

TRUTH

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May 31st. 1890.

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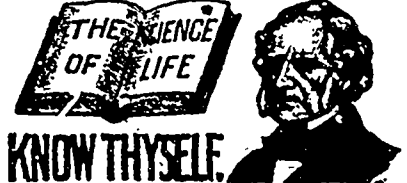
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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 31, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 504.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS

It is with great pleasure that TRUTH introduces again to its readers that most entertaining story-teller, Frank Barret whose "Smuggler's Secret" attracted so much attention when running through these columns a couple of months ago. The wonderful story of the twelve year encased Psyche, her strange deliverance and sad end, constituted one of the most popular tales TRUTH has ever published. Another, "Between Life and Death," the initial chapters of which appear in this issue, is by the same pen. It gives promise of being a story of thrilling interest. Let the friends of TRUTH mention the fact to those who do not take the paper.

And still another old-time friend returns to greet TRUTH's readers once again. Mrs. Annie L. Jack, formerly a regular contributor, whose offerings ceased to appear because of her inability to meet the many demands for her work, chats pleasantly in "The Sitting Room Window," found in another column. Mrs. Jack has already won enviable distinction as a writer, her articles being eagerly welcomed by several of the foremost magazines of the American continent. TRUTH is happy to state that it has made arrangements with this gifted lady to furnish regular contributions for its pages. And thus it adds another to its already large and varied attractions which must soon make it indispensable to every well-provided Canadian home.

A new turn is given to the social problem by Professor Simon Newcomb in the May number of the *North American Review*. While agreeing with the majority of those who have written upon the subject, that the condition of the laboring classes is not satisfactory, and that some amelioration of their lot is desirable, Prof. Newcomb contends that advocates of reform generally misapprehend the real situation and fail to discover the true source of the trouble. He insists upon a change of watchword or motto, that instead of "equal distribution" the true benefactor must inscribe on his banner "greater or more abundant production." There is, says he, the fallacy current that there is plenty and to spare of food, raiment, drink, and shelter, for all the poor and rich of the land, that the only difficulty is, the former cannot get their share because they have not money enough to buy it. Superficially," he continues, "this is a very natural view, because it accords with our experience from childhood. Every one knows that he who has the money may get almost anything he wants. What conclusion more natural than that if everybody had money everybody could buy? To obtain that there would be scarcity even if every one had the money to buy, because there is not enough to go round, requires a course of thought which, though easy, is entered upon by few. To test the matter let us take some necessary of life with which the masses are insuffi-

ciently supplied, say clothing. If during the last fifty years, more clothing has been made than is necessary for the comfort of all, and if during all that time a large body of the people have been insufficiently clad, then one of two things is inevitable; either there has been a constant accumulation of unsold clothing, or a great many men have bought and worn more than their share. But every one knows that in no clothing house is there any greater accumulation than is necessary to enable customers to find what suits them. Then who wears more than his share? The rich man? No; he only wears one suit at a time. True he buys at first hand much more than his share; but he only begins to wear it. After the first gloss is off it passes through the hands of his servant, employee, or the second hand dealer, to a wearer lower in the social scale, and continues on its course until it is worn out. If, after all the clothing made gets worn out, one tenth of the people are in rags, and another tenth insufficiently clad, what follows? Evidently, there is not clothing enough to go round comfortably. And what is true of this is true of all the commodities which the poor cannot get. If all that exists were divided among the masses to-day, the want would be greater than ever in a few months." This argument is valid and must be recognized by the social reformer before the problem confronting him is fully and finally solved.

Granting the correctness of the foregoing statement of the case it follows that the reform movement in order to be sufficiently comprehensive, must among other things aim at increasing the production. To promote this end Prof. Newcomb recommends utilizing prison labor, teaching useful trades to a larger number of the unemployed youths of our cities, and discouraging the eight hour system which means a 20 per cent. reduction of the present production. This may be well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It takes no account of whole armies of non-producers who live upon the exertions of others. Some method must be devised by which these non-producers can be so disposed as to be a blessing towards supplying the real wants of society. How the change is to be brought about, and the labor-producing power of society be directed into profitable channels is a question that is surrounded with many difficulties. It is certain that the change cannot be easily effected. It will never be accomplished by any policy which tends to create a class feeling, to alienate the different sections of the community. Instead of separating they must be brought nearer, instead of the feeling "I am of better blood than you," the conclusion must become universal of the common brotherhood of the race, and the equality of all men in the sight of their Creator.

"Gone but not forgotten" will be said of the late Mrs. Nicholls, Peterborough, even after the present generation shall all have paid the debt of nature. It is not given to many to possess so much wealth as this noble woman held in her right, nor is it often that wealth is so wisely disposed of. Her will shows that she was at once a large-

hearted and public spirited lady, fully insympathy with the cause which "makes for righteousness." Of total donations of over \$1,000,000 she bequeathed for religious, charitable and public purposes more than three fourths of this enormous sum. Following are a few of the most important bequests: "The aged and infirm ministers' fund (Presbyterian) gets \$20,000; widows and orphans', \$20,000; home missions, \$10,000; Northwest missions, \$10,000; foreign missions \$10,000; French missions, \$5,000; Queen's College, \$23,000; Knox College, \$20,000. Local institutions are treated as below:—Peterboro' Protestant Home, \$20,000; Young Men's Christian Association, \$20,000; Mechanics' Institute, \$10,000; St. Andrew's Church, \$15,000; St. Paul's Church, \$5,000; Nicholls Hospital, \$40,000; to each Protestant Sunday School in town, \$500—say nine, \$4,500; Collegiate Institute, to found scholarships, \$2,000; for public parks, \$60,000." Though nothing is mentioned in the brief statement concerning her will as to her practice while living, it may be presumed that her hand was not closed to worthy objects until death forced it open. As a rule, such persons do not make large bequests to religious and charitable objects. Large-heartedness is not a sudden expansion but a gradual growth. May the ashes of this noble Christian lady rest in peace, and may her imitators be an ever increasing army.

The people of York township have grown weary of having their property made the dumping ground of their big county town. At least they have given notice to the City Board of Health that the practice must cease, and that no night soil or refuse shall be placed within the bounds of the township. It is not certain whether our country cousins have been moved by selfish or benevolent considerations, whether to save themselves from incivility or to save the lives of the citizens of Toronto. However this may be, the citizens will have reason to thank them for the step they have taken, if as a consequence a more satisfactory method of disposing of the night soil and garbage of the city shall be found. Probably the long-talked of crematory will now cease to be a thing of the imagination and become a reality. Why it should have continued a thing intangible and invisible until this late date is a question that perplexes many, especially since it is known that the erection of one was decided upon long ago and a committee of the Board of Health was appointed nearly a year since to select a site. If a nail for. Should it now matter at only light-ly will prove our greater benefit.

Though it is generally claimed that the temperance movement has not made much progress in England is on the Atlantic, the present public purpose for which it is contended that it is necessary to promote this movement, which he assumed them equal in their efforts. It is not given to many to possess so much wealth as this noble woman held in her right, nor is it often that wealth is so wisely disposed of. Her will shows that she was at once a large-

the sale of food shall be an indispensable adjunct of the sale of liquor, and the delegation of exclusive authority over licensing to local authorities. The bill if carried, will wipe out the most numerous and objectionable class of licensed houses, viz., the beer shops, which with the publican's or spirit retailer's license, and the wine license, taken out by the keeper of a hotel or eating house, constitute at present the three important classes of licenses for the sale of liquor to be found on the premises. To the license commissioners, chosen from the county council, is given absolute and final power as to the suppression of licenses and the selection of licensees, as well as power to regulate the hours of opening and closing, and the structure of licensed houses.

A feature of the bill which is unique so far as temperance legislation on this continent is concerned is the provision for compensating the present holders of licenses, who through the operation of the proposed law would fail to get their licenses renewed. This provision has aroused the prohibitionists who are strongly opposing it and who argue in England as here, that license holders having been engaged in an iniquitous and unwholesome calling have no claim to be indemnified for the loss of their business. The opposite view, however, widely prevails that their business having been authorized by law, satisfies the definition of legitimacy; and that every lawful trader, suppressed not as a criminal but for the general advantage, is entitled to compensation. The *Spectator* voices the feeling of a large body of the people when it says, that to continue a right of selling drink in the case of one man and then shut up his rival without indemnification would be sheer robbery. But while the beer houses which are the poor man's club will be ruthlessly assailed by the provisions of the bill the rich men's clubs do not entirely escape. Upon clubs in General Lord Randolph proposes to levy so heavy a tax that some of the larger London establishments will have to pay as much as \$10,000 a year apiece. This fact will take the edge off an objection which might otherwise destroy the prospects of the bill.

Another feature of the bill is, that it provides that the power of the license holder to sell liquor may be transferred to any other person who may be licensed to sell liquor. This is a very wise provision, and it is to be hoped that it will be carried into effect. It is a very natural view, because it accords with our experience from childhood. Every one knows that he who has the money may get almost anything he wants. What conclusion more natural than that if everybody had money everybody could buy? To obtain that there would be scarcity even if every one had the money to buy, because there is not enough to go round, requires a course of thought which, though easy, is entered upon by few. To test the matter let us take some necessary of life with which the masses are insuffi-

one of their candidates frankly put it, they "stood on "boodle," and boodle has carried the day." Possibly boodle had something to do with the result, but that a whole province should be so debauched and without political conscience it is hard to imagine. Until the proof of such turpitude is forthcoming the Mail need not be surprised if fair-minded men refuse to accept its representations which are far too sweeping for the evidence it has adduced.

The unstinted praise which H. M. Stanley felt constrained to publicly bestow upon Lieutenant Stairs, his most trusted subordinate officer, whom he represented as the soul of fidelity and obedience, whose ability to apprehend orders and power and skill to execute them, whose energy and tact mark him out as one in many thousands, is a tribute in which Canadians may well feel a pardonable pride. Naturally the authorities of the Military College at Ottawa, where Lieutenant Stairs received his Military training are gratified that the young Canadian has acquitted himself so heroically. Moreover they claim that the very qualities for which Lieut. Stairs is chiefly praised are the qualities which the methods pursued in the college are calculated to imprint on the plastic nature of young men. The college is turning out year by year young Canadians who will be fit to cope with any crisis that may occur in the country's development.

The irregular political orbit through which Mr. E. E. Sheppard has moved since his first appearance in Toronto as a journalistic light has tempted Grip to present in pictorial form the different characters in which he has posed. Now, though on abstract principles there is nothing censurable or sinful in a man changing his opinion, provided the change is due to an increase or light touching the matter at issue, nevertheless men have a feeling of distrust for those who show any great tendency to vacillate. They admire that quality in a man which gives the assurance that when you want him you know where to look for him. Especially is this demanded of those who seek to assume important public responsibilities. Consequently when they find a man exhibiting great fickleness concerning his political garb, assuming now the habit of a Democrat, now that of an advocate of national independence, now adorning himself with the distinctive badge of a labor reformer, now robing himself according to the demands of "society," they will hesitate to place any important trust in such hands. Nor can men be blamed for withholding their gifts from those whose ways are so erratic, even though in other respects they may claim to confidence. They cannot be sure the man who fights for them to-day, will not be found in their enemy's ranks to-morrow. Hence those wandering stars that have acquired the habit of changing their orbit with almost every hanging moon, those tarboats whose record is so strangely punctuated, must reckon on continuing with a feeling that is not easily overcome. It is the highest wisdom that has been said, "Unstable as water thou canst not stand."

The Interstate Commerce Committee which has been nearly two years gathering information relative to the Canadian roads operating within the bounds of the United States, have at length made their report, which strongly condemns the present arrangement as being unfair to the American competing roads. The section of the report which deals with the facts of the case concludes thus. The sum and substance of the arrangement seems to be that the Gov-

ernment has in some way been hoodwinked into the project of facilitating the work of diverting the Asiatic commerce of the United States to the great political and military railroad constructed by Canadian subvention, and to the British and Pacific Ocean steamer line, which owes its existence almost exclusively to the subsidies which it receives from the Canadian and British Governments." To remedy this undesirable state of things the committee recommends "either such a license system shall be established for the Canadian railroad, or that some other plan be adopted, which shall secure to the American railroads an equal chance in competition with their Canadian rivals." This recommendation is very unsatisfactory to the anti-British press, which insists upon the adoption of the most extreme measures. Says the New York Sun, which is only one of many: "To license the Canadian railroads to continue in our inter-State carrying trade would be to legalize a gross wrong against American interests. Such a license might be likened to a letter of marque issued by our Government authorizing an alien enemy to prey upon our own commerce. The wise and manly course for Congress is to prohibit the trade altogether, and leave the Canadians to find a way out of the dilemma into which an imperial colonial policy directly hostile to the United States has brought them. Fortunately, this course can be adopted without injury to any paramount American interest; and it may lead to a peaceable settlement not only of this question, but of many others." Unfortunately for the Sun's proposition its political animus is too apparent. Few are so blind as not to see in this constant nagging at Britain and everything British a scheme to catch the Irish vote which has become such an important factor in American politics. On the other hand, it is fortunate for the Canadian Companies that the people of the Western States find the Canadian roads so great a convenience that they are not likely to forego the advantages they give for the sake of pleasing a few dissatisfied railway magnates. As a matter of fact there is no great danger of the adoption of such drastic measures as the Sun proposes. The interests of the West will never allow it.

The strike which has been going on in this city among the building trades for the last five or six weeks, though greatly resented, is still of sufficient strength to be perceptibly with the building operations of the city. That the men have obtained a great loss by this enforced holiday, few will be disposed to deny, while should the men ultimately gain their demands, the increase of wages will hardly compensate them for the loss of nearly one eighth of a year's wages. Of course it is not to be forgotten, that when a question of principle or right is at stake the money consideration is an insignificant thing, and will not be seriously considered by a free-hearted man, nevertheless the economic aspect of strikes is a legitimate subject for consideration. In this respect it is doubtful if they are a gain. Indeed some economists boldly assert that loss is always the result. One writer has compared a strike to the act of a man who burns his barn to destroy the rats that ate his corn. Here are some figures that may be profitably pondered by those social agitators who would cure the ills of poverty by first impoverishing society. According to the United States Reports of 1880, the total amount of wages lost during the year was \$3,711,007. The aggregate number of days lost was 1,000,000.

and the number of men idle was 64,779. The loss of wages in the St. Louis railroad strike of 1880 was a million dollars, without reckoning the loss of productive labor, which is estimated at a million more. The loss of railroad property in Pittsburgh by fire and otherwise in the great strike of 1877, was from eight to ten million dollars. In the engineer's strike on the C. B. and Q. railroad in 1888, the cost was over two million dollars. The dockmen's strike in London last summer was estimated to have entailed a loss of several million dollars. From all which the conclusion is drawn that every strike, whether successful or not, is a total loss to the community as a whole, however it may effect particular individuals.

Once again the halls at Ottawa are practically deserted. The fourth session of the sixth parliament of Canada, the longest on record save the famous Franchise Act session, has come to a close. On the 16th inst. His Excellency the Governor-General with the customary address dismissed the faithful legislators to their homes. By a curious coincidence the number of bills passed during the session of just closed is identical with that of last session, being one hundred and ten. While much useful legislation has been effected the session has not been distinguished by any striking measure. Some readjustment of the customs tariff has been made, a new banking law have been passed, a number of changes have been introduced into the criminal law, while a bureau of labor statistics has been created, which His Excellency hopes will promote the investigation and study of the questions which affect the relations of capital and labor, and aid in the diffusion of information on all that concerns the occupations and well-being of the working classes. The usual generosity for which this government is noted has been shown toward the railway companies seeking for favors in the form of grants of land. It is estimated that the land grants voted in aid of North-Western railway construction during the session aggregated four millions of acres. In regard of these grants, however, is there anything peculiar in the U. S. P. is an old story, so also is the railway subsidy business.

But though so common place in this respect the session of 1890 is destined to attract the attention of those who write our national history. It has its distinction, though that distinction be an unenviable one. It may appropriately be called the "Scandal Session," seeing that no fewer than four cases have come to light in which members of parliament have been charged with trafficking with their parliamentary influence. First is the case of Hon. C. H. Rykert, whose conduct parliament agreed to condemn as "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous," and who was seen to have profited to the extent of \$74,000 of the notorious Adam's transaction. If a nail is driven into the wall of a man's life, it is not only lighted, but fully at the open. Mr. Rykert, said to be the principal figure in the Caraquez railway, which through the influence received a handsome statement read before the House is bold enough to acknowledge the one purpose for which he was to promote this project, which he assumed to have earned them equal shares in the coming fortune. The head of the Caraquez railway, which through the influence received a handsome statement read before the House is bold enough to acknowledge the one purpose for which he was to promote this project, which he assumed to have earned them equal shares in the coming fortune.

Waddington railway, whose company stipulated with the constructors of the road as follows: "We want a liberal bonus in bonds of first issue or cash for the seven promoters of the road, for labor expended and good will." The remaining dark transaction is that charged to Mr. Thomas McGreevy, M.P., by his associates, his brother being one of the accusers. The charge is to the effect that Mr. McGreevy received commissions covering large sums upon contracts issued by the Dominion Government and the Quebec Harbour Commission to the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co. Mr. McGreevy, however, gives the story a blank denial, and says the only money he has received is a repayment of advances he has made. And there the matter rests.

For the honor of our country and of her fair name every patriotic Canadian will wish that this dark page of our history might be covered or effaced. There is in it abundant cause for national humiliation. It is enough to make the man not lost to shame blush in the dark. His only consolation is in the thought that possibly the political corruption is not greater than formerly, but because of the white light that has been thrown upon it, it has been made more apparent and caused to stand forth in all its ugliness and loathsomeness. A favorite argument with those who contend against the idea that the world is growing worse and fast approaching a cataclysm is, that the apparent change is owing to an increase of knowledge, and a quickening of the moral consciousness, and not to any increase of wickedness. The background seems blacker because of the greater light that is thrown upon the picture. May not the same truth find its application here? Many will at least wish that it may be so.

Four Canadians have recently bowed the head in the presence of royalty and as a consequence will now expect their fellow countrymen to address them as "Sir Knight." The favored ones whom her Majesty has seen fit to honor are, Colonel Gzowski of Toronto, Deputy Postmaster General Griffin, Mr. Justice Johnson of Quebec, Mr. Justice Piusent of Newfoundland. Time was when such distinctions were greatly to be desired as serving to invest their possessor with a sort of divinity and to transform him into a creature of nobler blood than ordinary mortals. Even yet some of the old-time glamour and significance attaches to them, though manifestly the power of such titles has greatly waned. Owing to the growing spirit of Democracy which disregards the adventitious circumstances of wealth or rank, the central glory and which asserts that a man's a man for a that, and owing to the utilitarianism of the present age, the titles of nobility are fast becoming a thing of the past. The titles of nobility are fast becoming a thing of the past. The titles of nobility are fast becoming a thing of the past.

Truth's Contributors.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN ONTARIO.

BY A CANADIAN.

To go to the commencement of the matter, we must remember that these differences are principally an Irish quarrel. Our ancestors, as was indeed the fashion of the day, dealt out hard measure to the defeated Irish. Many an honest man, forced whether he would or not to take arms for King James, lost his land and all he possessed by one confiscatory stroke of the pen, and saw his farm given to some soldier who had fought for William, or just as likely, to some politician who had not fought at all. Nor was this a narrow or confined operation, it extended its effects to hundreds of thousands. Then we must remember, long after peace was rendered, the terrible operation of the penal laws.

These measures, if they could not be returned by injury, were savagely returned by hate. Generations were born, lived and died, and still kept up the remembrance of mortal feud, and of injuries mutually inflicted. For two hundred years it was tried to conciliate the Irish by force, and the end was no nearer. Other means are now being used, it is to be hoped with effect. In the meantime various organizations were formed on the one for mutual defence, it was said, too often, it is to be feared, for mutual annoyance. Many acts on either side it is impossible to defend, and afford unfortunate corroboration of the well-known line of Burns, on man's inhumanity to man.

Among these organizations the most important was the Orange, which seems, strangely, to have nearly as many members in Canada as in all Ireland, where it has 200,000, while here (according to Chambers) 150,000. About fifty years since, after having been long looked upon by Protestants with favorable eyes, a change took place in public opinion. On this point, to give the view of a writer probably unprejudiced, I quote from Chambers encyclopaedia (Edinburgh). "The worst result of the Orange Association was the constant incentive it supplied by party animosities and deeds of violence. The spirit of fraternity which pervaded its members was a standing obstacle to the administration of the law, and all confidence in the local administration of justice by magistrates was destroyed. An alleged Orange conspiracy to alter the succession to the crown in favor of the Duke of Cumberland, led to a protracted parliamentary inquiry in 1835, and this inquiry, as well as a shocking outrage committed soon afterwards by an armed band of Orangemen, on the occasion of a riot on the island, so completely discredited the Orange Association, that the British Government, in 1837, passed an Act to suppress the organization, and to punish its members."

ered that that body do not wield the political influence, nor do the amount of good they otherwise might, on account of their apparent belief that the principal end of statesmanship should be the weakening of Roman influence. Now, the large body of Protestants in Canada find it impossible to understand this. They are many of them old residents, many life-long residents here; they have lived in peace and union with their Roman Catholic fellow citizens, and have no sympathy whatever, either with attacks made upon them, or attempts to divide their methods of education or religion into channels they do not desire.

It is this which weakens Mr. Meredith in his campaign. If he could point out any evil management on the part of Mr. Mowat's men of office, he would have some backing to refer to. But he has none. He must admit that our affairs have been well and economically managed. All he can say is, "The Roman Catholics are being allowed to oppress you." Now, as no man alive can recollect when these did in any sense or manner oppress us, the attack falls flat.

In the same spirit, the most astonishing proposals are made. Some gentlemen seem prepared to rush with force and arms on the French Canadian schools, and teach all the little victims (worst thing is they've no idea they are victims) to speak English compulsorily, and it may be simultaneously. Other crusaders would compel all Catholics to carry school elections by secret ballot which is to be a great blessing to them quite regardless that they have not to any extent asked for the blessing, do not desire the blessing, and, as fact, do not seem to think it would be a blessing at all. Oh, but you do want it; it is only the priests who don't want it." And in vain priests and people turn the cold shoulder to the blessing; the crusader knows better, and he will bestow it on them, or there's no knowing what he won't do. But is all this religion? It has been going on for fifty years in one form or another here. Did it ever make a proselyte? I fear not. Ever improve manners or morals? It is very doubtful. Then what is it? It is a very earnest religion. It is campaign religion, and though getting to heaven may be the ultimate intention, it is absolutely necessary that the path lead through the local, and that a refreshing rest be taken at the end made there.

The Overcrowded City of Berlin.

New Yorkers think oftentimes that their living apartments are crowded, but they will notice subjoined some statistics which force the conclusion that Emperor William's capital, Berlin, is also a little tucked up. In Berlin in 1880, with a population of 1,122,339, there were 478,052 persons living in tenements having but one room that could be heated, or an average of 3.75, inmates to a room; 302,322 living in tenements possessing but two rooms that could be heated, or an average of 2.23 to a room, and 127,340 in tenements with three rooms that could be heated, or an average of 1.56 to a room. So it appears that 1,100,000 inhabitants out of 1,100,000 three-fourths, have only one room that can be heated, and are on an average of 2.51 to a room. There are 25,203 houses, divided up into 1,100,000 apartments. The average rent for a room is \$1.50, the highest \$3.00, the lowest \$33. One house held 487 persons, 170 of them in 141 houses, 39 cellar dwellings, 141 inhabitants, of which 141 were crowded with close together in Berlin, was...

MOWAT VS. THE PEOPLE.

BY ONTARIO.

To use the words of your contributor "Canadian" in last week's issue, "as your paper is generally a fair one" and takes no side in politics, I trust you will give me a few lines of your valuable space.

"Canadian" must have written his "other Side of Attacks on Mowat" laboring under the impression that Turner's readers were, to say the least, very glib. His article reads to me like the speech of a candidate nominated because he was a farmer, to support Mr. Mowat because he was a Reformer (which he is no longer), for all who read the parliamentary reports are cognizant of the fact that Mowat has during the last session refused reform legislation, giving as his reason that he had no precedent, which to me smacks of Toryism dark and antique and not at all in touch with this age of progress.

It is not my intention to refer to all of the crimes he endeavours to defend, but it appears to me that where there are so many offences or abuses there must be a few well grounded adverse criticisms of the actions of the Mowat administration.

"Canadian" tries to confuse the individual Catholic fellow-citizen with the hierarchy in his effort to defend the action of the Government in refusing Catholics the ballot. I would ask can any free man reading the correspondence which passed between Archbishop Cleary and Mr. Meredith and the former's circular to his priests, fail to see the position of the Catholics in this country and fail to sympathize with them? Why, sir, their position is more to be lamented than that of the slaves down south before the war. Does Mowat, this champion of the people's rights, come to their assistance? Oh, no! not he, he barters their rights to the priesthood. It would never do for the Catholics to have the privilege of judging for themselves; it would establish a bad precedent; in time they would even dare to assume the responsibility of judging for themselves as to who would be the proper man to vote for, which very undesirable state of affairs might land Mowat, Cleary, Fraser & Co., in the soup, especially if we had a secret ballot in the Ontario elections, which was refused last session.

One of the charges made by the opposition has evidently been overlooked by your correspondent. Would he please rise and explain why the Government voted down the bill making the punishment for bribery a felony? Perhaps they may have been saving some of the surplus to improve the roads of the "free and independent" election at a approaching day of reckoning, June 5th.

In reference to the business of the Parliament building job, the charge is not that the building cost more than was originally intended, but that the Government has failed to express an opinion as to what their cost will be. Poor Mr. Mowat and the majority of the electors who do not know the facts of the case, a very few of which I might state for the benefit of the uninformed, your correspondent evidently is among the number. The buildings were to cost originally from \$500,000 to \$750,000. Toronto architects furnished plans at the request of the Government, and the Government gave the House to understand that the plans of a Toronto firm would be accepted, as they were satisfactory. We do not find fault with the Government for changing its mind and deciding on buildings which cost at least \$2,000,000, but why give out new plans to a Buffalo

man without giving our Canadian men a chance to compete, and not restricting the alien to any specified sum as to the cost of the buildings? He gets good pay for his work, too, 5 per cent. of the cost of buildings, estimating which at two millions will make the architect's share \$100,000.

Not being in the confidence of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues I am unable to explain why this is so, but reading the expressions of Reform architects of Toronto in regard to the matter, in which they denounce the action of the Government as outrageous, shameful, scandalous, iniquitous and rotten, I come to the conclusion that it is not a very creditable affair, to say the least, notwithstanding "Canadian's" brilliant effort at calculating that we get it all for nothing.

Finally he says "give Mr. Meredith power to-morrow, what better would he do?" Well, we won't give him power to-morrow, nor next day, but on the 5th of June we will. What W. R. Meredith's platform is I know the man to be a gentleman and a man of irreproachable honor are tempted to give him a trial, and if he does not do as he promises we will give some one else a chance.

A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

Curious sights to be seen away down under Ocean's Bottom.

Prof. Alexander Winchell, in a vivid description of a walk under the sea, says:

We stand and gaze into the blackness and chill which rest against us like bodies imbedded in a wall of masonry. Days may pass, months and years, and not a sound comes out of the solitude which imprisons us; no gleam reminds us that nature is not dead. We stand a century, and nothing stirs, nothing in these voiceless plains of death, though above us sweep the still, majestic currents which bring frost from the pole. This mud is the dust of cemeteries, which has been gathering since the ocean descended to take possession of its mysterious bed, shutting three-fifths of the world's surface from the observation of man. Mingled with the clay are the relics of larger creatures which have lived in the sea where the sunlight cheers its populations—teeth of sharks, carbonaceous whales—not the accumulations of yesterday or of a century. They are the relics of creatures whose race has died out—tertiary whales, the representatives of past cycles of geologic history. Nothing changes here. Cold and darkness prevent decay. Here by the side of the wrecks of the last Winter are the hard parts of the creatures which dwelt somewhere in the ages before man.

Dead ruins of extinct types, we said. N the forms are not all dead; the realm is still inhabited. Here are crinoids, primitive crinoids which have come down through all the ages of geologic history, lying here, sleeping here, like inanimate organisms through the centuries, chilled into changelessness like mammoth carcasses incased in ice, still dreaming of the middle ages of the world. Here are grotesque articulates, perpetuated portraits of the quaint ancestors of the lobster and the crab, archaic fishes whose retarded development has left them ages behind in the march of progress. Few and widely scattered are these wanderers out of the world's antiquity and they have not strayed to greater depths than three and one third miles.

Ray of light, we said. But a phosphorescent gleam breaks through the wall of night. In the distance is a fish like form bearing a curious appendage, which seems to serve him as a lantern. It sheds a ghastly glow, the thickness of the solitude. The fish, then, has use for eyes. Shint out the figure's sunlight, he is a feeble star to himself. His lantern glow reveals the presence of other grotesque forms, without sunlight and without eyes. Fishes they are, but stranger than fancy ever pictured. One has a mouth of five times the length of the body's diameter. The mouth of another opens to twice the length of the animal's body, with a bag like pouch, which would hold the entire body six times over. Another has glaring eyes like a tea-saucer, and another has a thin phosphorescence emanating to take in the thin phosphorescence from his neighbor's lantern. Life is even here—antique, obsolete life, which the ages have sent by a devious path astray, arriving at our times a million years behind its date.

Men and Women.

The Rev. Hiram Bingham announces that he has completed his self-imposed task of translating the Bible into the language of the natives of the Gilbert Islands. He began it in the fifties.

Jucs Kono, the young Jap who was graduated at Victoria University, Coburg, taking a gold medal for general proficiency, is the first Asiatic ever presented for graduation at a Canadian institution.

Miss Nellie Arthur, daughter of the late President Arthur, has become a picturesque young lady, with a brilliant complexion, large, soft brown eyes, a graceful figure, and an original and effective taste in dress.

Walt Whitman, who has never fully recovered from a serious attack of grippe, has selected a place for his grave in Harleigh cemetery near Camden. It is a picture-me place, beneath majestic oaks and chest trees.

The story goes that the wife of a well-known member of Parliament keeps a scrapbook in which she pastes all the uncomplimentary paragraphs printed about her husband. These come in handy for quotation at times of domestic unpleasantness.

Mr. James Gordon Bennet, who introduced the game of polo in the States, has been hunting up its pedigree, and finds that it was a favorite sport at the court of the Mikado (whose "object" even then seems to have been the cultivation of "innocent merriment") more than a thousand years ago.

Constantine Constantynowicz, the Grand Duke, recently arrested and imprisoned by the Czar's command for publishing a revolutionary poem, is a nephew of Russia's autocrat. He is thirty-two years of age, and published his first volume of poems in 1886. This is not the first time a poet has been shabbily treated by an uncle.

Naja, daughter of the Russian painter, Morosow, is soon to be married, and will wear one of the most marvellous bridal dresses ever seen. Her father's friends and fellow-artists have each painted an allegorical composition on the dress, which, when the beautiful owner is inside of it, will be a perfect walking art gallery.

It is said that Lady Pauncelote, wife of the British Minister at Washington, was much amazed when, in answer to an informal announcement, that she would be at home on a certain Saturday afternoon from four to six, 1,400 visitors presented themselves, most of whom insisted on shaking hands, although she had never before heard of their existence.

The memorial of Wilkie Collins, for which over \$1,500 has already been subscribed by his admirers, will take the form of a library of fiction to be placed in the "People's Palace," itself a benefaction due to another novelist, Mr. Walter Besant, the author of "Those All Sorts and Conditions of a Palace of Delight" for Orange-street, London.

Harper's Magazine for June is already to hand, and in the variety and excellency of its contents is characteristic. The most important article perhaps is the first installment of Alphonse D. Tarncon: The last Adventures of Tartarus, translated by Henry James, which will appear as a humorous story. The publication of this magazine is a great robe of enterprise for the publishers, as readers of the French Public Affairs Magazine are except

beastly. His Majesty is now suing for peace. The Dahoman Amazons have rendered, not to the superior arms, but to the charms, of the invaders!

M. Emile Corra, in a review in the Evenement of Renan's History of Israel, says. "It is to the Jews, as much as to the Arabs, that we owe, during the Middle Ages, the preservation, the transmission and progress of all ancient science, of mathematics, astronomy, natural science and medicine; it is, again, the Jews who were the most prolific agents in the development of agriculture, of the great industries, of international commerce and finance; in fact, it is they who at the same period maintained with most fruitful results the study of ancient languages, and who have preserved for us in their perfect integrity the oldest monuments of human thought.

Mr. Vanderbilt's failure to purchase Meissonier's famous picture, "La Rixe," from Queen Victoria has brought out in the Revue Bleue the whole story of the manner in which it came into the possession of her Majesty. Meissonier, who had been a Captain in the artillery of the Garde Nationale, remained a staunch republican; but he had a warm friend in Emile Augier, an ardent imperialist. Augier, for a long time, tried in vain to get Meissonier to consent to be presented at the Tuilleries, and it was only after a dinner with Prince Napoleon as the guest that the painter yielded. He received a special invitation to be present at the reception to the Queen of England and the Prince Consort. Meissonier went to the Tuilleries and was welcomed with all honors. Shortly before her Majesty and her husband, Prince Albert, prepared to leave for England, the Emperor asked the Prince what picture in the Salon interested him most. "The Rixe," by Meissonier, sire," replied the latter. "It is an extraordinary production, full of movement, color, and life, admirably finished and splendidly worked out. It is a chef d'oeuvre. I never saw anything more beautiful." At the close of the conversation Napoleon sent for Meissonier, but he could not be found. He had left with his friend, Augier, shortly after his presentation. Then the Chamberlain and Director of Fine Arts, M. Nieuwerkerke, was sent for. "Find Meissonier," said the Emperor: "Prince Albert has just spoken to me of the 'Rixe' I mean to make him a present of it. Buy it at any cost, and see to it that it gets into the Prince's hands before 12 o'clock to-day." The Chamberlain started out in pursuit of the artist, and, after a long chase, found him, and purchased the picture for 25,000 francs, taking Meissonier's order for its removal from the Salon; and at 11 o'clock it was presented to Prince Albert. It is still, after thirty years, the most conspicuous ornament in the Salon of his widow.

Literary and Art Notes.

"Leaders on the Turf" is the subject of the four-page Supplement in the number of Harper's Weekly published May 29th. Pictures of famous race-horses, portraits of Leonard W. Jerome, August Belmont, H. F. Dwyer, and other prominent owners of thorough breeds, accompany the article. The same number also contains illustrations of incidents during the cruise of the squadron of evolution, and a double-page view of the Garfield Monument.

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in which the author takes up the question whether women ruin men by their extravagance. "How to Close a Town House for Summer" is excellently told by Florence Howe Hall, while Ellen Le Gardo delightfully treats some "Out-door Sports for Girls." Lina Beard tells how to arrange "A Paper Picnic," while Mrs. Mallon, the famous New York fashion-writer, begins a department "For Woman's Wear," which is the most practical, sensible and careful department ever published by a magazine.

There is an unusual variety of matter for the housewife in Good Housekeeping for May 24, of which one of the more notable papers is that of Maria Parloa on "Early Preserving." The use of veal as an article of food is fully treated by Leslie Stone, with a large number of recipes for both French and American dishes. "Kitchen Secrets" will commend themselves to every student of perfect housekeeping, while "Planning and Perfecting a Home," by Annie Curt, teaches how economy and beauty may go hand in hand. "Buried Bread" relates in a humorous manner the tragic experience of an ambitious young housewife. The number is rich in all its departments, and the several pieces of verse, which principally relate to Memorial Day, are excellent. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Several leading issues that are stirring the minds and hearts of those on this Continent are ably discussed in the May number of Our Day. President C. A. Amaron points out the "Duties of Protestants to Roman Catholics," Ex Governor Long and Gen. Morgan set forth the "Rights and Wrongs of the Red Men," Miss M. F. Cusack gives a description of "Convent Life in the United States," Rev. E. J. Haynes describes the "Preaching required by the American Masses," while Joseph Cook discusses "Race Riots in the South" and the "Competition of White and Black citizens in the Gulf States." Besides these leading articles the Book Notices' department, Questions to Specialists, Vital points of Expert Opinion and Editorial Notes combine to make the current number exceedingly interesting and instructive.—Yearly subscription \$2.50. Our Day Pub. Co., Boston.

The question of hours of labor is discussed by General Walker in the Atlantic for June. The author of the article will be remembered as the writer of a criticism of Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward which appeared in the Atlantic and to which Mr. Bellamy replied at some length. General Walker has made social questions a study, and his criticisms and suggestions on the present Eight Hour Law agitation come from a man more fully fitted to speak with authority than almost any one in the United States. Charles Dudley Warner's article on The Novel and the Common School, is a keen analysis of the duty of the public schools in the supply of reading for our young citizens. Mrs. DeLand's Sidney and the second part of Rod's narration, furnish the fiction of this issue, and here are two poems, an account of a visit to the localities immortalized in the legends of King Arthur, and several short papers.

Frederick's Star is a man, the Orientalist painter, characterized by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June, as a typical American artist, because in art, "just now, it is the cosmopolitan who is typical, the thorough-paced American who is exceptional." Some admirable analogies and fac similes of Mr. Bridgman's pictures are given. Another notable attraction of this number is a finely illustrated article on that "mile of history," the Bowery, of New York city, by Felix O. Boy, the well-known local historian, who seems to have inherited from the charm of style and fund of Gotham lore of the interesting illustrated articles are: "The Life of a Longshoreman," Dr. Guernsey's concluding paper on "Frederick the Great," "Women Wearers of Men's Clothes," "Mysterious and Dreaded Saurian" (the Gila Monster), "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Traveling by Air." The short stories, poems, literary and other miscellany, applied in the abundance which is characteristic of this magazine, make up an uncommonly rich number.

The Chauvaugan for June opens with the second of a two-part article on "The Making of Italy," by Edward A. Freeman, the eminent English historian; James A. Harrison, LL.D., of Washington and Lee Uni-

versity, takes "The Archeological Club in Italy" to the end of its journey; Bella H. Stillman continues her charming studies of "Life in Modern Italy," this time giving a glimpse of the customs of the upper classes; Principal James Donaldson, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, closes his series of scholarly articles on "Roman Morals"; Prof. Adolfo Bartoli writes of "Italian Literature" bringing his study to the works of the present day; Mrs. Brownning's "Casa Guidi Windows" is paraphrased by President D. H. Wheeler, LL.D. of Allegheny College; some thoroughly practical ideas will be found in "How to Make and Retain Friends," by Charles H. Thomas; a strong article on "Mind-Reading," or Thought-Transference is contributed by Prof. R. E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and a member of the Seybert Commission. The usual space is devoted to editorials and matters of interest to the C. L. S. C.

Lippincott's Magazine for June is a brilliant and eminently readable number. The complete novel is contributed by Mary E. Stackney, and is entitled "Circumstantial Evidence." It is a story of the misunderstandings, jealousies, and final reconciliation of a young couple, told in a natural and charming manner. The story is full of good situations, and here and there verges upon the tragic, but all's well that ends well. The character of the impetuous, passionate "Nita," the young wife, is capably drawn as is also that of her husband. Altogether it is a very bright and entertaining story, and though no moral obtrudes itself, it certainly points one, and a good, strong, healthy one, too. Besides the usual departments, which are very full and complete, Robert Burns Wilson contributes a noble poem entitled "Lee; A chant of Remembrance." The ceremony of the unveiling of the Lee statue, soon to take place at Richmond, gives peculiar appropriateness to the publication of this fine tribute to the character of Lee, written by one who, though a Northerner by birth, has become an adopted son of the South.

The Canadian Methodist Quarterly is a credit to the managing editors and to the denomination which it represents. Though only in its second year it takes rank among the first of similar publications on this Continent. The number for April contains several articles that are worthy of a place in the standard literature of the subjects of which they treat. Particular mention may be made of the article on "Christian Perfection," by Rev. Chancellor Burwash, S.T.D. This is one of a series of articles, of which two appeared in the former volume. It is not too much to say of them that they contain an elucidation of this important and ever interesting subject unsurpassed, if indeed, equalled, in Methodist theology. No Christian can read them without profit, and many will doubtless have their views greatly clarified thereby. The new department devoted to Church Work is intensely practical and will do much towards reducing into organized form the working force of the Church. The editorial notices of books and Reviews is a department that the busy worker will find invaluable. Indeed the whole number is packed with the choicest thoughts from men who stand among the leaders of the day. Annual Sub., \$1.00. Address Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., 11 Avenue Place.

Scribner's Magazine for June is a Stanley number, containing the only article which he will contribute to any periodical, and the first authoritative word from him on many of the most important features of his great expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. This article fills thirty-two pages of the issue, and is most graphic and exciting narrative from first to last. It opens with a solemn acknowledgment of Stanley's belief in God's help to him when he was helpless in the forest solitude of Africa. "I feel utterly unable," he says, "to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of His own, preserved me." Stanley reviews the work of his officers, and mainly but charitably criticizes the conduct of the Rear Guard. He explains fully Emin Pasha's attitude, and speaks vigorously on the whole question of slavery in Africa and its extirpation. The larger part of the article is a detailed account of the wonderful journey through the forest in search of food, and the relief of Nelson's starvation camp. The illustrations are unique—presenting the first results of modern photographic methods as applied in places never before seen by a white man.

Bit-Bits.

A Most Accommodating Groomsman.

"Have you brought any witnesses," asked the Reverend Stole Surplice of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No, we no'er thocht o' that. Is it necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister. "You should have a groomsman and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Who can we get, Jen, do you think?"

The bride, so addressed, suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Stop awa' along, Jen, an' ask them an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass somewhat younger than the bride. When the parties had been properly arranged and the minister about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said, "Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Well, I was just gawn to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that one," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it's too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "We'll, then ye maun just gang on."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Baby's Mysterious Disappearance on May Day.

"Charles, have you seen anything of the baby?" asked a distracted woman about noon on last moving day.

"No. How'n thunder can I take care of a baby and see that this crockery is put on the wagon without being smashed to flinders?"

"But I'm sure I hear the darling crying somewhere. Are you sure that she is not in the clothes-basket with the preserves?"

"No, she ain't. How'd'you s'pose she'd get in there?"

"But I hear her just as plain as can be. Why, Charles Smith, I do believe she's in this roll of carpet!"

It was true. The baby had been left in the middle of the sitting-room floor, and the men who took up the carpet tossed a breadth over her without observing her, rolled her up in it and stood the carpet up in the hall. The child when rescued was punctured here and there with rusty tacks and its mouth was partly stuffed with carpet dust, but otherwise it was quite hearty.

T. L. N.

Jealous Husbands.

"He must be a dreadfully jealous man who objects to his wife's cousins."

"Wife's cousins! Why, man, I know husbands who object to their wives' brothers."

"Impossible!"

"It is a fact. Object to the brothers their wives promised to be sisters to before they were married."

His Honor Saved.

Bagley—I was sorry to hear of your recent financial difficulties.

Dashley—Yes; if it hadn't been for one thing my honor would have been dragged to the mire, and I should never again have lifted up my head among my fellows.

Bagley—What was it that saved your commercial honor?

Dashley—I had put most of my property in my wife's name.

A Frigid Zone.

They were talking about cold countries they had visited at the Needle Club.

"The coldest place I ever saw was Miss Givosee's parlour last night," said Mr. Oystercalm in a tremulous voice. "I was given the cold shouldah and twozen right out by another fellah. I never felt so chilled in all my life."

"You don't show any effect of it now."

"No. Her fathah came down and made it warm for me before I left, dountcher-know."

What's in a Name?

Algernon—Little Wiggins is paying a great deal of attention to Mrs. Portly, the stout widow. Have you noticed it?

Augustus—Yes, she weighs about two hundred and fifty and he about a hundred. The boys have a new name for Wiggins. They call him "the widow's mito."

Medical Stew.

Oldboy—I am heartily glad to find you so much better.

Dumley—Yes, I have been a very sick man, but I am all right now, thanks to Dr. Pillbury.

Oldboy—You should rather say "thanks to Providence," for it was Providence that wrought your cure.

Dumley—Well, you just wait and see who sends in the bill.

His Terms.

Mrs. De Fashion—"I give a little reception next Thursday evening and I would like some music, piano solos particularly. What would be your terms?"

Prof. Pianissimo—"Eef I go zero simply as a musician, and blay my selections und leave, I charge twenty-five tollars; but eef I must go as a guest und spend ze whole evenings talking to von pack of fools, I charge vifty tollars."

Knew He was an Artist.

Miss Lakeside (of Chicago)—"The gentleman you just bowed to is an artist, isn't he?"

Miss Gotham—"Yes, a great artist. You divined his profession from his finely chiseled features, I presume."

Miss Lakeside—"No, I smelled the turpentine."

Chance for Justice.

Witness—"Please, y'r honor, can a man commit perjury by distorting the truth as well as by telling an untruth?"

Judge—"Certainly."

Witness—"Can a man commit perjury by insinuations intended to mislead the jury?"

Judge—"Certainly."

Witness—"Well, Judge, if you'll put that lawyer under oath, we'll soon have him in the penitentiary."

A Cruel Suggestion.

Miss Latchance (smarting under the chagrin of a broken engagement)—Say to your friend that I propose to keep his presents as a reminder of his perfidy. Did he actually think I would return them?

Mr. Messenger—He did. But perhaps he was influenced in his thought by an old saying.

Miss Latchance—What saying?

Mr. Messenger—Age is honorable.

A Disgusted Agriculturist.

A Western American editor, who has tried farming is disgusted. He writes: "The basest fraud on earth is agriculture. The deadliest ignis fatuus that ever glittered to beguile and dazzle to betray is agriculture. We speak with feeling on this subject and we've been glittered and beguiled and dazzled and deceived by the same old deceiver. She had promised us berries; the circle has atung them; they contain living things unpalatable to the eye and unsavory to the taste. The same old deceiver has promised us strawberries and chickens have devoured them. We were in the sheep business and a hard winter closed down on us and the lambs died in the shell. No wonder that Cain killed his brother. He was a tiller of the ground. The wonder is he did not kill his father and then weep because he did not have a grandfather to kill."

A Customer Lost.

Smiley—You think that hat is light enough for summer?

Hatter—It's as light as any hat you can get. Why, you can't feel it on your head.

Smiley—Then I guess I don't want it.

Hatter—Why?

Smiley—Because it can't be felt.

How he Discovered his Mistake.

Wife (indignantly)—"And when Mr. Jones found you were standing in the street hugging a lamp-post. The idea!"

Husband (penitently)—"Yes, darling, but I thought the lamp-post was er you till I found out my mistake."

W. (incredulously)—"Thought it was me? Well, that's a nice idea! And pray how did you discover your mistake?"

H. (caressingly)—"When it didn't hug me back an' shay, darling, I forgive you for this time."

Why He Was Kind.

"Why don't you whip that boy?" a white man asked of an old negro whose son stood in the road, throwing stones at the cattle.

"I would do it, sah," the old fellow answered, "but he is only my stepson. Eef he was my own boy I'd whip him in er minit."

"This beats anything I ever saw," said the white man. "I never saw a man before that was kinder to his stepchild than he was to his own."

"Well, eef I wuster hit dat boy his mammy, who is my wife, would kick the life out of me."—[Chicago Herald.]

Fastened at the End.

Doctor to Gilbert (aged 4) Put your tongue out, dear.

Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out. The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

Will Take it Easy Now.

Portly man, puffing like a locomotive in a snow blockade, jumps into a cab hurriedly. Cabman closing the door:—

"Where to, sir? Do you want to catch a train?"

"No, I've been running for three months, and I want to catch my breath."

"Running for three months!"

"Yes—running for office and I've got it at last. I intend to ride hereafter. Take me down to the Clean Sweep Department."

Johnny's Prayer.

Sister Lizzie was to be married in a few months, and she was putting in the interval of leisure from preparing for the ceremony in the way of dress by experimenting on her family in the cooking line. Little John was going to bed, and went through his usual prayer up to the point of saying "Give us this day our daily bread," when some depressing anxiety struck him, and he added, "But don't let Lizzie bake it."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Blushing Habit.

Why should the maid endowed with grace, In youthful beauty's pride, Whene'er a blush comes to her face Feel strangely mortified?

What's fairer than a maiden's blush, Of innocence the boon, As radiant as the rosy flush Upon the face of June?

Sweet maid, be not ashamed to blush; 'Twill all too soon be gone; Some future day you'll use a brush And pink to put it on.

Sympetites of the Godly.

A friend of mine who was giving a large dinner once, called on old T., the caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands.

"Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; but first I want to know who de company is. Is there any of 'em them kind a-comm'?"

"Certainly," said the friend, "do you ask such a question?"

"Oh," says old T., "I'll be glad to eat and drink with you, but I don't want to be a comm'."—[Chicago Herald.]

Froo Schools Again.

Mrs. Startup—Well, Araminta, how are ye gittin' along with your learnin' in boardin' school?

Araminta—Splendid, ma. We have just begun metaphysics, and it's legu-t.

Mrs. Startup (sternly) You should not say "metaphysics," Araminta. You should say "metaphysic." If you look in your grammar you will see that the noun "a" does not go with the adjective in the singular gender.

The Vegetarian Cannibal.

The kinship between flesh-eating and cannibalism was recognized by the elder Booth, who was for a time a strict vegetarian. While traveling at one time in a steamboat, on one of our Western rivers, as related by *The Bit*, he "happened to be placed at a table opposite a solemn Quaker, who had been attracted by the eloquent conversation of the great actor. The benevolent old Quaker, observing the lack of viands on Booth's plate, kindly said, 'Friend, shall I not help thee to the breast of this chicken?' 'No, I thank you, friend,' replied the actor. 'Then shall I not cut thee a slice of ham?' 'No friend, not any.' 'Then thee must take a piece of the mutton; thy plate is empty,' persisted the old Quaker. 'Friend,' said Booth, in those deep stentorian tones whose volume and power had so often electrified crowded audiences, 'I never eat any flesh but human flesh, and I prefer that raw.' The old Quaker was speechless, and his seat was changed to another table at the next meal."

A Reckless Recipe.

Mrs. Cudlip—I wish I could get rid of the mice.

Mr. Cudlip—Scatter some of this angel cake of yours around loose. I am convinced it will settle them.

Reason for Leniency.

His worship—"I must really make an example of you—you are here so often."

Prisoner—"Don't be too hard on me, guv'ner you ain't had any trouble with me for eighteen months. Why I only come out this mornin'!"

Absent-Mindedness.

Professor Zweibeber, of the University of Boon, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event. "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy. Well, ask him what he wants."

Reason to Remember Him.

"May I have the honor of this waltz?"

"But I don't think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Oh, yes; I trod on your foot about half an hour since, and I heard you say you would remember me as long as you lived."

It Might Have Been Worse.

Man enters newspaper office. Editor looks up in alarm: "My dear sir, why do you give me a bench warrant?"

Editor—"This thing you've done, I thought you had."

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BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

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

CHAPTER I

"SHE STRIVES TO CONQUER."

The Lecture Hall and Literary Institute, Monkton a long, rectangular room, lit with six gas jets on hanging T shaped fittings, the drab walls decorated with half a dozen maps, the coloured representation in section of a very early steam engine; an ethnological chart, and other instructive works of art. At one end a small stage, opening 14 ft. x 8 ft., flanked by red curtains, and furnished with six footlights and a drop scene, showing Athens, the worse for many falls; a grand piano below the proscenium by way of orchestra. The body of the hall ranged in parallel lines with red cushioned row seats, on which are closely pressed the relations and friends of pupils connected with Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's High School and Academy for the daughters of gentlemen. An overflow of bashful youths line the walls right and left. Three very warm-looking gentlemen, each with a pocket of programmes in his hand and a white favour in his buttonhole, are endeavouring, with smiling assiduity, to find places for a gang of late comers, while two more, similarly distinguished, are striving at the entrance to make an honest working man, slightly the worse for liquor, understand that he cannot possibly be admitted without a ticket, these are the professors, who have kindly volunteered their services as stewards on this occasion.

There is a general inspection of pink programmes, and a buzzing is heard. Even the professors speak in hushed tones, for the general effect of the hall, despite the stage, is that of a Methodist chapel. A lady explains to a gentleman—who seems, by some accident, to have come there without knowing why—what is toward:

"It's a High School, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd—I'm sorry to see that she's not here; she is indisposed, I'm told. I hope it's nothing contagious—is a lady of the most advanced modern views, and this entertainment has been got up to demonstrate the advantage of the elocution and deportment class."

"Oh, I see."
"She wrote to the great tragedian—what is his name—on the subject. Here is his reply on the lack of the programme. It was he who suggested what should be acted."

"You don't say so? And what is the play he recommends?"
"She 'hoops to conquer' My little Milly takes the part of Diggory. She's only twelve, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd assured me that, if she had only been a year or two older, she should have asked me to let her play 'old Marlow'."

"Ah, indeed! Then all the performers are—
"Oh, young ladies?"

"Oh, of course; and, naturally, Mrs. Vicary Shepherd has carefully revised the play for the use of her pupils. Ah! that is Miss Tinkleton, the music mistress. It's going to begin now."

"The pianist plays an elaborate sonata—brilliant, but rather long; not the completion of the orchestra, or curtain and—"

"A good thing, but really such language. And how Miss Grahame, a young lady who, in a few years, would have a position in society, with three thousand a year, however, could she so forget herself? Little Mamma is quite sure that her daughters would not have played the part in this dreadful manner. It is most impossible to have such a person in a—"

"For example, though, of course, it is not—"

"with attentive grace of Matherfamilia, less displeased with—"

"adventures a few gentlemen along the—"

"The—"

tion, when a vociferous view halloo beyond the red curtain, followed by the brisk entrance of Tony Lumpkin on the scene, fairly galvanizes the audience into life. The entrance is clearly unheeded, for Mrs. Hardcastle momentarily forgets her part. What does that matter? Every one is occupied with Tony, and he has the sense to turn the silence to effect. There he stands a strapping black-eyed young fellow with a red wig, standing astraddle, looking audaciously at the audience as he cracks his riding whip and whistles through a long row of white teeth. Suddenly, as if recollecting an engagement, he says, "I'm off," and crosses the stage with an unseen wink to Mrs. Hardcastle, and a quickly whispered line that she is to take up. As he goes off butting stoutly with Mrs. Hardcastle at the end of the scene, every one in the audience consults the programme, and (in whispered exclamations) "Surely that cannot be Miss Vanessa Grahame!" is on every one's lips. But it is, though Nessa herself, who, taking advantage of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's absence, has determined to play the part as she conceives Goldsmith intended it to be played, and in defiance of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's express injunction that she should not disfigure herself, has painted her pretty face and especially her dainty nose with ochre and rouge, and hidden her pretty waving chestnut hair with a red wig sent down with the costumes from Bow Street. What is more, she has got hold of an unabridged copy of the play, and is determined to say every word of it, big D's and all.

The second scene is set, and Tony is then found at the head of the table with a long churchwarden pipe in his mouth. It is a real pipe and real tobacco that Miss Grahame smokes, too, puffing out the smoke in a cloud, and never choking once—though she was giddy and sick enough after it when she went off at the end. And here, to the terror of Miss Tinkleton at the piano, she introduces the second verse in the song of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," which Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had cut out, without a moment's hesitation; and also restored the vulgar word "jorosa" in the third verse, which had been changed to "goblet" by the careful lady. Moreover, she introduced a step dancer in the final chorus of "Torroddle, joroddele, torrol," as if unable to contain the exuberance of her spirits. But that was not the worst. There is that dreadful part about Bet Bouncer, and here she slipped her leg and winked roguishly at the Rev. Mr. Wholesort, whom she seemed specially to single out for that purpose; and when it came to describing the road to Beaugrenesse Marsh, she put a particular emphasis on the words, "A damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way," as if "very dark, etc.," as Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had written it, was not good enough!

The act is finished, and Athens is once more in view. There is commotion in the auditorium. The ladies are shocked and alarmed. They cannot understand how Mrs. Vicary Shepherd could allow such a performance to be given. Deportment and elocution were all very well in their way, and Oliver Goldsmith was, undoubtedly, a very excellent writer, but really such language. And how Miss Grahame, a young lady who, in a few years, would have a position in society, with three thousand a year, however, could she so forget herself? Little Mamma is quite sure that her daughters would not have played the part in this dreadful manner. It is most impossible to have such a person in a—

"For example, though, of course, it is not—"

"with attentive grace of Matherfamilia, less displeased with—"

"adventures a few gentlemen along the—"

eyes. She has tried in vain to get behind the scenes by the one door, which is locked. No one would answer her knock. She feels that she will be held responsible for the terrible behaviour of Miss Grahame, which will certainly ruin Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's reputation. What is to be done? The professors really do not know; but, as it is impossible to stop the performance, it is sapiently suggested that the wisest course is to let it go on. Miss Tinkleton returns to the piano, and strenuously endeavours to restore the credit of the High School by the accurate rendering of another sonata. However, the worst is past, and Nessa inflicts no fresh shock upon the sensibilities of her audience. Audacious she is, but not indelicate; certain expressions in the original she finds unspeakable, and adroitly avoids them; but she abates nothing of her bounteous abandon, and throughout the play sustains admirably the part of Tony. The audience sits out the performance with something more than patience; the dash of impropriety in Miss Grahame's acting gives something to think about and talk about when it is over; and the majority go away very well content. But there are some who never will forgive Nessa, these are the mammae of those young ladies whose light on the stage has been completely outshone by her.

They bear no name mentioned but that of Miss Grahame; and the fact that she is a born actress, and certainly saves the entertainment from being insufferably tedious, is dwelt upon in tones intended for their ears, and with malicious emphasis by those other mammae who had desired that their daughters might not take part in the play. There is not a word said about the youthful Milly in the part of Diggory, and her mamma taking the little darling home in a fury, and chiding her on the way for not speaking out so that she might be heard, sits down the moment she gets in to write a note informing Mrs. Vicary Shepherd that she cannot permit her daughter to commence another term if Miss Vanessa Grahame remains in her establishment.

Meanwhile, a couple of young gentlemen who have been madly in love with Nessa for the past two years, and three or four others who have seen her to-night for the first time and have not that excuse, loiter outside the hall to see her pass to the omnibus that is waiting to take her and the rest of the boarders to the school at Westham. She comes down after the small fry, with her arm linked in Miss Tinkleton's.

The full moon is right overhead; its light glimmers on her white teeth and sparkles in her dark eyes as she laughs. She is clearly trying to make the poor governess forget her trouble, and indeed succeeds in raising a faint smile on her lugubrious countenance. But though she is laughing and full of fun, Nessa is neither hoydenish nor vulgar. Those who have not seen her before to-night can hardly believe that it was she who played Tony. They expected to find her a red-faced, romping, heavy-sided tomboy; they saw a pale faced young lady, dressed with striking elegance, whose every movement is graceful. But there is no mistaking those long, luscious eyes, and that capital set of white teeth.

CHAPTER II

PREPARING FOR BATTLE

Mrs. Vicary Shepherd accepted only a limited number of pupils as boarders just as necessary, in fact, as could be stowed away in the six rooms on the second floor of Eagle House. Among the many duties of a school-spirited resident governess, Miss Tinkleton had each night to see the young ladies in bed before retiring to her own. She had visited five of the rooms and had extinguished the light in them, when she came to the door in the corridor. That was Nessa. Miss Tinkleton passed it with a slight cough and went down stairs, Nessa having long since emancipated herself from a rule that was only to be suffered by children. Five minutes later, the doors up the passage began to creak, and heads were cautiously thrust out, then the white-robed young ladies, seeing the course clear, crept out, treading on their soft, bare toes, clasping the wraps thrown over their shoulders with crossed hands on their bosoms, and made their way noiselessly towards the end room on a mat to their heroine, Nessa. With infinite precaution, one turned the handle, while the rest clustered together for common support, and did their best to keep from ut-

tering audibly. But they ceased to giggle altogether when the door was opened, for there before them was the most unexpected spectacle to be found in this world of surprises. Nessa, who had never before been known to cry, was seated on her bed with a handkerchief up to her eyes, and her bosom heaving with stifled sobs. Her hat and jacket lay on a chair; but she had not begun, to undress. Two trunks were open, and her room, never too tidy, was littered from end to end with things taken from the open drawers and put down anywhere. "I can't help it," she said, brushing the tears away impatiently and heaving her breast with a long, fluttering sigh; "and now it's all over, I wish I hadn't done it. I like Mrs. Vic and old Tinkleton. Oh, how you—!" and there's no one else in the world I care anything at all for, or any one who cares for me. I'm glad you have come. I've been trying to think what each of you would like best for a keepsake. Now you shall choose for yourselves. I know you like that pearl set, Dolly." She rose in her quick, impulsive way to get the trinkets, but Dolly restrained her, and clinging to her arm made her sit down again.

"You're not going away, dear," she said.

"Oh, no," murmured the others, echoing her tone of remonstrance.

"Yes, I am," said Nessa; "that's why I'm such a goose. I can't bear to think of saying good-bye, it has been such a jolly term, hasn't it?"

"Do you think Mrs. Vic will be so very angry?"

"Of course she will. Tinkleton says I've ruined the reputation of the school."

"Oh, but you can make some excuse."

"I never did in my life," Nessa said, bristling up. "I will tell her I am very sorry—and so I am; but that isn't making an excuse."

"Oh, she won't let you go away."

"She cannot prevent my going, and she won't try to. I'm not a girl now; I'm a woman, and it's time I left school. I know all the professors can tell me; or at any rate all I choose to learn; and I'm unmanageable. How is Mrs. Vic to punish me when I do wrong? She can't put me in a corner, or send me to bed. And I always am doing wrong."

The voices mingled in unanimous dissent.

"Mrs. Vic says I am. She tells me I encourage those horrid little wretches who stare at me in church, and dog us about, and throw letters into the garden; and those professors are quite as bad—if she only knew it, worse. I hate them. It's an insult to make love in that cowardly way. I think all men are mean and horrid, don't you, Dolly?"

"Nearly all," Dolly admitted with reluctance. "Of course, papa is nice, and so are brothers."

"And uncles," suggested another.

"And some cousins," hinted a third.

"Oh, they don't count," said Nessa. "I cannot remember my papa, and I don't know that I have a single relative in all the world."

"Not one?"

"No. A step father is not a relative, and," she added, bending her pretty brows, "I'm glad of it, because I hate him my whole heart."

"Oh, Nessa?"

"I know he is a coward, and I believe he is as wicked a man as ever lived. Ah, if you only knew!"

"Couldn't you tell us, dear?"

"Well, papa was a soldier—a general, you know, and he was killed in battle when I was quite a tiny little thing, and mamma—"

"—very young and very pretty, and very rich, because papa left her everything. And so when I was about six years old, she married again; and I believe Mr. Redmond only married her for her fortune, and really did not love her at all. I know she was unhappy for whenever she—"

"—to see me at school, she cried over me as she held me in her arms. That made me cry too, and I used to talk her to take me home with her."

"So that we might live always together, but all she could answer between her kisses was—"

"One of those days, love—one of those days—I remember, I sat quite well. Though I was such a little thing, I used to think about her, and cry in the night, seeing her in her—"

"—always unhappy, always in tears, as I saw her when she came to me. She did not live two years after her second marriage; my step-father broke her heart."

"Oh, you don't know, dear?"

"Yes, I do. I'm sure of it. I have seen Mr. Redmond, and he looks like a man who would break a woman's heart."

"Is he very ugly?"
"Oh, no! I daresay you would think him handsome. He is a fine tall man, dark, with a black moustache; but, oh, he has those long sleepy, treacherous eyes, and those lines down here by the mouth, don't you know? that people get who are always trying to conceal a wicked thought with a smile."

"Oh, I hate those people who are always smiling. They get a shiny look on their faces, don't they? Go on, dear."

"I have only seen him four or five times, when I have been moved from one school to another; but that is often enough for me, and for him too. He knows what I think of him and hates me; and fears me too, I'm certain. That is why he has kept me all this time at school—why he would keep me here until he has no longer any legal control over me. He thinks he is safe while I am here—that in this artificial life I can learn no thing about the real world. But he is mis taken, as he shall find. Wait a moment."

Nessa went to one of the boxes, and re turned with an imposing document tied with pink tape.

"Look at this," she said. The girls gathered closely round her, and looked at the blue foolscap in breathless awe. "This is a copy of mamma's will. I sent to London for it. It's very short. See, mamma leaves all her estate, real and personal, to me, her only child, Vanessa Grahame. You see, she says nothing about any one else, but here," turning the page with evident sat isfaction in the crackle it made, "here is the codicil. Mamma has evidently been told that she must provide a guardian for me during my minority, and make some dis position of her property in case I should die before coming of age. And here she makes James Redmond my sole guardian, with power to draw eight hundred pounds a year from the invested capital, to provide for my education and personal requirements. And further, in the event of the said Vanessa Grahame dying before the age of twenty one.—I'm only eighteen now, you know—all the property goes to that horrid step father, the scoundrel James Redmond. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Your poor mamma could not have loved him, or she would have left him some money, wouldn't she, dear?" said Dolly.

"Of course she would; but how is it that leaving nothing to him in the will, she leaves me to his tender mercies in the codicil? Can you explain that, any of you?"

None of them could.
"Can you explain it," said Nessa, raising her voice in excitement above the low whisper ing tone in which it had previously been pitched; "this codicil is a forgery!" (See scizures.)

"Oh, Nessa!"
"It is, and it's just the sort of forgery a cunning coward would make. He had not the courage to forge a will making the whole estate his; but he had just enough to sub stitute his own name for one that mamma had written, and so get a nice little income for ever so many years out of the money for my schooling and clothes. He could do that without raising suspicion. What have I cost? Not two hundred a year; that puts him in possession of six hundred pounds, be sides the use of my house, Grahame Tow ers."

The girls were lost in admiration of the heiress and her wonderful romance. It was quite like a story, and the part of heroine became her so well, with her pale face, her dark, fearless eyes, the soft hair flowing loosely over her well-shaped head, her beau tiful young figure, and noble carriage. Their young eyes were not learned enough to see her weakness and vanity, or the faults which are inseparable from every character. She was not unconscious of their admiration or her own importance.

"When I received this," said Nessa, folding up the paper with emotion, "I wrote to Mr. Redmond, saying that I desired to leave school, and asked what arrangement would be convenient to him to make for my accommodation during the three years that I was still nominally to be under his authority—for I am eighteen, you know. This was his reply."

She drew a letter from her pocket with the same impressive gravity, and opening it read "My dear Nessa—what right has he to call me his daughter? I have not a nominal but an actual authority to control your movements, and while that authority is mine, I intend to keep you at Eagle House or some similar establish-

ment. Yours, etc., etc., James Redmond." The letter is dated from my own house, Grahame Towers. It came this morning, just before we were going to the rehearsal. You can imagine my indignation!"

"You did seem rather worried, dear."
"Oh, I was. To begin with, I didn't like the part I had to play, as you know. As Mrs. Vic had written it out it was simply ridiculous. Now when the dresser told me how she had seen it played, I saw what a capital part it might be made; and when I thought of this letter, I resolved to play it. So I sent to the station for a copy of Gold smith, and studied it with the dresser, who promised to make me up exactly like the actor she had seen. Ha, ha! thought I, we will see if you are going to keep me at Eagle House, or some similar establishment, Mr. James Redmond. If I am expelled from one school, it's pretty certain that another won't take me when they hear what they are exposing themselves to!"

"But isn't it rather dreadful to be expelled, Nessa?"
"I shall not be expelled. I shall resign," said Nessa, loftily. "I have not studied the political history of the British constitution for nothing," she added, with a flash of humour in her eyes.

"When are you going to resign, dear?"
"The very first thing to-morrow morning. I made Tinkleton promise she would say nothing about the performance to Mrs. Vic to night, in order that I myself might tell her in the morning. You may be sure she was glad to get out of it. There's another reason why I prefer to resign. If I were expelled, Mrs. Vic would get nothing out of Mr. Redmond; but if I resign, he must send her the payment for a term, and that will help to compensate the poor old soul for the injury I have done the school."

"And where shall you go when you leave here?"
"To Grahame Towers, of course."

"But aren't you afraid, Nessa?"
"Afraid of what—that coward? Not I. If I were a man, I'd be a soldier like my father. There's nothing I should like better than a good fight with that villain, Redmond."

"But are you sure he's a coward, dear?" asked one of the girls naively.
"I am certain that he is. I am anxious for to-morrow to come; but, oh!" she added, with a sudden drop in her voice as the tears sprang into her eyes, "I shall never have the heart to say good-bye to you, dears."

There were hugging and kissing all round, and then Nessa, bursting away, said "Come, let us get it over now. There, take these, Dolly; and now little witch you're next. Choose what you would like."

But the "little witch," sitting on the bed with her face buried in her hands, shook her head and whimpered. She was a strangely small girl for her age, with long thin fingers, a dark complexion, and black hair, long and sleek as an Indian's. Her ways were odd and seclusive. Sometimes the girls found her seated in the dark, huddled up with her chin resting on her knees, and her weird, vacant eyes half closed, as if her spirit was wandering in some other world. She could interpret dreams, and was supposed to be the greatest rubbish. She was an authority on all that concerned signs and tokens and palmistry, and had worn a smuggled pack of cards limp in telling the girls' fortunes. Her title was not numbered.

The girls gathered about her prepared for some new sensation in the romance of this night. Nessa alone seemed to be unmoved.

"What's the matter, your little goose? Is there anything dreadful in giving presents?"
"Don't do it!" pleaded the little witch, without removing her hands. "It's like Naomi, my sister. When she was going to die she made us take things."

"But I am not going to die. Look at me—do I look like it?"
"Can't you know all," said the girl shiv ering, and whispering so low that her words were scarcely audible. "Not all that I know. I would not tell you, while I might do you harm to know, but I must say that it may save you. Oh, you must not go!"

She raised herself suddenly, and threw her arms about Nessa's neck. "You, so beauti ful and kind," she added, nestling herself in Nessa's ready embrace.

"Why dear, why?" whispered Nessa, coaxingly.

You are in danger. Your life is not safe. There is going to be a great change, and there is a peril in your path. I have seen it whenever I have looked—in the

cards, in your hand. Your line of life is broken in the nineteenth year."

Nessa was the only one of all the little group who was not terrified into silence by the little witch's prophecy.

"Oh, come, this is too bad, after promis ing me last week that I should have riches and long life," she murmured, playfully, as she smoothed her cheeks upon the girl's sleek hair. "Two things can't be true, you know, and of the two I would prefer to be have your first promise."

"They are both true," said the girl with feverish eagerness; "you will be happy if you live; but there are three years of terrible danger before you. It was that I dared not tell you. Oh, do, do stay with us till the peril is past."

Nessa herself stood now in silence, sub dued with grave perplexity by the earnestness of her little friend. But suddenly a ray of intelligence gleamed in her face, and unclasping the girl's clinging arms from her neck, she put her away, holding her at arm's length.

"You little trickster!" she exclaimed, with mock disdain; "I have found you out. I see through your conjuring. You have been thinking about that clause in the codicil that puts Mr. Redmond in possession of my fortune if I die before twenty-one, and it struck you that he might murder me for my money if he got me under his hand in Grahame Towers. I forgive you, dear," she added, taking the child back to her bosom, and kissing her, "for your sweet love of me, but, oh, you are awfully mistaken if you think that fear would keep me from getting into difficulties."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Tea Culture in Natal.

Natal, South Africa, is now looked upon as the great tea producing country of the future. None of the tea has yet appeared in this country. The first plants were brought from Ceylon in 1877. J. L. Hulett, the pioneer, now has nearly three hundred acres under cultivation, and his crop is from eighty thousand to ninety thousand pounds annually. His plant cost but \$5,000. The land lies about one thousand feet above the sea level, the soil containing a fair propor tion of sand and decomposed granite, vege table and other organic matter. The tea farm is now open, level and well ploughed. The rows are laid out five feet apart, and the plants are set four or five inches apart. A crop is obtained after the first year, and increases up to the sixth year, when the plant matures, after which it bears for an indefinite period. Great care has been taken to keep the ground loose and clear of grass and weeds. The picking begins in Sep tem ber and continues every ten days until J. ne twenty or twenty-two pickings in a. Nothing could be done with the native help, but coolies are plentiful, and are exclusively employed. They are able to pick from thirty five to forty pounds of green leaves daily. The crop is sold in Durban at from eighteen to thirty-eight cents per pound, fully twenty-five per cent cheaper than the foreign product can be had down for in that market. The withering is done on large floors, the leaves being laid thin and con stantly stirred by boys and girls. A hot and dry temperature is needed. The roll ing is done by machinery, and has the effect of breaking up the juice cells. The ferment ing process is the most particular of all, and upon it depends the quality of the pro duct. The drying is done by hot revolving cylinders. The sorting is accomplished by the use of sieves, the top one containing the lowest grade of tea.

The Good Effects of Laughter.

That laughter aids digestion and is a very good counterpoise to the spirit of gloom and despondency. Seneca himself, I think, would suppose that the best of us have had disciples to allay the last farewell of Terence. He consisted of the best ingredients of Diet and In Quietude, but he was not successful than either cure all diseases. The highest average of blood, compared with the pleasing of what...

PLENTY OF ICE AT SEA.

The Open Winter Makes the Icebergs Come Early and Thick.

While a deficiency of ice exists on shore more than usual is reported at sea. The Captain of nearly every vessel which arrives reports having fallen in with a larger or smaller number of icebergs. The log of one ves sel records 13, while those of others sever ally record 59, 50, and 49. Many of these icebergs are recorded as being 250 feet high and 1,000 feet long, while 100 feet high and a half a mile long are also favorite dimen sions. These figures do not convey a true idea of the size of the icebergs to which they are applied, unless it is remembered that the portion of an iceberg seen above the water is only about an eighth part of its entire bulk.

The unusual multiplicity of icebergs has al ready caused much harm, and is liable to do more, unless the lookouts on ships, having been warned by this time what to expect, are particularly watchful. The loss of two vessels has been caused by collision with gi gantic bergs, and twenty others have been more or less injured and narrowly escaped destruction. According to the most popular theory, both the small land crop and the large sea are due to the same cause—the open winter. It has been followed by an early spring, which has caused icebergs to break away from their moorings in the polar regions earlier and in larger quantities than usual. There are also secondary causes to which the existence of so much ice is attri buted. These must have been heavy north erly gales following high tides which had broken the connection of the ice with the shore, or with the glaciers of which it formed a part. In addition to there being more of it, the ice this year is further east than has ain ost ever been known. The easterly ex tension of the ice is believed to be a result of its unusual quantity. This has been so great as to cool the water to such an extent that the ice melted more slowly, and consequen tly there was more of it to be borne east by the Gulf stream and other ocean currents.

There was a large influx of ice from the north four or five years ago, but it was not so early in the season, and there was not nearly so much of it. The present influx is far in excess of any other on the records of the Hydrographic Department, which, how ever, do not extend very far back.

The Austrian Emperor Wants No Amazons.

Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria has just narrowly escaped having an Amazon corps shoved into his army in spite of all the ob jections of his general staff and the Minister of War. Three Polish widows from Lemberg applied at the Ministry of War in Vienna about four weeks ago for permission to organize a volunteer Amazon corps for the imperial Austrian and Hungarian army. The petition, containing the arguments of the three Polish women, urged that they should be allowed to enlist all young girls and married women whose stature and general health insured to them the muscle and en durance of the average male soldier. It was a right, the petition said, of every female subject of the Austrian throne to do as much for the fatherland as her brother or father. The three Polish women gave proofs of their ability to handle the new Maschinengewehrs with the proper skill and to through military evolutions. They offered uniforms, and arm the Emperor's own expense. The Emperor, I think, was not much impressed by their petition. He is a man of a very different idea of the proper role of women in the army.

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER V.

A PALÆONTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

The means by which Mr Miles Winthrop (for such was the full name of the elder of the two "new arrivals" at the *Grand*) became personally acquainted with two gentle men, both of whom, but an hour ago, seemed totally unknown to him, need *no* explanation for the fact was that Mr Frederick Pennant, though an agreeable, pleasant fellow enough among his own family and friends, was one of those young Englishmen who oppose to the approach of strangers a shield of ice, which (whatever their genial warmth) it takes some time to thaw. He was not by any means one of those solemn swells, haunting wearily Piccadilly and the Park in the season, who affect a hostile indifference to their fellow-creatures, lest their own stupidity should be discovered by contact—just as, for an opposite reason, monkeys are said to appear dumb, lest man should discover their intelligence, and set them to work. Frederick was neither a swell nor stupid; but it was characteristic in him, notwithstanding that he had a frank and genial nature, to regard every man with suspicion who chanced to be out of the pale of his own acquaintance; and this was especially the case when, as at present, he was in charge of ladies, concerning whom it is not too much to say that begrudging strange men the opportunity of lifting their eyes to them, and resenting their admiration as an insult. The advanced years of Mr Flint had in his case mitigated this young gentleman's watch-dog zeal, and acquaintance had advanced so far that he had even been introduced by her husband to Mrs Pennant. But then Mr Flint was a man that "one knew something about to begin with." He had more letters after his name than a prince of the blood-royal has before it. He was acquainted, or had the reputation of being so, with "all the oligarchs;" and was acknowledged to be the very greatest authority upon "bone cuts" in all Great Britain. The rumoured discovery of a few dry bones in Lapland would have "fetched" him to use a significant phrase, with which this learned man was probably not acquainted more certainly than the ripe charms of beauty; and the sight of a pre-historic ornament—some bit of gristle with a hole through it—would make his heart beat quicker than any love-song. Every bit of earth on which he set his eyes had its story for him; and even from underneath the earth he had dragged many a secret out, which had been hidden—according to the chronology of more simple folks—before the earth was made. In fact, the only quarrel which Society had with Mr Flint was upon this subject—of which, however, it must be confessed she knew very little indeed, namely, the duration of the human race. Man's antiquity was dearer to Mr Flint than woman's youth; and for it, or rather for the theory of it, he had sacrificed more than most men sacrifice for women. He had left the ancient house of learning where he had first won his spurs, and laying down high honors upon the altar of what he deemed scientific truth, had gone forth into the world a comparatively unknown man, to make his living afresh. College was he, though of finest wheat, were all the conditions and he had made his mark in the black bread of the world.

Mr Flint was a man of a certain age, and of a certain rank; but he was not a man of a certain name. He was a man of a certain name, but he was not a man of a certain name. He was a man of a certain name, but he was not a man of a certain name.

the Professor, even in connection with his hobby. Ordinary opponents, the mere orthodox, never angered him; the wits never got a rise out of him, in the shape even of a flushed cheek; but if he met an advocate of the Ape theory—of the idea that man and monkey were once on terms synonymous—then he flamed out at white heat. He grew positively dangerous. His epithets had to be taken in the Pickwickian sense, or the peace must have been sworn against him. It is needless to say that notwithstanding this, Society at large credited Mr Flint with a chief in the Ape theory, which, she said, "was such a pity," in this "nice old man." One unfortunate young gentleman had once even endeavored to make acquaintance with him on the ground of holding the like heretical view. "I, too, Professor, hold the same opinion with yourself that we are all descended from the ape. The ground for that chief appears to me both solid and sufficient."

"At all events, my good young friend, was the quiet reply. "There are occasional reproductions of type which appear to warrant that theory."

For Mr Flint had a ready wit, and was indeed, notwithstanding his learning, almost a man of genius. His manners were said to be original, because they were natural, and folks were a little afraid of him on that account; but upon the whole he was a popular man at *The Grand*, whether he had one for a few weeks' change of air and sea. He was comparatively a rich man, having been lately left sole heir to an old lady of Malton, who kept pet monkeys, and had understood that he had advocated the claims of her favorite animals to be considered as intelligent companions of man. She had had no relatives nor connections, and the Professor had pocketed the legacy without a scruple, though not without a wry face. It was not the first time that a fool had done good service to a wise man.

It was to Mr Flint's sitting-room, which he had named his own, that Mr Frederick Pennant had been invited to coffee and cigars at the table-d'hotel, and it was there that the introduction took place which we were about to describe.

The two friends had scarcely seated themselves, and were in the act of lighting their Havanas, when the waiter brought on a card, with the message that the gentleman whose name it bore would be glad to have two minutes' conversation, if convenient, with Professor Flint on a matter of importance. "Mr Miles Winthrop, Wapshot Hall," was the name and address which Mr Flint was now regarding with raised eyebrows.

"Winthrop, Winthrop; I begin to know the name. Well, I'll see the gentleman, of course.—Nay, they say you're Pennant. He has certainly no private business with me; or if he has, it's a swindle. I'll say he's one of my Perkin Warbucks."

"Your Perkin Warbucks?"

"Yes; that's what I call the pretenders to Miss Melksham's estate, of whom I have seen at least half-a-dozen. She was the old lady who made me her heir, you know. She lived for eighty years without a relative in the world; but now she's dead, there has sprung up a crop of cousins."

The Professor always spoke of his legacy in this airy way; but, as we have hinted, it was rather a sore subject with him, and the only one where he was afraid of ridicule.

"That this man lives at a Hall," said Pennant gravely; "it is impossible he can be a swindler."

The dry laugh of the Professor rang out like a watchman's rattle.

"With your permission, I will make a note of it; and I'll endeavor to my own satisfaction to discover if it is really a swindler's name. I'll put it in my pocket, and I'll see you again."

The waiter ushered the gentleman into the drawing-room, and Mr Flint followed him mechanically. "Mr. Winthrop," he said, "I am very glad to see you. I have been expecting you for some time. I have been very busy, but I have managed to find time to see you. I have been very busy, but I have managed to find time to see you. I have been very busy, but I have managed to find time to see you."

though I only profited by our connection for a brief space, I assure you I have not forgotten my kind tutor."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Professor, shaking his hand warmly. "I remember now—you left us early; but for the best of reasons—to be married. I trust Mrs. Winthrop?"

"Alas, sir, she is no more," said the stranger, touching the narrow rim of crape round the hat he carried in his hand. "I little knew, when I left your college halls, what trouble was in store for me; not only with respect to death, the common lot, but of all kinds. I lost my wife for years long before."

"Patagonia!" exclaimed the Professor excitedly. "Why, bless my soul, I remember it all now! My dear Pennant, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot."

Frederick inclined his head with stiffness. He had been far from prepossessed, as we saw at the table-d'hotel, with the younger Winthrop, and his antipathy extended itself to the elder. Fortunately, however, for the common harmony, he was smoking a cigar, which mollifies men's manners, and prevents them from being ferocious, more than the study of all the arts combined.

"You smoke, of course, yourself?" said the Professor offering his cigar-case.

"I do little else," said Mr. Winthrop languidly. "These are *Henry Clay's*, are they not? When I was in the Havana, I bought three chests of them, and nearly killed myself: they are too seductive. If I had known you had them, and not known you, I should have made your acquaintance to night at all hazards. My murderer—I call my man my murderer, because he is the wickedest of his species, and will very likely murder me some day—forgot to pack up my cigars, so I shall not get them till to-morrow, and I cannot smoke what they have in the hotel.—This is magnificent—divine! By-the-by, Professor, how our dear old warden was so good as to stay with me for a week this summer at Wapshot—enjoys his cigar, and indeed everything! What a constitution he has, and what a noble appetite! Dear me!"

"But why do you sigh, Mr. Winthrop? Your own constitution ought to be a good one. You are a child in years compared with the warden; and you look even younger than you are. Now, if you were my age, you might have some cause for despondency."

"My dear Professor, you are a man of iron. I watched you at dinner to-day, and it was quite a treat to see you eat. Such things as they give you here for dinner too! I was quite delighted. I observed to my son, there is a great man opposite, and, thank Heaven, he will live long."

The Professor smiled somewhat uneasily. Flattery of all kinds was unpalatable to him.

"That well grown young gentleman who sat beside you was your son, was he?"

Mr Winthrop delicately brushed the collar of his coat with his fingers, as though to remove some imaginary specks of dust.

"Yes, that is my son, Mr. Winthrop; my little excrement, as he calls him. He is at present in the army—in idle school; but then most schools are so. Perhaps the only substantial use of school is to prevent one's boys hanging about at home, and getting into mischief. My belief is that education is a marvellously over-rated advantage, if indeed it is of any advantage at all, and, by the-by, I'll see you on the cause of my intrusion into your privacy, which, in your pleasant and friendly welcome, I had quite forgotten. I honestly think I had some excuse for it, but it is quite possible I may have been mistaken. My ignorance upon all subjects is stupendous, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. But just as your eye on this Professor; it came in my way this afternoon in a manner that angers well for its authenticity; and seeing you at table to-night, I determined to ask your opinion."

Mr. Winthrop took out of his pocket a small parcel enclosed in fine white paper, and handed it to Mr Flint. That gentleman opened it tenderly, like a man who is accustomed to handle frail and valuable articles, and then, though the setting sun was filling the room with crimson light, walked hastily with his burden to the open window. The object disclosed was a triangular piece of black bone, with a jagged end.

"Where did you find this?" inquired the Professor slowly.

"At a spot about nine miles from Shingleton, and between it and Burwell. We were riding home by the side of a stream, when, on a little hill above us, we saw some men apparently in eager talk over some object on the ground. I rode up to them, and they showed me a great hole, which had suddenly discovered itself upon their digging out the stump of an old tree. This hole gave access to a cave of considerable size, in which, however, there was nothing to gratify their curiosity. The men complained to me as though it was my fault that some mates of theirs had lately discovered a cavern "all a glitter with diamonds like," which had been worth a matter of sixpence a head to them for showing it to the quality ever since; but as for themselves, it was just like their luck to come upon an old pigsty such as that, with nothing in it but a few old bones. This was one of the bones."

"There are more, then?" inquired Mr. Flint, his keen eyes flashing with eagerness.

"There seemed to be a good many; but I thought it best for all reasons to depreciate their little discovery. They were disposed to attach some importance to that particular specimen, and wanted to sell it to me for a shilling. "My good friends," said I, "you would surely never sell that for a shilling. It is an invaluable relic. Don't you know what it is?" "No, we don't," was their inconsiderate reply. "Well, then, I'll tell you. It's the self same and identical weapon with which Samson—of whom you have doubtless heard talk—destroyed the lion. It is the jaw-bone of an ass." Then I gave them a shilling to buy beer with; and after a few eulogistic remarks upon the weather, pocketed the bone, and rode away. That was how Horn and I came to be at the table-d'hotel."

"But what is this bone?" inquired Mr. Pennant a little peevishly, for the new-comer's languid air and manner were intolerable to him.

"It is part of the lower jaw of the Cave Bear," said the Professor decisively; "perhaps the earliest weapon ever fashioned by man. The bone formed the handle; and this canine tooth, as you may imagine, must have made a considerable hole wherever it hit."

"Then this gentleman little knew how near he was to the truth," said Frederick, "when he instanced Samson to the rustics."

"I did not know, sir, it is true," answered Mr. Winthrop haughtily; "but if I had not had very strong suspicions that the relic was one of importance, I should not have troubled Professor Flint with the matter."

"Yes, yes; the discovery is most interesting and valuable, my dear Pennant," said Mr. Flint, regarding this old bone with all the admiration that a beauty bestows upon a ball-dress. "There is no trace of the Cave Bear to be found in the *dilatation*. He was probably the first of the extinct animals to disappear."

He wore no black; he wore his white;
He wore no black; he wore his blue;
He never mourned another's flight;
He was himself the first that flew.

Come, let us have our coffee brought out to us on the balcony."

CHAPTER VI.

THE INTERRUPTED SONG.

When two men dislike one another, it is quite useless for a third man to attempt to hear differences, though a woman will sometimes succeed in doing so. A fixed idea had taken possession of Mr. Frederick Pennant that Mr. Winthrop was inclined to give himself airs upon the strength of his patrimony, and he was not the man to admit such pretensions, or to give way to them by so much as a hairbreadth. If his adversary had been a peer of the realm, he would have submitted, and even done homage, for he was a Briton to the backbone, but below that rank he deemed no man to be his superior. Mr. Winthrop, on the other hand, whose antagonism at first been of a negative character, had only exhibited itself in ignoring Mr. Pennant's existence, repeated exceedingly that gentleman's suggestion that the nature of the relic he had discovered had been really unknown to him, for to affect ignorance one's self is a very different matter to having it imputed by others; and he did this young man the honour of hating him very heartily from that moment. Mr. Flint, notwithstanding his excitement over his palæontological "find," was quite aware how

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "Lippincott's Magazine."

CHAPTER XI.

A wounded shoulder might not, perhaps, be thought a good preparation for a period of perfect enjoyment, but to the end of his days Derwent will never have any doubt that it proved so to him. Never will he fail to look back on the fortnight at Miraflores that followed his recovery as the one enchanted hour of his life, that one lingering within the magic portals of fairy land which almost all men or women know at some point on the journey of life. Generally it is not for long that any one lingers within those gates, and when once they are closed upon him with issues forth, he may wander far and wide without ever finding his way thither again. But while he is there, everything else that the world holds is forgotten, — sometimes even faith and duty, — and if there are any drawbacks to enjoyment, any pinpricks in the spell of enchantment, he has no recollection of them afterwards.

Derwent in especial would have been quite positive that there was nothing of the kind for him in those magic days, — days of literal as well as metaphorical sunshine and flowers. Whenever he recalled them, he would see the deep sapphire sky looking down, he would hear the musical plash of fountains and inhale the fragrance of opening blossoms; pictures would rise before his eyes, now of cool, shadowy rooms with shining floors and arabesqued walls, now of the courts with their pillared arches and the Oriental looking servants who glided back and forth, of the shadowy vistas of the gardens, of the rich splendor of the chapel, and amid all these varied scenes one central figure always visible, — a graceful, gracious figure, with noble, princelike ways, and a hand ever open to help and to give.

For this may be said for him, that if, despite his valiant resolutions, he was soon hopelessly in love with Dona Zarifa, it was less with the enchantment of her beauty though this grew upon him day by day, as only real beauty does, than with the deeper charm of character which was revealed to him in her life, like the open page of a book full of noble thoughts and poetic words. He had never imagined anything at once so simple and so elevated as this character appeared. The contaminating influence of the world seemed hardly to have breathed upon it, and the lowering standards of the world had no place in a mind which had been trained in the highest school of thought and feeling. Indeed, somewhat to his surprise, he found the whole atmosphere of the house unworlily in the extreme. It was evident that to Don Maurizio his great wealth was chiefly valuable for the power it gave him of doing much good, — how much, it was only through chance references of Padre Francisco that Derwent learned; while Dona Zarifa seemed to give no thought whatever to her brilliant social position, with regard to the opportunities which it offered for pleasure and adulation. The pride, — as expressed on her face when he strove to be as expressive as she, — was, he found, not that ignominious vanity, but the high, elevated regard for the good, — a thing lowering

or certainties of pain that the future might bring, he enjoyed her presence and the sunshine of kindness which every one at Miraflores showered upon him. When he grew stronger, Don Maurizio placed a horse at his disposal, and then his dream of riding with Dona Zarifa found such realization as not many of our dreams do. It was true that they did not ride alone. Don Maurizio always accompanied them, — or, to speak more correctly, they accompanied him, — together with a *mozo*, or groom. But there was nothing in this companionship to detract from Derwent's enjoyment. More and more every day he liked and admired his genial host; and while listening to his graphic accounts of the country and its people, he could look at Dona Zarifa, as she sat erect and square in her saddle, her habit correct enough for Hyde Park, but wearing a broad, sombrero like hat to shield her face from the rays of the tropical sun. Never, he thought, did she look so beautiful as on these rides, when, after a long, stretching gallop across the *mesa*, she would turn and say, with a laugh like a child, "Was not that delightful?" while a pomegranate flush came into her cheek, and her eyes shone like dark diamonds under their silken lashes.

Then there were times when Don Maurizio would leave them, when he would bid them ride on while he paused with a group of laborers in the vast fields, or stopped to discuss the condition of his colts with their tall, dark-browed trainer; although when it was a question of anything so fascinating as the horses neither Dona Zarifa nor Derwent was always willing to be dismissed. Miles of pasture on the green hill-slopes of Miraflores were devoted to the stock which was its owner's chief pride, and nothing interested him more than improving the breed of his horses. Derwent, with the passionate fondness for horses which was part of his life long training soon knew the beautiful, gentle creatures as well as Don Maurizio himself. The races were, therefore, full of interest as well as pleasure; and a part of every day was spent in the saddle.

One morning, as they were about to start, and while Derwent loitered under the arcade waiting for his companions, he observed that the *mozo* brought out two large logs, of the kind made throughout the country, of a grass-like fibre, and hung them over the highommel of his saddle. They were evidently well filled, and while Derwent wondered idly what they might contain, he heard a step, and, turning, found Dona Zarifa by his side.

"Have you come," he said, "to gratify my curiosity? I have just been wondering what those bags contain that Juan has placed so carefully over his saddle."

"I hope you will not be sorry to hear that they contain our lunch," she answered. "We are going this morning to a ranch on the lake; and since the distance is considerable, and my father has business there, we cannot return until the middle of the afternoon. Therefore I thought it well to provide against the pangs of hunger; for, though papa and myself could take some *tortillas* and milk at the house of the *ranchero*, you know that you do not like *tortillas*."

"No," he answered with a slight grimace, "I confess that I do not. It is the only Mexican thing I don't like."

"Then you shall not be forced to eat them," she said, smiling. "We will take our lunch in a pretty place on the border of the lake. But papa lingers. You may put me up, Mr. Derwent, and we will ride low forward."

That Derwent had this morning generally lifted the saddle as lightly as if it were a feather. It was an unexpected thing to hold out his hand, and his foot placed with a spring into the saddle.

Others are handicapped, as a horse, of which said a gushing young man, all in, steeping his lawyer, and lie on in the golden charm side. "I hear enough old be so fleeing. granted the lady's. Where beautiful picture the girl. In the Miraflores cowhills, let his the wretched.

She laughed, as she drew out from a pocket at her waist the smallest and daintiest weapon he thought he had ever seen, — a silver-mounted pistol which lay in his hand like a toy, but which, he saw at once, was capable of doing deadly work.

"It is very beautiful," he said. "But may I ask why you carry it? If there is any danger, surely Don Maurizio and Juan are sufficiently armed to protect you, — not to speak of myself."

"There is no danger," she answered, a little haughtily. "How could there be on our own hacienda? If papa puts on his pistol when he rides out, it is more from habit than anything else; for there have been times in Mexico when it was not safe to be without arms. But when I wear a pistol it is only for amusement. I am very fond of shooting, and I have not tried my hand lately. I thought that there might be an opportunity to do so to-day."

"... will make an opportunity by setting up a target on the lake," he said, as he returned the pistol and mounted his own horse, as Don Maurizio came out, and, with an apology for delay, swung himself on his powerful chestnut.

Their place of destination was, it appeared, sixteen miles distant, — a short ride over the level plain for horses fresh and spirited as these. It was a part of the hacienda which Derwent had never visited before, and when they drew near the lake they found themselves in a more broken country, since one side of the beautiful sheet of water was enclosed by forest-clad hills rising abruptly from its edge.

There is nothing more charming than these lakes which are scattered over a wide region of the plateau of Mexico. Blue as Como or Maggiore, only their own great elevation prevents their being surrounded by mountain-scenery as grand. If the heights that enclose them are not relatively as imposing as the Alps, they are none the less noble and majestic in outline, and absolutely enchanting in color. So it was with this lake on the beach of which the party from Miraflores presently drew rein. They were at its head, and so commanded a magnificent view of the shimmering azure water spreading for miles, bordered on one side by abrupt green heights that, with the haze of distance over them, were draped in robes of softest blue and purple, while on the other side of the liquid expanse the great plain stretched to meet the horizon.

"This is the most beautiful picture that I have ever seen in Mexico," said Derwent, as they paused to admire it. "What a paradise of color!"

"You will be glad to hear that we make the rest of our journey by water," said Don Maurizio. "Here is our boat."

A large, well-built row-boat, manned by four Indian oarsmen, swept around a headland as he spoke, and came toward them.

"Everything at Miraflores reminds one more or less of the 'Arabian Nights,'" observed Derwent, "but really this suggests positive enchantment. We ride up to the shore of a wild and lonely lake, not a human being is in sight, and you do not even clap your hands as a signal of arrival, yet here comes a boat, ready to convey you where you will."

"It looks mysterious, I admit," said Don Maurizio, with a laugh, "but a message sent yesterday is the cause of the boat being ready, and its approach was not so unobserved as you might think. The house of the man who looks after the boat is near by, and we will leave our horses here."

They dismounted, and Juan led the horses away, while the boat was brought up to a rocky point, from which they could step into it. Clean and well-painted, with crimson-cushioned seats, the little craft lay lightly on the water as Dona Zarifa, with a smiling salutation to the men, took her seat at the rudder. "I like to steer," she said in answer to Derwent's glance, as she gathered the cords into her slender hands. There was a moment's pause, Juan came running lightly over the rocks, the lunch-bags were safely shipped, and then they glided out a easy, shimmering water.

Others are handicapped, as a horse, of which said a gushing young man, all in, steeping his lawyer, and lie on in the golden charm side. "I hear enough old be so fleeing. granted the lady's. Where beautiful picture the girl. In the Miraflores cowhills, let his the wretched.

water, it constantly returned to dwell on Zarifa, as she leaned back on the low seat, with the steering-cords in her hands, and her wide hat shading her face, — the "tressy forehead," with its delicate tendrils of dark hair, soft and silky as floss, the dusky splendor of her eyes, with their golden lights, set under perfect brows, the fine straight nose with its arched nostrils, and the curving lips, forming, in Solomon's words, "a thread of scarlet" on the creamy softness of her skin.

They rowed three or four miles down the lake, keeping sometimes near enough shore to be almost within the shadow of the hills, and at last entered a lovely miniature bay, where an opening in the heights gave a glimpse of cultivated fields and the group of buildings belonging to a ranch. Here they disembarked, and, while Don Maurizio went to transact his business with the *ranchero*, Derwent found a shady nook, arranged the boat-cushions in a seat for Zarifa, and placed himself at her feet, while Juan kindled a fire at a little distance, where he proceeded to make coffee, to warm chicken (by holding it on a pointed stick to the fire), and to toast bread in a very deft manner.

"And what do you think of our lake, Senor Derwent?" asked Zarifa at last; for the spell of silence seemed still to hang over Derwent.

He roused himself with a start at the sound of her voice.

"I think," he replied, "that it is like everything else at Miraflores, — simply perfect. Do not laugh; do not believe that I am speaking in exaggerated compliment. I mean just what I say. Whether the place is enchanted or whether I am, I don't know, but certainly there seems to me no flaw or blemish anywhere. I have never before known anything half so charming, and it makes me almost sad to feel that I must soon go back to the commonplace world, where all this" — he made a comprehensive sweep of the hand — "will seem as distant and unreal as a vision in sleep."

"I am glad that you think so well of Miraflores," she said, smiling. "As for going — well, I suppose that after a while you will have duties to call you away. But you can surely return again! Our gates are always open to our friends."

"It is good of you to include me in that class," he said, flushing a little. "I feel it deeply; for what do you know of me? I may be the merest adventurer, a man unworthy of your notice or acquaintance, for aught you can tell. Why, your father has not even once asked me who I am, since I have been in his house! Such hospitality is fairly Arabian."

"Oh, no," she said, "it is only Mexican. And why should he ask you such a question? In the first place, you were in need of help, that was reason enough for opening his doors to you. And in the second place, do you think that he does not know a gentleman when he sees him? My father has not always lived at Miraflores, Senor."

"Your father is the truest and the finest gentleman I have ever seen," said Derwent, quickly. "I think that with one glance he could judge a man. But such is his courtesy that if the judgment were unfavorable the subject of it would never be made aware that it was so."

"Not without need; but with need no man can be more frank than my father."

"I am sure of that, too. And frankness is a virtue I so much admire that I can do no less than practise it. Don Maurizio has asked me nothing, as I said; but I hope that you will feel interest enough to listen to my account of how and why I chance to be in Mexico."

"I am certain that he will listen with interest to whatever you care to tell him," said Zarifa; "but you must not suppose that there is any need for you to explain. Did you not say, — or imply, — when speaking to Padre Francisco and myself, that there was something in the nature of an affair of honor in what brought you here? In that case, no one would even wish you to speak of it."

"I said that I desired to make money, and make it quickly, in order to pay a debt of honor," he answered. "But I must not leave you under a mistaken impression. It is a debt of honor inasmuch as honor is deeply involved in it, but it is also a debt that will rain my mother and myself if we must make it good out of our fortune. So that I have to consider the happiness of our parent, and the honor of

He paused abruptly. Had he spoken the two words trembling on his lips? He

hardly know. He only knew that he met a look of what seemed to him divine sympathy and comprehension in the eyes that rested on his own for an instant and then gazed away over the broad, dazzling surface of the lake.

"I see,—I understand," said the soft voice, very quietly. "There is a double necessity,—to save both fortune and honor. Well, senor, I hope that Mexico may give you the means to do both. And it may be well that you should speak openly to my father of your wishes. He may be able to direct your attention to something as good as the Buena Esperanza."

"I could neither ask nor expect that," said Derwent, quickly. "It would seem like speculating on his kindness."

The dark eyes met his now with a glance of reproach. "Do you know a greater pleasure than that of helping another over some obstacle or trouble?" she asked. "Can any one know a greater pleasure? Why, then, should you wish to deny it to my father? If he can help you, he will. I am sure of that."

Derwent did not reply for a minute. Then he said, dreamily, "I find it strange to remember what a strong instinct, approaching to an inspiration, led me to Mexico. It seemed a wild thing. I had no knowledge of the country. I did not understand the language, I had not a friend among the people. But something had me come; and here I am. It was the El Dorado of all my boy-dreams, this wonderful, mysterious land of the Aztec and the Spaniard, and I have found—and, what have I not found in it?"

He broke off again abruptly. He felt that this would not do: his emotion was passing beyond his control. He seized it suddenly, as it were, and hale it lie down and be still. Then he added with a smile,—

"That does not sound very much like an answer to your speech. Yet the point of application is this, that in a land of strangers I have found kindness, friendship, and, it may be, help. Is not my instinct justified?"

"So far," she answered, smiling also, "I think you should not have found a bullet in the shoulder. But something more may come,—*si Dios quiere*, as we say."

"You don't know?" he said impulsively. "It is worth a dozen bullets in the shoulder to be sitting here now! Everything is so perfect,—like your Mexican days,—it makes one feel for the first time what it is to live! But there comes Don Maurizio. And by the love, we have forgotten about the target practice. Shall we not try it? Yonder is a water fowl on the beach. Let me see you knock it over."

"No," she answered, as she drew out her pretty toy like weapon. "I have never yet killed a living creature, and I could not bear to do it. There is something terrible in the thought of extinguishing the spark of life, the very breath of God, which all the powers of earth cannot restore. But just beyond the bird is a scarlet cactus-blossom. I will strike that."

She raised the pistol, and without seeming to aim, fired. The hills gave back the sharp report in multiplied echoes; and as the startled bird flew away, Derwent saw the blossom hanging broken. The bullet had cut its stem.

"Tona Zarifa is a wonderful shot," he said, showing the flower to Don Maurizio when the latter came up. "I am glad that she was not the person who aimed at me. I am afraid I should not have got off so easily."

"She has an unerring eye, and a hand that never varies," her father answered. "Many a time she has beaten me at target practice. Her training has been in some respects more that of a boy than a girl. But I am certain that every woman should understand the use of fire-arms."

"There can be no doubt of it," said Derwent, as he fastened the crimson cactus-blossom on his coat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

How absurd for newspapers to publish "Rules for Husbands." Any sort of wife can prescribe better rules for a husband than he can find in a newspaper.

Dyspepsia and indigestion cure! By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. The stomach toned.

By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. The whole system invigorated.

By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Large Bottles 50 cents.

The Home.

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

—For Truth

For an Album.

Onward and upward: 'Tis the only Gilead That brings a balm to all;
Who would stand still along life's weary pathway Must ever backward fall.
Use, then, the talents, be it one or many, That God has given to thee,
A blessing follows earnest, brave endeavor And blest, dear, may'st thou be.
ANNIE L. JACK.

Deceptive Housekeeping.

In housekeeping, as in other things, there is grave danger of persons mistaking appearances for realities. The dustless floor, the spotless kitchen table, and the array of burnished cooking utensils appeal to the artistic sense, and one is liable upon finding her kitchen in this kind of order to feel confident that she has a cleanly and competent servant to look after her house, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The chances, of course, are in favor of the neat kitchen girl over the slovenly one, all things being equal; yet the bare possibility of the former being the exception to the rule, and of things not being equal, always makes inquiry on the part of the mistress as to how things are done, imperative. It is not enough that a house should look clean. To be a healthy abode for human beings it must be clean; and to be clean the process of cleaning must be carried on from day to day in a particular manner. Better that the kitchen table, cupboard-shelves, kneading and meat-boards should never be scrubbed at all than that they should be whitened by a foul or a contaminated scrubbing-brush. It is as important for the end of purity that a special brush be kept for cleaning all wooden utensils and kitchen-boards that come in direct contact with food, as it is that the dish-cloth should be kept separate from the floor-cloth. Yet I have reason to believe that in many families one scrubbing-brush is considered sufficient, being made to answer all purposes, until its dirty, watersoaked bristles drop out. Once I surprised a new servant girl in the act of applying the floor-brush to the top of the kitchen table. She had forgotten, she apologized, to use the table brush, never having been accustomed to more than one, and she added, by way of satisfying me, that she had "washed" the brush—washed it, as I presently learned, in the common scrubbing-pail. Yet this girl came to me well recommended as a cleanly and careful person.

The fact is that housework, and especially kitchen work, is a finer art than it is commonly believed to be. It is a serious mistake to suppose that anyone may undertake it. A densely stupid and ignorant person, without refinement of instinct, is as unfit to manage the delicate intricacies of the modern kitchen as she is to teach school or conduct a newspaper. Training on the part of a mistress may overcome some of her faults; she may learn to be tidy, may acquire a degree of skill in cooking, may be obedient and pleasing in manners; but never will she be made to appreciate anything but a superficial difference between the clean and the unclean. How can the slow reason grasp the subject of contamination? What does the dull intellect know about a microscopic germ? The probability is that a servant of this class regards her mistress' ideas of cleanliness as a whim, and that the service she renders is the grossest of eye service.

In this beauty-loving age, it seems to me there is some danger of eye service being rewarded at the expense of less obvious but more conscientious methods of keeping house. Mistresses very generally seem to be fond of showy cleanliness, demands have often been made for personal neatness and that a them in efforts to please happy week. This may be all right, as his teaching, all wrong. It is right way. A week real, proceeding preparation for the presence of, a lovan a misapprehension. It is wrong way for a week of toil. Let cleanliness!

means are subordinated to having things "look nice"; when more attention is given to tying the broad strings of a white apron than to brushing the finger nails; when front windows shine, and cellars emit offensive and deadly odors; when superfluous bows of ribbon adorn chairs, and the kitchen is insufficiently supplied with towelling; when decorations vie with each other in attracting the eye of the visitor, and one filthy scrubbing brush does the cleaning (?) for the unfortunate household.

Choice Receipts.

TONGUE SALAD.—For this always use the smaller and rougher pieces, such as will not look well on the table; cut them in dice and stand in a cold place; put the yolk of one egg in a cold plate and make from it about a gill of mayonnaise dressing; add tarragon vinegar in place of lemon juice or plain vinegar, about ten drops of onion juice, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; when ready to serve mix the dressing with the tongue and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

OMLET.—Beat four eggs just enough to mix them; add four tablespoonfuls of warm water and a piece of butter the size of a walnut; put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when melted and hot turn in the eggs; shake the pan and, as soon as the omelet begins to set, lift it at one side and allow the softer part to run under; continue this until the omelet is cooked dust it with salt and pepper, fold it over and turn it out on a heated dish; dust it with granulated sugar; sprinkle it with rum, pour about two tablespoonfuls around the omelet; set fire to it, and send it at once to the table.

PATE IMPERIAL.—Cut the white meat of a cooked chicken into dice; parboil and pick into small pieces one pair of sweet breads; chop fine a half-can of mushrooms, mix all these together; put one large tablespoonful of butter into a sauce pan; add two even tablespoonfuls of flour, mix over the fire until smooth; add a half-pint of milk; stir until it boils; add the mixed meat, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, and when the whole is very hot stir in the yolks of two eggs; serve at once: if it is necessary to keep this warm for a time do so before the eggs are added; truffles may be used with the mushrooms. This quantity will serve twelve persons.

TIMBALES OF CHICKEN.—Chop very fine a half-pound of cooked white meat of chicken, pound it to a paste, adding gradually one gill of cream; add, one at a time, the whites of three eggs unbeaten; beat each one well into the mixture before adding another; add one teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped truffles; stir in carefully the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth; have ready small timbale-cups well buttered; fill these half-full with the mixture; stand them in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes; serve hot with cream mushroom sauce poured around them.

CLAM CHOWDER.—Cut one pound of ham into dice; pare and cut into dice twelve good-sized potatoes; chop three good-sized onions fine; cut four pounds of stewed veal into pieces one inch square; chop 200 clams rather fine and chop about four tablespoonfuls of parsley; put a layer of the potatoes in the bottom of a good-sized soup kettle; then a sprinkling of ham, onion, parsley and then a layer of veal and clams; continue these alternations until all the materials are used, having the last layer clams; just cover this with the liquor in which the veal was cooked; cover the kettle and cook very slowly for forty minutes without stirring; add a palatable seasoning of pepper, one quart of hot cream, and one and half dozen Trenton crackers finely broken; stir and serve at once very hot.

GINGER SHERBET. Put one pound of sugar and one quart of water to boil; chip the yellow lemon.

or orange baskets after the meat course, just the same as you would serve punch.

MOCK CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Put a half-pint of milk and a half cup of granulated sugar over the fire in a double boiler; mousten three even tablespoonfuls of corn-starch in about four tablespoonfuls of cold milk; add to it the scalded milk; stir continually until it thickens; cook two minutes; take from the fire; add a teaspoonful of vanilla (sugar beat if you can get it), and the well beaten whites of three eggs; have ready a plain mold nicely heated with stale cake or lady fingers; turn the mixture in the pudding, and stand away for several hours to harden; serve icy cold.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Shell and blanch the almonds; put them in a baking-pan, with an even teaspoonful of butter to each pound of almonds; bake slowly until a light brown and thoroughly dried; stir them frequently until every almond is nicely oiled with the butter; take from the oven and dust thickly with salt; turn on a cold dish and place in a cool, dry place until wanted.

JERUSALEM PUMPKIN.—Cut three figs and three prunes into tiny pieces; add to them a tablespoonful of preserved ginger syrup, and cover with one gill of orange juice or one gill of sherry; stand aside for half an hour; cut one ounce of preserved ginger into tiny shreds; add it to the other fruit; cover a half box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water, and soak a half hour; whip one pint of cream to a good froth, put it in a basin, and stand this in a pan of icewater; add a half-cup of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla sugar, the fruit and a quarter cup of rice, boiled; add to the gelatine one gill of cream and stir it over hot water until dissolved; strain it into the cream and gently stir from the bottom and sides of the basin until the whole is well mixed and beginning to stiffen; turn in a mold and put in a cold place to slightly harden; serve plain or with whipped cream around it.

Brief Collect for the Day.

Lord of the Sabbath! Lord of all the days of time! Lord of eternity. We lift our voices in prayer and praise to Thee. Fill our minds with thoughts of Thee, our hearts with love of Thee; so may this be indeed a Sabbath of rest and peace and joy. A foretaste of that Sabbath that shall be rich in ceaseless songs and loudest hallelujahs.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

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

SICK

Headache, for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable for Biliousness, Constipation, and preventing all they also correct all ruminate the Headache. Even if they have

Acho the

PILLS

THE SPEED OF WAR SHIPS.

Comparison With Other Vessels Unfair.

Few people realize the difficulties under which the engineering department of a modern war vessel labors when they criticize adversely the steaming powers of the war ship, contrasting them with those of merchant vessels.

In general a merchant vessel has engines designed to steam continually at certain high speeds. Transatlantic steamers for instance are constructed to cover distances between certain ports in specified times. Knowing the rate of propulsion that will effect the desired passage, it becomes possible to operate the machinery of the merchant vessels under fairly uniform conditions, and in consequence everything can be done to secure the best results under these conditions. The engineers and firemen are accustomed to regular routine work, and the vessels advent in port after a week's run enable such repairs to be effected as are necessary.

In the case of a war ship the conditions are altogether different. Fitted, as the modern cruisers usually are, with high-power machinery, capable of driving vessels seventeen, eighteen, or

NINETEEN KNOTS AN HOUR,

they are frequently compelled to work under a speed of eight or nine knots an hour, or even six knots an hour. For example, the Baltimore of the U. S. navy can be run at a rate of speed of nine knots an hour, yet she is continually carrying engines and boilers capable of driving her at the rate of twenty-one knots an hour. The "waste work" under such circumstances is considerable, but at the same time inevitable. In the Blake and Blenheim of the British Navy, vessels fitted with engines of over 13,000 horse power, (natural draught,) four sets of engines have been adopted, with special disconnecting arrangements, to permit of throwing out the forward sets when cruising at low speeds. In this great range of power and small development, under ordinary conditions, is thought to be found the cause of most of the difficulties which arise with war ship machinery. Such difficulties, it is believed, would disappear if engines were continuously worked at high speeds like those of merchant ships.

There is another point, which to naval officers is a matter of course, but which to engineers explains in a degree the rapid deterioration of boilers and machinery in war ships. Standing

ON THE BRIDGE OF A WAR SHIP

the officer in command is supposed to be, so under his control, when a fleet is manœuvring at, say, a nine-knot speed, steam equivalent to a possible margin of speed of two to three knots an hour in order to insure his keeping station. On this subject Mr. W. H. White, Chief Constructor for the British Navy, draws up the following table:

Knots.	Horse Power.	Revolutions.
9	1,000	50
11	1,500	60
12 1/2	3,000	70

He says, "In order to secure the ready command of ten revolutions, therefore, above the average ordered, 50 per cent more power is needed to be available whenever ordered, and to have command of twenty revolutions,

per cent margin of power is needed, depending on the bridge and the circumstances of the day."

It is a common-sense, and a very promptly recognized, fact, that the removal of fat from the body. Doctors Marx and Demars have carried out the operation upon a literary man, M. Hironelle. They raised the skin and cut away four and a quarter pounds of the adipose tissue. The patient was under chloroform while this was being done. The skin was then stretched and sewed up. The patient has passed since the operation, and now feels quite well. It was an unexpected result. He had to hold out his hand, and his foot placed with a spring into the water. He says, "I think you."

working up to, say, sixteen knots' speed. Then the mean speed for the hour of the Medusa would be about twelve and a half knots, and although at the end of the hour she would be steaming sixteen knots, she would only have gained three and a half knots on the feet. I commend this short statement to the notice of the gentlemen who, during

THE RECENT MANŒUVRES.

were so greatly surprised that so-called manœuvres, when ordered to proceed with all dispatch, did not immediately rush off at full speed and rapidly disappear. It is also very important to note that, in a cruiser employed as a scout, with the fires alight, but banked in order to be in a position to rapidly raise steam, there can be no equation of the coal consumed to the power required simply to keep company with the fleet. The fact is obvious enough, but is frequently overlooked.

Still another illustration is at hand in some of the performances of British war ships during the naval manœuvres of last year. In the chase toward Ushant the Hero was steaming about twelve knots, with the Howe and Rodney attending her, and the Camperdown was keeping just outside the range prescribed by the rules. Supposing she was two knots distant, she suddenly turns and comes down upon the Howe and Rodney at a speed of thirteen to fourteen knots, so that the relative speed of approach would be twenty-five to twenty-six knots an hour. In less than five minutes she would be close upon her enemies, and if both kept on would soon be far apart again. An instance of this kind, besides showing the sudden changes under which machinery may be subjected in order to bring combating vessels together, is also noteworthy as indicating the importance of rapid fire guns in future naval action. It takes some three minutes to load a modern sixty-seven-ton gun of the British Navy, and not many minutes would be required to enable two vessels at the above-mentioned speed to speedily get out of the danger range.

A Narrow Escape.

Somebody has been trying to prove that war is not so dangerous on the whole, as some other agents of destruction; however that may be, its perils are not confined to those in action, as the following anecdote demonstrates. There were some narrow escapes among those who were off duty in camp. One day a solid shot, with unmanly rudeness, came bounding into camp, passing through a group of soldiers who had just collected for their warm rations. At the same instant it prostrated the cook, demolished the mess kettle, and irreverently bathed our best flag with bean porridge. The cook proved to be only "temporarily killed" by the gravel which the shot had thrown against him, and was soon able to resume his work. About the same time a sick soldier, working in his tent, with his knapsack for a pillow. He was supposed to be out of harm's way, but a solid shot, styled by the boys a "pickle" from its resemblance in size and shape, struck the knapsack, and carried it clean away. The only inconvenience to the invalid was the loss of the knapsack and the sudden letting down of his head. As the pillow was scarcely thicker than the missile, this might be called literally a hair breadth escape.

An Extraordinary Operation.

We are constantly hearing of extraordinary surgical operations, but the most astonishing that has been performed, says a Paris correspondent, is that of *degraissement*, or the removal of fat from the body. Doctors Marx and Demars have carried out the operation upon a literary man, M. Hironelle. They raised the skin and cut away four and a quarter pounds of the adipose tissue. The patient was under chloroform while this was being done. The skin was then stretched and sewed up. The patient has passed since the operation, and now feels quite well. It was an unexpected result. He had to hold out his hand, and his foot placed with a spring into the water. He says, "I think you."

SPRING SMILES

All work and no play - Learning the piano. It frequently turns out that the queen of diamonds is a knave of hearts.

What is the most proper exclamation for a man to make when he barks his shin? "Dog gone it!"

There is a silver lining to every cloud, but there wouldn't be long if some members of Parliament ever get to heaven.

A man never realizes what perfect idiots women are until he hears his best girl laughing at some other fellow's jokes.

No matter how plain-looking a soda water clerk may be, in warm weather his fizz is always attractive to the girls.

Employer "Well, Patrick, which is the bigger fool, you or I?" Patrick "Faith, I couldn't say, sor, but it's not meself."

What is the difference between a mushroom and a mouse? Why, one maketh cat-supp and the other maketh the cat's supper.

No matter how generous-hearted a man may be, it never seems to do him any good to sit down and think how rich his next-door neighbor is.

"Won't you come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly. "Yes," answered the fly, "but I don't want to go into the dining-room."

The Paris gravediggers have threatened to stop work. It would not be the first time that gravediggers have left their employers in a hole.

Teacher—"And now, children, you have heard the story of Ananias. What lesson should we learn from his fate?" Tommy—"Never to get caught."

A young man who made a wager that he could court thirty young women in one month says he is now "on his last lap." He by will win a light squeeze.

"Do you know the time, Mr. Scadley?" called out her mother, serenely, from the top of the stairs about 1 A. M. "No, madam, I don't," said the brazen-faced Scadley; "I came to night without my watch."

Artist—"Oh, you think the back-ground 'bestly, do you. Perhaps the cattle are 'bestly, too, though I flatter myself." Friendly Artist—"Oh, no, my dear fellow that's just what they are not."

Newwed "How long does a man have to be married before his wife agrees with him in everything?" Oldwed (mournfully)—"You'll have to ask somebody else, my boy; I've only been married forty years."

Tenant—"Landlord, our house-wall on one side has sprung out about ten feet." Landlord—"Make yourself easy. Although it probably renders the house that much bigger do not fear; I will not raise the rent on you."

Old Married Flirt—"Oh, Miss Lillian, I'm so sorry I ever married." Miss Lillian—"So am I." Old Married Flirt (eagerly)—"Is that so, my dear?" Miss Lillian (sarcastically)—"Yes, I'm very sorry—for your wife."

Physician (reflectively)—"H'm! The case is one, I think, that will yield to a mild stimulant. Let me see your tongue, madam, if you please." Husband of patient (hastily)—"Doctor, her tongue doesn't need any stimulating."

"Shall we marry?" "Or shall we knot?" was the short and witty line an ardent lover dispatched to the idol of his heart. But, where the strangeness of the matter comes in, the girl replied—"I shall not. You may do as you please."

Watts—"Did stungley ever accomplish his intention of getting even with the girl who beat him out of his place by offering to do the work at a smaller salary?" Potts—"I rather think he did. He married her and she is supporting them both."

The Race of Life. Life is a race for preferment and place, and in the contest we all have a part. Some find it easy to cut out the place. Others are handicapped right at the start.

"You should visit because, Mr. Blank," said a gushing young maiden to a crusty old lawyer, "and listen to the murmuring of the tide." "I hear enough of that every day," grunted the lawyer. "Where at?" queried the girl. "In the divorce court," replied the wretch.

Australian Cannibals.

Upon the whole, life among the northern Australians could hardly be desirable on any terms, and on their own it seems not acceptable. Their religion is a fear, their existence a series of escapes from starvation and homicide, their morality a mere tribal obligation to the most elementary fealties, their polity an ultimatum of the principle that might makes right within the tribe as well as without; a despotism of the strong hand tempered by cunning. In the society of these children of nature certain persons skilled in devil-doll, as they call the invocation of supreme demon, and certain old ladies accomplished in catering to their simple appetite for human flesh are the ruling influences.

They are all cannibals, as opportunity offers; and in default of enemies to eat they will sometimes eat their friends; they will even eat their children, though this is exceptional. Otherwise, they live mostly upon poisonous roots, which have to be carefully prepared; upon worms and grubs; upon snakes and lizards, and upon such birds and beasts as they can kill, though they are not good hunters and are poorly weaponed for the chase. They go naked, and almost houseless; a shelter of boughs is their conception of a house.

After four years among them and the bestowal of inestimable benefits in tobacco, Mr. Lumbholtz could not flatter himself that he had ever succeeded in appealing to any sentiment but fear in them; they did not kill him because they imagined him an adept in devil-doll and because they were afraid of the Baby of the Gun, as they called his revolver; but they would not have eaten him, because they had found that, upon the whole, white men did not agree with them. In spite of their fears they had access of treachery in which they longed so much to kill him that it was never safe to let them get behind him; and apparently no kindness could win them to affection. On such conditions life began to be for him at moments the poor possession that it seemed to them, and he experienced a deep despondency, mixed with indifference, from which he had to pull himself together with a n effort of the will at last, in order to escape from the psychical miseries of their most miserable existence. They were children, and had children, with no lovable trait, that he could discover, and cruel and filthy in their ignorance.

In spite of their abominable customs and their squalid conditions, the life of the open air and of the woods and hills is so wholesome that fine physical types are not rare, and in this fact there might be some hope for the race if it met the least justice in contact with the whites. But on the frontier, says Mr. Lumbholtz, "any savage discovered by the white men runs the risk of being shot. Poison was laid in the way of the blacks once when I was in Queensland. A squatter shot all the men on his run because they were cattle killers, the women because they gave birth to cattle killers, and the children because they would in time become cattle killers."—Harper's Magazine.

Mad Freak at a Wedding.

An extraordinary incident took place at a wedding at St. Silas's Church, Liverpool, on Monday. While the party were walking from the carriages into the church, a woman walked up to the bride and bridegroom and flung an apronful of flour over them. She also threw a quantity over the best man and the bridesmaid, and ran away. The happy pair, nearly blinded, and covered from head to foot with flour, seemed much disconcerted by the unlooked for incident, and having been brushed down proceeded to the altar.

No hero returning from victorious wars has ever, in modern times, been greeted with more impressive acclamations than those accorded to Mr. Stanley in England. Royalty, society, the leaders of learning, and the commonalty, all have vied and are vying with each other to do him honor. It was most fitting that the greatest of his public receptions should be that under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, for no man of this generation has made contributions to geographical knowledge comparable in importance and in both scientific and romantic interest with his. The British heir-apparent personally presenting to him a unique medal of British gold in the name of British science, is a noble token of the appreciation of his native land.

TWO SURPRISING SEA STORIES.

A Whale Hooked With an Anchor—A Curious Shower.

In the year 1861, about midsummer, being then 150 miles to the west of the Island of Juan Fernandez, in the Scotch ship Highland Belle, we were bearing up for the island under a light breeze, with the full ship's company on deck, when a monster whale breached on our port bow and only a cable's length away. The carpenter was repairing the rail on that bow, and four or five men were scraping and painting. At least six of us saw the whale as he first pushed his head above water, and our exclamations attracted attention, so that all the others saw him before he fell back. He shot straight up like a log on end, and he never stopped going until five-sixths of his body stood in air. We all saw that he had half a dozen wraps of chain around him, and that an anchor was fouled in the corner of his mouth. He fell back on the surface with an awful crash, kicking up a tremendous swell, and there he lay without a movement. We ran on for a quarter of a mile, and then laid the ship to and lowered a boat. I myself had charge of this boat, and after laying off and on to see if the whale was dead, finally concluded that he was and pulled in on him. While he was floating the anchor kept him down by the head, and we could not get at it. We, however, cut away a fathom or more of the chain, and found the wraps about his body so tightly drawn that the creature must have suffered great pain. We got the bight of a rope over one arm of the anchor, but the eye of us could not pull it out of his jaw, and we returned to the ship and left the carcass to float away. Two days later it was found by the Bristol whaler John G. Pitkins, and when cut up alongside yielded about one hundred barrels of oil. They found one of the anchor flukes deeply imbedded in his mouth, being, as you might say, a big fish hook on which he had been caught, and this anchor, together with sixty feet of chain, was afterward identified by the Russian brig Cronstadt. This brig was at anchor on the north side of the island one day a week before, when the whale, whose presence was entirely unsuspected, picked up her anchor and towed her half a mile. Greatly alarmed at being towed out to sea by an invisible power, the Captain ordered a shackle pin slipped, and thus stopped his headway at the expense of an anchor and sixty or seventy feet of chain. Later on the three vessels I have named found themselves in Valparaiso together, and it was easy to fit all the details together and make a straight case. We had the proofs right there, and the Russian signed a receipt in black and white for the anchor so strangely recovered, and we hung our bit of chain in the office of the English Consul. Yet, despite all this, I have seen several American newspapers which referred to the incident "as a yarn which even children would take no stock in."

During the last year of the American war I was Captain of an English brig which voyaged to Guinea. On the voyage of which I speak we called at Trinidad and then continued our course to the south. We had stood to the east and got our offing from Trinidad, and the course had just been laid for Georgetown, when a strange circumstance occurred. During the forenoon we had observed two waterspouts at a distance, and at 3 in the afternoon the lookout reported one bearing down upon us from the east, in which direction the whole ocean lay before us. The wind, what there was of it, was from that direction, and as we had no gun aboard every one was alert to keep the brig clear of danger by rapid and skilful management. The spout came dancing down our way in that eccentric fashion so characteristic of them, and we could not fail to observe that it was an unusually large one. While its top was lost in the clouds, its base and stem kept growing larger and larger until, when it was within half a mile of us, four or five acres of surface were terribly agitated. There was a hissing, swishing sound as the waters were sucked up, and the spout travelled right at us until not more than twenty rods away. Then it obliqued and passed us astern. For five minutes there was a great downpour of water on our decks, and the sea was so confused that the brig was knocked about like a cork. The spout continued to the west as far as we could see but the rain had no sooner ceased

than we found the decks littered with strange objects. There were many small fish, a turtle weighing quite two pounds, and an eel at least six feet long. But we had little interest in those things, for among them was a straw hat, several lengths of rope, two or three bits of cloth, which proved to be handkerchiefs, the wreck of an umbrella, a handbag, and a sailor's jacket. These things had all been rained down on our decks, and when we came to look over the sides we saw planks and other wreckage.

Now, what had happened was this: A schooner yacht in which a party of wealthy Germans from Paramaribo—there were nine of them, and all men—were cruising for pleasure had been caught up in that spout, and hurled to destruction. We had the proofs of it, and we alone could tell what became of the unfortunate. It was our testimony and the articles which had rained down upon our decks which settled properties valued into the hundreds of thousands, and yet the matter has been held up to newspaper ridicule and classed as a sailor's yarn.

The Law of Labor and Law of Rest.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."—Exodus xx., 8-11.

Above the noise and din of our common life we have heard in the week gone by a great cry of those who earn their daily bread by daily labor. The cry does not ignore the dignity of labor, nor ask to be released from its claims. At the heart of it there is a plea for less labor and more rest. That the plea is well sustained none will question. And who does not wish that the lot of many who toil could have a pleasanter path to walk and an easier burden to carry? We need not discuss the whole question now, but is it not pleasant to turn to the earlier pages of this book and find that the law of labor and the law of rest overlap each other, and are bound in inseparable bonds. The commandment that came from Sinai, amid thunderings and lightnings and awful tempests, guarding the sanctity of the ancient Sabbath, was at once a law of labor as well as a law of rest. The Sabbath was not established as a caprice on the part of a lawgiver whose laws sprung from caprice rather than eternal righteousness. Sinai was the mountain of eternal order and of eternal righteousness; the fingers that have graven those majestic laws upon the table of stone were moved by a divine wisdom; as all the ages of the world since, give ample attestation. The law of Sabbath sanctity and rest followed the week of work. First toil, then rest. To invert the order would be folly, to try to separate the two would be absurd. First the work then comes rest. Without the rest, work would change to slavery; without the toil that gives rest to leisure rest would have no meaning and no worth. Let us listen this morning to the music of that grand old commandment the world has been wise enough to hold dear through generations and centuries. Let us call it the law of labor and the law of rest. Just as much a law of labor as a law of rest. What a picture of the days of that desert life, when all was not weariness and surely all was not a dream! Everybody worked in those days. Sons of the household and daughters, too, had their share of toil, and even when the visitor came it was not only to be "entertained" but to take a share in the life, and the life of every household meant reasonable toil. And so when all had done what came to the lot of all in the week of work, joy bells rang through the tents of Israel, and then sons and daughters, even servants and maid servants, the strangers who were visitors or way-farers, the oxen and the asses, all had worked and all were now at rest. And peace, such peace as the Sabbath always brings brooded over Israel. We have often had impressed upon us the moral that a well spent Sabbath brings a happy week and there is great truth in this teaching. But the moral works every way. A week of idleness is not a good preparation for the Sabbath, any more than a mispent Sabbath is a good preparation for a week of toil. Let

us look upon the labor that fills our hands with more gracious eyes, as we think the weary Saturday is but the well-prepared altar that has been all week a building for the hallowed fires of the Sabbath sacrifice. It is worth a week of toil to know the true value of the Sabbath's rest. So life's long toils will bring us at last to the rest that remains for the people of God.

HEROISM OF A BOY.

A Remarkable Story of Pluck and Endurance from Far Australia.

From a remote part of distant Australia—half the world away from us a newspaper comes, bearing a strange name the *Capricornian*. It devotes several columns to accounts of a boating accident and fatality which occurred at Rockhampton, Queensland. The head master of the Allentown State School and his assistant took two pupils out for a holiday excursion, round the Keppel Islands. One of the boys was landed shortly after setting out; the other remained on the boat; his name is Walter Mooney. The boating party left on Dec. 19 intending to make a three week's cruise, camping out occasionally. With the new year the weather became squally and dangerous. One or two waves broke over the boat. Clayton, the assistant, got nervous, being very anxious about the little lad. "This won't do," he said, jibbed the sail, and the boat upset. In an instant all three were struggling in the water. Clayton then, showing coolness and courage, dived, cut the stays, and unshipped the mast. Then both Smith, the head master, and Clayton had to dive for the anchor. When all was got to rights, so far as could be, Walter Mooney was swept away by a wave, and had to be rescued. Now, however, it was found that the boat was sinking and could carry only the boy. They lashed Mooney to the boat, hopeless of hearing of him again, bade farewell to each other, all three, and the two teachers swam off to the distant shore. Clayton's retriever dog accompanied them. It has instinctively caught up a piece of bacon in its mouth and kept up with them. Unfortunately all grew tired, and the dog tried to get on its master's back. Clayton thought to kill it, but Smith feared the blood might bring up the sharks in that dangerous sea. At length, suddenly, Clayton and dog disappeared, and Smith reached the island only in time, as a large shark swam past. "Sensational as was Smith's escape from a watery grave," says the *Capricornian* "it is eclipsed by that of the lad Mooney." "I was not supposed that he could survive; the boat was water-logged and the billows ever and again broke over it in a bitter brine. Drifting, drifting from 1.30 through the long afternoon under a blazing sun—drifting still, without food or drink, as the red sun sank over the invisible continent—drifting through the long watches of the dark night, parched with a fever of thirst famished from long fasting, drifting till the changing form of the Southern Cross told the turn of midnight was far past. Then the boat was carried to the shore on the impulse of the great waves. Now came the peril of perils. The place it approached was the most dangerous of the coast. Two rough reefs of rock ran out into the sea, leaving a chasm between them. To run on either rock was certain wreck and inevitable death. The heaving billow raised the boat in its irresistible grasp, and with one mighty rush, hurling it along, shot it right into the chasm and up on the sandy beach in safety—by God's providence. Now, Walter Mooney shook off the loose lashings, the insecure ties, struggled on shore, and fell down on the ground fast asleep, utterly worn out. Early in the morning he was awake, and was seen walking, in a dazed state, but with the steadfast purpose of speeding help to his castaway friends. By his means Smith was quickly rescued from the desert island, where he was found hopeless of rescue for a long period, and amazed at the result."

cape. Great credit is due and great credit is given to the young lad in all the papers. His steadiness in the boat when Clayton lost nerve, his courage in the wreck, and his stout heart through all the weary day and night of danger, combined with his promptness of action on land, are all worthy of praise.

Racing appears to gain a greater hold upon the public affections in England every year. Forty four meetings were set down to take place during the second week in April. The majority of these were of a holiday character, of local interest only, but with sport under jockey club rules at Kempton, Gosforth park, Croxton park, Northampton and Leicester, and with the big steeplechase meeting at Manchester on the first two days of the week, the forces have been scattered far and wide. At Kempton on April 7 the crowd was enormous. Over 20,000 people passed the turnstiles into the course, a number which has never been exceeded except on a Jubilee Stakes day.

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“COME FORTH.”

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of “The Gates Ajar,” “Beyond the Gates,” “Between the Gates,” AND REV. HERBERT D. WARD

XXII.

What then? Was Jesus of Nazareth a fraud? Did he stay away from Bethany, forsooth, lest he should be stoned? Did he allow his chosen friend to die, without even the most ordinary services of friendship, because he himself was not ready to run sacred risks? Or, wary, as pretenders are, did he remove himself lest the weakness of his claim should be exposed by this conclusive test? For whatever reason, did he not dare to show himself among the friends, now the mourners of Lazarus?

“He is a shrewd fellow,” cried Malachi the Pharisee, making the most of his opportunity again to command the ears of his neighbors, and those alas, the sickle people easily gave him. “This upstart is no fool. He estimates the intelligence of the citizens of Bethany correctly. He knows that we are not to be duped for our pains. How now? If this Jesus is what ye have believed him, could he not save his intimate friend from an untimely death? Would he not, if so be he could do the deed? People of Bethany! People of Jerusalem, and the neighborhood! I appeal to ye’ was I not correct in the value I put upon this cowardly and deceitful fellow?”

At this moment there passed by the group a man and a woman, whose faces were turned in the direction of Simon the Leper’s house. These were Ariella and Baruch, happy man and wife, on their way to sorrow with the sufferers in the bereaved house. Their faces wore the subdued and gentle sadness of sympathy, but the rich personal joy of health, freedom, and youth and wedlock burned through their veil of neighborly feeling like the sun blazing through a mist. It was like looking upon souls in Paradise. Look upon these two.

“There,” retorted Amos, Gethsemane, turning upon Malachi with curling lip, “there you have your answer. Look to it!” “But how say you,” cried another contented voice, “that the Nazarene has allowed his friend to die like any common neglected man?”

“His will I know not,” answered Amos solemnly. “But I know that it is the will of a wise and holy man. More I need not know.”

“Verily, thou art easily satisfied,” laughed someone scornfully. At this moment Enoch, the lad who was wont to guide blind Baruch, ran up to the gossiping group with exciting news.

It was reported that the Nazarene had been seen that morning approaching Bethany.

Now this was the fourth day since the death, the third since the burial of Lazarus. Within the house of Simon the Leper the first spasm of grief had subsided into the first alternative of quiet exhaustion. Martha’s pale and saddened face, subdued by a fitfulness, bent over the direction of her sorrow. It could once stir her for the mournful better. But when she was buried in her room.

“Shelter her?” said Mary with sudden interest and earnestness. “Yes, shelter her, Ariella. Shelter any woman who fleeth to thee from the palace in the name of misery, and of mercy.”

“Shall I do it in another name?” asked Ariella. “Trust me, Mary. It is each to hear strange things on the calamity began. Baruch shelter her in the name of the Nazarene.”

“God be with thee,” said Ariella, and her words fell down like a leaden weight upon the hearts of the women. “What is the matter? What is the matter? What is the matter?”

“I think the Nazarene is here,” said Ariella, and her words fell down like a leaden weight upon the hearts of the women. “What is the matter? What is the matter? What is the matter?”

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Martha entered the room. She hurried, but she trod softly. She came up and put her hand on Mary’s hair with the motherly gesture of an elder sister.

“Mary, arise thee. Abraham bringeth us great news. The Master cometh from Jericho, and is already on his way to Bethany. Arise, thee, and come with me, that we may meet him.”

But Mary burst into terrible sobs and shook her head. With her hands she motioned her sister away: She and Martha were different—Martha could meet him—among all those people—on the highway. Mary was not like that. Mary sat still in the house. For the moment was it possible that a doubt—her first—shot through her tender heart? Did she, too, question—Why cometh he too late?

Now when Mary was left alone, the curtains of her room were gently parted, and a step like a breath entered. None but one refined by the personal knowledge of the suffering could have spoken with the voice which said:

“Fear me not, Mary. I intrude upon thee not, save for the space of a moment. It is thy neighbor—Ariella.”

Mary stretched out her hand and grasped that of Ariella strongly. She did not raise her face. An indefinable comfort flowed from the touch of Ariella into her own exhausted nature. How delicate a hand it was, how reserved, how tender!

“I come upon an errand of importance,” began Ariella in a steady tone, as if nothing had happened. Ariella did not talk of Lazarus. She proceeded at once, for she did not sit down, nor have about her the air of a person who meant to remain for a call of condolence. “I must consult either Martha or thyself upon a certain matter.”

“Martha has gone forth,” said Mary evasively, still without looking up.

“She goeth to the grave to weep there,” replied Ariella. “The neighbors told me thus as I passed the door.” Mary made no reply. She did not care to discuss the true nature of Martha’s errand. Ariella, perceiving this reserve, hastened to say:

“A fugitive hath sought refuge with us, at the house of my mother and Baruch, my husband. Last night she came unto us like a haunted animal panting from the hunter, and we received her, and did shelter her, for we know not what else to do unto the miserable creature. She fleeth from the palace.”

“From the palace! Of Annas?” Mary lifted her hand suddenly.

“She is the slave of Annas, the High Priest,” replied Ariella, observing Mary with gentle keenness.

“Oh! A slave!” Mary’s face fell wearily again.

“She telleth a strange story,” continued Ariella in a low tone, “and she hath suffered unto death. Knowest thou, Mary, ought to advise us concerning the poor soul? Shall we shelter her?”

“Shelter her?” said Mary with sudden interest and earnestness. “Yes, shelter her, Ariella. Shelter any woman who fleeth to thee from the palace in the name of misery, and of mercy.”

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palace—Lazarus had asked it. Lazarus had said: “Love and shelter.”

Hours passed. Mary sat on in the dark and dreary room. She had the temperament which does not, because it cannot, conquer grief by action. All her strength must come through reflection and religious faith. She must think herself and pray herself, not work herself into peace. The worker and the dreamer are always at odds, and Martha and Mary could no more understand each other than the Pharisee and Sadducee, or the living and the dead.

Mary was sitting just as her sister and Ariella had found and left her, when Martha unexpectedly returned. She hurried into the room excitedly and said: “The Master calleth for thee. Hurry, Mary, and do not be moping there any longer. I am ashamed of thee.”

Mary arose, slowly. Martha’s voice jarred on her—but she was used to that. She veiled herself, and followed her sister confusedly. She was unconscious of any details of that sad, strange walk into the outer world—her first since she had followed her brother to his grave. She did not lift her eyes from the ground. She saw the gravel, and blades of grass, and little pebbles and glittering sand, and Martha’s robe fluttering before her. She could not tell where she was, nor how far she had gone, when a voice quite near her murmured.

“Mary.” Oh, this was not the voice of any common mourner, and paltry, petty comforter! What neighbor, what friend or kin was there, whose sorrow sank into her soul like sacred dew? All Mary’s nature lifted itself like a dying flower to his face. When she saw how broken it was she fell at his feet and passionately, piteously cried:

“Oh, if thou hadst been here he had not died!”

Cut into the side of the limestone cliff, under the hamlet of Bethany, and with a glance towards the heights of Olivet, well shielded by olive trees, and close upon the highway, the sepulchre of Lazarus responded drearily to the gaze of the mourners who had thronged it. The tomb was new, hewn by the family upon private land, and carved with all the mortuary art of the times. It had not been constructed above a year or two. Lazarus himself had erected it, expend much thought upon it, that it might be a spot of beauty and of dignity worthy of the family eminence. Its stone lip had gaped now, and shut upon him; one might fancy that it was with a certain insensate pride that they received their designer and creator for their first victim.

It was a fair day, sunny and warm. The soul of the coming spring was already in the air. Budding trees and blossoms trembled delicately in the low and pleasant wind. The sky throbbed with the deep color which it wears when the creation of life is at its fullest and richest. It was a day when it seems impossible to die—incredible to be dead.

Before the tomb of Lazarus there had collected a large and serious crowd. The disciples of the Nazarene had made every effort to prevent the knowledge of his return from spreading widely. But this was a thing impossible. The eminence of the dead, the suddenness and mystery of the death, wild rumors as to some cause for it more interesting to public curiosity than the fact itself—these had swelled the crowd of formal mourners who came to gather about the bereaved household. The return of the Nazarene, with his close personal connection with the case had called from Jerusalem a mixed mass of people who gathered from every motive under the sun, about the tomb.

Among these could be easily recognized many persons familiar to our story. Malachi the Pharisee, stood pompously in a prominent position, with his thick under lip pressed up in the intensest satisfaction. Malachi was not a murderous man, but he took solid satisfaction in the death of Lazarus. What could so benevolently have interfered to verify his own position in regard to the Nazarene? He surveyed the crowd with the secret elation of a man who says: I told you so. Haggar, his wife, stood at some distance from him, ceremoniously veiled, more so than a married woman needed. She acted as if she were a little ashamed of her husband. Her loud tongue was still. Her roving eyes were lowered. But for the fact that it savored of immorality, Haggar would have been quite willing that day to be taken

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for the wife of some other man. Say, of that sweet-lipped, devout young man, yonder, the favorite disciple of Jesus, he who, it was said, kept so closely to his Master, as if not knowing whether he most loved or most feared for him, whether he were there to caress or protect him. But John loved his Master. There was no room left in his soul for any woman. John was absorbed in Jesus as the fuel is in the fire. Peter, the fisherman, whispered something to him restlessly; but John had the manner of one who heard no man.

Rachel, the neighbor of Lazarus, was among the people, and beside her leaned Ariella and Baruch, hand clasped in hand.

Amos of Gethsemane stood behind these three, saying nothing, as was the habit of Amos. Some of the workmen of Lazarus were in the group, and with them the young man who made mourning for Lazarus and thought of Mary. The old Sheliach from Jerusalem could be noticed observing the scene, without commenting upon it. Standing apart by himself, the slave Abraham wept bitterly. Mary and Martha were not yet come to the tomb, and it was said by the disciples of the Nazarene that he lingered with the sisters of the dead to comfort them.

“Comfort is a useful thing before that!” sneered Malachi, pointing to the closed sepulchre.

Malachi had scarcely spoken these words, when a murmur ran along the crowd that the Nazarene and the sisters of the dead were to be seen approaching the tomb. The people fell back with a motion of involuntary respect. The lightest lip ceased its gossip, and the shallowest heart felt something like a throb of reverence.

“He boweth his head,” whispered Rachel. “He hath the aspect of a mourner closely of kin.”

“Kin is of the heart,” murmured Ariella to her husband.

“Would that I could see his countenance,” said a bystander, “but the motion of the man hideth it.”

At this moment, a stir among the people indicated a diversion of interest to another quarter. Enoch the lad, prowling about, as is the manner of boys, had peered above the sepulchre, treading down the bushes that grew there, and reaching after who knows what, whether the body or the soul of the dead. He had made a discovery which caused him to run back, as fast as his legs could carry him, to his former master, Baruch, with the announcement that he had seen a ghost. “It was not Lazarus,” he said “for she was a woman; but you could see for yourself that it was not like other people.” Baruch and Ariella, hushing the boy, with all speed made their way, trying to attract as little attention as they could, to the thicket whence the lad had emerged. There, prostrate on the ground, with her rich clothing torn by thorns, her hair disheveled, and her face hidden on her arms, lay a woman who seemed to be half dead with grief. Her teeth bit into her delicate flesh; her beautiful form shook with deep, dry sobs; she had thrust one hand through the bushes till it reached the top of the sepulchre, and lay there clenched. Once she was seen to pat the cold stone with a passionate tenderness enough to break one’s heart to see.

“Oh! a woman!” murmured Ariella. “Let me go first, dear Baruch.”

At the sound of voice the prostrate woman gathered herself like a lioness, and bounded by one great lithe spring to her feet. Her veil had fallen, and the light of day fell full upon her face and beautiful face. It was Zahara, daughter and Princess of the House of Annas the High Priest.

XXIII.

Before the tomb of Lazarus the people fell back. They made way for the Nazarene, who advanced silently. His head was still bowed. He walked like a man oppressed with grief. The sobbing women followed him. A few paces before the door of the tomb, they stopped. A breathless hush fell upon the crowd, that within the sepulchre was scarce-ly deeper. In the silence, a bird upon an olive branch above the tomb began to sing shrilly; it sang on for some moments un-

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED]

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI.

AUTHOR OF "SAVAR-HADJI, A STORY OF TURKISTAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

As the search in Lanin's house was fruitless, Palkin had withdrawn his gendarmes and left Jana perfectly free.

It was not 10 o'clock yet and the clerks had not yet begun work in the offices, although it was Monday when Wernin and his daughter entered the Ministry of the Interior and sent their cards to the head of the division. Schelm sent word that he was engaged with the Minister and could not see them before 7 in the evening. The whole day was to pass in this fearful anxiety. No, Jana resolved to call on the Minister himself. Popoff, however, showed her how dangerous such a step would be, as all chance of bribing Schelm would thus be lost.

"The minister knows the whole affair from Schelm's report only. He would send us straight back to him."

"What can be done? I cannot live in this uncertainty. I am dying of apprehension."

"We must be patient till 7 o'clock. I shall go with you, Countess, and wait for you in the carriage. If you do not succeed my turn will come. We shall have time enough before the ball."

In the meantime Mme. de Dugarey had come in. "What news?" she asked.

"Alas! no news as yet. Have you heard anything?"

"Yes, indeed. I know that your husband left the theatre in search of you. He had heard a conversation between two men in the pit, who asserted they had seen you come out of a gambling hell which I had made a meeting place for mysterious purposes. He had ran out of the theatre like a madman in company with your friend Miller, whom I have never trusted in spite of your friendship for him. Since then no one has seen him."

"What?" cried Jana, excitedly. "Vladimir could doubt me!"

"What could you expect, dearest? Think of his great love, his jealousy, the eccentricities for which people are kind enough to blame me, and especially your not coming. It was evidently a preconcerted plan. Prince Max, who told me all this, said a few moments ago: 'I do not understand it at all. Lanin is accused of belonging to a conspiracy and was arrested in an unknown house.' Then he whispered into my ear: 'This is a secret of state; they have used your name and mine.' Your husband, you must know, had asked the Prince to challenge that man in the pit. This is all I have been able to learn, but it is enough. They have made use of my name also, and I am determined to clear up the whole affair. I mean to support you with all my power, but it will be a difficult task. Everybody trembles at the mere mention of your name."

"Dear Rita, how vulgar the world is, how vile! I feel as if I were subdued by a blindness, benighted for the direct application of a conscientious effort."

"I will move heaven and earth to discover Ariella's shelter. Do you hear, wretch: from the palace."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I have not time to lose. I must go now. I will find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

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"I shall find her out, I swear."

there at 10 at the latest. Then the Countess will tell you what is next to be done."

"I shall appear to night in a black domino. You shall recognize me by the camellia I shall wear, but I shall, of course, see your father, who will be at your side."

"No doubt."

"Remember, however, madame, that you must speak to the Emperor at all hazards," said Popoff. "This will be your last opportunity, because from this time you will be looked upon as connected with the family of an exile."

"Do not fear," replied Mme. de Dugarey. "I am not a Russian subject; I shall, therefore, always be able to approach the Emperor."

"Ah!" said Jana, "when it becomes clear that Vladimir's innocence cannot be established, will you then still be free to visit us? Will not your husband separate us?"

Mme. de Dugarey hung her head, for that morning she had been informed at the embassy that soon she would no longer be at liberty to enter the house of a man who was accused of high treason.

"To-night, however," she said, "each one must do his duty. I promise I shall do all in my power. Your husband is, in my eyes, perfectly innocent and I shall spare no trouble to establish his innocence. At the ball we shall meet again. Mr. Popoff, prepare your ammunition."

"Madame," said Popoff, decisively, "I warrant the victory."

"God grant," sighed Jana.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Schelm received the Count and his daughter with that cold and stiff official air which he assumed with his subordinates. The Councillor offered him a million rubles, then half of his whole fortune. Jana—proud Jana—humbled herself before him, and with tears in her eyes begged for mercy. It was all in vain.

Schelm, whose eyes began to sparkle as he exulted in the offers of the old man and the humiliation of Jana, who knelt before him, only answered coldly:

"I am out of the question now. But calm yourselves. The Czar is merciful. The criminals will be sent as colonists to Siberia. That is the limit of punishment."

"But you know that Vladimir is innocent," exclaimed Jana.

Schelm removed his spectacles and played the part of an astonished man to perfection.

"Innocent! He? The Ace of Clubs, the head of the conspiracy?"

"Enough of this farce, this hypocrisy," cried Jana, indignantly. "You avenge yourself for an innocent jest and your revenge is terrible. You alone have invented the whole conspiracy, or, at least, with devilish cunning, managed to involve my husband in this affair!"

Schelm piously folded his hands.

"I appreciate your grief, madame, but I cannot help you. Calm yourself; go home and send for a physician."

He rang a bell and a clerk entered.

"Please accompany these visitors down. Pardon me, my time is not my own."

"Be careful, Mr. Schelm," said Jana.

"We shall fight till our last breath."

"I will move heaven and earth to discover Ariella's shelter. Do you hear, wretch: from the palace."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

"I shall find her out, I swear."

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written his name and says your Excellency will no doubt receive him.

"Nicholas Popoff!" exclaimed Schelm, with a glance at the card. "Let him come up at once. When he does come look well at him."

"Very well, your Excellency."

"As soon as he is in my bureau you will hasten to the nearest police station and ask for two policemen; these you will station at the entrance of the Ministry. When the stranger leaves me you will accompany him, and, under some pretext, hand him over to the police. You know him. I am sorry he used to be employed here."

"I have been here only two months."

"Then look at him all the more carefully. He is a very dangerous fellow. Let him be searched carefully and bring me everything that is found on him."

"Your Excellency," said the clerk. "Col. Palkin happens to be in the Minister's bureau, I might perhaps—"

"Do what I have ordered," said Schelm. "You deliver this man into the hands of the police—if I should not change my mind. In that case I shall say, 'I do not wish to see any one.' That will be a sign for you to send the policemen back. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, your Excellency."

"Now send the stranger up!"

"Ha! ha!" cried Schelm, delighted. "He alone was still waiting. He comes into my presence not of his own accord."

The clerk comes back ushering in Popoff. He drew near to Schelm.

"Ah! Is that you?" said Schelm. "What do you wish?"

"A mere trifle, Count Lanin's pardon."

Schelm sprang up from his chair.

"Count Lanin's! What have you to do with Lanin?"

"I am his secretary. He took me in when I was driven away from here. I wrote to you at that time that I should keep silent unless I was attacked. I have kept silent. Now you persecute my benefactor and rob me of my daily bread. You will not wonder if I defend myself, therefore, I say I ask for Count Lanin's pardon. Stop. I expressed myself badly; I ask for documents establishing his innocence and the immediate stopping of all proceedings against him."

"Ha! ha!" said Schelm, as soon as he had gradually recovered from the first surprise. "Now I have the whole mystery in my hand! I allowed you to finish your speech. That ought to be enough for you. If you wish for an answer here it is: You are a rebellious and dishonest clerk! Away! Out of my sight!"

Popoff drew still near.

"I shall not go till I have what I want. I have proof against you in my hands."

"Ha! ha! a copy of a few lines! show me your proof. The low clerk Popoff against the head of division. That is laughable, but I will take pity and talk with you as my accomplice. The old certificate is already in my possession yours has no value. Nobody will inquire about the means if the end is only attained. That is what you yourself said. The Minister will even thank me for having acted thus. To whom will you show your paper? At best to some subordinate official. . . . You had better listen to me, my friend. Give me back that paper and perhaps I'll pardon you. Although it is of no value to any one, I do not like my signature to be seen in the world."

"I shall only exchange it for the freedom of the Count."

"Are you insane?" cried Schelm. "Is it for you to make conditions? I can have you arrested, searched and stripped of every paper you possess."

"You are right," replied Popoff coolly.

"In my hands this little sheet of paper may be worth little enough, but in the hand of Count Lanin or his wife it goes quite far, and if you do not do what I ask I shall hand it to some one and tell the whole story to the Emperor's aid. You can have no searched: you will find nothing."

Pardon me," he added, as he noticed that Schelm was reaching for the bell, "please do not play with it!"

Popoff's voice sounded so threatening that Schelm turned round. There he stood, aiming at his former chief, with a pistol in his hand and his eye glowed with such irrevocable decision that Schelm was for the moment paralyzed.

"Ha, ha! You thought I would call on you unarmed, Mr. Schelm." You were about to have me arrested, searched and

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Catarrh

Is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. O.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Price 51; six bottles, \$3. Worth \$5 a bottle.

waited till the last moment, because I know very well that if I take your life I jeopardize my own also. The moment, therefore, you move or call I kill you like a mad dog. They will rush up as soon as the shot is heard, arrest me, and then I shall tell all I know, and they will soon find out, in addition, all I do not know. I count upon the scandal being big enough to reach the highest personages. I sacrifice myself, but I save the Count and he will not let my mother suffer, nor my betrothed, nor my brother."

Schelm had lost his mind entirely and turned deadly pale.

"To threaten me with a pistol—here in the Ministry of the Interior—such a thing has never happened in Russia. You are mad!"

"We must finish our business!" said Popoff, raising his pistol.

"Tell me what you want!" stammered Schelm.

"I have told you twice; the documents proving Count Lanin's innocence!"

"How can I furnish them when the Count is guilty! I know nothing—I can do nothing—I have no proofs."

"Enough!" cried Popoff, toying with the trigger. "Will you do my bidding or not?"

"I'll try, I'll endeavor, and after all I do not care so much for him."

"What fools men are in the face of danger," sneered Popoff contemptuously.

"You keep me waiting, hoping that somebody may come and save you. Do you think I'll leave your room and be arrested as I come out? I can find the papers myself. They are there in the concealed niche behind the portrait of Alexander. Open it at once!"

Schelm was beside himself. If looks could kill men, Schelm's would have annihilated Popoff instantly.

A second time Popoff touched the trigger. Schelm bowed low as if to avoid the ball. Almost unperceptibly he went up to the picture, touched the spring and, muttering curses, opened the box.

"Now stop!" cried Popoff. "I'll find the papers and return them when Count Lanin is set free!"

Schelm stood there as if struck by lightning and tried to master his fury. Popoff stepped up to take the papers. This forced him for an instant to turn the pistol aside from Schelm's head. That was the critical moment. The same instant Schelm sprang aside, and, with almost supernatural strength, closed the swinging portrait of the Czar, so that Popoff was almost crushed between it and the wall behind.

The Poet's Corner

-For Truth

A Spring Love-song.

Gold beated bees are humming
Their sweet song, low and clear,
The golden summer's coming,
The silver spring is here;

Gay butterflies are dancing
And flirting with the flowers,
The merry sunlight glancing
Upon their happy hours;

The rose green chestnuts proudly
Wave leaflets in the breeze,
Red robins carol loudly
From many tinted trees;

Skies that are of cloudless blue,
Shall banish the past,
Soul greets soul, welcome true,
For joy is exultant last!

NORA LAUGHER.

Be Gentle With Mother.

Be gentle with mother, she's feeble and old;
The wrinkles are now where the sweet
dimples lay;

Be tender with mother; if querulous now,
Through many long years she was tender
and kind;

Be loving with mother: age moistens and
dims
The eyes that are filled with affection for
you;

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Lulu's Complaint.

The a poor little sorrowful baby,
For B'ldget is 'way down 'airs;

There arfact was as glassma
the equies drifting from the

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

Tecumseth.

[NOTZ: I am not a lover of war, and particularly of savage warfare; but there is a mysterious something in the man Tecumseth that I am impelled against my reasoning self to admire. At all events the mysterious something inspires me to sing Tecumseth's glory. If it is a sin against the good taste of civilized society, if it is a misfortune that my better judgment is carried away by a savage I am impelled to cling to the impressionable savage as I see him as delineated in Hodgkin's History of Canada.]

Chief of the flashing eye;
Noble red warrior brave;

Impressive is thy face
Of grandeur and greatness;

Untutored tho' thou wast
In civilization's art,

Is nor be to thy name
Noble red-warrior chief,

Where is thy burial ground
By the little Thames' river?

Tho' thy death may remain
Shrouded in mystery,

By thy little Thames' river,
Linked may his name be

If his grave can't be found
By the little Thames' river,

Write on the monument
Illustrious! in bold relief,

Chief of the flashing eye!
Noble red-warrior brave!

W. H. STEVENS.

After Death.

All night long the dead man lay
Under the leaves and rain-washed clay.

Had no dreams of the dead could sweeter be,

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

And his full heart was but rosy dust;

The Last of the Light Brigade.

There were thirty million English who talked
of England's might,

They felt that life was fleeting; they knew
not art was long,

They laid their heads together that were
scarred and lined and gray;

They went without band or colors, a regiment
ten-file strong,

The old troop sergeant was spokesman, and,
"Reggin' your pardon," he said.

They strove to stand to attention, to straighten
the toil-bowed back.

The poor little army departed, limping and
lean and forlorn,

And the heart of the Master Singer grew hot
with "the scorn of scorn;"

They sent a check to the felon that sprang
from an Irish bog.

They healed the spavined cab horse, they
housed the homeless dog;

And he wrote for them wondrous verses that
swept the land like a flame.

Till the fatted souls of the English were
scourged with the thing call Shame.

They sent a check to the felon that sprang
from an Irish bog.

O thirty million English, that babble of Eng-
land's might,

Behold, there are twenty heroes who lack
their food to-night;

Our children's children are hushing to "honor
the charge they made,"

While shivering around your winter fire
or looking over the fields just beginning to
turn green,

February, March - Upper Egypt and India
begin and continue harvest through these
months.

April enlarges the number with harvest in
these months.

Syria, Cyprus, coast of Egypt, Mexico, Cuba,
Persia and Asia Minor.

May is a busy time in Central Asia, Persia,
Algeria, Morocco, Southern Texas, Florida,
China and Japan.

July sees harvest in England, Nebraska,
Switzerland, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota,
Northern France, Germany, Austria and Poland,

August continues the gathering in the
British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium,
Holland, Manitoba, Canada, Denmark and Russia.

September rules Northern Scotland, southern
parts of Sweden and Norway, as well as the cold
islands of the North Sea.

December ends the year by ripening the
fields of Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Uruguay,
southern part of Chili and North era Australia.

A BABY'S MEMORY.

A Year Old Boy Hides and Finds a Ring.

A curious instance of dormant memory in
infancy took place in our family. My mother
was on a visit to my grandfather, who lived in
London. She took with her a little brother of
mine, who was 11 months old, and his nurse,
who waited on her as her maid. One day this
nurse brought the baby boy into my mother's
room and put him on the floor, which was
carpeted all over. There he crept about and
amused himself according to his lights. When
my mother was dressed a certain ring that she
generally wore was not to be found. Great
search was made, but it was never produced,
and the visit over, they all went away, and it
was almost forgotten.

Exactly a year after they again went to
visit the grandfather. This baby was now a
year and 11 months old. The same nurse took
him into the same room, and my mother saw
him, after looking about him, deliberately
walked up to a certain corner, turned a bit of
the carpet back and produced the ring. He
never gave any account of the matter, nor did
he, so far as I know, remember it afterward.
It seems most likely that he found the ring on
the floor and hid it, as in a safe place, under
a corner of the Brussels carpet where it was
nailed. He probably forgot all about it till he
saw the place again, and he was far too infantile
at the time it was missed to understand what
the talk that went on was about, or to know
what the search, which perhaps he did not notice,
was for. -Jean Ingelow in Longman's.

The Doctor and the Beauty.

A fashionable doctor having a house on
Fifth Avenue, New York, prides himself, says
a Boston Herald correspondent, upon the favor
with which he is regarded by women. In this
respect he is decidedly unadmirable, but his
skill as a physician enables him to rank in his
profession despite his conceit. The other day
he received a summons to call on a young woman
famed for her beauty. She was a new patient
for him, and as he arranged his cravat with
extra precision before entering his carriage, he
fancied himself on the brink of an unusual
conquest. Reaching the house, he was shown
into the reception room, where, a moment later,
he was joined by the beautiful girl whom he
had been called to attend.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, rising to greet her,
"you are not, then, ill enough to be in bed."
"Oh! I am not ill at all," cried the girl.
"Some other member of the family"
asked the doctor, rather disappointed.
"Well," said the young girl, "we call him
one of the family. You see, it is my little
fox terrier, 'Dixie.' He has a bone in his
throat, and I thought you might be able to
remove it."

With freezing dignity the doctor got out
of the house as quickly as he could.
He had expressed a desire to meet me,"
said the beauty, speaking of the matter
afterward to a friend, "and he did so in a
very insulting way. I was told of it, and I
decided to give him an opportunity to form
my acquaintance."

Perpetual Summer.

While shivering around your winter fire
or looking over the fields just beginning to
turn green, did you ever think that even at
that very moment the harvester is busy in
some part of the world? And that, while
one is reaping another is bringing forth fruit.

January sees harvest ended in most dis-
tricts of Australia and New Zealand, while
the people of Chili and other countries of
southern South America are just beginning
to reap the fruits of their toil.

February, March - Upper Egypt and India
begin and continue harvest through these
months.

April enlarges the number with harvest in
these months.

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H. A. McLaughlin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It sells well, and I find in every instance it has proven satisfactory. I have reason to believe it the best preparation of the kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

Pay a hired man for attending to something and he loses interest in it immediately.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 123 page illustrated book on Deafness, Notices in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address: Mr. Nicholson, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

It must have been a wheelwright who was first put in spokesman by his fellows.

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

What a troop of other vices follow in the train of untruthfulness.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Hollogway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, provided always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2, LEAS; 3, FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

- First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$200
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40
Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols, \$20
Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3

SECOND REWARDS.

- First one, Fifty Dollars Cash
Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, \$7
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell, \$1

THIRD REWARDS.

- First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet \$5

FOURTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, \$40
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2
Next one, Family Knitting Machine.

FIFTH REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash
Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1

SIXTH REWARDS.

- First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (5 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, \$2

SEVENTH REWARDS.

- First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold
Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1

EIGHTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH
Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$25
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works, bound in cloth,

- 5 vols, \$15
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, \$2
Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress

NINTH REWARDS.

- First one, Twenty-Five Dollars in cash
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30
Next seventeen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1
Next twenty-five, each a copy "War in the Sudan," \$2

TENTH REWARDS.

- First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair \$2
Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next twenty-five, each a very fine Pair German Silver Sugar Tongs, \$2

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash
Next five, \$10 in cash
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold \$16
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Farm Treasury, \$2

TWELFTH REWARDS.

- First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood Case
Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, \$2
Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book \$10

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

- First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30
Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, each Five Dollars cash
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," \$1
Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm
Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napier's Valuable Book, \$2
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

- First Seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for TRUTH, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harnley, England
Second five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported by TRUTH, \$40
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, \$15
Next eighteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, \$2

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

- A few names of winners in previous competitions: E. Worth, 56 Markham St., Toronto, Piano, H. H. C. Brantford, Piano, Noel Marchell, manager of the Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot: Geo. Black, 41 East Ave. S., Hamilton, Piano; Carolino Pudgey, 119 Berkeley St., Toronto, \$50 cash, besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

SIXTEENTH REWARDS.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. The 50 dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny any one the privilege of competing. TRUTH contains every week 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for father's reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers. Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers. Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for young ladies. Choice Music and Young People's Songs for boys and girls. Copyrighted Stories and Serials for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prizes to be published in TRUTH immediately after the competition, in various cities, where given, in large towns, village, and country, secured of the utmost fairness. The distribution of the prizes in the hands of disinterested parties will be given in the office in the morning. TRUTH will be published for the previous year. About 125 copies of the previous year's TRUTH are now in the hands of the publisher. Address: S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Notices to Prize-Winners.

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

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

Mirror—For the indolent; they encourage idle reflections. Robert Lubbeck, Cedar Rapids, writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for Diphtheria with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other."

When Dixey plays the barber he acts well his part—the hair.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's SCOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

It is the old man who has shunned work all his life who is continually saying, "That boy ought to be set to work and kept at it." As age creeps on apace, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their performance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile-secreting organ and bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

A thief who sought to conceal a diamond in his own mouth. PUBLISHED 1875.

Every 100 for \$3 1/2 Globes. 343 " 1647 " 11

To secure for all stomach, indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, and other diseases, of people of all ages, a nature's regulator.

A Chairman announced explained that "Time" means "Earning."

THE NORMANNIA

The Last Great Achievement of the Ship-builder's Art.

The new Atlantic liner Normannia, which sailed from Glasgow recently to take her place in the fleet of the Hamburg American Packet Company, is likely to create a sensation in the commercial marine service. The circumstance that she is a far superior ship to the one her owners contracted for indicates that the Fairfield Ship-building Company, as the famous firm of John Elder & Co. has now become, is determined to regain the prestige it held up to about six years ago, and the speed accomplished on the trial trip gives promise that the ocean record may soon be broken again.

About a year ago on the 6th of May, 1889, a contract was signed whereby a twin screw steamer of 14,000 horse power, 8,500 tons burden, and a guaranteed speed of 19 knots per hour, was to be delivered in complete condition for sailing on May 1, 1890, with a forfeit of £1,000 per day on the part of the builders for each day's delay after the 1st of May. As the quickest time in which a first class Atlantic liner has ever been constructed before was fifteen months, ship builders were all but certain that the company would be compelled to pay a heavy forfeit. Yet on April 30 the builders turned over a ship, completely ready for service, of 16,000 horse power and a speed of 21 knots per hour. Such a triumph of ship making was brought about under the pressure of several very interesting circumstances.

The Fairfield Company had not been asked to build a world beater for some time after 1883, when they reached the highest position in the business then known. Neither the White Star nor the Inman lines had ever employed them, so the magnificent new pairs of twins put on by those companies had been constructed elsewhere. At last a customer of ambitious designs appeared in the North German Lloyd, who ordered two twin screw 10,000 tonners that should strike all from nothing. Here was a chance to gain all lost prestige, but then there stepped in that restless young potentate, Kaiser William of Germany, and, holding up his patronal finger at the German Lloyd contractor of his countrymen, he intimated that they had better build in the fatherland. So, the contract was transferred from Scotland to Bremen, and from there the expected German cracks will come. But immediately upon this disappointment the Fairfield Company were provided with a substitute for their lost opportunity in the order from the Hamburg line, and they set to work to make their vessel one that should command the admiration of the world for every feature of shipbuilding science. Through her her builders meant to challenge their rivals again, and the completed ship represents their constructive skill spurred with an unusual desire for success.

It is usual with vessels of this class to allow several days or even weeks before a trial of high speed, but the freedom with which the machinery of the Normannia ran upon leaving the yard at Gothen justified an earlier trial. Within three days after leaving her dock she was put to the extreme test and rushed over the measured mile at the magnificent speed of 21 1/2 knots per hour, and averaged 20 1/2 in a run from the Cloch light to the Cambrae, a distance of twenty miles.

The appearance of the Normannia is characteristic of that of the other ocean greyhounds, her three funnels slanting wide apart between her rakish pok masts. Her stem is straight and the stern elliptical having a poop with turtle shaped deck. Around the far extending row of cabins and saloons on the upper deck is a sheltered promenade, where passengers may gather in stormy weather, an advantage secured by bringing the plating down to the main deck while the frames of the ship are carried up to the promenade deck. The plating is carried to the upper deck fore and aft, forming a forecabin and poop and the promenade deck, extending 400 feet of the ship's length is connected to these by level gangways. In addition to the promenade there are four decks running fore and aft, the upper, main, lower, and steering.

Most of the first class staterooms, many of them in suites, are on the main deck, and on the promenade deck are reading and retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen

respectively. The ladies' saloon and music room are on the promenade deck forward, and are magnificently decorated in the style of the Renaissance. A large well, with stained glass cupola over it, lights the principal dining saloon on the upper deck.

This saloon is decorated in the most sumptuous manner. German artists having been brought over to the Clyde to complete this part of the work. From the centre of the cupola depends a beautiful chandelier. Small electric light brackets are placed around the saloon, the light being modified by the use of obscured incandescent lamps. The upholstery of the furniture is in a subdued olive green. Entrance to the saloon is obtained through a vestibule with magnificently carved companion way. The saloon itself is seventy two feet long and occupies the entire breadth of the ship with the exception of the outside passage. In the auxiliary dining room, one deck below, lighted by the same well, there is more accommodation for diners, so that at least 350 first class passengers may dine comfortably at the same time. The cooking department and its adjuncts are quartered on the upper deck close to the saloon.

In the treatment of the smoking saloon, a room 20 by 44 feet on the aft promenade deck of the Normannia, the fancy of the Teutonic artist has run riot. It is in imitation of an old fashioned German wine house, and realistic scenes of burgher, cavalier, and tavern life, in gorgeous colors are lit off in faience. The ladies' room for second class passengers is on the promenade deck aloft the machinery, where also is the second class smoking room. The dining saloon is on the upper deck aft, and will accommodate about 120 passengers, while on the main deck below are the staterooms. Rooms are laid out on the lower deck for the steerage passengers. To apportion the crew in proximity to the scene of their occupations firemen and stokers are housed on the main deck near the machinery, and the seamen and petty officers are accommodated forward.

Using Up the Earth's Space.

According to Mr. Giffen, a few generations more will see the end of emigration, because there will be no room for more emigrants, all the habitable space having been occupied. Mr. Giffen is a master of statistics; but this manipulation of figures in support of this rather dismal theory is open to objection. Take the case of the United States at the present time the most attractive emigration field. Uncle Sam's territory, exclusive of Alaska, amount, speaking roughly, to about 3,000,000 square miles. One third of this Mr. Giffen deducts as uninhabitable; but if the rest of the country becomes as populous as Western Europe, the Americans will soon find means of utilizing and fertilizing their sage brush and alkali deserts. Then of the remaining 2,000,000 square miles, he says that only about 100,000 square miles remain to be cultivated implying that that is the only tract open to the agricultural immigrant. But any one who has visited that "great sloven continent," as Nathaniel Hawthorne styled America, will know that, although the remaining nineteen twentieths have been alienated from the State, and have become private property, only a small percentage of this area is cultivated, in this sense in which cultivation is understood in such countries as England, France, Holland and Belgium. In the State of New York alone, despite the big city at its southern extremity, there are hundreds of square miles of wild land—land which could and would be cultivated if the pressure of population needed it. Depend on it that the United States, and still more Canada and Australasia, will need an abundance of strong, willing hands for many a year to come; and we only regret that the working classes of our nation (that is, the English, as distinguished from the Irish, the Scotch and the Welsh) show at the present time so little desire for emigration. England alone ought to send out at least 300,000 yearly; and, in their new homes, they would do more to preserve the unity of the empire than an official federation at home.

Around the World in 83 Days Under Sail.

Capt. Edwards of the sailing vessel Moely Don, now taking on a cargo of phosphate rock at Port Royal gives a wonderful statement of sailing around the world in eighty-eight days during his last voyage. The log

of the vessel substantiates the Captain's statement, and he is ready to satisfy any one doubting him. Twenty-eight days after leaving London, bound for Wellington, New Zealand, the Moely Don was in 34° west. At that port she cleared for Diamond Island, British Burmah, and instead of taking the route always followed, which is northwest, around the Continent of Australia, and trusting to uncertain winds, Capt. Edwards determined to sail east, being able to depend on strong westerly winds prevailing in that latitude. He reached 34° west, having been but eighty-eight days under sail for 17,000 miles. The bark averaged 21 1/2 miles per day proving her remarkable sailing qualities.

THE LAST OF NAPOLEON'S "GRAND ARMY."

The Oldest Living Relic on His Journey Through Italy.

The Italian papers report the recent arrival at the railroad station of Baretto, near Reggio, central Italy, of a strange looking personage that was the object of considerable curiosity. He was a tall and noble looking old man with a long white beard, who presented to the Mayor a *lettre de route*, signed by baron Marocchetti, the Italian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, inviting the Italian authorities to take good care of the bearer, Michel Linoovich of Orenburg, Russia.

In reality this mysterious old man was an Italian named Lino, born at Baretto 105 years ago, and perhaps the last living relic of the Grande Armee of 1812. Belonging to a family of farmers, Lino formed part of the conscription of the Kingdom of Italy in 1805, and was enrolled in the Imperial Guard. With his regiment he went through the campaign of 1807 in Prussia, and fought at Jena and at Friedland. Later on he was sent with his battalion to Dalmatia, and thence to Spain with the division of Gen. Loeche, where he passed two years of continual fighting. Wounded in an assault, he returned to his native country, where he remained for two years, working on his father's farm.

On the outbreak of the terrible storm, which was destined to carry off to Russia the flower of the Franco-Italian youth, Napoleon called under his victorious eagles his old soldiers. Lino rejoined the service as a Sergeant of the Grenadier Guards, and with the rest of the old Alpine army, under the command of Eugene Beauharnais, formed part of the Grande Armee. Lino fought against the Russians at Smolensk and at Moskova, where he lifted from the field of battle the mortally wounded Gen. Plan gone. After that he entered Moscow with Napoleon, and finally in the bloody battle of the 24th of October while fighting under the orders of Gen. Pino, he was taken prisoner, after having been severely wounded by the coxasks of Platow. Transported with a large convoy of French prisoners to Orenburg he was sent with a few of his comrades to a distant village situated at the foot of the Caucasus, where, although kindly treated by the Russians, he had to suffer cruel privations during ten years. Tired at last of such a miserable existence, he asked and obtained permission to join the Russian army as a private soldier. In this capacity he passed through the campaign of the Caucasus in 1829.

At the close of the war he obtained as the reward for his services a little piece of ground, which he cultivated. When he was 45 years old he married a young Polish girl named Norawka, who died in 1855. The three sons that he had by this woman also died, leaving the old soldier alone in the world. Then Lino returned to Orenburg where the people recognized his name into Lino vich. He lived there in comparative ease for many years. Gifted with an extraordinary energy of mind and body, he was still strong enough to catch nostalgia. When more than a hundred years old the old veteran at last became homesick after seventy-eight years of exile. He resolved on the hazardous return to his native land, and there met the remainder of his career. Through the influence of the Ambassador at St. Peterburg he returned home to Italy at the expense of the Government. Lino is now in Reggio, where he is cared for with attention. He was born in 1783, and now 105 years old, he has seen 100 years of the world's history, and has seen the rise and fall of heroes and empires.

Miss Winnie Davis, youngest daughter of Jefferson Davis, is engaged to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, of Syracuse, who is the grandson of the Rev. Samuel May, of Massachusetts; the nephew of the Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia; and the cousin of Miss Louisa May Alcott, all of whom were "old abolitionists," and earnest supporters of the civil war. After this, who shall say that the era of reconstruction lags?

Secrets of Forty Years

Revealed at last, after great expense, time and trouble.

DR. MINNEWAWA'S Indian Blood Renovator.

POSITIVELY CURES BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES ALL FORMS. Such as Scrof. etc., Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Itchy or scaly Tetter, and Syphilis producing Ulcers, Eruptions, Blanches on the Body or in the Nose, Mouth Throat or Tongue, causing Swollen Glands, Falling Hair, Inflamed Eyes, Pains in Bones, etc. Consumption, positively and for ever driven from the system by using Dr. Minnewawa's Indian Blood Renovator, price 25c. to be had only from J. E. HAZELTON, Regular Graduate Pharmacist, 305 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto. Sole proprietor and manufacturer.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills

for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists, or the agent, W. NEILL, 253 St. Catherine Street, Montreal. Soc. PER. ROY.

THROAT AND LUNGS.

Consumption and Asthma, and all diseases of the air passages, treated successfully by Inhalation of Oxygenized Air and Medicated Vapor. Nervous Debility, Impotency, Catarrh and all diseases of the urinary organs permanently cured in a few days. Consultation free. Call or address DR. PHILLIPS, 78 Bay Street, Toronto.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Constipation permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE and prevent Change of Diet. An English Gentleman writes: "Four Trienes Tablets an admirably good Postal Note for 75 cents to THE TRILENE CO., Sole Proprietors, 634 Broadway, New York."



DR. DORENWEND'S

GERMAN HAIR MAGIC.

Restores Grey Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A Great Preparation For sale by all druggists everywhere at \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5. A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer.

LEAR'S

Gas Fixture Emporium.

ESTABLISHED 1855. Headquarters Montreal 1020 St. George Street. 343 " 4. 1647 " 4.

19 and



WONDERS OF THE SEA.

The Bore in the Gulf of Hang-chow.

The normal magnitude of the bore in the Hang chow Gulf had been little appreciated by foreigners until, in the autumn of last year, observations of its size and character were taken by a surveying party from H. M. S. Rambler. The risks which the boats and their crews ran while on this duty, and the marvels which were seen, made me anxious to witness the passage of this wave, travelling at the rate of twelve knots an hour, with an unbroken front of 9 feet to 12 feet in height and 2 1/2 miles in width. The strength of the embankment on the north bank of the river, and the manner in which junks were protected from the tide without being deprived of its advantages, were additional attractions.

On the far side the south side of the river were low mud banks, which did not greatly invite attention, but immediately at hand was an embankment, which is probably the best piece of engineering work in China. It is said to extend over thirty miles of coast, and if not everywhere on so grand a scale as at Haining, is, at any rate, effective along the whole length, for a breach in it would at once be known by its effect on the inland fresh water. On the water front is

A SOLID WALL OF STONE.

16 feet high, built of blocks of over a foot in depth and width, and of which the upper tier, at any rate, are 5 feet long. The courses gradually recede toward the top, affording steps by which it is easy to climb up and down. Behind the wall is an embankment about 80 feet to 90 feet in width, some 30 feet of which is level ground, forming the best road in China though the least frequented, and rising gradually toward a bank at the back, on which trees are planted. Where the rush of the tide is likely to injure the wall large excavations have been built out into the river, and in the shelters formed by these bastions the junks take refuge until their enemy, the bore, has passed. The junks are warped to stakes on the embankment, and lines of piles, the heads of which show a foot or two above the river bed, prevent the junks from being dashed to and fro with the first swirl of the tide.

During the afternoon we had full opportunity of admiring the construction of the embankment, and of noting how formidable the steam is to navigation, for not one junk was visible on the wide reach of the river exposed to our view. When we came back in the evening at 10 o'clock, the water had fallen quite low, and the whole aspect of the river had changed, having been converted into a raging torrent, the noise of whose waters drowned all other sounds. In the centre of the stream the turmoil was especially striking. Now and again it would boil

INTO FOAM AND BREAKERS.

as though it had already met the incoming tide; but as time passed on the confusion of waters diminished, and by 11 P. M. the roar of the bore coming in from the sea was quite distinct.

As the bore came nearer it was marvelous how the river quieted down, until at last its surface was as if with only a few pebbles drifting from the centre to the banks, and that so gently that not even the sound of water lapping on the banks could be heard. It was impossible to exaggerate the calmness of the scene under the low striking wave. Absolute silence of the most perfect kind reigned, and which was almost more sensible.

As the rear was that of the bore was that of leaking of force, and the stream, while the current as appears in orthodox style in these waters, tried to follow her, but soon she swung, and she pivoted round by degrees, however, the Hang-chow got under way and crabwise out of sight.

On this occasion had been greeted to the two banks, and the water was more than twice as deep as the ordinary level of the river.

saw beyond the bastion a line of white water some four miles distant, advancing almost parallel with the bank. Then its left wing wheeled round and hurried toward us, and as it came the south bore also flashed into sight tearing along in furious rivalry, and the two, joining hands, rushed up stream in one unbroken line extending from bank to bank. Behind followed a mass of water in tumultuous haste, and after an interval of three and a half minutes there came a second wave larger than the bore itself, and succeeded by broken water overtopping the wave. So soon as this had passed the roar died almost away, but the waters behind came swirling along, floated the junks in an instant, and in wild confusion hastened after the bore.

The next day, as we expected the bore to be later in its arrival, we spent a little time in exploring the country before visiting the embankment; but to our surprise the bore was audible when we reached the river bank at 11 1/2 A. M., soon after which it came into sight. In order to watch it the better, we ascended to the topmost balcony of the Pagoda, from which there was a clear view.

It was at once evident that an unusual phenomenon was likely to occur. From the observations taken by Capt. Moore the meeting place of the two bores had been found to be generally opposite the Pagoda, or nearly so; but on this occasion the south branch was far in advance of its fellow, and, instead therefore of being kept to the south side of the gulf, was able to extend across the whole sheet of water. About

THREE MILES BELOW

the Pagoda its right wing broke against the sea wall, and, as the left wing was some what in advance, a continuous charge was delivered on the wall as the wave passed up stream, the attack extending over a mile in length. The waters headed back from the wall were, however, thrown in an uproarious sea towards the centre of the stream, and thus checked the rear of the column from supporting the assault. Upon this confusion the north branch of the bore poured down from the rear, and, at the expense of the loss of its own evenness of line, separated the opposing waters.

Meanwhile the south branch pressed rapidly up stream, extending from bank to bank in a line nearly three miles wide, which remained absolutely even, the wave being impelled so furiously forward that its crest never broke, and its front remained a solid wall of water, which passed unchanged over all before it.

On the previous night only a few of the junk men had turned out to look after their craft, but now they were hurriedly laying out fresh hawser, and getting hammocks ready to keep their boats from being dashed against the wall. There was no time to be lost. One junk near the bastion, some distance below the rest, was already in a grievous case, and in another moment the water was tearing over the bows of the junks, rushing up the mat coverings which roofed in the decks, and hurling the boats on to the wall, from the wall, and against each other. One or two were at once in difficulties. One was carried away from its moorings and

DRIFTED ACROSS ITS NEIGHBOR.

Fresh hawsers were got out and carried ashore. The crowd on the bank, however, were too interested in impending disasters to lend a helping hand, and it seemed as though the boat would be broken up or else would crush in her neighbor between herself and the wall, but the torrent had already hurried further up stream, and by degrees things righted themselves.

Four or five of the junks had intended to be off with the first of the tide to Hang-chow, but instead of getting away they now found themselves either secured by fresh hawsers or entangled in the rigging of some other craft. In a quarter of an hour's time the junk got away and headed out under the stream, where she drifted up to the current as appears in orthodox style in these waters, tried to follow her, but soon she swung, and she pivoted round by degrees, however, the Hang-chow got under way and crabwise out of sight.

On this occasion had been greeted to the two banks, and the water was more than twice as deep as the ordinary level of the river.

from our position on the Pagoda another disadvantage of which was that

THE GRANDER OF SOUND

was seriously impaired at our elevation above the ground. Indeed, the impression left by the midnight effects was far greater than that produced by the spectacle at midday; and it was consoling to know that the tide at night was actually the larger of the two, and that our senses had not been deceived by the frame work of moonlight and strangeness in which the first picture had been set.

Unfortunately, there was no possibility of remaining longer, and we had to hurry back to Shanghai. The bore may certainly be seen under more favorable circumstances than those on which we had chanced, for in September, and especially with a wind setting in from the sea, the proportions of the bore would be immensely greater; but even our experience was one which cannot fail to leave a lasting impression of the exceeding grandeur of this phenomenon, a grandeur which was no doubt enhanced by the feeling that we were its only spectators, and that all the forces brought into play were exhibited for our special entertainment.

Birds That Hide Behind Trains.

An engine driver on one of the Scotch lines reports that he has noticed that certain hawks of the merlin or "stone falcon" species make use of the passing of the trains for predatory purposes. They fly close behind the train, near the ground, partly hidden by the smoke, but carefully watching for the small birds, which, frightened by the train as it rushes roaring past, fly up in bewildered shoals. The merlins then, while the little birds are thinking more of the train than of lurking foes, swoop on them from the ambush of the smoke and strike them down with ease. If they miss they return to the wake of the carriages and resume their fight and their hunt. They can, it seems, easily keep pace with an express train and outstrip it when they please.

The awe-struck audience gazed on the figure gaunt and gray, 'Twas the murdered king or the ghost of him. And Hamlet was the play, His hour was brief, he said, He must go ere light of day, To the place of torture prepared for him. Till his sins were purged away Yes purged was the word he used. And I thought what a remedy rare Would Pierce's Purgative Pellets prove. In his case then and there Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets have no equal as a cathartic in derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Small, pleasant in action, and purely vegetable.

Rational Beings.

The horses in Norway have a very sensible way of taking their food. They have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is interesting to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, just as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway, and the question is if the mode of feeding has not something to do with the preservation of the animal's respiratory organs.

"What a female beauty, but an air divine. Through which the mind's all gentler graces shine."

This may be logic in poetry but in real life "the mind's all gentler graces shine" to better advantage when enclosed in a sound physique. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a potent cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," nervousness, retroversion, bearing down sensations, etc. etc. congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

"The Naked Truth."

Whilst Truth was one day bathing in a limpid river Falsehood happened to pass, and noticing the garments of Truth on the bank of the stream, conceived the idea of exchanging his clothing for that of the bather, who came from the bath and mourned the loss sustained, but, disdaining Falsehood's garb, has since gone naked through the world. Whether the origin of the expression "the naked truth" is mythical or other wise, it is universally known to be the "naked truth" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a curative agent for consumption (lung scrofula), bronchitis, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred diseases of the throat and lungs.

Sometimes a man takes such high moral ground that he can't stoop down to help the needy and distressed.

A. P. 504

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

He who is much and often flattered soon learns to flatter himself.

Nobody should ever look anxious, except those who have no anxiety.

There is no greater punishment than being abandoned to one's self.

No man is worth much who has not a touch of the vagabond in him.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

Hope says to us constantly, "Go on, go on," and leads us thus to the grave.

As a general thing an individual who is clean in his person is neat in his morals.

Beauty intoxicates the eye as wine does the body. Both are morally fatal if indulged.

Society, more like a step mother than a mother, adores the children who flatter its vanity.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development and attaches her curse to all inaction.

Rain has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease which I believe few enjoyments exceed.

The sense of justice in children is very strong - let mothers beware, for though infants cannot reason, they can feel.

There are a number of people, especially in politics, who are like bottles; they have no value except that which is poured into them.

If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbor? A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so.

Every grain of sand is a mystery; so is every daisy in summer, and so is every snowflake in winter. Both upward and downward, and all around us, science and speculation pass into mystery at last.

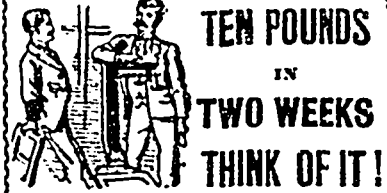
The industrious man seeks wealth and finds it. Let not the intellectual man murmur at the ill of fortune, for he did not seek wealth. It was not the consequence of his pursuit, but he sought knowledge and found it.

Forewarned is forearmed, says the proverb, but few proverbs were ever so mistaken. If anybody ever was effectually forewarned, I wish he would publish his autobiography. It might be of some use to the ingenious youth of the day.

All Men,

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

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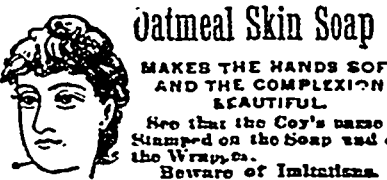
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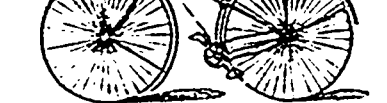
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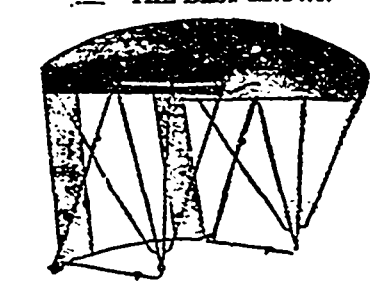


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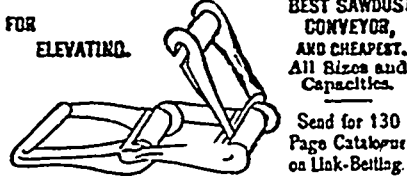
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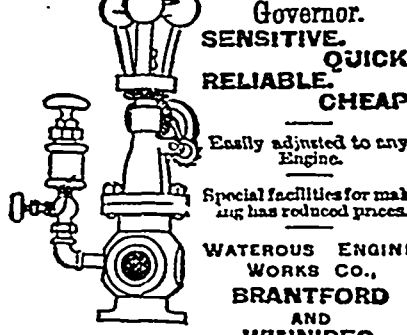
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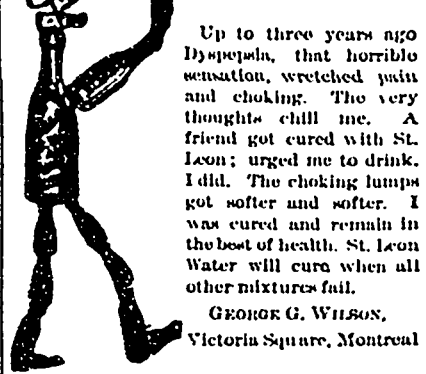


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EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1889.

New Proposals received,	1889 for \$3,764,505.00.
" Declined,	343 " " " \$50.00
" Accepted,	1647 " " " " "
New Premium Income,	
Total Premium Income,	
Total Funds, 31st December, 1889,	
Assets in Canada,	
Surplus to Policy Holders in Canada,	
Annual Income in Canada,	

GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT IN CANADA, THE EXPENSE RATIO WAS REDUCED IN

The Following Figures Show the Success of the Government Savings Bank:

Years	New Sums Assured	New Policies
1887-1889	\$14,615,000	1,000

The Next Division of Profits declared on ordinary Plans, at Age 30. On policies which shortened the term, under the deferred Bonus plan, for a... (text partially obscured)

THE HORROR OF HISTORY.

Blown From a Gun Reminiscence of the Sepoy Mutiny.

In the spring of 1857 I was quartered with my troop at Sealkote, in the Punjab, within sight of the snow-capped Himalayan Mountains, lying beyond the forests of Jumrood.

The garrison at Sealkote consisted of a troop of horse artillery, a battery of field artillery belonging to the East India Company's service, the Fifty-second foot and the Sixth Dragoon Guards of her Britannic Majesty's forces and two regiments of Sepoys. The mutterings, low at first, of the great Sepoy mutiny had been heard; the guards over the European portion of the garrison, had been doubled; the wives and children of the European officers attached to the native regiments had moved into the European part of the garrison, and a sharp watch was kept on any movement among the Sepoys. Soon news reached us of the revolt at Dhapore, quickly followed by the outbreak at Meerut.

THE BRUTAL MURDER

of the European officers attached to the Sepoy regiments, together with their wives and children, with atrocities not fit for publication, and the memory of which, even at this distance of time, makes the blood curdle in one's veins.

Then came the news that the mutineers, through the incapacity of the General in command, had been permitted to march to Delhi without any attempt having been made to prevent them, although there was a large European force stationed at Meerut. The same atrocities were enacted at Delhi, which contained the arsenal for all northern India, and would have fallen into the hands of the mutineers, but that a young Lieutenant of artillery, with his own hands, blew up the arsenal. It has always been an open question whether he perished in the explosion, or whether he escaped on the Meerut road and was murdered by the natives, but nothing was ever heard of him after. The East India Company gave his widowed mother a large pension. He was a native of Bath, and had been a schoolmate of the writer of this article.

In the early part of June the European portion of the Sealkote garrison was ordered to join a force that had been organized under the command of Brig. Gen. Chamberlain to be called "The Punjab Movable Column," its object being

TO HOLD IN CHECK

the large force of Sepoys quartered in the Punjab and prevent them from marching to Delhi. We joined that column at Anurkote, the old cantonment of the Khalsa army under Ranjeet Singh. There were five regiments of Sepoys and two of native cavalry then quartered there, and shortly after our arrival some Sikhs who had been enlisted in one of the Sepoy regiments gave information that the native officers were inciting the men to mutiny and to march to Delhi. An investigation was ordered and it was found that two of the officers had deserted. They were captured by some of Hodson's Guide Corps, and brought back to the cantonment and Gen. Chamberlain ordered a drum head court martial.

... PART OF A WARM STRIKE. They were... losing all its heat... notice also that... open... to the north... accounts... and Sikhs... and urged them... march to Delhi... the court were... in, who issued... which was about as... and sentence of the... to tell of Campbell... of show to... (Gov...)

detailed for that duty. The troops were paraded as directed, and formed in three sides of a hollow square, the two guns from which the culprits were to be blown being at the base of the square; on the left came the remaining four guns of the troop, the battery of field artillery, the guns being placed in echelon, so that if necessary they could sweep the right-hand side of the square. Next came the Sixth Carbineers, her Majesty's Fifty-second Foot, and a squadron of Hodson's Horse; on the right were stationed the native troops, two regiments of cavalry, and five of infantry; and as it was not known but that there might be some attempt at a rescue, the guns of the artillery were loaded, double shotted with grape, and the cavalry and infantry had their carbines and muskets loaded. Soon was heard a band playing the Dead March, and the procession appeared. The prisoners marched up to the front of the two guns at the base of the square.

THEIR THROATS WERE STRUCK

from them, and the proceedings, findings, and sentence of the court, together with the approval and change of sentence by the commanding General, were read by the interpreter of one of the native regiments, in English and Persian. The interpreter was an English officer, one being attached to each Sepoy regiment.

The commanding officer then gave the order to the Lieutenant commanding the two guns to carry out the sentence. He directed the prisoners to place themselves with their backs to the muzzle of the guns. Standing up against each was a thin plank, about six feet long against which they placed themselves, the guns having previously been loaded with the usual service blank charge of powder. A rope was then passed around their bodies, the gunners having been cautioned that it was to be done without in any manner touching their bodies, as to be touched by the hands of an infidel was, in their eyes, worse than death. The culprits were attended by a lot of Brahmin priests, who kept on chanting something, which the prisoners joined, until the fastening was finished, when they were told to withdraw, and the officer gave the command to light port fires, and then the command to fire. Both flashes were simultaneous, and when the smoke cleared away nothing was left but a mass of

FLUSH AND BONES, UNRECOGNIZABLE

as the remains of two human beings. A cry ran along the lines of the native troops, in Persian, "God is great!" The parade was then dismissed, the native troops marching back to their cantonments.

Gen. Chamberlain was severely criticized at the time by the European press for having changed the method of execution from hanging. He was influenced to make the change by soldiers and civilian servants of the company: men who understood the native character well, and also by many prominent natives on the ground that it was generally believed that the mutiny was brought about by an impression which seemed to prevail among the Sepoys that the Government intended in some way to destroy caste prejudice. Had they been hung, either some low caste native or an European soldier would have had to do it, and would necessarily have had to lay hands on the culprits. Their caste would have been destroyed, and this would have lost them all hopes of their Paradise and would have left the impression on the minds of their friends that they were irrevocably lost.

MISSIONARY MACKAY'S DEATH

Great Qualities He had Shown in His African Work.

The English Church Missionary Society some weeks ago received a telegram from Zanzibar announcing the death from fever of Mr. A. M. Mackay. It was speaking of Mackay, whom he linked with the name and Moffat, that Mr. Stanley said in Africa, "These missionary men, they are the backbone of the Empire." Mr. A. M. Mackay was a young man, says the Pall Mall Gazette, who though most people called him Mackay, was the most enthusiastic and energetic of his age. He was twenty-four years of age when he was sent to Zanzibar, and he was only twenty-five when he died.

... kay's Geographies. The future missionary was educated for the profession of an engineer, but in Scotland such an education implies a university course and a training quite equal to that which the budding clergyman or barrister receives in England. He was a young man of marked ability, and was soon appointed to the head of a mechanical engineering works at Berlin.

"He was there in November, 1875, when Stanley's famous letter in the Daily Telegraph appeared, describing his intercourse with Mtess, the then King of Uganda, and challenging Christendom to send missionaries to that country. Mackay, twenty-six years of age, brimful of enthusiasm and nobility of purpose, at once wrote to the Church Missionary Society—which had received £10,000 for the purpose from two generous donors—volunteering to go out. His offer was accepted, and he was dispatched, with seven others, into the heart of Africa. His photograph taken at the time represents a handsome and determined face, with well-defined features, a high forehead from which waving hair is brushed back, resolute eyes and a firm mouth, a light moustache covering the upper lip. Not a trace of whisker or moustache was there then, but by this time he was probably "bearded like a pard." Since he left London, thirteen years ago, he never once left Africa—indeed, he never returned to the coast! His memory of the coast cannot, as a matter of fact, have been very agreeable, for he was laid low there by sickness on landing and had to allow his companions to proceed—only to meet their fate by massacre. As soon as he recovered he pushed on to Uganda, and there he labored without intermission since that day.

"As a practical engineer there was nothing that he could not make with his hands, and the Waganda regarded him as endowed with a divine power of manufacture. It was an extraordinary point about him that there in the heart of the Dark Continent, he kept himself abreast with the London reviews which some kind friend sent him, and in his letters he showed as complete a knowledge of modern thought as any London editor. Were it not for such symptoms of the great intellectual power which he possessed many readers of his letters would have set him down as an artisan from the vulgar images he borrowed from the vocabulary of toil to enforce his arguments as to the means where by the African problem might be solved. Such was the man who so ably took the place of the murdered Bishop, and who has now followed him to the grave."

A Child's Faith.

Here is a good child story. A few nights ago a Catholic friend of mine was brought by his little daughter for a contribution toward the fair for the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. Jokingly he gave her a bad quarter of a dollar, saying that she might be able to use it in some way. "Oh! I know what I will do with it papa. I will put it in the plate next Sunday, and God will make it good." Such trusting confidence was too much for my friend. He took back the bad quarter and gave his daughter a good dollar.

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Health Department.

Some Good Rules For Dyspeptics.

We published recently a quite lengthy article on the above subject, but some of our dyspeptic patrons complained that its prohibitions were too sweeping and left them a too scanty regimen. We take the following simple rules from the *Physiological Journal*, which, if followed out, will do much towards relieving the distress occasioned by this quite prevalent malady.

1. Eat two meals a day.
2. Eat slowly, masticate the food very thoroughly, even more so, if possible, than is required in health.
3. Avoid drinking at meals; at most take a few sips of warm, unstimulating drink at the close of the meal, if the food is very dry in character.
4. In general dyspeptic stomachs manage dry food better than that containing much fluid; so avoid light soups.
5. Eat neither very hot nor cold food. The best temperature is about that of the body. Avoid exposure to cold soon after eating.
6. Be careful to avoid excess in eating. Eat no more than the wants of the system require. Strength depends not on what is eaten, but on what is digested.
7. Never take violent exercise of any sort, either mental or physical, just before or just after a meal. It is not good to sleep immediately after eating.
8. If it is thought necessary to eat three times a day make the last meal very light. For most dyspeptics two meals are better than more.
9. Never eat a morsel of any sort between meals.
10. Never eat when very tired, whether exhausted from mental or physical labor.
11. Never eat when the mind is worried or the temper is ruffled, if it is possible to avoid doing so.
12. Eat only food that is easy of digestion, avoiding complicated and indigestible dishes, and take but two or three kinds at a meal.
13. Most persons will be benefited by the use of oatmeal, wheat meal, or graham flour, cracked wheat, and other whole grain preparations, though many will find it necessary to avoid vegetables, especially when fruits are taken.
14. Some kind of fruit, ripe, fresh or in the simple form of stewed or canned, should be eaten at breakfast, as fruit promotes digestion. The use of fruit obviates the necessity of drinking while eating, and for those who have been habituated to drinking, a dish of stewed apples or prunes will serve as well.

Cod Liver Oil.

Cod liver oil is, as its name indicates, obtained from the livers of codfish. It is an agent which could hardly be dispensed with, being a nourishing tonic of exceeding value. Many people have an idea that consumption is the one disease for which it is peculiarly adapted, and they fail to recognize the fact that it is equally efficient in many other affections. Hence, when physicians prescribe it, patients at once assume that they have trouble with their lungs, says the *Boston Herald*.

The accepted list of diseases in which cod liver oil is of special efficacy is much larger than it was a score of years ago. Undoubtedly, physicians in older times, in attempting to combat disease, often used drugs which depressed and reduced the vital powers, doing thereby more harm than good. All that is changed now. Physicians of the present may be said to ignore to a certain extent, the disease, but nourish and keep up "restore the life that is being drained, build up the tissues being wasted." Cod liver oil is practically a food, and a such only, does it act. It nourishes and fattens wasted and wasting bodies, and in that way it often checks the progress of pulmonary consumption.

Among the many affections in which it is given, is nervous debility. In some coughs, too, even where the lungs are perfectly sound, it proves admirable and often cures the same. Its taste is so disagreeable that comparatively few patients can take it, a fact much to be deplored. Many are the ways

devised to make it less unpleasant, flavoring it with peppermint, mixing it with coffee, rinsing the mouth first with brandy or whiskey, pouring it into the froth of the beer. Some recommend that it be salted and peppered and then "bolted down," afterward the mouth, to be rinsed with tincture of myrrh and water. Lately, it has been suggested that a few grains of salt be dropped on the tongue before taking cod liver oil, as by that means it will be rendered palatable. Or a bite of pickle before and after taking the oil, will render it more acceptable.

To Disinfect a Room.

The best means to disinfect a room which has been occupied by a person suffering from any infectious disease, is to burn sulphur in the room. To do this, take a dish pan, and place a flat plate in the bottom of it, and on this plate set a kettle containing the proper amount of sulphur mixture equal quantities of sulphur and charcoal. Fill the pan with water so that it will come half way up on the kettle. Then turn alcohol or benzine on the mixture, ignite, and get out of the room as speedily as possible. Alcohol is much the best to use, and two or three ounces will be sufficient for several pounds of sulphur. Let the room remain closed for twenty-four hours. The room should be left open for another twenty four hours, and then thoroughly cleansed, the furniture washed with disinfectant solution, the walls newly kalsomined or papered, and the wood work covered with fresh paint.

The room should be prepared previously by having every crack about doors and windows tightly pasted or stopped up. The object of using water is that the heat of the kettle will cause evaporation and send moisture out into the room; for, the spores being very tenacious of life, dry sulphur fumes are not sufficient to kill them all. In the dry state, the product is simply oxide of sulphur, but when water is added we have sulphurous acid, which is powerful enough to kill all the spores as well as the germs.

Roughly speaking, colic is due to irregular, violent, and usually very painful contractions of the great intestine. The causes of this complaint are very numerous. In some cases the disease is due to constipation and consequent distention of the colon. Sometimes over fatigue will bring it on; occasionally eating some food which does not agree with the constitution. Many positively awful cases in which the sufferer longed for death as a relief from his agony, have been due, in my experience, to such trifling causes as eating a bit of plum cake or plum pudding, a few cherries, currants, gooseberries, grapes, an unripe apple or pear. Water contaminated with lead or some other metal is one of the most frequent of all causes, one form, naunter's colic, having gained a very unenviable notoriety. Exposure to cold is a frequent cause, while many sufferers know, to their cost, that the slightest anxiety or overwork will give them a sharp attack. Middle aged and elderly women of rather full habit, are more liable to colic than men. Careful regimen is valuable as far as it goes, but it is very far from being all-sufficient, for in many cases the keenest scrutiny will not detect any errors of diet, although worry, overwork, and cold, combined with constitutional predisposition, account for most cases.

Trephining for Insanity.

Brain surgery has taken a wonderful stride, even in the last five years, and the operation of trephining is now often performed and in quite a variety of diseases. One of its latest applications was in a case of general paralysis, which, when it starts, as a rule, goes on as relentlessly as fate. The patient was a man in whom the disease had made considerable progress, and death seemed not far away. He was trephined, and an opening made in his skull one and one half inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide. This was made with a view of relieving the tension due to the pressure of fluid present in the brain; also to arrest the irritative changes going on. The man was insane before the operation, but his mind cleared up after it, and at last reports was doing well. Not improbably the time is coming when certain forms of insanity will be numbered among the surgical diseases.

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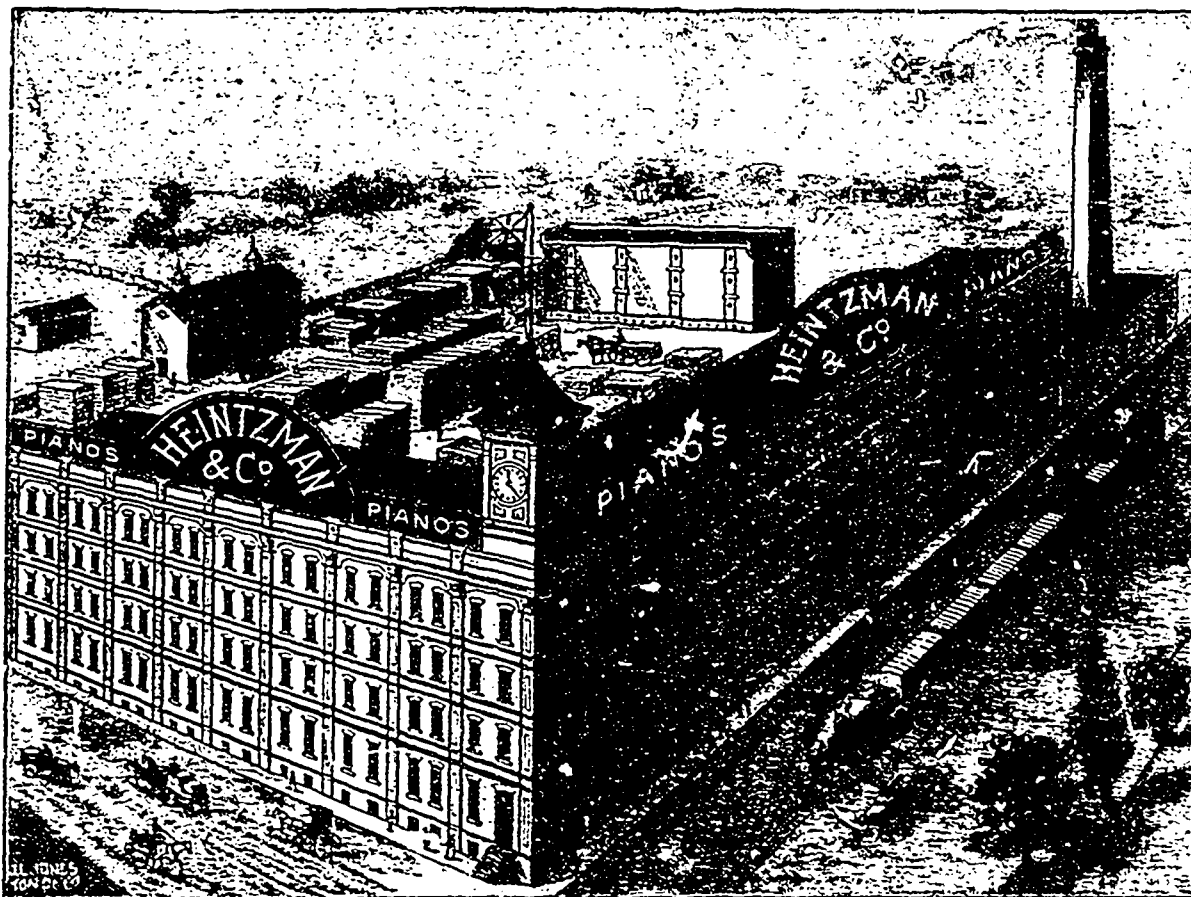
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Bridging the Bosphorus

Encouraged, no doubt, by the success of the bridge across the Forth, engineers are now considering the equally great bridge across the Bosphorus, connecting Europe and Asia and their future railway systems. The paper *Hakikat* gives some particulars of an offer by a project approved of an offer by a decree to build a bridge of 500 meters and 70 meters high between the Anatolian and European shores of the Bosphorus.

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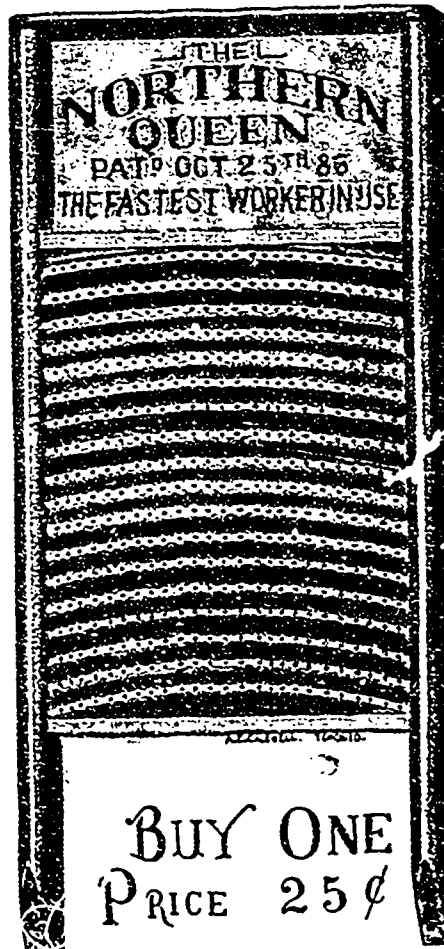
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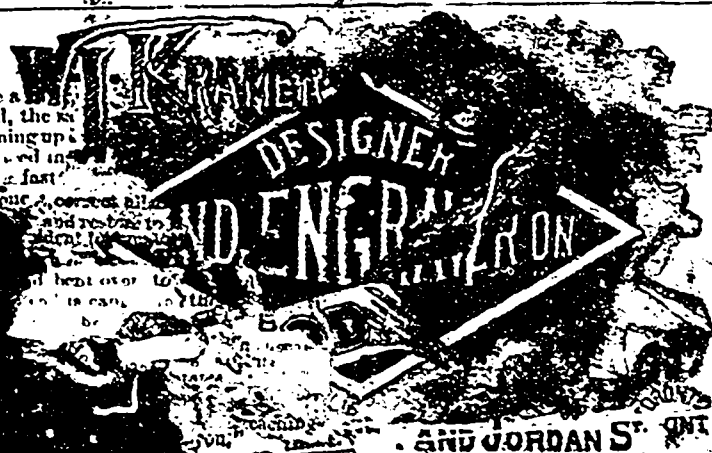


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