheets of patterns will be sent on applica-

tion the "Kursheedt Standard Manufacturing Co.," New York City. The garniture is completed by bows of velvet-faced Ottoman ribbon on the tabs, and a large one on the back fastened by a jet ornament. Bonnet with rows of gold cord forming the crown, the brim faced with black velvet, a *rouleau* of velvet around the crown, and a cluster of purple and gold pansies at the left side. The pattern of the mantelet is in two sizes, medium and large. Price, twenty-five cents each. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

FIG. 2.—Costume made of camel's hair cloth of a golden brown color, the skirt the same as that shown on Fig. 1, the "Valusia," with bands of dark blue velvet across the front, and the basque, the "Christine," completed by a vest of velvet brocaded satin, golden brown and dark blue, the same fabric need to face the plaits in the back. The revers, which impart a military effect and are very becoming, are trimmed with rows of blue velvet ribbon. *Creme lisse*

ruching at the neck and wrists. For price of skirt pattern, see previous description. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG. 3.—The "Patricia," redingote is here shown as part of a costume of mastic colored bison cloth, combined with dark brown velvet. The skirt is walking length, without drapery, trimmed all around with three gathered ruffles of the material, and on the front with five ruffles surmounted by two sagging puffs. The redingote, which is tight-fitting, has the necessary fullness imparted to the back by box-plaits let in at the side form and back seams, and the broad velvet revers in the front are turned back from a velvet vest. Both collars, one standing and the other deep and turned over, also the cuffs, are of velvet. Hat of brown straw, faced and trimmed with brown velvet, and ornamented at the left side with a large cluster of mastic and brown feathers. Patterns of redingote, thirty cents each size.

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, Paris London, and New York.

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

An Inconstant Moon.

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.

## Health Department.

### White or Brown Bread.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* condenses the evidence in favor of wheat-meal bread in the following paragraph:

"The earliest (?) agitator in the matter observed, two years ago, when travelling in Sicily, that the laboring classes there live healthily and work well upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of which is bread made of well-ground wheat-meal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means the only people so supported. 'The Hindus of the north-western province can walk fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food than "chapatties," made of the whole meal with little "ghee" or Galam butter.' Turkish Arab porters, capable of carrying burdens of from four hundred to six hundred pounds, live on bread only, with the occasional addition of fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Romans of old time lived their vigorous lives on bread made of wheat-meal. In northern as well as southern climates we find the same thing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and elsewhere, the poor live chiefly on bread, always made from some whole meal—wheat, oats, or rye—and the peasantry, of whatever climate, so fed, always compare favorably with our South English poor, who, in conditions of indigence precluding them from obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not to death at least into sickness, on the white bread it is our modern English habit to prefer. White bread alone will not support animal life. Bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subject of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions—to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon and so forth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain remained vigorous, healthy, and well nourished. Whether an originally healthy human being, fed solely on white bread for forty days, would likewise die at the end of that time, remains of course, a question. The tenacity of life exhibited by Magendie's dogs will not evidently bear comparison with that of the scarcely yet forgotten forty days' wonder, Dr. Tanner. Nor is it by any means asserted that any given man or any given child would certainly remain in vigorous health for an indefinite length of time if fed solely on wheat-meal bread. Not a single piece of strong evidence has been produced, however, to show that he would not, and in the only case in which whole-meal bread has been tried with any persistency, or on any considerable scale among us—to wit, in jails—facts go to show such bread to be an excellent and wholesome substitute for more costly forms of nutritious food."

### The Philosophy of Dirt.

Lord Palmerston defined dirt as "matter out of place," and in some respects the definition was a shrewd one. Nothing is cleaner than sawdust; yet the good housekeeper who sees it on her carpet, loathes it as unclean. The crumbs of bread or cake, which certainly ought to be clean enough to put into one's mouth, violate all notions of neatness and cleanliness when dropped upon the floor. The turtle, in the mud, can have no notion of his vileness; on the contrary he delights in it, as does the ant in his earthen house, and the angle-worm in his cavern of dirt.

This is undoubtedly true of some people, as of some animals. There is a great outcry in London, as in other large cities, over the filth and poverty of the poor. But the Rev. Mr. Parker, of that city, does not altogether share in that opinion. He says that many of the families which are pitied for having to live in one filthy, unventilated room, neither ask nor deserve pity. In fact, they prefer to live in that way, and would do so

if they had all Heaven at their disposal. "Dirt," he adds, "has its warm friends, even amongst people who are not numbered amongst the outcast poor. I say this to guard benevolent persons against the notion that dirt and poverty are synonymous terms. I am given to understand that even some Christians have a wonderful liking for anything slovenly and slipshod; at least I have heard women screaming to other people to hold the fort and ring the bells of Heaven whose stockings would have been better for a day's darning."

Even if their dirt is an offence only in the eyes of others, yet on account of the sickness and death-breeding character of filth, something is due to other people's rights in having the sources of disease removed.—*Free Press.*

### Wheat Should Be Eaten as it Grows.

Every physician in this country who is posted on cereal foods knows that wheat, as it grows (except the skin), contains more nutrition than any other food, either cereal, animal, or vegetable. It was intended that we should eat wheat as it grows, as we do an apple or a potato, all but the skin, but there has never, until recently, been known any possible means or way to make all of the wheat fine; hence the miller has given us nothing but "the beautiful white flour," from which the best or more nutritious part of the wheat is eliminated, or the so-called "graham" flour a name, title, or brand which causeth a multitude of sins. Most of the "graham" flour sold in this country is nothing but a mixture of the lowest grades of white flour with bran. No physician who is posted on cereal foods and knows the merits of the entire wheat flour will advise anyone to eat graham flour, while every physician in this country and England, who has seen and knows what it is, uses and recommends the entire wheat flour, which fact is explained by a short statement of the way it is made, viz: The wheat is first cleaned in the usual way, then it goes to a machine which takes off the skin or husk; then it is reduced, not ground, by the regular roller process (except purifiers); then, after the separation by bolting of the bran from the white flour, the bran is reduced by special machinery; then by a system of spouting the bran and white flour are brought together and mixed in exactly the same proportion that existed in the berry. The flour is not only much more nutritious than any other, but will assimilate with the weakest stomach, because it is fine and contains all the gluten and phosphates there are in wheat, which can be said of no other flour in the world. It is cheaper than any other because it makes so much more bread, which is explained by the theory of porosity.—[Dr. Tooker in *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

### "The Hot Water Mania."

In dealing with physical ills which mankind is heir to, as in everything else, particular remedies, outside of those prescribed by regular physicians, have their season. Just now it is said to be hot water; and it is so much in vogue that the *Medical News* calls it the "hot water mania." People are taking hot water for every sort of ailment and disease. There are doubtless thousands of dyspeptics who devote themselves several times a day to the irritation of their stomachs by the use of hot water as a beverage. If people must be dosing, it is fair to assume that hot water, if its purity is assured, is a more innocent remedy than many which are indulged in. It is certainly a remedy at hand for which those must be thankful who are either poor in purse or reside a distance from physician and drug store. But there may be such a thing as too much hot water, as there is of many things which have more character. And this is what the *Medical News* asserts. It says that the physical effect of hot water taken into the stomach is to wash out that organ

and prepare it for better work, but he warns those who are after health in hot water that too much hot water injures instead of helps. Moreover it should be taken either before the process of digestion is begun or after it is completed. That is, the person who is seeking health by that remedy cannot devote his days to the drinking of hot water. It is fair to assume that, like other remedies, the water cure will have its day and the ailing public will turn to the remedy then held to be the popular one. May it be as simple, harmless, and above all as cheap as hot water.

### Natural Appetites.

The satisfying of hunger and thirst, including, of course, the pleasant taste of articles of nourishment, is an enjoyment, and doubtless it was meant to be the sufficient enjoyment connected with eating and drinking. Men are more unreasonable and exacting than the brutes, and have insisted on heightening the pleasure—for a little while—by adding the excitement of poison. Gluttons and drunkards sacrifice sense, self-respect, and even taste, for the sake of a temporary transport. Every youth who thinks will welcome the following helps to the study of himself and his natural appetites.

In order to distinguish a poison-stimulant from a harmless and nutritive substance, Nature has thus furnished us three infallible tests: 1. The first taste of every poison is either insipid or repulsive.

2. The persistent obtusion of the noxious substance changes that aversion into a specific craving.

3. The more or less pleasurable excitement produced by a gratification of that craving is always followed by a depressing reaction.

The first drop of a wholesome beverage (milk, cold water, cider fresh from the press, etc.) is quite as pleasant as the last: the indulgence in such pleasures is not followed by repentance, and never begets a specific craving.

Pancakes and honey we may eat with great relish whenever we can get them, but if we can't, we shall not miss them as long as we can satisfy our hunger with bread and butter.

In mid-winter when apples advance to six dollars a barrel, it needs no lectures and midnight prayers to substitute rice pudding for apple pie. A Turk may breakfast for thirty years on figs and roasted chestnuts, and yet be quite as comfortable in Switzerland, where they treat him to milk and bread.

Not so the dram-drinker; his "thirsts" cannot be assuaged with water or milk, his enslaved appetite craves the wonted tittle—or else a stronger stimulant. Natural food has no effect upon the poison-hunger; Nature has nothing to do with such appetites.

And it is well worth knowing—before experience teaches the bitter lesson—that strength is the effect of gratifying the natural appetites only, and weakness the effect of gratifying the unnatural ones. No competitor in an athletic contest who drinks alcoholic liquors can hold his own for half an hour; and even tobacco is disallowed there. One of the first things demanded of a young man who is going into training for a boat-race is, "Don't smoke."

### MEDICAL ITEMS.

In case of chill, or of symptoms of what is called a cold, or of bronchitis or pneumonia, the best preventive is an immediate bowl of hot oatmeal tea, made with a tablespoonful of oatmeal to a quart of boiling water and a little salt and milk; also a tub or basin of hot water for the feet.

THE HOT-WATER CURE.—Whenever Burke found himself indisposed he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or even five

quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour out a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint; and not only took it himself, but prescribed it with the confidence of a Saugrado to every patient that came in his way.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

HOT DINNERS.—One of the most fruitful sources of grumbling, and it must be admitted, of not unreasonable grumbling, among private soldiers is that, after being detained on duty, unavoidably until, long after the dinner hour, they are obliged to sit down to a half-cold and decidedly greasy repast, or else to one in which the heat has been retained at the cost of drying it to a cinder in the regulation oven. To remedy this grievance Sergeant J. Brown, master cook, Commissariat and Transport Corps, quartered at Aldershot, invented, ten or twelve months ago, a contrivance termed a "hot-water oven," consisting of an oblong metallic box, the top, sides, one end, and bottom of which are hollow, as also the partition dividing the oven into two, an upper and lower compartment. At the top is an orifice, closed by a screw-cap, through which is poured boiling water, entirely filling the space between the outer and inner case. The heat thus obtained for the interior will keep warm the dinners of twenty-four men, if in basins or canteens, or a larger number in dishes, and in no way deteriorated in quality from when first cut. This ingenious contrivance enables the cooks to keep the meals warm for four hours. This oven takes about six gallons of water, which, when it has performed its duty, is released by a tap. So successful has it proved, that four are in constant use in Aldershot, whilst two more have been sent to Woolwich and Chelsea. Unquestionably, the oven will be a boon to the service.—*British Medical Journal.*

DEBILITY AND ITS CURE.—Sea sickness is very easy with those who possess stamina and nerve. You come on board with this; then perhaps *mal de mer* attacks you. Well, if you keep below you have merely your own strength to defend you; if you go on deck, and keep on deck, you find allies, most valuable, in the pure bracing air of the sea, and in the sunshine, and in the walking exercise you take, to say nothing of the good mental effects that accrue from seeing everything that is taking place around you, and from exchanging ideas with your fellow passengers. In this way debility flies; you get stronger instead of weaker every day, and as you gain more and more strength farther and farther flies away the danger of becoming a victim to sea sickness. Debility must be fought by passengers going first to sea; and my advice to all is to prepare for the voyage for three weeks or a fortnight beforehand by regular living, temperance in everything, good diet, exercise and fresh air. Do not take stimulants at sea, or the liver is bound to go wrong, and your last state will be worse than your first.

Stock for English melodrama One healthy villain who puts up a job on the hero, packs the jury, and sends him to the penitentiary for indefinite period. One heroine who scorns villain's matrimonial offers and sticks to hero who has put his foot in it. One comic cockney in a red vest. One comic policeman. A pasteboard bridge, some snow. "Where am I? Me brain reels!" "Leave me, sir! I loathe you!" "Naught remains now but to beg!" "Merciful heavens!" "Ha! Ha!" "Yum-yum?" Mix these well. Keep vice ahead until the last act and then give virtue a chance. The design of the play is to show how the villains would not have been foiled except for their own foolishness.

## Current Events.

### Canadian.

The Government have decided to send an exploring expedition to Hudson's Bay with a view to establishing a route from there to Europe as an outlet to the traffic of the North-West.

The calico print works at Magog, P.Q., will soon be at work, and they are the first of the kind in Canada. Over a thousand cases of castings for them have been imported from England.

The Six Nation Indians, occupying the Grand River Reserve, near Brantford, intend to hold a grand centennial celebration in October, in honor of the fact that the Reserve has been occupied over one hundred years by the tribe.

A new railway bridge is projected to span the St. Lawrence at Quebec, uniting for railway purposes, Quebec and Point Levis. The bridge is to be of the cantilever pattern, 3,100 feet in length in all, with a centre span of 1,400 feet.

An old woman, named Isabella McWean, died recently at Essex Centre, where she had lived a sort of hermit life. There was found concealed in drawers, in her clothes, and in bed \$15,000 of money. A cousin a year out from Scotland, falls heir.

The Ladies' Medical College, established at Kingston, is reported to be in a very successful condition, financially and otherwise. Steps are now being taken to have it affiliated with Queen's University, for the purpose of conferring degrees.

The Canada Pacific railway steamers are all to be lighted with the Edison Electric light. The necessary apparatus has been ordered from the company now doing business at Hamilton, and all the inside and outside lights of the boats, including masthead lights are to be of that kind.

The descendants of the U. E. Loyalists of Adolphustown, Lennox County, have made arrangements of a U. E. L. centenary celebration there on the 16th of June. It was there, on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, that the first settlements were made in June 1784.

The Canada Pacific railway authorities are stated to have effected arrangements with the steamship companies whereby immigrants for the North-West will be landed at Montreal instead of Quebec, and taken direct to their destination, thus preventing their crossing into the United States.

Nearly six months ago an old man was choked to death at a hotel table, Niagara Falls, and an enterprising embalmer of that place preserved the body, expecting some friends would come and claim it and pay him well for his work. In this he has been disappointed, however, and now he is exhibiting the body as a specimen of his business skill. The body is said to be well preserved, and attracts a good deal of interest.

No fewer than 430 Ontario public school teachers retired from the profession in 1883. During the period 578 third-class certificates were extended by the Minister of Education, and 279 temporary certificates were authorised. Seventeen teachers in Wentworth County had their certificates extended; 820 third-class certificates were granted, 308 second-class, and 30 first-class. Of the latter 28 were granted to males and two to females.

A couple of young ladies, Miss McPherson of Kingston and Miss Armour of Toronto, had an exciting time of it on the ice opposite Kingston a few days ago. They were out driving with some others when the spirited horses ran away, throwing out the gentleman driving and one lady. The two ladies, left thus to themselves, cautiously got up the reins, lying on the whiffletrees, and tried to stop the team but could not. They then took turns in guiding their horses in a circle

and ran them round and round for more than half an hour, until the horses became tired out. Miss McPherson's hat was gone and her hands somewhat frost-bitten and benumbed by her long pull and strong pull. A good many from the city saw the exciting drive, and watched it with great interest.

### Great Britain.

An enormous crowd was gathered to hear Mr. Gladstone's opening address when he presented the Reform Bill to Parliament.

The Cunard Steamship Company has decided to invite subscription to the amount of £250,000 to defray the cost of the steamers "Umbria" and "Etruria," which are now building.

In Glasgow two boys have died, and about a dozen other persons have been ill, as a result, it is thought, of eating tinned mutton. Inquiries are being made into the circumstances of the mishap.

The earliest known musical instruments in Scotland were the harp and bagpipes; the exact date of their introduction is unknown, but both instruments were well known to the early Greeks and Romans.

Sir Henry Brand for so many years Speaker of the House of Commons, has been granted a retiring pension of \$4,000 a year, and elevated to the House of Lords, with the title of Lord Hampden of Glynde.

Saturday, Feb. 16th, was the anniversary of the commencement of the British National Debt, which took place on February 16th, 1689. It amounted in 1697 to about £5,000,000, and now amounts about £786,000,000.

A Parliamentary paper just published shows that the number of paupers in receipt of relief in England at Christmas last was 26,203 fewer than at the same period in 1882, and 26,130 fewer than in 1881. The decrease is about 3 per cent.

One of the speakers at a meeting the other night of the Manhattan branch of the Irish National League said that "dropping dynamite from balloons upon every city and village in England would be an expeditious way to obtain Irish independence."

The Great Eastern after having laid idle for years at her dock in England, has just been sold to the Government and will be used as a coal hulk in some of the outlying naval stations, probably at Gibraltar. The mammoth ship has always been too large for any practical service.

Instructions have been received at Chatham dockyard from the admiralty for the following vessels to be sold out of the navy, they having been condemned as unfit for further service:—The troopship "Dromedary," the armour-plated vessel "Erebus," the paddle steamer "Widgeon," and the line of battle ship "Gloucester."

The report of the Commissioners appointed by the British Home Secretary to inquire into the effects of excessive sizing of cotton manufactures on the health of the workpeople, states that during the last ten years there has been a large increase in the quantity of sized goods manufactured and in the average amount of sizing used; and that the balance of evidence shows that the dust and moisture, and more especially the absence of ventilation in the weaving sheds, has a deleterious effect on the health of that large proportion of the workers who have a predisposition to pulmonary and rheumatic diseases.

### United States.

A perfectly white peacock, the only one in this country, is on exhibition in Boston.

Congressman Stewart, of Texas, is the tallest member of the House. He measures a few inches over six feet.

A plain gold ring in New York has "officiated" at 185 weddings in two years. It is kept at Castle Garden, and loaned

for use by immigrants who want to marry there.

Roller skating is indulged in with undiminished ardor at the American Institute, with over a thousand skaters on the floor in an evening.

Mrs. Mary Brown, the widow of the late John Brown, the noted abolitionist, who was hanged for his zeal, died recently at San Francisco.

Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Ill., is going to ruin. Two of the supporting arches have collapsed, and one corner of the monument has settled several inches.

In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Phillips the movement for a statue of Wendell Phillips in Boston has been abandoned. It is, however, probable that a portrait of the great orator will soon adorn Faneuil Hall.

A woman has been tending a switch at a railroad junction near Macon, Ga., since 1862, having succeeded her husband, who was switchman for ten years previous. She is at her post from 6 in the morning till six in the evening, and during the whole long period of her service has never misplaced a switch. She is 62 years old.

This recent mortality in the rich Packer family, of Pennsylvania, is remarkable. The three possessors of an estate of some \$3,000,000 have followed each other to the grave in about two years. The father died of old age in 1882; the elder son, Robert, died unexpectedly in Florida last year; and now the second son has gone quite as suddenly. The two sons leave wealthy widows.

### Religious.

Of 484 ministers who left the Establishment Church of Scotland at the Disruption in 1843 over 100 are still alive.

Bunyan will now tell his dream to the Persians, thanks to the Rev. Mr. Porter, Presbyterian minister at Teheran, who has translated the "Pilgrim's Progress" into their language.

A new university has been located at Chattanooga, Tenn. It will be the central Methodist university in the South, and \$80,000 will be spent on it this year.

A Protestant Episcopal cathedral is to be built at Albany, N. Y., under the supervision of Bishop Doane, at an estimated cost of \$450,000. Its dimensions will be 260x95 feet, with spires 203 feet high.

The Methodist women of Baltimore, Md., propose to commemorate the approaching centennial of American Methodism, by raising \$200,000, for the founding in that city of an institution for the higher education of women.

A very successful reception was given the other evening by the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, Governor Robinson and Mayor Martin being among the honored guests, both of whom made happy and cheering addresses.

One of the lay delegates to the Wisconsin Conference was ninety-five years old. He seemed scarce eighty. When invited by Bishop Hurst to sit upon the platform he did so, but when invited to speak, modestly declined. That longevity is greatly increasing in this country is beyond doubt.

Bishop Robertson, of the Episcopal diocese of Missouri, says:—"For some time past almost all our accessions by ordination (to the ministry) have been from other religious bodies. It is difficult for me to recall when we have had a candidate who presented himself from the families of our own people."

The Lutheran churches in Saxony are introducing liturgical evening services, which meets both the wants and the favor of the people. The pastors take also the principal part in Sunday-school work, preferring children's services conducted by themselves to the English graded system.

Charles Bradlaugh, the infidel member

of Parliament, has a brother who is actively engaged in evangelical work. The latter disclaims any differences with his brother, except in religious opinions, and, though there is no fraternal companionship between them, he says he loves him as much as ever, and confidently looks for his conversion to Christianity.

The Scandinavians in Minnesota and Dakota give a cold shoulder to the Mormon missionaries. It is reported that sixteen of them were lately sent among the Scandinavians in those regions, who worked hard to make converts, but finally suspended their efforts, complaining that the "wicked Scandinavians would not receive them in their houses, nor listen to them, nor have anything to do with them."

The English Baptists have within the limits of the London postal district 231 churches, exclusive of mission-halls, while in England and Wales they have 2,476 churches, of which 540 are in the Principality. In Scotland there are 92 churches, and in Ireland 25, giving a grand total for the British Isles of 2,593 churches, as against 2,573 in 1882, showing an increase of 20 during the past year. The number of chapels is 3,738, and members 304,802, being an increase of 13,884 on last year.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman has been spending a few days in Baltimore, describing in various churches his Hebrew Christian work in New York city. So great an interest has been excited that a meeting has been called in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, to endeavor to establish a branch of his mission in that city. Mr. Freshman is a Canadian, and a member of the Methodist Conference here. His father, Rev. Jacob Freshman, was a converted Jewish Rabbi.

### Personal.

The Duke of Edinburgh having expressed a wish to be employed on active service the Admiralty have consented to give him command of a naval detachment, selecting his men from any three ships of the Channel Squadron.

The betrothal of the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse with the Grand Duke of Serdjus of Russia is officially announced. The Princess is the second daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice. She was born on Nov. 1st, 1884.

Garibaldi's statue, to be set up in Turin, represents the General standing on the summit of a rock in Caprera, his eyes directed to distant Italy. On the pedestal stands a female figure with a star on her forehead and a majestic lion—the latter being a symbol of Garibaldi's strength.

Of the late Mr. Chenery, editor of the London Times, Mr. Labouchere says:—"He passed much of his time at the Athenaeum and Reform clubs, where he was more given to listen than to talk. No one would, had he not been aware of the fact, have supposed that the quiet, unassuming gentleman, whose only wish, apparently, was to pass unnoticed through the world, was the redoubtable editor of the Times."

The largest city in Japan is Osaka, which contains 1,585,595 inhabitants.

## NEW GOODS!

GEO. ROGERS, 346 YONGE ST., is showing a very fine assortment of New Goods in Gent's Furnishing Goods. The late styles and best makes in

White Dress Shirts, Regatta Shirts, White Linen Collars, Linen Cuffs, Silk and Satin Ties Scarfs, and Bows, Umbrellas, Rubb'r Coats, Braces,

Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves &c., are being sold at very low prices. Our assortment equals, if not surpasses, any other house in the trade, and the prices are very much lower. Call and see for yourselves at 346 Yonge St., South cor. Elm St. G. ROGERS;

## "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

"A hat of last year's fashion!  
"But her eyes were like gray stars."  
"And her manner dreadfully quick and decided."  
"Bright and sparkling, I should call it."

"My dear Richard, you are really absurd. The girl is a hospital nurse, and what woman with any refinement or delicacy would take up such a profession as that? It shows she can't be nice."

"Ladies do such things nowadays"—less defiantly.

"Now you know you're only saying so because she's pretty. Of course, ladies do queer things nowadays, but that doesn't excuse all unwomanly feeling. Besides, she's only a solicitor's daughter. I shan't ask mamma to call."

"But don't you think common civility—"

"No, I don't. She's only staying at the rectory, and we're not forced to call on everyone's friends. Besides, Captain Hardwicke is expected home, and it would make it awkward. What would one of Lord Belmont's people say if we asked them to meet a girl like Miss Travers?"

"All the same, she's as pretty and ladylike as anyone I ever met in these parts."

"Very likely, but she's not in our set. Now, Richard, if you say any more I shall begin to think you're falling in love with her, if the idea is not too absurd."

But Richard had closed the drawing-room door upon his six sisters' languid voices, and was half way across the wide lawn with its brilliant parterres of summer flowers. Poor Richard Allerdyce! only son of the richest banker in Chellowdean, people of good family, but with just that uncertainty of social position which made them afraid of overstepping any boundaries, rather gratified at being on intimate terms with Lord Belmont and the Hardwicke, he was of divided mind this summer afternoon. He had been greatly taken by that sweet face and slight figure in the rectory pew last Sunday; was sensible of a thrill of more than civil interest when he met their owner walking home with the good old rector after service, and was introduced to "Miss Travers," while the eyes "like gray stars" were suddenly raised to his; and he had ever since spent a larger portion of his time than was strictly needful in walking past the rectory's rose-covered garden-gate. But on the other side, his sisters' words had certainly struck home.

Brought up, as the Allerdyces were, like hot-house plants, sheltered from every breath of frosty air, it was not strange that Richard at 25, though a big, burly enough young Englishman to look at, was but little of a man in mind or heart. Knowledge of the world had been carefully kept from him, as from his sisters, lest they should learn evil; but their very ignorance had cost him the loss of power to choose between evil and good, and had given them weak prejudices and quelled opinionativeness, instead of a mind able to discern and prefer the right.

Richard's handsome face was overcast as he swung out of the lodge gates and down the road. Miss Travers a hospital nurse! certainly it was a shock. Not only did it seem to him unwomanly for a woman to work at all, but infinitely more so to do menial work. And then the awful thought of what his mother and sisters would say, were they asked to receive a hospital nurse as his future wife! For it had gone as far as that, in Richard's susceptible mind, even in these three short days. All at once his thoughts broke off, as Miss Travers herself, sweet and bright as ever, in her black dress, came out from the rectory gate, the great rectory mastiff pacing behind her,

Now, Richard's own collie was at his master's heels, and there was a border feud of long standing between these two faithful followers. There was one angry

growl, a heavy rush, a thud, and then a brown body and a black rolled together in the dust in a manner suggestive of a dog's funeral on one side or the other. Richard, who was actually staggered by the suddenness of all, could not for a moment regain his senses; and when he did, it was to find Miss Travers, both white hands locked in the hair of Rollo's shaggy neck, pulling him from his foe with all her strength, and calling to "Mr. Allerdyce" to "take hold of his dog and pull him off."

She was being whirled round in the cloud of dust by the frantic waltzers before Richard could quite settle where to "take hold," but that task was performed for him by a gentleman in tweed knickerbockers, who started out of the "White Hart," a few rods away, and ran to the rescue. Between Miss Travers and himself the combatants were separated, each carrying away a few fragments of the other's person; and Miss Travers, flushed, panting, covered with dust, but looking lovelier than Richard had ever seen woman look before, sank back against the rectory wall and tried to laugh. The stranger lifted his hat, looking straight at her with a pair of piercing brown eyes.

"Excuse me, Miss Travers!" he said, in rather an off-hand manner, "but that was about as rash a thing as anyone could possibly do. The dogs might have both turned on you and bitten you badly."

"Thank you, Capt. Hardwicke, I had not the least fear," was her only response, given with a little haughtiness; and the gentleman, with a nod to Richard, turned and strode away as rapidly as he had come.

"Miss Travers are you hurt," Richard was able to articulate at last. "You never should have done a thing like that. Hardwicke was right, it was awfully rash! By the way, you know Hardwicke?"

"No, I'm not hurt a bit," the wonderful gray eyes were dancing with fun now. "Don't scold me please, I know it was a silly thing to do, but I didn't stop to think. Pray don't look so horrified!"

"But if you had been bitten?"

"Well, I wasn't." And her face dimpled with a friendly smile at his shocked look.

"But you know Hardwicke?" he persisted, unable to get over his surprise in that quarter.

"O yes." Her face grew cold instantly. "Capt. Hardwicke was in hospital with an accident some months ago—my hospital. I had charge of him there, that's all." And she pulled a rose so sharply from the hedge that it fell to pieces in her hands.

"Look here!" she laughed, showering the petals on the ground before her; "let us cover over the battle-field with flowers," and she laughed again.

Richard went home more thoughtful than ever. Surely this woman was a novel thing in his experience of men and manners. She acted with the skill and daring of a man; and yet he would rather not think what his sister's faces would be like had they but seen it. Was it actually lady-like? or should not she not rather have fled from the scene of conflict, or even have screamed and fainted? To be sure, she had looked as beautiful as an avenging Amazon; but was it quite correct conduct for a girl? And Capt. Hardwicke's manner, so abrupt and dictatorial: he seemed to show her the difference in social position between a nobleman's nephew and a hospital nurse. It must have been an awkward meeting as his sister's had said. And then a cold shiver came over him, as he thought of Miss Travers introduced as Mrs. Richard Allerdyce at Belmont castle and Capt. Hardwicke's stony look of surprise. And yet—and yet—she was so beautiful!

Nearly three weeks since the dog episode, and Richard's courage still wavered in the balance. He had grown to know Miss Travers well in those three weeks, and to know her well was to love her

better. There never was a woman so sweet, so clever, so sympathetic, so beautiful—he was certain of that—no woman he more ardently longed to have for his own; and yet—and yet! That terrible strength of character, that profession, that rectory garden, he had almost flung all prudence to the winds, she had been so dangerously, fatally sweet (she was always especially kind to him), but he reeled back from the gift just in time when she mentioned casually, without a change of voice or countenance that she had an uncle who was a chemist in Rochester. "A chemist! Shades of my ancestors protect me!" Richard recoiled again as he thought of it, and fancied Hardwicke's look if he could have heard her. For Capt. Hardwicke was still at the "White Hart," and perhaps his presence, and the atmosphere of exalted society about him, had been one of Richard's restraining though unconscious influences. Now, as he slowly worked his way up the steepest hill in the neighborhood, on his new tricycle, he was pondering the old question in his mind. Could he take the plunge or was it too costly?

A trim, graceful figure on the road before him, as at last he gained the summit, drove all else to the four winds; and in an instant he had overtaken the object of his cogitations, and sprung to the ground beside her.

"Mr. Allerdyce!" she said turning with her own bright look to shake hands; "how like a ghost you stole upon me! Oh, I see, it was on a tricycle, and what a beauty! Do let me look at it." And Richard, nothing loath, began to display his new toy—a perfect thing in build and finish—the Allerdyces' possessions always were the most perfect of their kind.

He began to explain it to her, forgetting all about the chemist uncle, but she interrupted him.

"Yes, I know all about them, thanks. I see, it is a regular bit of perfection. I should so like to try it; may I?"

Once more Richard was dumb with surprise. A lady on a tricycle was as yet an unheard of thing in rustic Chellowdean, and it seemed an outrageous idea to him.

"I really don't think you could," he fltered. "My sisters never have done such a thing."

"Your sisters? Oh, perhaps not," with a little smile at the idea. "But I am quite used to tricycles. I ride one whenever I can get a chance."

Further blow for Richard; but there was no knowing how to refuse her, and he stood aside. She took her place like one who was thoroughly used to tricycles, and he could not but admit she adorned her position.

"What a delicious hill to run down!" she said, with a happy little laugh, as she placed her dainty feet on the treadles. "I really must try it."

"Pray, pray don't attempt it!" was Richard's horrified remonstrance, for the hill stretched down even more abruptly than on the side he had ascended, and near the bottom there was a sudden sharp turn, with the railway line running just below—the nastiest bit of road for miles around. Perhaps even Agatha Travers would have hesitated to hazard it had it not been for the consternation in Richard's face.

"Mr. Allerdyce, you are faint-hearted," she said gayly, as she started on her downward course—a little more rapidly than she had at first intended, but Richard's new tricycle ran smoothly. His heart was in his mouth as the country folk say, as she began to glide rapidly off. She turned her head and flashed back a merry defiance. "My uncle, the chemist at Rochester used to say"—Then the wicked sparkle faded suddenly, and she called quick and clear: "Can you stop me please? The brake is stiff: I can't make it work; it's running away."

Poor Richard of the faint heart! It seemed to die within him. The next second he darted forward, but it was just

one second too late. The check she had been able to put on the heavy machine with the treadles ceased to keep it back, and faster and faster it tore down the perilous road.

In all his life to come Richard will never know any minute so long as that next, while the straight, slight figure flying through space seemed to swim before his eyes, and his knees knocked together as he stood.

On, on—faster, faster! She managed somehow to cling to the steering handle and keep the machine in the middle of the road, but the mad pace grew more desperate. She could never turn that fatal corner by the railway embankment; over it she must go. And it was just then that Richard and she both together saw the puff of snow-white smoke from the hillside, that told them the evening express was out of the tunnel, and thundering down that very bit of line.

It all flashed over Agatha in one rush; would the fall kill her, or would it be the train? It must be one or the other: the next second or two would settle that; and a swift prayer was on her lips, but what, she never quite knew, for even as she breathed it someone or something in brown tweed knickerbockers hurled itself over the roadside before her, a stout stick darted into the flying wheel, and with one quick swerve the tricycle crashed into the ditch, and lay there, a confused mass of spinning spokes and mutilated tires, while Agatha flew out from its midst like a ball, and alighted on a grassy bank a yard or two away; and the express rushed past with a wild yell on the line just below, and vanished round a sharp curve that matched the road above it.

Then, and then alone, did Richard's legs regain their powers of motion, and he set off as fast as they could carry him to where the little black figure lay. Somehow it took longer to run down that hill than the last descent would have led one to think, for when Richard, panting and breathless, reached the scene of the accident, the little black figure, very much out of its usual trim neatness, was seated on the grassy tangle that broke her fall, busily binding up with her own small handkerchief a deep gash in the hand of the knickerbockered person who knelt at her side. It was a very pale face that looked up at Richard's with the sort of awe that any human creature must wear who has just been face to face with death, but her gray eyes had a wonder-flushing light in them.

"That poor tricycle!" she said. "I am so sorry, is it very badly hurt?" And, in the fervor of his relief and gladness, Richard could find words for nothing but:

"Bother the tricycle!"

He was ready enough to say something, however, presently, when he found himself obliged to stop and see its remains decently cared for, while Capt. Hardwicke took charge of Miss Travers' return to the rectory. She said she was none the worse for her fall, but perhaps she was a little shaken; but Capt. Hardwicke kindly offered her his arm, and she took it. Richard hurried after them before long, his whole heart aglow. That awful minute this afternoon had taught him that life without Agatha Travers would seem a poor and worthless thing, were she a factory-girl. He hurried after them, therefore, and came in sight of the rectory gate as two hands, one very neatly bandaged, unclasped over it, and a small dark head raised itself swiftly from a brown tweed shoulder, where it seemed to have been resting.

"Good gracious!" was all that Richard could utter, as Agatha vanished, and Capt. Hardwicke, looking odiously radiant, sauntered towards him.

"Ah, ah, Allerdyce, old fellow, caught us, have you? Then I may as well tell you all my tremendous good luck at once, and take your congratulations. Perhaps you've heard how Miss Travers' nursing saved my life last year, and when, of course I fell in love with her,

as who wouldn't? She would have it was only gratitude, and refused to let me make what she called a mesalliance, just because there's that brute of a title coming to me some day. I told her I thought all that rubbish was obsolete, and offered to drop the title altogether if she liked; but nothing would do, and we parted rather out of temper. I heard she was down here, and ran down to see my uncle, hoping he would talk her over, but I began to think it was no use. And, do you know, I was frantically jealous of you, old fellow! I saw she liked you, and I almost believe you could have cut me out early in the day, if you had the pluck to try, she was so set against me. But to-day has made it all right, and she thinks I've saved her life this time, so we're quits. Well, old man, am I not the luckiest man alive?"

"But—but—" stammered the wretched Richard, "surely, her family!"

"She's an orphan. Oh, I see what you mean; she told me she had been shocking you with an uncle who's a chemist, or a butcher, or goodness knows what. Bah! I should think the mere fact of being a hospital nurse was a patent of nobility to any woman. But if my little girl were a beggar-maiden she would still be a real princess. God bless her."

And Richard's groan may have been an assent.

#### A Vivisectionist's Laboratory.

The following somewhat gruesome description of M. Pasteur's laboratory, taken from a recently-published volume entitled "L'Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant," gives a very striking picture of the modern physiological workshop:

All the animals in the laboratory, from the little white mice hiding under a bundle of cotton wool to the dogs barking furiously from behind their iron-railed kennels, are doomed to death. These inhabitants of the laboratory, which are marched out day after day in order to be subjected to operations or other experiments, share the space with still more ghastly objects. From all parts of France hampers are arrive, containing fowls which have died of cholera or some other disease. Here is an enormous basket bound with straw; it contains the body of a pig which has died of fever. A fragment of lung forwarded in a tin box, is from a cow dying of pneumonia. Other goods are still more precious. Since M. Pasteur, two years ago, went to Pauillac to await the arrival of a boat which brought yellow-fever patients, he receives now and then from far off countries a bottle of vomito negro. Tubes filled with blood are lying about, and small plates containing drops of blood may be seen everywhere on the work-tables. In special stores bottle-like bladders are ranged resembling small liqueur bottles. The prick of a pin into one of these bladders would bring death to any man. Inclosed in glass prisons millions and millions of microbes live and multiply.

M. Pasteur's views on vivisection are known well enough. His own words on the subject are; "Never should I have the courage to kill a bird for sport, but when it comes to experiments I have never been troubled by the slightest scruple. Science in that case has the right of pleading the sovereignty of the purpose."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

#### The Reis Telephone of 1864.

Mr. H. F. Peter is a teacher of music in the village of Friedrichsdorf, Germany, which was for many years the home of Philipp Reis, and which contains the Garnier Institute, where he was instructor in physics. Herr Peter states that he was present at Reis' experiments, and can testify that audible speech was actually reproduced by his telephone. He says that many members of the "Physikalischer Verein," of Frankfort-on-the-Main were also present.

Starvation is best photographed by the dry-plate process,

#### The Mystery of Snake-Charming.

The Eastern snake-charmer of to-day is only half a fraud. Among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians the secret of snake-charming by means of music has been held for ages in superstitious reverence as a power only to be acquired by enormous study, backed by supernatural favor. In India instances of music attracting snakes are very numerous, and the ordinary serpent-charmer relies upon the wide-spread belief in the power of melody to obtain some credence for the feats he affects to perform. As a general rule, it does not matter to the charmer that upon the premises where he operates a snake has never been seen, for he sits down to pipe, and in five minutes has captured in various corners of your room a dozen reptiles: indeed, if he could only have carried more concealed about him, he would have caught more. The sleight of hand with which the trick is performed constitutes its only claim to admiration. So notorious is the deception that the snakes, when caught, are never killed, as being the private property of the charmer.

The favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. In most cases the charmer, however, has rendered the reptiles perfectly harmless by drawing their poison-fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, however, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forth-coming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. Then, in the handling of the creature when once exposed, there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure or sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility. The snake-charmers, however, when put upon their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and, before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. It is the same thing with the ichneumon or mungoose. For a long time it was believed that poison could not hurt a mungoose, until one was held while a cobra bit it; then the mungoose died in about four minutes, and it is only by superior agility that he can overcome the cobra in fair fight. And as in the case of the mungoose, the snake-charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots, and snake-stones. There can be no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake-charmer knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.

The Oriental has an inexhaustible appetite for entertainment, and provided it can be seen for nothing, and sitting, he will squat all day before a puppet-show. That the exhibition in question is a stale one matters nothing, and the same performer is therefore certain of a welcome as often as he chooses to come. This partially explains the extraordinary popularity of the snake-charmer's entertainment, for though, judged on its own merits, it has little in it either to arrest attention or to evoke admiration, the tubri-wallah's performance commands at all times an interested audience; for of all the many castes or tribes which pre-empt to power over the serpent world, the Sanyis, or tubri-wallahs, constitute the chief Indian snake-charming guild. He is, as a rule, a wild-looking creature (the snake-charmer), with his yellow cloths all fluttering about him, and his

hair arranged in a strange confusion of coils and wisps, under and among rags of the same color—the professional hue—as he struts into a village piping on a reed stuck into a gourd, while his assistant, a small, unkempt morsel of humanity, labors in his wake, with a box of mysteries and a basketful of wonders.

Arrived at the well, the couple seat themselves, and the villagers collect to see the show. But first the performer has to ensure some payment—a meal and a night's lodging at least—and this arranged satisfactorily, the proceedings begin. The same stupid old toothless cobra is hustled out of its basket, picked up and dropped a hundred times, as if it were a dangerous thing, and then with a boisterous ostentation of pluck and dexterity, finally seized by his neck, half throttled, and thrust back into his bag. This wonderful feat, enacted over and over again, with precisely the same "business" and pantomime, constitutes the first part of the entertainment, and then the wonder-worker proceeds to "charm." The old cobra, sick to death of what it has come to consider ill-timed foolery, is once more jerked out from the bag, and while the magician plays upon his execrable pipe the poor battered reptile lifts a foot of its length off the ground, and distending its hood, sways gracefully to and fro in time with the music. The master now requires no stick to keep his pupil at work, for it is evident that the cobra enjoys the melody, and that its motions are voluntary and naturally sympathetic. But except as an illustration of the power of music over the dreadful thing, the second part of the entertainment is as dull as the first.

There can be no doubt, however, that the terrific power given by nature to venomous snakes invests them, even for the most intelligent, with extraordinary interest; and any performance that requires the handling of them must have a corresponding excitement for others besides native villagers. In his fearless manipulations of the deadliest species the tubri-wallah has a certain claim to respect—the same claim as have all exhibitors who, for the entertainment of their audience, trifle with sudden death. Yet as regards the supernatural power they profess to have over the creatures which they torment and play with, there is hardly another imposture even in the East, the home of impostures, so inadequately supported by performance. The parade of fangless worms is absurd enough, and in the never-failing crop of reptiles to be gathered by the pipe-player from among the furniture of a room or the shrubs in a garden there is only food for laughter.

#### The Points Were "Again" Her.

"Now what I want you to do, Miranda," said a white woman to the colored "help," "is to get up early, make two fires, get breakfast, take care of the children while I am eating; then after breakfast, sweep the rooms, make the beds, and do anything else that comes handy."

"What's yerself gwine ter be doin' all dat time?"

"Why, I'll be attending to my own affairs, of course."

"An' seein' me workin' like a slave? Lady, I doan reckon we kin trade. I lef' de las place case de 'oman ob de house got proud dat she didn't want me ter set in de rockin' cheer; and de way yerself's startin' out I see afeerd dat yer wouldn't recognize me as a member ob 'ciety. Like ter commodate yer' lady, but all de pints is agin yer."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A Boston car conductor never says "Hurry up!" It would be contrary to culture. His elegant phrase is: "Exercise a little celerity, if you please."

An observant negro says: "De man who takes up the moas sidewalk am not allus de pusan ob de moas consequence. A 15 cent drunkard wants mo' room in dis world dan de judge of de supreme court,

#### A PRINCELY PALACE.

##### Description of Mr. George Stephen's New House in Montreal.

An eastern exchange refers to the new residence of Mr. George Stephen in Montreal, as one of exquisite grandeur. It is stated by those who have closely examined this princely palace, that although wealth has been lavished with an unsparring hand by the merchant princes of that city upon their respective residences, still prominently stands out among them all!

##### THE HOME OF MR. GEORGE STEPHEN.

The building is of Palladian style, and the pillars, three of which on each side support the balcony that forms a roof to the portico, are admirably carved. The more one looks at the building the more artistic design and well executed cutting is to be noted. The window sashes are of polished mahogany, the ceiling mahogany, polished and panelled, and the lobby is marble—three varieties of it radiating, so to speak, from a medallion in the centre, which is Vienna marble, and the Italian and French stripe and line the flooring. All up each side of the walls is Italian marble polished, with the panelling of Vienna marble—all except one large panel on the left, which is of Mexican onyx, polished until it looks like

##### A LARGE JEWEL.

The furniture of the waiting room is of rosewood. The carving is superb. The door steps to the entrance of the library are of solid brass, while the door way which leads to the main lobby is for excellence beyond description. The suite of rooms of the lady of the mansion, Mrs. Stephen, are simply exquisite. The furniture alone, which is made of cherry and satinwood, cost upwards of \$20,000. Glancing at the magnificently carved bedstead, the wardrobe with its mirrored doors and panels, looking past the bluff tinting of the wall, one notes the cherry moulding and the satinwood panelling of roof and walls and passes into the boudoir, where much of the satinwood furniture, the cabinet; the blue flowered silk velvet upholstery of chairs, and the soft polish of the satinwood table, with the carving and design of the bureau and other articles, are in

##### ADMIRABLE TASTE.

The drawing room, with its secretaire of satinwood, jewel cabinet, chairs and tables of the same, mirrored dressing case and mirrored panels, so that the human form divine can be seen from any point desirable when the lady looks in front of her. The bedroom and suite of Mr. Stephen is equally elegant, but of a different type, the fittings of the jewel safe being nickel silver instead of gold plate, as in the case of Mrs. Stephen's room. The embellishments of the different rooms are beyond description, and the woodwork of the dining room alone cost \$20,000. As for the furniture of the servants' rooms, it is as costly as though

##### THE PRINCELY OWNER.

was determined that they should taste of the comforts which wealth brings to himself and wife. The bedroom sets for the servants in the basement are marble top, black walnut, and cost from \$400 to \$500 for each room. Prior to the house being built five hundred piles were driven into the clay, at a cost of \$2,000. The building and stables cost about \$500,000. Operations were commenced about two years ago, and the mansion received the finishing touches last October. About \$1,000,000 have been invested in the luxury of living in Mr. Stephen's palatial style.

Nothing makes us more agreeable to God and man than to have great merit and a little opinion of ourselves.

Robert Lincoln is looming up as a possible presidential candidate. Well, he's the son of his father and a good specimen of a man besides.

"Do you want the ring 14 or 18 carat?" said the jeweller to a customer. "Oh, I don't carat all. This is the third woman I've married, and I ain't very particular."

**Publisher's Department.**

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

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**Note to Competitors.**

Owing to the impossibility of deciding who are the winners of the "Consolation" prizes in connection with our competition No. 4., in time for our present issue, we are compelled to hold over the list of successful competitors until next week, when the entire list will be published in full.

**A Suggestion**

A kind friend of TRUTH suggests that in order to keep up the interest in these Bible competitions, we should spread the rewards well around, giving one in each neighborhood or township. Much as we should like to follow this suggestion, we cannot do so. If every prize offered be legitimately won in, say, Grey County, then every prize offered will be positively awarded in that county; but not otherwise. Our conditions are plain and unmistakable: The first correct answers, in order of their receipt, will obtain the prizes offered, no matter where they come from. It may be, as our correspondent suggests, that we will not meet with the success expected because certain localities do not obtain a fair share of the prizes offered, and consequently brand the scheme as a fraud and a humbug. But we believe that the knowledge that the prizes are impartially awarded will do more to assist our success than any such plan as our correspondent suggests. Our present plan is, we think, the wisest, the best, the fairest. It gives everybody a chance, and insures the strictest impartiality in the distribution of the awards. At the same time we are grateful to our friend not only for his suggestions—as proving the interest taken in these competitions—but also for the very kindly words of praise he has written of TRUTH itself.

**A Prize Winner.**

39½ Metcalfe Street,

MONTREAL, March 3rd, '84.

Dear Sir,—I received my prize safely, one dozen Countess teaspoons) and am

much pleased with them, as are also many of my friends to whom I have show them. I think your paper well worth the yearly subscription.

I am yours respectfully,  
M. C. G. LEISHMAN.

**Another Heard From.**

CHATHAM, March 8th, '84.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will excuse me for not acknowledging the receipt of the lady's gold gem ring won by me in TRUTH competition No. 3, before this time. I am happy to say, that it is just what it was represented. I am well pleased with TRUTH. I think it is money well invested irrespective of the prizes. It ought to be a welcome weekly visitor in every household.

Yours truly,  
A. L. McKELLAR.

**More Good Words.**

I consider TRUTH well worth the \$2.00 subscription fee, even if there were no prizes or premiums offered with it. It contains excellent reading matter, and no one need be afraid to subscribe, for it is well worth the money, and then they run the chance of a prize.—T. B., Peterboro'.

MANY THANKS,—John Reggin, of Kincardine, for your Bible questions. We will use some of them, but bear in mind you can't compete when they are given.

**FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.**

**No Money. Try Your Skill.**

We have now great pleasure in announcing the names of those who were successful in the first of our Prize Competitions. The number of answers we have received have far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and though some have complained that the questions were "very hard," yet the amount of success achieved has been very gratifying. We are sorry we can't give more than three prizes. These, however, we send out with a great deal of pleasure, and hope they will be in the hands of the persons named before this sees the light.

1st prize—S. Wilson, 223 Queen St., East, Toronto.

2nd prize—David Wright, Box 25, Stratford.

3rd prize—E. C. Tempest, 591 King St., West, Toronto.

The correct answer to the Enigma is as follows:—

1. Hazael—2 Kings viii. 12-13.
2. Achan—Joshua vii. 16-26.
3. Gideon—Hebrews xi. 32-33.
4. Abimelech—Judges ix. 53-4.
5. Rabbah—2 Sam. xii. 27.

The full word Hagar—Gen. xvi. 7-8.

Of those who have been thus successful we know nothing. We do not know whether or not they are subscribers to TRUTH. Indeed we are not aware whether the first and third are ladies or gentlemen. It does not matter. They have fulfilled the conditions, and we hope they will be pleased with the copies of Cowper we have the pleasure of forwarding them.

We find that giving a prize to the last received does not suit and it therefore will not be carried out.

We have thought a good deal about the best plan for putting all, whether near or far off, on something like the same level. Perhaps the plan we propose may not be the best, but we shall try it and see how it works. Instead then, of taking the first correct answer received, we shall take the first correct one on or after the Wednesday succeeding the date of publication. If this works well we shall adhere to it. If not we shall fall back on the old plan.

By some oversight the prize for No. III. was not mentioned. It will be a copy of Milton.

We are literally deluged with letters, but the more the better, even though we have to engage an extra clerk to open and assort them.

We now give as No. IV. the following:—

1. The son of Ir, a man of might.
2. The youth who won a bride by fight.
3. He who refused the King his land.
4. The captain who rebellion planned.
5. The father of a cleaver son.
6. And she who David's pity won.
7. A city in the desert built.
8. And he who gained a throne through guilt.
9. What God's sure promise is "in Him."
10. What saved the man whose eyes were dim.
11. A King who wrote a letter kind.
12. The city where the Kings combined.
13. The rock from whence the water flowed.
14. A people who unkindness showed.
15. Moses' grandson, called "the chief."
16. The son who caused his father grief.
17. The Ammonite whom Saul subdued.
18. And he who spoke in language rude.
19. A daughter of Zelophehad.
20. The child who made Naomi glad.
21. An idol for whom women wept.
22. One who the sacred vessels kept.
23. The King who comforted a King.
24. Heman's tenth son who praise did sing.

The precept "with a promise of reward"

Is by these lines conveyed;  
And they who will their best performance give  
Shall happiest be made.

Some of our correspondents have asked for a dictionary. Accordingly for the above we offer Chamber's Etymological English Dictionary which will be found an exceedingly convenient and useful volume. Mark on the outside of the envelope No. IV. Address as before to the "Editor of the Enigma and Correspondence Column," and send no money, or complaints about mistakes, or any kind of business. Attention to these points will save a great deal of trouble and prevent a considerable amount of confusion. We shall give an extra prize to the one who renders the answer correctly and in the best verse if any. Some have tried metre, but not, we fear, with any great measure of success, except in one or two cases. The answers of No. II. with the names and addresses of the successful competitors will be given next week. We shall also next week give one of the poetical replies which we think especially good.

We are very much obliged to those who favor us with original enigmas. We have already used the one forwarded by the Rev. Dr. Fraser, and we see no reason why we should not publish others when equally good.

In spite of all we have said, business letters continue to come to us. Once for all we say that we know nothing about TRUTH's subscription list. Nothing about its mail sheet. Nothing about money matters. Nothing about mistakes of addresses, or about butter knives, &c. In short nothing about anything but Enigmas, their answers, and the prizes to be settled every week. And this is enough, in all conscience. If we had more to attend to we would get entirely put out.

All communications about business must be addressed to S. Frank Wilson. All intended for the "Enigma Editor" ought not to have Mr. Wilson's name on at all. The number of kind appreciative and flattering letters continually coming in is very large. Indeed we have only had one of an opposite character, and the writer of that seems put out chiefly because he had not got a prize. He says he

means to publish his letter in all the other daily and weekly papers of Toronto. By all means. It will be a good advertisement, and gratis at that. Why should any one be angry? We force nobody to send us answers, and to decide in an unfair and partial manner would be quite as impolitic as it would be wrong. As a matter of fact among the hundreds of letters received we have only had one from a personal acquaintance,—and that good lady did not get a prize, though for neatness, accuracy, and rhythm, she deserved one had she been in time.—None will count that are received before Wednesday, as we wish to put all far as possible on a level. Now then, who is going to have Chambers' Etymological English Dictionary?

**\$5,000.00**  
**IN VALUABLE REWARDS.**

For Correct Answers to Bible Problems in "Truth" Competition Number 9, Closing April 7th.

**THE QUESTIONS!!!**  
1st.—Who rebuilt a city (with fatal results to his own family) that lay under the curse of God?  
2nd.—Name an Ethiopian who delivered a prophet from danger.  
3rd.—Name a wife given as a reward of valor.  
These are the Bible questions that Truth propounds in the new competition just now opened. They are certainly difficult, but any clever Bible student ought to be able to answer them, and to secure one of the magnificent rewards offered.

**THE REWARDS!**

1.	One Magnificent Square Rosewood Piano by Stevenson & Co., the celebrated makers, valued	\$525.00
2.	One Beautiful Cabinet Organ, with 11 stops, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co., Guelph	250.00
3.	One Elegant Silver Tea Service, newest design, valued at	130.00
4.	One Gentleman's Valuable Solid Gold Watch, Stem-Winding and Stem Setting, Newest Style, box Cases, most elegantly engraved	100.00
5.	One Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch	80.00
6.	Three Sewing Machines, one famous White at \$65, one justly celebrated Wanzler at \$60 and one Wanzler at \$55	180.00
9.	Three Beautiful Silk Dresses, patterns from the great house of Pettley & Pe'ley, Toronto, one \$55, one \$45, and one \$35	135.00
12.	Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, \$20 each	160.00
20.	Eight Solid Nickel Silver Heavy Bevelled Crystal Open Face Watches, each \$45	270.00
28.	Ten Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches, each \$14	140.00
38.	Six Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings, \$11 each	66.00
44.	Six Elegant Solid Gold Gem Rings, each \$9	54.00
50.	Five Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dinner Forks at \$6 each	30.00
55.	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Forks at \$5 each	30.00
61.	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons, at \$4 each	24.00
67.	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Dessert Spoons, at \$5 each	30.00
73.	Six Sets (half dozen each) Extra Heavy Silver Plated Table Spoons at \$6 each	36.00
79.	Seven Renowned Waterbury Watches, latest improved stem-winding, etc., at \$5 each	35.00
86.	Eight Beautiful Bound Volumes of Shake-peare's Complete Works, valued at \$2.50 each	170.00
154.	Thirty Seven Well Bound Volumes of Cowper's Complete Works, valued at \$2.25 each	83.25
191.	Forty-three Triple Silver Plated Pickle Forks, valued at \$1 each	43.00

These magnificent and costly rewards will positively be given free to the first two hundred and thirty-three persons who correctly answer the Bible questions given above. Each competitor must send with their answers ONE DOLLAR for six months' subscription to TRUTH. If you

do not succeed in winning one of these rewards you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment. Present subscribers to TRUTH competing must also send the dollar, and their term will be extended six months. The sender of the

MIDDLE CORRECT ANSWER

of the whole competition from the beginning to the end and the twenty-eight persons next following, who send correct answers, will receive the following prizes respectively:—

1. One Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watch, valued at ..... \$100 00
2. One Lady's Solid Gold Watch, valued at ..... 80 00
3. One Celebrated Wanzer Sewing Machine, ..... 60 00
4. One Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, valued at ..... 35.00
- 5 to 11 } Seven Solid Coin Silver Watches, excellent value, at \$25 each ..... 175 00
- 12 } Eight Solid Hunting Case Nickel Silver Watches at \$17 each ..... 136 00
- 19 } Six Solid Nickel Silver Open Face to Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches at \$15 each ..... 90.00
- 25 } Four Elegant Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at \$14 each ..... 56.00

Should it so happen that there are an even number received—that is, that there may be two middle correct answers—then two gold watches will be given, above described as number one reward.

Then, not to disappoint even the last ones, a large list of consolation rewards has been prepared, which, as above, will be given in the order numbered to the last one hundred and twenty-one persons who send correct answers to these problems. The letters must all be postmarked at office where mailed, not later than the closing day of this competition, which is April 7th.

The first prize in the consolation rewards, which will be given to the sender of the last correct answer is

1. One Extra Fine Toned 12 stop Cabinet Organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., of Bowmanville ..... \$250 00
2. One Gentleman's Elegant Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style Box Pattern Hunting Case, valued at ..... 100 00
3. One Fine English Double Shot Gun, finest Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Pistol Grip, and all modern improvements, from C. Stark's Gun House, Toronto, retailed at ..... 75 00
4. Same Gun, only not quite so highly finished, valued at ..... 60 00
5. One Wanzer "F" Sewing Machine, from the renowned Manufactory of R. M. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton ..... 55 00
- 6 to 11 } Six Fine Hunting Case Solid Nickel Watches, valued at \$12 each ..... 72 00
- 12 } Eight Open Face Heavy Bevelled to Crystal Watches, valued at \$10 each ..... 80 00
- 19 } Six Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches at \$10 each ..... 60 00
- 25 } Six Solid Nickel Renowned Waterbury Watches at \$5 each ..... 30 00
- 26 to 31 } Sixty-one Volumes beautifully bound to of Hood's Poems, at \$2 50 each ..... 152 50
- 93 } Twenty-Nine Triple Silver Plated to Butter Knives on Solid Steel at \$1 each ..... 29 00

Remember that all the questions must be answered correctly to secure any of the rewards offered. If you send a correct answer and one dollar for a half year's subscription to TRUTH, you will take your place in the order your letter is received at this office. The rewards named above will be cheerfully and promptly handed over or sent to the successful ones as soon as it is known who they are after the close of the competition on April 7th. In every alternate issue of TRUTH hereafter will be given a complete list of the prize winners with their post-office addresses and rewards obtained in previous competitions, so intending competitors may be assured of the genuineness of the whole matter. Address S. FRANK WILSON, "Truth," 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada.

The English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters have never been in prison. Yes, but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

Ladies' Journal Competition.

NO. 4.

Difficult Bible Problems to be Solved, for Which One Hundred and Thirty-One Costly Prizes are to be Given to the First One Hundred and Thirty-One Persons Sending Correct Answers.

The publisher of the Ladies' Journal, of Toronto, Canada, announces another Bible competition which he says may be the last, unless more interest is taken in the plan.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS:

- 1st.—What City named in the Bible is the oldest now existing in the world?
- 2nd.—Name the first sale of land recorded in the Bible?
- 3rd.—Who is the first recorded in the Bible as being buried in a coffin.

These questions are propounded by the Rev. Prof. Welden, of Toronto Baptist College, and Rev. E. B. Harper, Barrie, Ont., a leading Methodist minister of Canada. The publisher of the Ladies' Journal is reliable, and these rewards will certainly be distributed without favor or partiality to the FIRST ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE PERSONS, in order received, sending correct answers to the foregoing Bible problems. The questions have been made so difficult, we have no doubt that it may not be necessary to give all the prizes. If, however one hundred and thirty-one persons should send correct answers to all the questions, we will stake our reputation that all the prizes will be promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones.

Bear in mind that everyone competing, must send FIFTY CENTS by post-office order, scrip or small coin, (no stamps), with their answer, for which they may have the Ladies' Journal sent to any desired address for one year. Aside from the beautiful prizes offered, the Journal is the best half dollar's worth published. It consists of twenty pages of choice entertaining reading matter, two full pages of new music, household hints, a short story, full page illustrations of latest American and English fashions with complete letterpress descriptions. In short, just the paper to suit ladies particularly, and interest anyone.

The Ladies' Journal is issued monthly, single copies 5 cents, annual subscription fifty cents. The proper address is Editor Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada, if any of our readers wish to compete. The competition remains open till 20th March only.

HERE ARE THE REWARDS.

- 1st.—One Beautiful Cabinet Organ, valued at... \$200.00
- 2nd.—Five O'Clock Tea-Service, Extra Triple Silver Plated Tea Service, about ..... 100.00
- 3rd.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch ..... 90.00
- 4th.—Chased Tinting, Gold Lined, Triple Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, and Goblet to match ..... 50.00
- 5th.—One elegant heavy Black Silk Dress ..... 45.00
- 6th.—One Extra Heavy Silver Plated Cruet Stand with bell attachments ..... 25.00
- 7th to 12th } Six Valuable Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches, each \$20 ..... 120.00
- 13th to 18th } Six Aluminum Gold Case Watches, each \$15 ..... 90.00
- 19th to 24th } Half Dozen Sets of Triple Silver Plated Tea Spoons, each \$5 ..... 30.00
- 25th to 30th } 36 beautifully bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems, each \$2.50 ..... 90.00
- 31st to 36th } 61 elegantly bound volumes of Tennyson's Poems, each \$2 25 ..... 137.3
- 37th to 42nd } 10 Handsome Triple Silver Plated Butter Knives, each \$1 ..... 10.00

Total..... \$987.25

NEARLY \$1,000

worth of valuable and costly prizes to be given away to the first one hundred and thirty-one persons sending correct answers to each of the Bible problems given above.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

In order that all may have a fair and equal chance and to comfort them

who do not happen to see the questions early, the publisher will give the following consolation rewards to

THE LAST TWENTY-SEVEN PERSONS

who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. The last one will get number one reward and the next to last one number two, and so on. Of course the answers must be correct and the FIFTY CENTS for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL, must accompany the answers. The letters must be all post-marked at the office where mailed, not later than the closing day of this competition, which will be MARCH 20TH.

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1st.—That is to the last one sending the correct answers—"WHITE" SEWING MACHINE, admitted to be one of the best machines in the market, valued at ..... \$70.00
- 2nd } 6 Elegant Hunting Case Solid to Nickel Silver Watches, valued at \$12 each ..... 72.00
- 7th } 6 Fine Open Face Heavy Bevelled Crystal Nickel Silver Watches, valued at \$10 each ..... 60 00
- 8th } 5 Renowned Waterbury to Watches, latest improved series, \$5 each ..... 25 00
- 13th } 9 Beautifully Bound Volumes to of Longfellow's Poems, \$2.00 each ..... 18 00

Total..... \$245.00

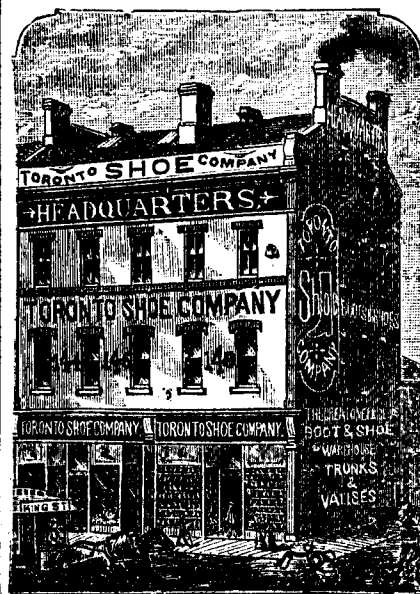
Making in all the most valuable lot of rewards yet offered, aggregating over \$1200.00 IN VALUE.

Now you see, whether you are late or early, you have a good opportunity of gaining something valuable in addition to the LADIES' JOURNAL, which alone is well worth the half-dollar subscription.

The Great West Shore Route.

The new and popular line between Niagara Falls and New York is by the New York West Shore & Buffalo R.R., through the valley of the Mohawk and along the west shore of the Hudson River, famous for its picturesque scenery. This route is over the best built and finest equipped Trunk Line between the Seaboard and the West. It is conceded on all hands that the passenger equipment of the West Shore Route is the finest in the service. All express trains are furnished with Pullman's luxurious Buffet Parlor and Sleeping cars; and a through line of Buffet Sleeping cars has been established between Chicago, Port Huron, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Utica, Syracuse, New York and Boston, via the G. W. R. Niagara Falls, West Shore & Hoosac Tunnel Route. A more attractive or comfortable route to travel over cannot be imagined.

Five letters of the alphabet will always continue faithful unto "death."



WITTICISMS.

- A good fit—A fit of laughter.
- The oleomargarine manufacturers constitute an oleogarchy.
- The man who lives too fast is bound to die too quick.
- The most appropriate pastry for a free lunch counter—sponge cake.
- "I'm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep.
- The first man who says that March will come in like a lion must be lambled.
- The man who "wouldn't wonder" must be the kziest man in the world.
- The didn't-know-it-was-loaded man will always live, and frequently die.
- Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated life-preservers.
- The American hog is expected to breed disturbance between this country and Germany.
- Under the head of "Injustice to Ireland," the Detroit Free Press announces the marriage of Oscar Wilde to a Dublin girl.
- Every cloud has a silver lining; but it is not so with solid silver water pitchers. They are nickle plated.
- "This is my coat of alms," said a tramp, tapping the ragged garment the deacon of a church had just given him.
- He—"You made a fool of me when I married you, madam." She—"Lor! You always told me you were a self-made man!"

When a bachelor says he is single from choice it makes him mad to ask him why the girls made choice of some other fellow.

It ain' allus de silent man dat's de smartes'. De sheep doan make ez much fuss ez de dog, but he ain' got as much senso.

A Connecticut newspaper has put the enterprise of its contemporaries to shame by a long article on "The Next World's Fair."

The only thing that equals the spontaneity with which the country proposes a monument is the unanimous cordiality with which it isn't built.

A New York Alderman, being told recently that he was ambiguous, declared that the charge was false, as he had not drank anything for a year.

"Why don't you favor Mr. Archer, my child?" "Oh, for the best of reasons, ma. One can't expect to make much of a hit in society with an old-fashioned cross-beau!"

The critics are poking fun at a magazine article for saying, "man is our brother." Of course he is. You wouldn't call him your sister, would you? If the article said: "Man is our sister," the critics would have reason for kicking.

PECTORIA! Pectoria! Pectoria! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoria loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per Bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoria; all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

An Irishman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed, "By my soul, and that's a good idea! Sure, an' a stone one 'ud last a man a lifetime!"

"HEADQUARTERS"  
 TORONTO SHOE CO.,  
 COR. KING AND JARVIS.  
 148  
 THE OLD FAVORITE RESORT.  
 144, 146,  
 TORONTO.  
 THE NEW LADIES' PARLOR.  
 IMMENSE STOCK AT  
 Cash Prices Only.  
 SQUARE DEALING  
 Orders by Letter have our Best Attention.

## Ladies' Department.

### The Women of the Future

As we forecast the woman of the future she will be educated, self-reliant, self-sustaining, says *Woman's Journal*. She will engage in any pursuit for which she has capacity and inclination, and will thereby deliver herself from want and degrading bondage. She will take deep interest in and exert a powerful influence on the government of the country without losing her purity, her womanly grace, or a single really lovely quality. She will find time to inform herself both as to candidates and measures, and will discharge her duties at the polls without the neglect of her domestic obligations. In exceptional cases she will hold office and devote herself to politics; sometimes to the betterment and sometimes to the prejudice of society, as is the case with man. But on the whole her influence will be purifying and wisdom of ages. To listen to male and female sages one might suppose that some hundreds of years ago women had suddenly been seized with a desire to emulate the wasp in form, and had since more or less successful been, by the aid of ligatures, endeavoring to merely cut herself in two. With all due deference to the rational and hygienic in dress, I would suggest that there is more method in madness of the tight-lacing women than this. If anybody will take the trouble to examine the corset of a fashionable stay-maker, such as are sold in first-rate houses for the modest sum of £5, the inquirer will find that, saving perhaps a somewhat exaggeratedly slender waist, this article of dress follows pretty closely the beautiful rounded form of a young woman of from 20 to 25.

Now, it very frequently happens that at the time when a fashionable girl is expected to make her debut in society nature has for various reasons denied her various items necessary to make up that indispensable requisite for a ball-room success—a pretty figure. The fashionable corset is therefore, had recourse to, and with this useful foundation to build upon an artistic dressmaker can do wonders to supplement nature.

Later on, when the delicate girl has developed into the faded matron, with flaccid muscles and a decided tendency to indistinctness of outline, what so useful as the well-made corset into which the somewhat dilapidated figure is run as into a mold? Torture it may be, but she has her reward. Do not her friends say of her, "How wonderfully Mrs. Smith keeps her figure?"

It is useless to hope that the present generation of society women will tear off their corsets and exhibit themselves to a wondering world. Our hope lies in the future. While Lady Habberton has been crying in the wilderness the leading female lawn-tennis players have devised for themselves a dress—pretty, feminine, graceful, and healthy. Those who have watched the free and graceful movement of young English girls on the tennis-ground may hope that the time may come when the best of them will no longer, like Meredith's delightful little Carola Grandison, sigh: "I'm afraid I'm a girl, I used to keep hoping I wasn't," but will be content with their own happier lot in an age when boating, swimming, and tennis will have so beautified and developed their figures as to enable them to laugh at and discard the aid of Messrs Worth & Co. To quote once more from Meredith: "The subsequent immense distinction between boys and girls is less one of sex than education. They are drilled into being hypocrites."

### The Feminine Use of Adjectives.

Gentlemen often say that the conversational powers of ladies would be more agreeable with a limited use of adjectives. The exaggerated use of adjectives, says the *Hartford Times*, is characteristic only of American women. Their constant

habit of qualifying everything they see, hear, smell taste, or touch by inappropriate superlatives is not contracted through ignorance. It arises from the ridiculous custom engendered during the giggling period of their school days. By habitual practice it becomes firmly established, follows them into maturity, debases their language, and makes them appear far more silly and frivolous than they really are. It is almost impossible for women to shake off this nonsensical habit formed in early youth. Their exaggeration of language is carried to an extent that not only becomes a serious consideration to ordinary observers, but also to learned men and professors. In conversation the other day a professor of Trinity college gravely inquired: "Why do ladies invariably mar their conversation by the repeated exclamation 'perfectly lovely?'" We do not wonder that he noticed it. There is nothing more tiresome during a lady's conversation than to hear the unceasing words "perfectly lovely." At the theatre, parties, weddings, funerals, lectures, prayer-meetings, and in horse-cars, steam-cars, steamboats, art galleries, milliners and dry-goods shops, or at the dentist's, doctor's and dressmaker's, indoors and outdoors, wherever American women are gathered together, the inevitable chorus of "perfectly lovely" arises to arouse the half-contemptuous amusement of observers. The expression "perfectly lovely" is beginning to be perfectly unlovely by its gross misuse. It has a strong rival in the other also too common expression, "perfectly elegant." How American women are laughed at abroad by the misplaced expressions of their new-world exaggeration and enthusiasm! In nine cases out of ten they qualify customs, cathedrals, castles, and cows as "perfectly elegant," palaces, peers, peasants, and pigs as perfectly lovely; or sunsets, soldiers, sculpture, and sheep as "perfectly stunning." Is it any wonder that it excites ridicule? A year or two ago a Hartford gentleman who accompanied a relative—a young lady—on a trip up the Hudson river promised to give her a handsome silk dress if she would not utter the words "perfectly lovely" once during the journey. We never heard whether she won the dress. We presume not.

School-teachers could do much to remedy this defect. It begins in school days. Then is the time to prevent the overflow of this bubbling effusion into later years. A modification of adjectives, an improvement in language, would be the result. Perhaps it would become "perfectly lovely."

### Why Do Women Laugh?

A divorce case in which an elderly foreigner sought to tear himself away from a young and pretty wife, who had proved to be more of a torment than a blessing, calls up the above question. He wanted to be forever rid of her because she laughed at him. Her "silvery peals" of "ringing laughter" made life a burden to him, until he finally told her to "glear owt," and went straightway and filed a petition for a divorce. She beamed with smiles in the court-room, and when the judge asked her why she laughed at her husband in open court she laughed and said: "I like to laugh; I was born to be merry," and laughed again.

Are all women "born that way?" asks the *Boston Globe*. They certainly laugh a great deal more than men do. It was a mistake to call them "the sad sisterhood." They are the laughing sex. Notice them in conversation, either with their own or the other sex. Their faces are invariably wreathed with smiles, and they laugh incessantly. Is it habit, or is it the result of a more highly organized nervous system—what the superior scientists contemptuously call a "hysterical organization"—or is it the woman's inborn desire to please finding expression by seeming interested and amused, or is it that a woman really is more easily amused than a man? Perhaps it is a combination of all

four. At any rate, it forms as distinctive a line between the sexes as any of the common peculiarities which are supposed to characterize one sex or the other.

### Blondes to the Rear.

English society journals have had a great deal to say of late about the marriage of the marquis of Leinster and Lady Hermoine Duncombe, the beautiful daughter of Lord Feversham. The bridesmaids, eleven in number, are described as being all handsome girls and all brunettes, which shows that the reign of the blonde is over, and that her dark-haired sisters have once more come to the front. That there is a fashion in beauty as in all other things is beyond doubt, says the *New York Sun*, and the rage for blondes and blondines has been carried to such excess of late years, and has resulted in such misdirected efforts to dye and discolor the hair, that it will be rather a relief in one's travels to see no more lemon-colored or chromo-yellow tresses. Among the guests at this very notable wedding was Mrs. Ernest Beckett Denison, the young American bride, who was married a few months since. She is spoken of as "the delicate American Beauty, whose loveliness rather paled before that of the Lady Hermoine and her sisters." But this is from an English point of view, of course. Mrs. Beckett Denison's name is down on the royal chamberlain's list for presentation at the first drawing-room.

### The Power of a Silent Woman.

One of the greatest instances of silence was Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear, writes Sir Stafford Northcote. I suppose there is no character in any of Shakspeare's plays that produces a more wonderful effect on the imagination and feelings of those who read or see his plays performed with few touches or strokes or so few words spoken as Cordelia. I was looking at a comment upon the play, and I see it is noticed in the first act Cordelia has only forty three lines assigned to her. She does not appear again until the fourth act, in the fourth scene of which she has twenty-four lines, and in the seventh thirty-seven. In the fifth act she has five lines. Yet during the whole progress of the play we can never forget her; and after its melancholy close she lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and pure than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words. Her beauty consists largely in her silence.

### For the Ladies.

Marriage is the natural lot of all things terrestrial. Even corns have to be pared now and again.

A Pennsylvania justice has married 2,304 couples, and the conscious-stricken wretch now declines a re-election to office.

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and to get even with him she replied that he might have her old sealskin sacque made over into a pair of ear-muffs.

How a woman always does up a new<sup>5</sup>-paper she sends to a friend, so that it looks like a well-stuffed pillow, is something that no man is woman enough to understand.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning, to get her young brood out of their beds, says she can not understand why children are called the rising generation.

"Are angels ever sleepy?" asks an exchange. Just watch your best girl when you read a scientific paper to her after it is time for you to go out and dodge the big dog in the front yard.

The following question is to be wrestled with by a country debating society at its next session. If the Mormon has eight wives and buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?

No use talking, the living skeleton is a failure in a matrimonial sense. How long did our skeleton and his wife live together? How long did Damala enjoy the sweets of matrimonial bliss with Sarah?

"There is one point for which I especially admire Washington," said Mrs. Mourner, who has just buried her third husband. "He married a widow, thus setting all Americans a noble example."

"It is terribly trying," remarked the woman with the bass voice, "and I can't stand it another day. Whenever I go to the speaking-tube to ask a question, I'm invariably answered 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.'"

In one of our Indian languages, the word "woman" is rendered "kewanow-jawjaw." Wit marked and earnest emphasis on the last two syllables. Even the savages understand the vile and wicked arts of the lying slanderer.

He was rather soiled and seedy looking his nose resembled a crimson sunset, and when he entered a store and accosted the head of the firm with: Say, boss, I'm raising a fund to bury my mother-in-law; can't you give me a lift?" he was immediately accommodated. He was given a "lift" that almost loosened the roots of his hair.

## INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY.

MAY DEW, the Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blisters, &c. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send "A SAMPLE BOTTLE" to any address on receipt of 25c; postage stamps taken. Large bottles \$1. When ordering mention this paper. Address all letters to THE MAY DEW AGENCY, 167 Church st., Toronto, Ont.

Parlors and Reception Rooms for Ladies.



It may not be generally known to our readers that the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., who are the largest manufacturers of fine Gold and silver-plated Ware in the world, have established a branch factory in Hamilton, Ont., for the purpose of supplying their CANADIAN CUSTOMERS with their wares at the same prices as they are sold for in the States. They have justly earned a reputation for quality and durability unexcelled by any other makers, and have always been awarded the highest prizes wherever they have exhibited. From the World's Fair in 1853 to the present time. The immense popularity and demand for their goods have induced other makers to imitate their name and trade marks, and for the sake of protecting our readers from such imposition we have procured copies of their trade marks, and purchasers will do well to cut out and take with them when wishing to get the genuine MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY'S GOODS.



Trade mark stamped on all Hollow Ware, such as Tea Sets, Cruets, Butter, Fruit Stands, etc.

1847 ROGERS BROS. XI,

—OR—

1847 ROGERS BROS. XII.

This trade mark is stamped on all knives, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Cake Cutters, etc.



A little boy was sent to a store for some eggs; before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off from some of them."



## HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Feal Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement

of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

## Ayer's Pills

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

## Ayer's Pills.

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

Sold by all Druggists.

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THEATRICAL COSTUMER.

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Costumes loaned. The largest stock in Canada for Theatricals, Tableaux, Charades, Masquerade Balls, Carnivals and Calithumpians at the lowest rates.

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Officers' Regalia in full sets, either for subordinate lodges or encampments. Encampment uniforms, the best and cheapest on the continent. A specialty made of P. G.'s collars and officers' jewels. Goods sent on approval. Importing the Ribbons, Silks and Trimmings direct from the manufacturers, and superintending the making-up himself, he is confident of giving a superior article in material, style and finish, at a lower price than any other house in the trade. Send for illustrated price list, or sample of anything you may require.

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## E. SOMERVILLE & CO.,

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Dealers in Choice Family Groceries,

PROVISIONS, ETC., ETC.,

## Quality of Butter & Eggs

Imported daily. Our stock of goods all well selected. Goods delivered free to any part of the city.

Call and examine our line of goods and prices.

## WANTED AGENTS - TO SELL - TUNISON'S

New and Superior Canada Maps and Charts, As paying as any agency in the world. For full particulars, free address H. C. TUNISON, Map Publishers, 388 Richmond St., London, Ontario.

## Farmers' Department.

### Better Than Banking.

Banking the house to prevent the cellar from freezing is so objectionable on the score of neatness, and for other reasons, that of the two evils one might better take the risk of possible injury from frost. But even this is not necessary, since there is a neat, cheap and effectual way of making all secure, which cannot be said of banking even at its best. A cellar seldom freezes the first winter after being built, but it will be observed that in subsequent years the walls in drying and settling will become more and more open, so as to let in the wind; this will be found by passing a lighted candle within a foot or two of such walls on a windy night, and one can even feel it too if making the examination at such a time. This is the reason the cellar freezes; not because the walls are not thick enough, for where the air cannot penetrate, as, for instance, through the double glazing of the cellar windows, giving an air chamber of less than an inch, it will not enter, but wherever the air can enter it will carry the frost with it, and such embankments as are usually made are so easily penetrated by the air that they cannot be depended upon as a protection.

But putting a good coat of mortar over the side of the walls to exclude the air, or wind, is a sure remedy. The latter part of summer—the most favorable time—when the cellar is nearly empty, sweep the walls down thoroughly, then mix up a good batch of mortar on the cellar bottom; let this stand a few days to "make" and toughen; then, when all is ready, begin by putting a good body of plaster along the bottom of the sills and well up their sides, on top of the wall; when a sure job is made of that, then slap on the mortar and smooth down over the whole face of the wall, which will make it frost-proof for all time, be cheaper in the long run, and more than answer the purpose of the too common and unsightly "banking up," which makes for four or five months of the year a nuisance about the house, where everything should be neat and tidy, especially during the bare season, when outward surroundings are least attractive.

### A Good Time to Paint.

There is no better time to paint buildings than during the pleasant days in winter. Paint spread in cold weather makes a better covering for the wood than if laid on when the wood is hot, and excessively dry, so that the oil is immediately absorbed, leaving the lead or other material used as a chalky substance on the surface ready in a few months to rub off or be washed by rains. It will require a little more paint at a single coat in cold than in warm weather, as the oil will be thickened a little by the cold, but then it will stay where it is put, and a second coat will be less needed.

One advantage in painting now, is the absence of flies and other small insects which, in warm weather, often make freshly laid paint look anything but attractive. If there is snow on the ground to cover the earth, and prevent dust and leaves from being blown into the paint, all the better. In the very coldest weather it may be well to keep the materials in a warm room, as the paint will spread more easily than if cold enough to freeze water. It is a good plan too, as far as may be, to keep on the sunny side of buildings, painting the east sides in the morning, and the west in the afternoon. The north sides may be painted in the middle of pleasant days, and the south side when it would be too cold to work anywhere else.

All the plain, outside painting of a farmer's buildings may just as well be done by himself and his ordinary farm help, as by a professional painter, though it might be well to employ one such to do the more difficult portions, and to give

advice and oversee the work. Excellent paints now come mixed all ready to spread, so that but little practice will be required for a "green hand" of ordinary ability to become equal to any ordinary farm painting. If owners of buildings would paint them a little oftener, one coat would always be enough to put on at a time. It is the long neglected work that takes up oil at a fearful rate, the wood being full of little checks which absorb like a sponge. A thin coat on the surface of solid wood is equal to a heavier coat half absorbed by air checks. A building painted with one good coat every third year, will always look well, while the wood will be thoroughly protected. A painted house is warmer than an unpainted one, the paint filling in many joints that would let cold winds through.

### Scotch Fife Wheat.

General Agent Hubbard, of the Minneapolis Millers Association, writes to the *Northwestern Miller* regarding Fife wheat. He says:—"In all the talk about wheat and wheat grades, the fact should not be lost sight of that it has never been so clearly and forcibly illustrated as in the case of the present crop that the farmers sustain a direct loss and encounter additional dangers by not sowing hard wheat, instead of the soft varieties now in use. Owing to the great increase in the amount of soft wheat raised in the northwest, hard wheat now commands a premium of 7 @ 10c. per bushel. In addition to this difference in value, there is the greater loss occasioned by the diseases to which soft wheat is susceptible and from which hard wheat is exempt. Scotch fife is now the only recognised standard hard wheat, and this variety has never been known to smut, is just as prolific as other varieties, when properly handled, is better adapted to our climate, and is the wheat to which we are indebted for the world wide reputation attained by Minneapolis flours. Would it not be wiser to sow such wheat as is in demand rather than that which buyers and millers do not want? It is a fact well established that smut will reproduce itself, and the farmer who sows smutty wheat next spring will have no one but himself to blame if his crop is graded down on that account. The farmer ought to understand this, if he does not already.

"Now the millers are interested in the production of the best wheat. They are interested in it, if for no other reason in behalf of the success which brings prosperity and peace and harmony between the purchaser and buyer. A great deal of the trouble with the wheat dates back to poor seed. The association has purchased and will continue to purchase the best Scotch fife wheat that is to be obtained—the pure unadulterated, and unmistakable stuff. It is the best wheat in the world. We propose to offer it the farmers for seed for just what it costs. If the farmers do not obtain it, it will not be our fault. Every facility will be offered them to produce it, and it will be sold for actual cost, for sowing purposes."

The breeches of promise, young man, are the ones you haven't paid for yet.

A Wheeling editor's library has been swept away by the flood, leaving only a volume of water.

Pere Hyacinthe is reported as saying of America: "The greatest danger that I see for that country is that, in her well filled granaries, her fabulously rich mines, her fertile soil, and the wealth that rolls into her from the vast oceans by which she is encompassed, she may become forgetful of her God."

## 10 Cts. HORSE BOOKS,

Will buy one of the Great treating on all diseases of the horse, illustrated with 65 engravings, and a great number of valuable receipts how to treat sick horses. Worth \$10 to any farmer. Sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents. Address *Truth Office, Toronto, Ont.*

A Manchester (N. H.) man found ninety-nine shoe nails in a chicken's gizzard. The result of frequent "shooing" probably.

## IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the rancidous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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### KIDNEY WORT

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Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

**IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,**

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

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**THOUSANDS OF CASES**

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

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PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

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### IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

**A NEW DISCOVERY.**

For several years we have furnished the Dairywomen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world.

**It Will Not Color the Buttermilk.**

**Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.**

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Special attention is directed to page 22, and the large rewards there offered for answers to Bible questions. The leading reward this time is an elegant Piano. The next a Cabinet organ, and then other very valuable rewards follow. Try your skill. Only \$1 required for a six months subscription.

"Oranges should never be eaten in company," says an authority. We have noticed the disadvantage of eating oranges, too, and have come to the conclusion that the only way to really enjoy an orange is to retire to some sheltered spot in the grove, strip, seize the orange and go in swimming in it.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alternative is needed, as this condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and impart energy to the system.

There is one good thing about leap year, and that is that leap year jokes can only be used once in four years.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes; "I was completely prostrated with asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it did me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

One of the sweet ways to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

LEADING DRUGGISTS on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficial effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities, and as a female medicine, it has accomplished remarkable cures.

A Canadian farmer, who recently lost a small pig, after long search found him drowned in the cream can. "So," he said, "poor piggy's creamed."

Do not wear faded clothes when a 10c. package of the Triangle Dyes will make them look bright as new. All the popular colors. 10c.

Really good men think of opportunity, and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled minds.

A NEW PRINCIPLE.—The principle upon which PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR acts is entirely new. It does not sink deep into the flesh, thereby producing soreness, but acts directly upon the external covering of the corn, separates it from the under lair, removes the direct pressure from the part, and at once effects a radical cure, without any pain or discomfort. Let those who are suffering from corns, yet sceptical of treatment, try it, and by the completeness of the cure they will be ready to recommend Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor to others.

"Boots and gloves that fit, and a pretty handkerchief," answered a Frenchman when challenged to name three essentials of any elegant costume.

DON'T WAIT—Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, headache, and all similar complaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents. at Druggists' and Medicine Dealers.

Who is wise? He that is wise unto salvation. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

Beware of that Cough! it may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

Forgetfulness is one of the broad ways to sin. A ship can be lost by carelessness as well as design. The evils of life come mainly through inattention.

WAGGON SHOP AND HOUSE FOR sale. Doing a good business. Situated in the best farming country in Ontario; terms easy. Apply to N. A. TOM, Blacksmith, Solina, Ont.

WANTED.—THE ADDRESS OF every reader of this paper who would like a salary of \$15.00 a week, for canvassing the most popular, useful, and easy selling subscription book ever published. Address, A. C. JACKSON and Co., 95 King St., East Toronto.

Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops. The prescription of an old Canadian Practitioner. The best remedy for the Lungs, in large bottles at 50 cents. For sale everywhere.

A fool may have his coat embroidered, but it will always be a fool's coat.

A. P. 168.

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Creameries, Farm Houses, Granaries, Grist, Flour and Saw Mills, Stables, Bridges, Drainage of Lands, etc. Plans and Estimates prepared and advice given for alterations, improvements, or new buildings.

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PEMBROKE, Feb. 18th, 1884.

MESSES. G. S. TICKELL & SONS, Belleville, Ont.

GENTLEMEN.—The Church goods have arrived, been inspected, and criticised. We have much pleasure in telling you that they prove eminently satisfactory. The Trustees and Committee of management are well pleased that they entrusted the work to you. The pulpit, or rather desk and chairs, have been very flatteringly commented upon, and indeed, everything is universally admired. Pembroke people are very proud of their church, and strangers say that it is the prettiest church in the Ottawa valley, Ottawa included. The cost has been about \$20,000. Yours respectfully, JAS. BLAND & CO.

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Wharfedale Press—For Sale—Only been five years in use, in good order, can be seen running daily at Truth office. Only being sold to make room for a faster machine. Price \$850. S. FRANK WILSON, Toronto, Canada.

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ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

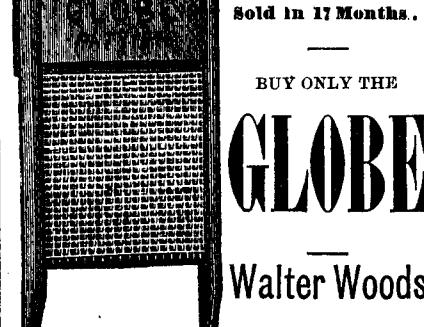
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PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL

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Rates of passage: Cabin, Portland to Liverpool according to steamer and berth, \$50, \$60, \$70, return, \$90, \$110, \$130; all outside rooms and comfortably heated by steam. Intermediate \$40. Steerage, \$24. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: \* are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent, or local agents of the Company, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents Montreal

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They are Unequalled in Style & Finish

The running gear is perfectly true, so that you have no difficulty in keeping the carriage on the side walk.

The Upholstering is tasteful and durable. You have over ONE HUNDRED varieties from which to select, including ten styles of

**Elegant Parlor Carriages,**

for outside and indoor use, one-third smaller than the ordinary size, and about half the weight.

See the new canopy top made entirely of reed work, supported on standards wound with cane. The factory makes on an average One Hundred Carriages per day, the year round, and offers splendid goods at prices far lower than the inferior productions of smaller concerns. If you cannot find Whitney's goods, you can get the address of a dealer who handles them by sending a post-card to

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THE BEST, THE STRONGEST, THE MOST RELIABLE.

Unrivalled in material, construction and finish, perfect in accuracy and unequalled in durability. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THEY EXCEL ALL OTHERS.

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Britannia Scale Purger Saves Fuel, saves Repairs, obviates Danger.

Glass Lubricators Save Oil.

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**\$100,000 TO LOAN**

On first-class farm property at lowest rates. Farmers will save money by applying by mail direct to me,

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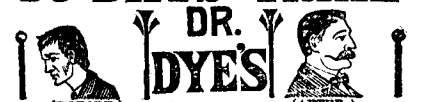
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is a perfect gem, equal to an imported French Corset; fits like a glove to the figure; very stylish, elegant in appearance, and approved of by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by

**THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.,**  
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SELECT  
Field, Garden  
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**SEEDS**  
ARE  
THE BEST  
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FREE TO ALL INTENDING PURCHASERS.  
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