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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., DECEMBER 27, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL V. NO. 211.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

With this issue closes another year of TRUTH. That year has been an eventful one in the history of this periodical, for its circulation has gone up to an extent far beyond our expectations. Our readers have increased during the past twelve months to a far greater extent proportionally, than those of any publication in the Dominion, perhaps even on the continent.

We have spared neither labor nor expense to make it more and more worthy of the favor and patronage extended to it, and the extent to which our efforts have been appreciated and applauded is as gratifying to our pride as we hope it will be stimulating to our energy. We have as yet by no means come up to our ideal. We hope to be always making advances and improvements, and we ask our myriads of readers to help us in this by speaking a good word for us and thereby increasing our circulation. There is no reason why the circulation of TRUTH should not be two or three times greater than what it is. We believe we shall see it that, if not more, at no distant day and we shall give our readers the full benefit of such increased prosperity. We have always striven to make TRUTH such a paper that every line of it from the first to the last page, could without impropriety be read aloud to the family circle. Such will continue to be our aim and effort.

We shall not say that never has anything appeared in our columns which on after consideration, we should have preferred to have been omitted. It would be very presumptuous for us either to say or think so. But we do affirm that our endeavour has been steadily in the direction indicated and be the consequences what they may, this shall be our continued effort in the future.

For past favours we return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and we bespeak for the future a continuance and even an increase of those favours.

We want to make TRUTH a welcome and entertaining visitant to every family in Canada. This may seem to savor of something like overbearing presumption. It really, however, does not. Our friends have given us ample grounds for cherishing such an ambition.

To retain all that we have already secured would be much. We hope to do this. But with this we will not be satisfied. Shall we double our circulation during '85? Friends, it lies with you to enable us to do this. You can if you please. Will you all please? In the full confidence that you will, we send you all the compliments of the season, and most cordially wish every one of you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Quite like an autocrat's confession, that of Bismarck's, who recently admitted that he kept the clerks in his office at work all day long, and often until midnight, and that they were worse paid than clerks in private employment.

Human depravity is revealing itself in an atrocious way in London (Eng.) in the fre-

quent murder of infants by their mothers, for the sake of obtaining the insurance on their lives. The ease with which the lives of babies are insured is shameful, and affords a constant temptation to thousands of unnatural mothers, who think more of their drop of gin than of their own offspring. It is said by some that of every four infants said to have been killed by accidental overlying three have been deliberately murdered.

It is not very pleasant when one goes into a store to make a purchase, to feel oneself watched. It lowers dignity amazingly, and even self-respect to a certain extent. To feel as we are looking over the trinkets in the show case, or the Christmas cards on the counter, or the gloves or handkerchiefs, or whatever else it may, that somebody's eyes are not far away from your fingers, is to say the least of it embarrassing, especially to a constitutionally nervous person. And yet if we reflect a moment there is no reason why anyone should feel hurt or offended at it. It is absolutely necessary for the owners of precious things, especially such as can be easily spirited away by the light-fingered, to keep the closest watch on their property, or they may find themselves very heavy losers. And they cannot be expected to tell by the appearance of a stranger whether or not he or she is trustworthy. So they are perfectly justified in treating every one they don't know, and not a few of those they do know, as a possible thief, and keeping an eye on them in consequence. Indeed we are not sure but that a great many storekeepers, instead of being too suspicious of strangers, are too trustful, and that it would be greatly to their own advantage were they a good deal more on the outlook. At any rate let us not feel unnecessarily put out because he fancies that he is being watched. The fancy in all likelihood has a strong foundation in fact, but even then it is just what ought to be expected.

Did it ever occur to some of our readers that we are a people to a great extent given over to expectation? We are not so bad as our neighbors on the other side of the line, for among them the popular idol is an immense earthen-ware spittoon and the worship is a constant outpour of torrents of saliva of a more or less semi-wild description. Still we are bad enough. Round tavern doors and street corners, comparatively little of the side-walks is often visible. Spittle, spittle everywhere, well mixed with lacey juice! O! friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers think of it! Given over utterly to expectation!!

Before we die we hope to hear that one of those lecherous libertines, those well-dressed mashers who practice their manly art of insulting unprotected women, has met the due reward of his deeds. He is a creature for whom there need be no compassion. We don't advocate his murder, for even a masher may be brought to repentance, but, anything almost short of murder, we should feel inclined to shout Amen to. If he is caught red-handed let no mercy be shown him.

Let him be treated first of all to a good sound thrashing, and then rolled in the first convenient mud-puddle. Rotten eggs, too, might with great propriety be artistically disposed of about his person. After that he might be allowed perhaps to go quietly home.

With regard to the approach of cholera, someone having written to the London Times asking a formula for some cheap and effective stimulant, W. Donnett Stone, M.D., F.R.C.S., replies in a letter, giving the following receipt, which is worthy of preservation:—The doctor says the best authorities agree in giving the preference to chlorine, and for its preparation he offers the following simple directions. Mix in a bottle two table-spoonfuls of red lead and half a wine-glassful of strong oil of vitriol in a quart of water. The bottle should be kept cool, tightly corked, and in a dark place. A little of the fluid exposed in a saucer, sprinkled on the floor, or soaked in sheets of old linen, and hung about the room, rapidly deodorizes and destroys effluvia. Another excellent agent is green copperas, dissolved in the proportions of 1 lb. to a gallon of water. Chloride of Lead is another, cheap, not troublesome, instantaneous in effect and perfectly safe.

It was Emerson, we think, who said he would rather break bread with a clean sinner than a dirty saint. So would anybody, surely. Really it is simply wonderful how dirty some good people are. They are "good," about that there can be no mistake. Everybody admits it, and indeed, there can be no question about the matter in the mind of anyone who knows them. But, O, how dirty they are! It seems sometimes as if they tried to see just how dirty they could be, or as if their deep realization of the hatefulness of stains on the soul had blinded them to the just as real, if not so serious, hatefulness of stains on and about the body. Have not a good many readers of TRUTH sometimes had occasion to sit opposite a pious but dirty fellow-Christian at a restaurant table for example. Did it not take all your brotherly-kindness to endure the ordeal? Though you knew him as an earnest, spiritually minded man, would you not rather have had the mercat worldling in his place, whose finger nails were clean, and who could eat without making his beard, and the table around him something like a hot pen in miniature. Cleanliness! Cleanliness! Absolute cleanliness in person and surroundings. A lesson which many good people ought with very great zeal and concentration to set themselves about. That "cleanliness is next to godliness" is a saying which, if not in the Bible, is almost good enough to be. If "godliness" here means "goodness," good looks as some people say, and with no little plausibility we believe, then the saying is most assuredly and uncontroversially true. We don't mean to say of course that the saints are the only or even the greatest delinquents in this respect. Not by any means. Sinners are quite as

bad, and on the whole worse. But dirt wherever it has no business to be always looks to us very much worse on a saint than on a sinner. It is much less in accord with the eternal fitness of things.

Then we catch floating rumors about the unsettled state of India, and trouble in store for us in that empire. Only printer's ink again. India of to-day is in a state of transition from a semi-barbarous Oriental civilization and idolatry to European enlightenment and Christianity, but a quiet contentment prevades all classes. The work of education is making prodigious strides throughout the entire land. Government offices are open to the baboos who can successfully compete for them, and every department of business and mercantile enterprise is ably represented by natives. Schools and colleges abound, and are well attended; the native press is a power in the land, while the various learned professions are fully sustained and in many cases honored and graced by the skill and devotion of natives. The peasantry are rapidly increasing, notwithstanding the enormous coolie emigration, and on the whole are a quiet, harmless class who labor away in their own small concerns without interfering about their neighbors' affairs. They are no longer oppressed, robbed or ruthlessly murdered by innumerable enemies, and are actually growing rich. Caste is in no way interfered with and their religion and language are undisturbed. The powerful independent or semi-independent princes show no symptoms of discontent and during the Sepoy mutiny showed by their aid to, and co-operation with the British troops, their interests with the English. India of to-day is far more consolidated and more powerful under its present rulers than ever it was under its own native princes—yes and more contented, too.

The late Postmaster-General Fawcett was a member of what is known as the Commons Preservation Society. At a meeting of a committee of that society, the following motion was unanimously adopted. "That the Society desires to put on record its sense of the irreparable loss it has sustained by the death of Mr. Fawcett, who was one of the earliest members, and had constantly given his powerful help to its action. From the beginning of his public life he had taken up the cause of the preservation of commons, and had never ceased to labour for it with unwearied zeal. That Epping Forest and the New Forest have been preserved for the enjoyment of the public is largely due to his efforts, which were inspired not only by his own keen love of nature and natural beauty, but by his sympathetic knowledge of the needs of the poorer classes, and particularly agricultural labourers, and his earnest desire to promote their well-being and happiness. The society has had many occasions to admire and to benefit by the courage, heartiness and common-sense with which he was always ready, in Parliament, and elsewhere, to forward its objects."

The latest invention in the clock line is said to be one by a Swiss jeweler. It needs winding only once in five years. Will that be a godsend or not to the man who winds up the clock at night? Will he find it easier to remember when he has it to do every night, or only once in half a decade? We can't say. Much might be said on both sides.

Some idea can be had of the state of things which has been reached in the islands of Lewis, Uist and Skye, among the oppressed people there, from the following handbill, which was circulated freely.

Thievery is certainly assuming a ghastly humorous form when it chooses a prison as a likely place on which to try its prowess. Yet that was actually done the other week and successfully too. A safe in a workshop of Brooklyn Penitentiary was broken open and \$3,000 taken. After this, what not?

Miss Fortescue, who sued Lord Garmoyle for trifling with her heart and failing to carry out his contract, is said to be meditating a trip to America next year. She ought to draw big houses. She is said to be a good actress, but if she couldn't act any more than a lamp-post, thousands of Americans and Canadians would willingly give their dollars to look at a woman who had been jilted by a Lord. There's one thing about it—according to all accounts, they would look at a good and pure woman, whose misfortune it was to give her love to a young slip of the British Aristocracy not good enough for her to wipe her feet on. A nerveless, boneless creature, apparently, he must have been, without sap, or snap, or any manner of manly grit about him whatsoever.

To heathens, their religion, is the chief subject of thought, the most important and most frequent of talk. So is it with Mohammedans. So was it, if it is not so still, with the Jews. So to a great extent is it with Roman Catholics. So was it with the Puritans of the 17th century. So with some Protestants of the present. Why not with all? Why should it be thought "bad taste" to speak about what is said to be the most important of all subjects? There must be some cause for this strange reticence. What is it? Not one in ten thousand speak in the same rational way about Jesus Christ, as they do about John A., or Edward Blake, to say nothing of Earl Drifflin or the Marquis of Lorne. Why not? Is he not far more to them than all the nobles and politicians of earth and yet how priggish and fanatical it would be thought for anyone to say so, except to a most confidential friend. It is because after all, people don't believe, or don't care!

The game of Polo appears to be getting quite fashionable in many quarters. A Polo club seems to be as necessary a part of the social enjoyment of some cities and towns as a bicycle club or a sewing circle.

A Turkish bath for horses is a novelty in the city of Detroit. A gentleman there, who is an ardent admirer of horses and owns a number of very fine ones, was struck by the idea one day while enjoying the luxury of a Turkish bath, that what was good for a man was worth trying on a horse. So he went to work and had baths fitted up. The results are said to be very satisfactory. Horses have very sensitive skins, and many of the diseases they suffer from arise from checked perspiration. The bath acts on them precisely as on human beings, opening the pores, and making them less liable to take cold.

What human selfishness is capable of sometimes has been recently revealed by the New York Herald which has done good work in calling public attention to the wretched pittance paid by some firms for making shirts. It seems almost past belief, but the Herald proves to a demonstration that 30 cents a dozen is what in some cases the terrible law of supply and demand provides for the making of gentlemen's shirts.

Even the most pitiless political economist allows labor enough to keep body and soul together. Thirty cents a dozen, if it accomplishes that object, must leave a dreadfully small margin. And the persons who are paid such starvation wages, are not the idle and incompetent, but in most cases honest, intelligent, hard working men and women, who are struggling heroically against circumstances that are almost overwhelming.

The famous Professor Blackie seems as irrefragable as ever. Would it be fair to say that he does not gather sense as he grows older. He seems to be a harum scarum sort of a mortal who takes great delight in doing outrageous things. Some days ago he shocked the staid dignity of Sabbath keeping Edinburgh by delivering a public lecture on the day of rest, his subject being Scotch love songs, and one of his performances being the singing of a ballad by way of illustration. Professor Blackie seems to be a thorough believer in the old Latin motto *Dulce est desipere in loco*, which being interpreted means that it is a pleasant thing to play the fool on proper occasions, or as far as Blackie is concerned in improper.

Gossip says that Miss Fortescue, who was recently jilted by Lord Garmoyle, had herself been guilty of the very same sort of thing towards a man whom she was very fond of until the possibility of a title caught her fancy. A wiser, let us hope, if not a happier woman, since her experience of man's perfidy, she has now, it is said, sought to make some atonement for her own by returning to the former lover. He must have been an awfully good sort of a fellow, or terribly in love with her, if he could take a sweetheart on any such terms. There is no accounting for tastes however. Love, when it first takes hold of some men, plays wild work with their reasoning faculties, and even with their self-respect. If the gossip is true, and this formerly discarded lover is really inclined to forgive and forget, then for his own sake he should lose no time, or another lord, if not some bigger sail may leave in sight, and even yet carry off his prize. A woman who has once jilted a man, and a man who has once jilted a woman, need to be treated ever afterwards with a good deal of circumspection.

What awfully mean things a woman can do sometimes. We heard lately of a woman who wrote to her lover in New York, borrowing some money. This she expended in buying the trousseau for her marriage with a new man who had turned up. The poor dupe in New York heard nothing more of his money. He had a note however in due time informing him of the change brought about by those fates who have so much to answer for in this world of love, a man's glib tongue, namely, and a woman's insincerity.

If other cities were as well provided with a devil's foe to obscenity as New York is in having Anthony Comstock, it would be a fine thing. His zeal is said to outrun his discretion sometimes, but this is an error in the right direction. There can be little

doubt that his labors have done much good, though they have not prevented all contamination of the moral atmosphere. One of his most recent exploits was the seizure of 20,000 copies of the "Brookside Library," a periodical published by Frank Tousey, of New York. They were denounced as indecent because containing an expurgated edition of "Sarah Barnum" and "Revelations of European Courts." The offending publisher and his clerks were placed under arrest, but released on consideration of giving up the plates from which the books were printed. The members of the firm who disseminated the filthy stuff were also sent to jail, where at last accounts they were still awaiting sentence. The books destroyed were torn up and put in bales. They will be sent to a paper manufacturer to be reduced to pulp. All hail, Anthony Comstock! Every lover of purity and good morals will wish thee every success in thy truly patriotic and Christian labors.

If any institution ever came direct from the devil, that father of all villainies, it is the institution of the Anarchists. Nor does it help matters much to say that another institution of which Anarchism is said to be an outcome that of arrogant despotism, namely, is also of the devil. Perhaps it is. But the diabolism that seeks revenge for real or fancied wrongs in wanton destruction of property, careless whether or not human life is destroyed in the doing of it, is not on that account any the less devilish.

If Irishmen had any hand in the iniquitous attempt on the London Bridge the other day, nobody at any rate believes that they were, other than reprobates of the worst class and renegades to the cause of Ireland. In all probability the whole libellous plot was concocted in the United States, and was the outcome of the boastful threats made by Rossa and his evil companions. It is a disgrace to civilization and the laws that should regulate the intercourse between two professedly friendly countries like the United States and England, that fiends in human form like O'Donovan Rossa and his coterie of mad Irishmen should be allowed to carry on their nefarious work in the way they do. They openly boasted of what they were about. They made no secret of it. It was declared again and again by Rossa and other members of the gang of cut throats who have their head quarters in New York, that they would make England tremble. It seems pretty clear by this time that these were not mere empty boasting, but the bravado of villains who felt themselves pretty safe to carry out whatever in famous plans they chose, as long as they refrained from touching the property of Uncle Sam. The conduct of the United States with reference to these pests of humanity, will now be watched with interest. If they intend to harbor all the rascality of the old world, and allow them to plot murder at their leisure, it may lead to very undesirable complications with the powers of Europe. Villains like Rossa ought at any rate to be laid by the heels with short notice. They may be lunatics, as some people say, but the probabilities lie in the direction of their being much greater knaves than they are fools. In any case, whether fools or knaves, it is carrying the principle of free speech to an absurd length when men of this stamp are allowed to preach a gospel of murder and destruction, without let or hindrance.

An "Enoch Arden" case was summarily disposed of in an Indiana divorce court recently. It was a somewhat singular one

even in the annals of divorce. During the floods of June 1883, a bridge over Pogre Run, Ind., was washed away, and a number of persons were drowned. Among the bodies recovered was one which was declared by his wife and the Coroner to be that of John Ackermann. A few months ago a man claiming to be Ackermann turned up and received general recognition as such. Mr. Ackermann, however, refused to have anything to do with him. She brought a suit for divorce, the Ackermann she recognized having given her ample justification. Her plea was granted, and now whether the present Ackermann is a true man or impostor, he has no claim on her whatever.

The U. S. Government when it makes its mind to rectify an abuse, always goes about the work in a business like determined way, which it is not wise in anyone to trifle with. It is notorious that thousands of acres in the Western States and Territories have been illegally fenced. In Wyoming alone it is reckoned that not less than 2,000,000 acres have been thus dealt with. The Government has determined to put a stop to this, and has ordered its special agent in the territory to make strict inquiries into the matter. The owner of legally fenced land will be peremptorily ordered to take down the fences within thirty days. If they do not comply, government will take them down, and charge the expense on the owner.

Peanut growing is becoming quite an industry in certain parts of California. It is said to be quite profitable too, as they are cultivated with very little trouble, and the market is always sure. One man is stated to have harvested 5,000 pounds from 10 acres of ground.

Talk about starvation wages! We hear of the miserable pittance paid to workmen in New York and other large cities they try to keep body and soul together. They tell us of the miserably small wages paid to girls in shops and factories, and of the dangers which many of them are exposed just because of these miserably insufficient wages by which their weekly labor is compensated. But here in Toronto, in our public libraries we have young ladies who put in a long day's work, and a pretty hard one at work too, for six days in the week, and for the munificent sum of from \$50 to \$75 a year. The thing is scandalous, a disgrace to the city, and the disgrace is trebled when a man who has received a liberal education and ought therefore to know better, honestly claims that such pitiful remuneration is quite sufficient. Instead of wasting money on patent indicators, which indicate nothing in the world so much as a desire to incommode the public, and put it to all possible inconvenience, the managers of the institution had better pay their employees decent living wages, and then they may, with a much better conscience, require the quite disproportionate amount of work that is exacted from them. It is fooling to try to do the work properly with only the two or three young ones that are there now. It would not be a bad idea to get a young man or two, in to them, who would not be above the work of receiving and distributing books. It is much more of a physical strain on the system than the wisecrackers who run the establishment to have any idea of. Some change short needs to be inaugurated in that direction, and this change above all, that if girls are to be worked in the way they

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Woman's suffrage is at present attracting a good deal of attention, and it may not be out of place for TRUTH to have a say in the matter too. Questions are constantly asked as to its practical working in this country if admitted, and for this we have only the precedent of the Isle of Man to judge from, which has the honor of being the first portion of the British Empire that allowed woman's suffrage—and what is the result? they are now applying for an easier divorce law? Nothing of the kind. It works quite happily. Given women a vote by all means.

It is stated that the Prince of Wales will not ask Parliament for an allowance for Prince Albert Victor who is now studying law at the Middle Temple, until he marries. That seems to us a step in the right direction. Every one of these Royal youths as soon as he attained the age of twenty-one years has hitherto been presented with an enormous allowance by Parliament. Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, were each voted £15,000 at majority and £10,000 additional each at marriage and it was supposed that the Prince of Wales would ask at least for a like sum for Prince Albert Victor, his eldest son. Such acts as the present one in contemplation will go far to raise the popularity of the Prince of Wales in the British Isles.

TRUTH thinks it not at all unlikely that Prince Albert Victor will have quite a large practice at the bar even if he confines himself to defending in person the numerous suits taken against his own private English property.

The finding in the Court of Appeal against Captain Dudley and Mato Stevens, of the yacht "Mignonette," will astonish a good many of the readers of TRUTH. It will be remembered that the prisoners had killed a boy named Parker, to save themselves from starvation. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge ruled that the taking of human life could only be justified on the plea of self-defence, and that to commit murder merely for the sake of preserving one's own life was in the eyes of the law, unjustifiable. He therefore declared the prisoners guilty of wilful murder for which there was no justification. He then sentenced them to be hanged, but without wearing the black cap. The Secretary of State for the Home Department has advised the Queen to respite the prisoners and it is to be hoped that Her Majesty will extend her clemency still further and give the unfortunate men a full pardon. The sentence of the Court will, however, have the tendency of retarding, if not altogether preventing such crimes, since it is shown not to be justifiable.

TRUTH does not think it at all likely that the Chinese fleet will venture to attack the French men of war, though it cannot be denied that if the Celestials were as good sailors as the Gauls the struggle might prove severe one. The Chinese war vessels of the day have most of them been built in the fish yards and some of them are very active engines of destruction, carrying a quantity of metal. Then there are a number of small gunboats mounting from one to three pieces of ordnance, of great penetrating ability and large calibre, which would, if properly manned and managed and the crew well served, do good service. In consequence these gunboats would be of invaluable service as they could float in water

much too shallow for more ponderous vessels to manoeuvre in. The Chinese are, however, but indifferent and timid sailors, even in their own waters, and in this particular the French have greatly the advantage.

It is a shocking oversight of retributive justice that this notorious woman Bontel will escape the reward she richly merits; merely, because she happens to be a woman: a female instead of a male fiend. She is not yet pardoned, but that is, of course, only a matter of time. Her sentence has been commuted. In the United States assassins seem to be the only members of society whose lives are safe.

What a rumpus this Adams v. Coleridge case is creating! and what an amiable loving family to be sure? The Chief Justice has all his life been so busy washing his neighbors' dirty linen in public, that we suppose he has so far neglected his own, and he too, or members of his family which amounts to nearly the same thing, must take the soiled garments into court to get them cleansed, and if all accounts are true, it will take a goodly quantity of the very strongest legal soap suds to make them even passably clean. TRUTH fears that the lustre is gone from them forever. Adams seems, after, all, to be the only respectable character among them if reports are true. Who knows?

Those "unspeakable Turks" are really too bad, and it is a great pity that the interests of England support their sojourn in Europe. It would be far better for the Greeks or some other Christian power to be guard of the Dardanelles, and that these atrocious Turks were put out of existence altogether. Their barbarities to the Bulgarians in Macedonia are simply shocking. Only a few days ago a Turkish bandit chief carried off two young men to the mountains, and because ransom could not be paid, owing no doubt to the poverty of the unfortunate captives' friends, the robbers bound them to a tree, cut off their ears and noses, put out their eyes and brought them to the shores of their native village, and there left them with a warning that all unransomed prisoners would be treated in the same manner or worse. At Podles, another small town in Bulgaria, several Turks seized upon a young woman whose husband was absent, took her home with them and assaulted her in the most frightful manner. A Greek priest left his home to administer the rites of his Church to a dying peasant at a little distance. He was met by half-a-dozen Turks, who beat him to insensibility, then cut off his hands and feet and tore out his tongue. These atrocities are fiendish and cry out to every nation and land upon Earth for redress.

Sir William Harcourt, it is said, meditates an attempt to stamp out prize-fighting in England. He is handicapped however, by the magistrates, who will not inflict any but merely nominal punishments as long as the fighting is what they call "fair." The sympathy of every lover of decency will go with Sir William in any endeavor to abate one of the greatest nuisances of the present day as well as one of the foulest blots on modern civilization. That the crop-eared villains could be allowed to pound each other's ugly faces for the amusement of others of the same kidney, and that the newspapers should contain long accounts of the degrading spectacle, is demoralizing to the whole community, and should be suppressed by law. There should be some way of reaching the newspapers who give a hideous publicity and popularity to such loathsome exhibitions.

It is a pandering to vicious tastes which the law should not permit. A free and untrammelled press is all very well in theory, but there is a practical limit which ought to be enforced against the newspapers if their own sense of decency is not sufficient to teach them when that limit is reached.

One cannot help thinking that the newspaper men must sometimes laugh in their sleeves at their own hypocrisy. How often do we read pious homilies on the editorial pages, as to the terrible results of flash literature on the tender minds of youth. The strongest things are said against those writers who pander to the boyish appetite for adventures by spinning long foolish yarns filled with all manner of bloody abominations. On the very first page, however, so that no one can miss it, appears a highly circumstantial account of a bloody battle between Mike O'Leary or who ever the particular bull necked blackguard may be and some other child of evil. And this even in so-called highly respectable family papers. Is this not as dangerous to youth as the filthiness as much of the blood and thunder literature against which so many able editors are so ready to hurl their anathemas? Physician, heal thyself. Friend, pull out first the beam that is in thine own eye, and then shalt thou more clearly see to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

Of course the newspapers always have a solemnly plausible excuse for the iniquities that find currency on their pages. But such excuses are the very extravaganzas of hypocrisy. They know right well that for every one that reads their little moral sermon about the evils of prize-fighting, a hundred will read and pay for their high-coloured report of some particular battle. The report is written for the filthy lucre's sake, the editorial for anointing of their own wretched consciences, or rather, to keep in good temper the decent portion of their subscription list. The devil is the best fellow in the world for making excuses, and he gets his work in well when he persuades the editors of newspapers that they are in some mysterious way the intellectual and moral guides of the community, and that they are av fully distressed at it, but really necessity compels them to print full details of all the prize fights, and rapes and murders, and adulteries and other villainies, in order that the dear public may not suffer intellectual starvation. Laugh! pure hypocrisy, every bit of it! It would be a much more honest thing to come squarely out with it, and say that they were running the paper to make money; the vitiated public taste demanded sensation, and prurient sensation at that; the paper that displayed the most judgment in dishing out this particular sort of pabulum raked in most coppers, and, ergo, they were going to do their best to supply the demand, and cease boring unwilling ears with unnecessary moral platitudes. It is a good old proverb that they who would sup with the devil should use a long spoon. Modern newspapers try to keep up the delusion that they are doing so, but the spoon is a marvellous short one in many cases.

We have heard, but have forgotten, how much the New York Independent paid Lord Tennyson for that last so-called poem on "Liberty" which we are glad to say has by this time run its course in the papers. But one thing is tolerably certain, that, as poetry it was pretty dear, at almost any price. As a merchantable article coming from the Laureate of England, it was doubtless worth all that was given for it.

A tale of deep distress reaches us from the mountainous portions of Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky. From a reliable correspondent there we learn that an unknown disease, closely resembling Asiatic cholera and quite as fatal in its ravages, has been prevalent for some weeks. Although the name of the disease is unknown the people call it cholera, and were it really so, it could not be more dreaded or disastrous. It is frequently fatal in twenty-four hours and sometimes even in a much shorter period. In most instances it visits every member of an entire family, and it so terrifies that in some cases people die alone, their friends being afraid to go to them, the disease is so contagious and so fatal. One house which was entered contained four corpses, the father, mother, a negro servant, and an infant. The schools are closed and all business is at a standstill—indeed the accounts we hear of this alarming outbreak call vividly to mind Defoe's description of the great plague of London. The general impression is that it is caused by poisonous water, the result of a protracted drought which has dried up many of the springs and streams, and it is supposed that the water left is contaminated with organic or mineral poisons.

President-elect Cleveland shows the quality of his manhood very unmistakably in one respect by persistently refusing all presents but such as could in no sense be interpreted as other than merely kind expressions of friendly regard.

A pretty shrewd observer who had had good opportunities for forming an opinion, recently wrote to one of the American newspapers, giving his first impressions of Cleveland. Cleveland struck him, says the observer, as being, first of all, a gentleman, and then a thorough man of business. This latter quality will be his distinguishing mark as President. He will deal with the nation's affairs much as he would with those of a private concern. Brilliant statesmanship in the ordinary sense of the word is not to be looked for so much as plain downright common sense and honesty of purpose and endeavor. And after all are these not the best qualifications for a man at the head of affairs. The world has not yet perhaps quite got past the stage when it is ruled more by glittering rhetoric than by sound reason but we may hope that it is at least entered on the first steps towards it.

TRUTH as a matter of habit has little to say about politics, but now and then when popular excitement becomes extravagant over trifles light as air or at most no heavier than a few daws of printer's ink, he can not refrain from setting the public mind aright and speaking fearlessly the truth as it appears to an unbiased mind. The Pall Mall Gazette some time ago endeavored to create an alarm about the comparatively ineffective condition of the British Navy and so far succeeded as to raise serious doubts in the hearts of the timorous and uninitiated, most of whom never saw an ironclad or a man of war of any kind in their life, as to the stability of the English throne. England's naval supremacy has never been questioned. Indeed that nation could under no circumstances afford to lose her command of the seas and though she is at present in no immediate danger of attack from her seaboard her navy was never in a better state to resist such an attack and is still further to be strengthened by the addition of both ships and arms.

### Truth's Contributors.

The West India Trade.  
BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

Whatever may be the merits, or demerits of the present fiscal policy of the Dominion, there can be no doubt whatever that its effect has been to increase very largely the import trade from the British West Indies. As regards the export trade to those colonies, Canada has never had the slightest ground for complaint, and it has been, on the whole, fortunate that the proposals which have been made from time to time, for securing exclusive trade with those colonies have been unsuccessful. Circumstances may arise to compel both Canada and the British West Indies to adopt the policy which was inaugurated by the Canadian Government in the year 1865, and which was described by Sir Alexander Galt in his letter to the commissioners, dated 17 November, 1865, in the following language: "This government would be prepared to recommend to Parliament the reduction or even the abolition of any customs dues now levied on the productions of these countries, if corresponding favour were shown to the staples of British North America in those markets."

In the year 1876 the same views were adopted in a resolution of the Dominion Board of Trade, and advocated in a letter written in their support by the Secretary of that Board. As late as 1882 the expediency of entering on a similar arrangement was discussed between the Imperial and Dominion Governments, owing to an intimation given to the former by the Governor of Jamaica, that the government of Canada was desirous of entering into special commercial arrangements with that Island. The Governor stated that he had "refused to entertain the subject," and the Secretary of State informed the Government of the Dominion that "Her Majesty's Government could not sanction any arrangement which would involve the creation of differential duties in favour of Canada." This dispute led to the adoption of a minute of court in which it is maintained that "it is competent for any of the colonies possessing representative and responsible government to enter into mutual arrangements for either partial or absolute free trade with the mother country, or with each other, or with both, discriminating against other countries." It must be obvious from the foregoing expressions of opinion that Canada has been thoroughly committed to the very policy against which the merchants of the Maritime Province are protesting, when adopted by Spain and the United States. That policy is based on the adoption of discriminatory duties, and would be most detrimental to Canada, whose trade when compared with that of the United States is quite insignificant.

Let it be affirmed, for the sake of argument, that the views originally propounded by Sir Alexander Galt in 1865 had been carried into effect, and then consider the consequences. The abolition of the sugar duties which have always been one of the principal sources of revenue would have been a serious loss, but still would have been the least cost that would have resulted from discrimination. By favouring the British West Indies all the foreign colonies, French and Spanish, and the Empire of Brazil, would have been almost compelled to retaliate by imposing discriminating duties against Canada. Had the British West Indies favored Canada by admitting its exports on more favorable terms than those of the United States, it would have been a matter of certainty that there sugar would have been excluded from the United States by discriminating duties, so that the British Colonies would have been all severely injured by the proposed change, for what there never was any justifiable cause.

There are not any duties imposed on the British West Indies except for revenue purposes, and these are moderate very in amount. Canada has had access to all tropical products on the same footing as the most favoured nations and the present complaints are founded on the supposition that the United States is about to obtain that discrimination in its

favour which Canada has been for twenty years vainly endeavoring to secure for itself. The West Indian Companies of 1865-6 when they found that it was impossible to secure the exceptional advantages which they were instructed to seek agreed to the principle, "that customs duties and port charges on the produce and shipping of the respective colonies shall be levied solely for revenue purposes and for the maintenance of indispensable establishments, and that the several grants will be prepared to consider in a liberal spirit any complaint having regard to imposts that may be preferred by another grant on the ground that such imposts are calculated to obstruct trade." There was no desire at that time in the British West Indies to adopt discriminating duties. Let us now glance at our future prospects—Two important treaties stand for ratification and in a few weeks it will be known whether the United States will admit sugar and other tropical products free of duty. In that event Canada will be almost compelled to agree to a similar treaty, as otherwise her exports would be excluded by discriminating duties from the Spanish colonies—if the United States refuses to place the British colonies on the same footing as those of Spain, it may become expedient for those colonies to enter into an arrangement with Canada very similar to that between the United States and Spain. Whatever may be the result, there is too much reason to fear that the large revenue derived from the sugar duties will have to be sacrificed.

### Journalistic Reminiscences.

BY D. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

TRUTH is mighty and must prevail. After scanning the pages of TRUTH I am much pleased with the editorial management. The selections made carry me back for a period of sixty years, when my boyish eyes first scanned the pages of Chambers' Journal. Cheap periodicals in those days were scarce, and cheap newspapers were not to be had. Each newspaper then bore on its face a Government stamp, value five pence sterling, and every advertisement had to pay a tax of one shilling and sixpence sterling to the Government. Poor men could not afford to subscribe for a newspaper, but whenever a few were found working together such as tailors, shoemakers, or weavers, a club was formed, each paying, say, one penny per week, and one man detailed each day to read the paper, while the rest worked and listened. This was being in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but it was done, and it was no easy task to conquer in argument, either in theology or political science, any of the members of such clubs.

As I have remarked, TRUTH has taken me back in memory to the first appearance of the Edinburgh periodical. Light was required. The first reading of that day among the young was in a great measure made up of the ballads of the country. As there is no royal road to learning, knowledge can only be gleaned by hard study, and many a hard battle was fought in the pursuit of knowledge, before victory was achieved. Chambers opened up a field which was speedily taken possession of. Men of eminence, as in the case of TRUTH, came to the fore in discussing such spreading knowledge regarding many important branches of learning and literature. It was not, therefore, long before the Edinburgh journal became a household necessity throughout Scotland and England. Let TRUTH continue in its present path, and it, too, will ere long become a favorite throughout the Dominion. Its independence is no mean feature of its value. When the political press were dumb respecting the fanaticism of the Quebec Roman Catholics in Montreal in their desire to murder the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, TRUTH came out like a hero and denounced the murderous attempt made to stifle the alienable right of British subjects—free speech. Perverts to the Roman Catholic faith may travel over the Dominion lecturing against Protestantism, without interruption. If interfered with, how would he raised against such interference, and rightly so, but when converts from their side appear in public, and that, too, within the walls of a Protestant church, not a word of condemnation is uttered from either priest or layman against the

would-be murderers of a Protestant, so far as the writer has seen. TRUTH in this respect did its duty, and all honor to it for so doing. But I have diverged. My intention was to pen a few remarks on the earlier newspaper press of the country. As, however, short articles are more to be preferred than those of an interminable length, it may be best here to call a halt, and reserve the reminiscences for another chapter.

### SANITARY MATTERS.

#### How Sickness is Spread, and How it May be Prevented.

BY DR. CANNIFF, MEDICAL HEALTH OFFICER OF TORONTO.

The importance of sanitary knowledge is now generally admitted, but the want of such knowledge is by far too general. Hygiene, or the science by which sickness may be prevented, or ameliorated, and its duration shortened, and death averted, is of comparatively recent date. But within a short period of time, a number of earnest medical scientists have placed this branch of knowledge in the front rank of modern requirements. Scientific facts with practical experience have accumulated through their exertion, and it has been demonstrated, not only that it may be preserved and sickness prevented, or limited, but that the money expenditure necessary to carry out sanitary laws, brings an ample return to the tax-payers, in diminishing expenses from sickness and loss of the bread winner. In order to obtain the benefit of hygiene laws there are required a class of specialists to collect information, and another class to practically apply this information for the benefit of the public. It will be found, however, that as a general thing, the sanitarian acts in both capacities. That is to say he collects information while he, at the same time, endeavors to impart it to the people. It is the object of this paper to disseminate practical sanitary information to the people.

There are two classes of disease, the nature, the means of propagation, and mode of prevention of which invite especial attention. I refer to what are called contagious diseases, and diseases now known as filth diseases, and which are usually infectious.

Of the contagious disease we have small pox, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, &c. Of the filth diseases there are typhoid fever, and other low fevers, and diphtheria. These may be, under certain circumstances, infectious; and not unlikely at times, even contagious. Consumption may also be mentioned as a disease which is now very generally recognised as infectious. Whether this be true or not, it is unquestionable that attention to sanitation materially diminishes the number and fatality of cases of consumption.

In considering filth diseases, diphtheria may be taken as a type of a disease which is found to exist, in increasing numbers, in the country, in the village, town and city. It is a malady to which children are most susceptible, though it may afflict persons at other periods of life. It is in children, however, that it usually develops into the most fatal character. The mucous membrane of the throat is the tissue where the disease manifests itself. The symptoms of this local affection need not here be given. It is of more importance for the purpose of this paper, to consider the means by which the disease is produced. A poison of some kind has been lodged there. What is the nature of this poison, and how did it reach the part? In the patch which forms, are found by the aid of the microscope certain low forms of vegetable organisms. It is not desirable to use scientific terms, so these organisms may be designated germs. They are very minute

in size; but they possess all the characteristics of life. They are the result of pre-existing life; they grow, develop, mature, decline and finally die, living under favorable circumstances numerous offspring. It is the aggregation of myriads of such germs which constitutes the virus, and which, applied to living, healthy tissue, has the power to undermine it. It is a specific poison, and this specific character is supposed to be due to filth of some kind, in which germs previously benign in their growth and development become malignant. But it is still a question whether the poison may arise spontaneously, or whether it is the fruit of previous noxious germs. Of this, however, there is no doubt, that filth constitutes, as it were, a hot-bed for the propagation of the disease germs. Fruitful fields of this low form of life are to be found in connection with domestic life everywhere. It is the outcome of human and domestic animal life, where sanitary law is not observed. The soil may exist in the form of filth-tradged yards where house slops and kitchen refuse are thrown and allowed to accumulate; or it may be the polluted water of a well, or cistern, or a privy pit, or an untrapped pipe from a sink, or a defective water closet. Sometimes it is decomposing manure from a horse or cow stable, which is allowed to accumulate, and is uncovered so that the liquids soak into the ground. It may be decomposing vegetables in the cellar in summer, or it may be defective house drainage with damp mouldy cellars. These are some of the conditions which contribute to the rich soil, if not the birth-place of the diphtheritic poison, as well as other diseases. So it will be seen that the term filth disease is not misapplied.

The question, "How does this poison reach the throat of the human being where it produces its malignant effect?" may now be considered. The germs of many specific poisons float in the air, and a person susceptible to the disease, when breathing the air has these germs deposited in the mucous membrane of the throat, where is found a suitable condition for them to set up morbid action. The poison may reach the part by other means, as the hand or clothes which have been in contact with the germ-affected substance, or it may be by food and drink which have been tainted by the germs. But the virus is often, as well, conveyed from one suffering of the disease.

Diphtheria is not supposed to be contagious in the same way as scarlet fever, for instance; but it is essentially infectious. It is, however, believed by some authorities that diphtheria is really contagious, that is to say, one may, by entering a room where the disease exists, and especially if the breath of the patient is inhaled, contract the disease, and there is some evidence to support this belief. But, however, this may be, it is certain that diphtheritic poison is often carried in the discharges from the throat. (The excretions of the body not only likely are sometimes the vehicle of the poison.) The matter from a diphtheritic throat is highly poisonous. This being put in another vessel, and not disinfected, and subsequently by contact, beget the disease. Not infrequently the discharge is put on handkerchief or cloth or towel, from which the poison may be carried to a fresh victim. Or it may become dried and pulverized and float in the air so as to be inhaled. It is a very subtle poison, which by various means may be carried to the place where it manifested its baneful effect.

A consideration of the foregoing facts, in every instance indicate the rational means which should be adopted, in the first place, to prevent the growth and development of the poison, and second place to prevent the extension of the disease from one person to another, by isolation and disinfection.

It would seem hardly necessary to mention the obvious fact that no collection of organic matter should be allowed about the house or place of business. Not only concentrated organic matter, but anything of organic nature, such as the kitchen slops, refuse, chamber water, wash water, sponges, etc. To show how poisonous the material is, it may be mentioned that water with which a kitchen floor has been scrubbed, caused the speedy death of a pig after a few drops had been in contact with the skin.

It is equally obvious what care should be observed in cases of diphtheria to prevent the spread of the disease. Isolation of the patient, and thorough disinfection of discharges, especially from the throat, should be strictly attended to.

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The History of Christian Hymns.

BY DR. MULVANEY.

The use of hymns for congregational worship is traceable in the New Testament to the earliest outburst of that great wave of religious revival which accompanied the birth of Christianity. The "hymns" of those days were very different to the compositions which is now known under that familiar name. The language used in the worship of the Christians of the first century was Greek, even in Rome itself, but the hymns were not arranged in distinctly metrical forms like the classical Greek poems. They were compositions framed on the model of the Hebrew Psalms, and consisted of a number of verses, each divided into two parts so as to be chanted to a simple and monotonous refrain much resembling a Grecian chant. Specimens of this are the songs of Simon and of the Virgin Mary in the Gospels. But when the language or civilization of the Christian Church became Latin, the Latin classical metres were adopted. The earliest writers of Christian hymns wrote in the fifth century; the best known were St. Ambrose and Prudentius. They chose from a number of classical metres one which seldom meet in classical poetry, the eight syllable line with the accent on every second syllable which is used so extensively in modern hymns. The metre of

ed the then most lovely of the hymns written in the last century,

Jesus, lover of my soul, and Hark the herald angels sing. by Charles Wesley, and Lo, he comes through clouds descending. by their fellow laborer Madan. The quasi-revival of High Church Ritualism in the English Church has given birth to several hymns which are used far and wide beyond the frontier of Episcopalianism. Thus the beautiful "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," is by that great master of the English language, John Henry Newman, and was written by him aboard a small vessel in a storm in the Mediterranean while meditating secession to Rome. Most of the hymns which owe their origin to this movement, such as those of Keble, Neale, and Fabre, the enthusiastic convert to Catholicism, are pitched in a lower tone, and have an artificial, artificiality of style remote from the stern vigor of the hymns of Wesley or of the medieval Church. In the latter we hear the organ sweeping through the aisles of a Cathedral, in the former the melodeon of a modern Puseyite Church with its gimcrack ornaments and candles blinking in the daylight of the modern world. Such are Fabre's "Pilgrims of the Night," and "Paradise."

But it may be said of hymns that they do more than any other part of humanly originated forms of worship to bind into one the scattered branch of the Christian family; rituals may vary, sermons may enforce the hairsplitting of controversy, but all and every body of men calling themselves Christians use for worship and consolation hymns which date from every age of Christian history and every phase of Christian opinion. Rightly understood every church hymn-book is a lesson in toleration and Charity.

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\$20.00 IN GOLD

Given Each Week for the

BEST TID-BIT.

Commencing with our first issue in January will be given weekly till further notice, a prize of TWENTY DOLLARS IN GOLD for the best selected or original Tid-Bit, which, in the judgment of the editor, is thought suitable for this page. No conditions are attached to the competition except that each person competing must become a subscriber to TRUTH for at least three months and must therefore send along, with their Tid-Bit, half a dollar for the quarter's subscription. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended an additional quarter for the half dollar sent.

We want to make this one of the most interesting pages in TRUTH. The Competition is open now. The first twenty dollars will be given immediately after the publication of our first issue in January. Look up your older new scraps, or send us something original, and whenever it is published the prize will be promptly forwarded. Try now. Don't delay. The article, or Tid-Bit, may be only one line (if it contains the necessary point) and must not exceed a half column in length. Address—Prize Tid Bit Committee, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

A Mistake.

A tadpole sat on a cold, gray stone, And sadly thought of his life. "Alas, must I live alone," said he. "Or shall I espouse me a wife."

A wise old frog, on the brink of a stream, Leaned over, and said with a sigh, "Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young friend, You'll have better sense by and by."

"Girls change, you know, and the Pollywog slim, That takes your fancy to-day May not be the Pollywog at all you'd choose When the summer has passed away."

But the tadpole rash thought he better knew, And married a Pollywog fair. And before the summer was over he sat On the brink of that stream in despair. For, would you believe it? His fair young bride Proved to be but a stupid frog, With never a trace of the beauty and grace Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the tadpole himself had grown Stout and stupid too, He only saw the faults of his wife, (As others often do).

To all young tadpoles my moral is this: Before you settle in life Be sure you know without any doubt What you want in the way of a wife.

G. T. LEA, St. Thomas.

Ah! Me I'm Teased by Lovers Three.

Ah! me, teased by lovers three, There's Harry, James, and Joe; From none to one they visit me; No peace, I'm sure, I know. They're handsome fellows I must say, And all are well to do; But two will have to go away, And very quickly, too.

I really don't know which to take, For all are fond of me; But as I know I cannot make Mrs. I the bride of three, I think this queer affair to end And peace henceforward know. A billet doux at once I'll send, To say I'll marry Joe.

Mrs. E. B., WALKERTON.

Advice to a Bridegroom.

To become a husband is no serious matter for a man as it is for a woman to become a wife. Marriage is no child's play; it brings added care, trial, perplexity, vexation, and it requires a great deal of the happiness which legitimately springs out of it to make the balance equal in its favour. Very few people live happily in marriage, and yet this is not because unhappiness is germane to the relation, but those who enter it do not know, first, how to get married, and second, how to live married happily. You have already made your choice—wisely, I am bound to believe. Those qualities of character which have attracted you to choose as you have should make your love grow daily while you live together.

As to the second point: if you wish to live in harmonious union with your wife start out with the avowed recognition of the fact that she is your companion and co-partner. Marriage usually makes the wife neither of these. In many instances she sees less of her husband than before she married him. He comes, he goes, he reads, thinks, works, and under the stimulus of business brings all his powers of faculties to the surface, and is developed thereby—not always harmoniously, but with increasing power. Married men do not usually shrivel up nor put on a look of premature age, but women frequently do, and it is plain to me why they do.

Married women are shut up in houses, and their chief care is for things that have no inspiring influence. Their time is taken up in meeting the physical wants of their families—cooking, washing dishes, keeping the house in order, sewing, receiving company—not one of which has in it a tendency even to culture and elevation. Married women are devoted to the house, and this means a life of vexation and pettiness. It gives no sort of stimulus to the spirit. So the husband, who is out of doors, active, interested in measures which affect the public good, coming into contact with men greater than himself, who inspire him to better purposes and nobler ends of labour, develops into manly beauty and grows in character, while his wife at home, who has as faithfully performed her share of the work, withers and decays prematurely.

Treat your wife exactly as yourself would like to be treated if you had to live under her circumstances, and you will not go far wrong.

Do not entertain the silly notion that because she is of a different gender from your own, that she is therefore different in her wants, feelings, qualities and powers. Do not be the victim of any social policy. Stand up bravely for the right, give your wife a chance to live, grow, and be somebody and become something.

Try to be thoughtful, considerate, and forbearing. You will have new duties, and they will bring new trials. Take good care of your health and hers. Be simple both in your habits; be careful in your expenditures; be industrious. If you keep good health and are frugal, blessings will come from your united love, and you will grow happier and better day by day as the years pass.

DR. JAMES C. JACKSON.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 1.—A FAR-OFF PLACE.

To hear my name, if spoken quick, Might bring to mind some gambling trick; Or you might take the same to mean Two cubes—a kind you may have seen. That would be wrong; I signify A place not found beneath the sky!

Mrs. J. McKINSTRY.

NO. 2.—LETTER WORDS.

A man, walking in his garden one day saw a busy-body among his flowers. After watching it carefully for a while, he made a declaration in relation thereto, in seven words, using in rotation an exclamation, a pronoun, a verb, a pronoun, a verb, an article and a noun. He used only seven letters of the alphabet and each letter but once. What did he say and what letters did he use?

J. G.

NO. 3.—AN ENIGMA.

You see in my resplendent name An actor, ranking high in fame, Or else, perchance, a prima donna, Whom all delight to praise and honor. Reverse me now, and you'll find Some actors of a different kind, Who get no praise in poets' verse, And oft are doomed to blows and es.

NELSONIAN.

NO. 4.—A FRUIT'S CONTENTS.

Find me a delicious fruit and I will show its contents; take a small portion of it and you will behold something which is viewed with undisguised horror by even the devil—of the printing office: if this be increased by half as much again, the result will be a small pointed instrument of wood or metal; another small portion added would bring before you a common conifer, in whose double heart you will find none other than myself, and then you will readily perceive that the whole heart of this tree could, by no possibility, be found outside of it. Another turn of this kaleidoscopic fruit will reveal to you the wash of the waves at low tide; under the rays of a quarter-moon. And yet there is room within for still another fruit, which completes the list.

SYLVIA.

NO. 5. TRANSPOSITIONS.

An imp of the pit And a drink meet for it— Two words not seldom combined.

Now turn them about— Both in and out— A "reward of merit" you'll find.

Give them one more shake And a beverage make, Most truly the best of its kind.

BEE.

A PRIZE FOR ANSWERS.

The sender of the best lot of answers to "The Sphinx" published before February 1st will receive a copy of Chambers Etymological Dictionary, a very valuable work.

Each week's solution should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

PRIZES FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

[On account of the necessary omission of "The Sphinx" during most of 1884, the time of the contributors' contest has been extended to Jan. 1, 1886. The favors already received will be considered when the prizes are awarded.]

1. For the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885, a cash prize of \$5.00 will be presented.

2. For the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time a prize of \$2.00 will be awarded. The winner of prize No. 1, will not be given this prize.

Competitors should write on one side of their paper, and send answers with their favors.

# THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The morrow came. Rachel went out of the little brown cottage, and began walking swiftly towards the hills. She walked as if anxious to leave her thoughts behind her; to get away, away from them under the broad, blue sky, bending in blessed sunshine over the free moors; to be alone among the miles of heather and bog-carric and crag; away, away, too, from all sound or sight of mankind.

At last she reached her goal, some miles upward among the hills. She sat down wearily at the base of three huge stones forming ancient cromlech. The shadow of the fourth, the great head-stone, protected her from the heat of the noonday. Behind her from a "clutter" of granite fragments rose what seemed the pillars of a huge temple, hewn in the weather-beaten rock. It was a giant for capping the hill with a solemnity better befitting the vastness and deep loneliness of the scene than the fantastic or grim rock-shapes like crumbled idols of its many brethren around; and therefore Rachel loved it. Those who seek the loneliness of the high hills, either in mind or with the body, are nearest to Nature and to Nature's God. This upland moor, dark-toned now before the flush of heather came, whose streams ran brown but clear from the bogs in its heart, seemed Nature's sacred ground; the tor above, her temple; the wild creatures of the moor, the birds and beasts, unweaved by man, its attendants.

The one lonely human soul, sitting there, a speck in the landscape, might have been the spirit of a worshipper of that old dead faith, which had reared the cromlech over her head with rude but great labor.

Alone! alone! Clapping her hands, Rachel Estonia sat, gazing far as her eyes could reach at the most distant hills that veiled a light haze and sunlight, receded to the horizon; their torcapped heads rising ghostly in the blue distances like earth-spirits turned to stone by enchantment. Then, near, she seemed to watch the giant shadows chasing each other across the hills like spirits at vast play; and still she saw them not. The breeze that blew those light clouds overhead, veiling the sun, stirred her dark, heavy masses of hair, but she did not feel it. She sat so still, indeed, that the tiny small birds in the bushes near her peeped close by her with inquisitive boldness, when chats, stone-chats, and finches; and her fine ear might have caught, as often before, the hum of a whole world of insect life, unheeded by her grosser hearing. But she heard nothing; only her body sat there among the rocks. At last she said aloud, "Alone! my heart and I." At that she started. People who live solitary lives speak often to themselves than to others; still her own voice sounded strange in her ears. It was like the echo of her soul's cry, and intensified the loneliness of the lone woman in the wide heather waste.

She wondered what scene might be passing down in the little brown cottage. Mother and child were drawing together, as she had wished, planned, prayed they might—even though she herself must stand henceforth aloof, not entering into the divine communion, or tasting the bliss of being nearest and dearest to either. Her great deep heart yearned for love with a fervor undreamed of even by the best of all the natures round her; and it gave in humming measure; gave, but got not.

She had sacrificed to Magdalen her love, nay! that was duty; but her life, too, the whole offering up of herself, body, soul, and being, till death should them part. And Magdalen, light, fickle, bright creature, loved her as well as she could in her sunshiny moments; at darker times upbraided her in wild bitterness, regretting her lost husband with far intense love, but hate also in equal violence, and a passionate vehemence that tortured Rachel's soul like glowing irons on the flesh. And, Joy little Joy, was not hers. Even Hannah loved her own mistress best. These three were Rachel's little world.

One other perhaps still lived who had loved her against man's laws, though she, in her innocence, knew it not, against God's laws,—but that he, God-forsaken soul, recked not, knew not, drifting to what dark limbo human knowledge cannot tell—like a storm-borne on the whirlwind of his own passions. She had been a young, white soul, a virgin, with vague Madonna dreams, whom innocent—yes, thank God for that mercy—

his passionate love had yet enwrapped as with fire, till her heart became a light, flaming heavenward in thanksgiving joy. It was extinguished suddenly, in blackness and horror, by a sister's threatened curse.

She awoke, and found her love burned out, blasted; herself innocent as ever in thought and deed, but stricken with a deep anguish that had left such traces as, in this world's life, would never be removed. Duty remained. She had followed its stern path to guard, cherish, her unhappy, distracted sister, perhaps dilating herself who can say with some unspoken, even unthought clinging still for him whose best loved that sister should have been.

Yes! he had loved herself best. Rachel remembered it with a fearful joy; then, as a tide of dark confusion suffused her face, she raised her head, her hands, and moaned at the sun of such memory. For years she had fought down the thought. It would have been a relief to have screamed aloud to the grandly desolate rocks overhead, and the old hover post there, a dark bird blot against the blue, and the wild crows that flew sadly piping over the woods. Her pale lips moved not, yet mutely cried in pleading to heaven, "O God, who made me thus, a woman, with woman's nature, capacities, feelings; why am I left so lonely?" Her love shattered, her life ruined! "Why was her soul detached, a spark from the Divine All life, and sent on earth to dwell a useless weed? It seemed such waste. Not in lightness of spirit, but in solemn faith, as believing utterly in God's holiness of purpose, yet questioning his ways, as did Job, with the spirit within her he had created to feel what was justice, did Rachel Estonia arraign her Maker with that agonized "Why?" God seemed nearer to her than to others. She too, as did Moses, could meet with him here in the bush.

Though herself Christianized, Rachel was of pure Jewish parentage. This woman, who could trace her ancestors back to the days when the Lawgiver had led forth the tribes out of Egypt, thought now of the wanderings in the desert, their trials and long penance, as of a story that had a near, almost living interest for herself. The Bible was her chief book in the brown cottage among these moors. Reading it, the ages between seemed to shroud together, like a mist wreath, and she herself to be sharing in the life of her tribe, dwelling in the dark tents in their appointed camping ground. At times, mystic thoughts flitted through her brain wondering whether the old, old tradition of transmigration of souls might not have some truth. She vaguely remembered some hints of that mysterious doctrine held by the wisest and most secret of Eastern sects, as told by one of its priestesses to her father, his trusted friend. Each spirit lives many human lives, through immense ages, on this present world (at least he had said, reincarnated, according to no blind chance, but to new circumstances for which their last lives had fitted them. If so, might not she, this new yet self-same being, have perhaps sinned in rebellion with her people in the wilderness, and dying before her years of captivity were accomplished, be now ending their appointed term.

Oh, dread thought! She looked round with eyes dazed by her own fancy and loneliness. Forty years in this wilderness of moors and hills! Oh, far, far worse than the forty years, even in the hot scorching desert, for there her people lived and suffered with all those they loved, and the land of promise lay before them wherein their children should go in and dwell with gladness. But she, Rachel! no children's arms might ever clasp round her neck, true and tender as would have been her care of them. No wife and mother in Israel was she now, great as would have been her love and deep devotion. Ah! if she had indeed lived and suffered by the waters of Marah, surely the sight of the Shekinah must have comforted her. God's visible presence was a sign unto his people; they knew why they were chastised. But Rachel Estonia now did not know. No pillar of smoke rose to her anguish; she gazed into the unanswerable blue of the cyprus, no fire-column poured across the black moorland wastes in the desolation and darkness of the mirk midnight.

"O God, how have I sinned," she cried in her heart, "that I should have loved a

man who was so evil, and that my life is useless and ruined?"

Useless! Even as the word left her lips, she knew it was not so. Useless to have ministered to a mind diseased, through years to have kept the light of a fellow-being's soul from going out during life? Nay, not so. And then, as the sun moved slowly westward, her story was unrolled before her in thought, as so often before. The moors silently seemed to know it. Yonder bright sun-kissed valley, or that peep into the smiling champaign-land below, was like the far ground which her youth had gone gayly through. Then came the sudden dangerous gorges, the difficult but sun-kissed hills, the awful black chasm behind that distant tor called the Lover's Leap, the morass of deadly ground in midmost moors that no living man durst cross. Lastly, the wide, desolate heath around her now, bleak and bare—but safe. And here follows the story they mapped, the living geography of the life of a lonely soul.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Oh, swallow sister, oh, fleeting swallow, My heart in me is a molten ember, And over my head the waves have met, But thou wouldst tarry, or I would follow, could I forget or thou remember— I could not forget and I forget Oh, sweet stray sister, oh, shifting swallow, The heart's division divideth us."

SWINFINE.

What, then, was Rachel Estonia's story?

It was the old, old tale of the fair swallow and her sister, the nightingale, 't at beautiful Grecian myth.

The false king Tereus of Thrace had wooed and married Procne, a princess of Attica.

Then deserting her, he sees and loves her deep-hearted sister Philomel—but here the resemblance ends. In the myth he tells the latter that her sister is dead, till the twain meeting, she learns his treachery. Procne thereupon kills her child, and flies with Philomel from Attica, then being pursued, they pray to the gods, who thereupon change the wife into a swallow, Philomel into the mournful nightingale, and Tereus himself into a hawk.

From her earliest childhood, Rachel had looked up to her pretty, step sister, Magdalen Mendoza, as the bright ideal of all that was most beautiful and winning. A dark, grave child herself, she had not many attachments, but those few were passionately deep, and took such root in her soul they were part of it. Magdalen was just the opposite of a humming-bird nature, that lightly flitted from flower-heart to heart, sipping the honey from each, then darting upward and away, like a flickering sunbeam gone astray. She had been also their mother's favorite; but Rachel shared that mother's worshipping admiration too much to be jealous, and loved her elder sister better than her life.

Their household led a very still existence, though one rich with pleasures of the truest kind—dead Sea apples, but golden Hesperidian fruit, as benighted the home of a priest of science.

Estonia herself was a great scholar and deep thinker; of most high esteem among his learned brethren, and what is rarer, so much appreciated and revered therefore in his own household that neither his wife nor child would have disturbed his almost sacred hours by even a louder footfall than usual on the marble floors of their Genoese place—for then they lived in Italy. Only Magdalen rebelled! She was smiled upon and borne with by all, the patient, great scholar like the rest; it was her nature, they saw. After all, she was their song-bird in that hushed if happy silence. She was the dancing and glancing of sunlight on their great sunk courtyard fountain, that was reflected in shifting, hide-and-seek play of brightness on the cool marble walls that were, but for this, shadowed in a pleasant twilight during the hottest blaze of noon.

But when Magdalen grew to feel herself a woman, then—to follow the metaphor a little further—the cage door being one day set open by chance, their song-bird fled.

She went travelling with her father's relatives; found life suddenly a spring outburst of welcome to the new beauty and also heress, as she was, in certain Parisian salons at German watering-places—herself a young goddess. On and on she went, from one round to another of pleasures appropriated to the seasons. Her mother, for that first dead husband's sake, did not like to recall her; perhaps could not

Wilful but charming always, Magdalen had been too indulged from her childhood to be checked now.

Then they were startled to hear she was married. Her lover was a handsome Spaniard, Da Silva by name, whom her friends had thought an adventurer. But Magdalen, chafed by their opposition, married him in secret; and so, trusting her wayward self and her fortune to the stranger sailed with him for the southern half of the New World, as we call it, that is so mysteriously old in itself. And then, after a few stray letters . . . followed . . . silence!

An utter silence, as of the dead. Whether dead or living, no answer came to the loving, urgent appeals, sent wandering thimble of paper through rough journeys . . . across Brazilian plains and forests. They cried to Magdalen, but it was as to a dead wall, no word, no reply came back.

Nearly two years had so passed, during which the Estonias travelled, and Rachel saw many fair and . . . strange countries the memories of which were pictures that, in her present hermit existence, she would often call up with delight, and see again the old Nile flowing softly by Philæ or the dusky daughters of Southern Europe pressing the grapes with wine stained ankles, or the Acropolis outlined white and severe against the fervent blue sky, a noble stone corpse from which the spirit had long fled. Let no one say, in foolish consolation for not having seen beautiful countries, "Ah, that is a pleasure to come." Once-seen, the pleasure is for them and always.

But though mother and daughter thus found enjoyment of eyesight and mind, yet their hearts yearned after their wanderer. She must be dead, they said at last; she could not forget them so, otherwise! So those who love best always think forgetting that those who are loved have many distractions, self-excuses.

Then Estonia died. It was a great bereavement to Rachel and her mother. Still both felt that, as he had loved and cherished them perfectly in this life, so somewhere his strong soul only awaited their coming for all three to be reunited as he had taught them to believe in nobler, higher tasks for which those of earth might have been the mere alphabet letters.

Both returned to England, and there, after a while, natural human happiness softly conquered sorrow, as the young year's sun the winter's rains. And it was spring-time, the time of all love in nature, when hearts are set wide open to gladness. The nightingales were singing in the south country, and Rachel remembered that always thereafter, her heart aching again at their notes.

Love came to her, too, for the first time. To a woman of her mould, the last and only time. Such are grand-natured women, but not the happiest, unless Fate is very kind and gives them their one heart's desire. She had been living contented as always, but no more, among kindly, prosaic English folk. They were good and she liked them, but felt herself an alien. They admired her (which said much for their overcoming of usual prejudices), but as a strange being they did not understand.

Then came the King Tereus. He appeared like a comet from unknown regions, handsome, of even brilliant if neglected gifts. Rachel crossed his path a moment. He saw and loved her as his better self, with his whole powers of being. No one of even those who blamed him most bitterly ever doubted that! She was his ideal of a perfect woman; seeming allied to the better spirit within him he had so often yearned for, of the two fighting for mastery in his strange dual being. To her he had at least been honest not telling her he had been a good man, nay, rather the contrary; but that her help, hers only, could redeem him.

It was no lie. He felt himself evil, he longed to be better; so he grasped at a new sun in the vain hope of redeeming the old evil. Adorning Rachel as a white soul high above the fatal descent of Avernus—from the slopes whereof he gazed wistfully upwards—he yet would have dragged her down to his side, while thinking her hand could raise him.

Ah! . . . Rachel was one of the most fair-judging women on earth, most being to partial or prejudiced; and she could understand his conduct, and pity him, was pitying, too, the others in this sorrowful play of life and—herself.

If a fiend in his conduct to her, he was nevertheless, Lucifer the fallen son of the morning. She recognized a strong, ambitious nature that could not rest, but must ever

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strive, strive, for good or ill. Women are like the angels in this, they will all joy over one sinner that repenteth more than over the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

So Rachel believed in Gaspard's yearnings for good, as did her mother, who was won, by his grace of address and great love for her daughter. And he, unhappy dark soul, behoved also in himself. Looking back afterwards, Rachel could never remember the instance of a word or sign that might have revealed to him the fact that Magdalen and Rachel Estonia were half-sisters.

Nor was this very surprising, for Magdalen had been so much more proud of her own family—allied with the great Danish Jews—than of her simple and homelike stepfather, that she had rarely looked to the latter and her mother before her rash and hasty marriage. After that—coming only too soon her mistake, and that her fortune had been her chief attraction—she entirely ceased from all mention of her people to her neglectful, perhaps often irritated husband. By her own acknowledgment she had never told him of the little sister, a child when she left home.

Thus, when Gaspard met the Estonia girl and daughter in England, as English, so highly esteemed for the late great scholar's sake, how should he guess they were the same fam? as that of the mother and bookworm etc., father he had vaguely heard of as living in Italy? The Estonias were a numerous clan. Again, poor as how should Rachel and her mother know that the Count Rivello had but recently inherited that unexpected title, and had lost it, though an empty one, as Fortune's only help in enabling him to "turn over a new leaf?"

So time and events hurried on, oh! so rapidly. And no warning dream, no Angel's voice came tell Rachel that the spring days were blessed, and the love and happy future she thanked God for, must be her last great joy: that the summer's sunshine would be denied to her soon, and beneficent sky seemed domed prison house overhead.

The very day before the wedding, as Magdalen Estonia, Rachel, and her future husband were all three together, there came a noise of wheels. A murmur of voices was heard outside—above the rest one piercing, was to the glad ears of the Estonias as if their dead restored to life!

Then an old daughter sprang to their feet in a series of welcoming joy and outstretched arms as Magdalen burst into the room, pale and rosy, too, pale and stern of face. "My fate had found him out! . . . all Rachel remembered afterwards was her loving embrace was thrust back from her. For, with a dreadful outcry, a man, outraged woman raised her arm, and named Gaspard da Silva as her husband. Rachel as her sister, to answer to Heaven for her wrongs to herself! "Your husband! the Count Rivello!" "And the poor old mother of both women!" "He was stricken dumb." "Gaspard horrified himself could not

line "mine!" she retorted. "Then wild words telling of ill-treatment, of having been left as mad in a mad asylum, whence she had escaped her child, born since its father's death. It was Hannah, her old nurse, who had faithfully tracked her mistress to where she was shut up, then rescued her.

They were, nurse and child. In the room stood Hannah with her well-remembered resolute face confronting her and little Joy—a babe—in her arms. "They only saw a man's face looking at me as if from far, far away across a sea of faces and voices; heard these in beseeching, passionate pleading: 'forgive me! I never dreamed she would reach the highest point of a human being can endure, she loathed fierce light and the eyes upon her, there came a merciful darkness, blotting out that moment, the world and all existed. Rachel sank into blessed nothing-

lead she not died, she wondered what an amount of mental people can bear, and live! Our bodies are so curiously fashioned they sometimes go on living out of mere habit, the spirit within them longs to be and dies daily deaths of most poignant. But she rose up, and being minded to see her duty set about doing, her old mother died very soon after.

wards from the shock, leaving her small fortune to her grandchild when it should come of age, so that Da Silva himself might have no control over this sum. This she did at Rachel's request, who herself solemnly promised to share her own portion—the slender reward of her father's science—with her sister while both lived; for Magdalen's own large fortune was gone, like summer snow.

But before this last happened there had been a further terrible trial for Rachel. Magdalen had declared she would never see nor live with her husband again—perhaps reconciliation with Gaspard was impossible; not that he had attempted it; on the contrary he had, to Rachel's horror, appeared before her in her solitude, as she was struggling back, it seemed, to a life she rebelled against. He entreated, used every appeal and impassioned argument to induce her not to desert him, to be still his life-companion and better angel, so he said; lastly, when all this failed, had tried to carry her off by force!

Upon this, their mother dead, the two sisters had fled together. Rachel dreaded Gaspard's violence for herself no less than for poor Magdalen; for in his baffled rage he had threatened to lock up the latter again in a lunatic asylum, in one of those fits of madness which had now again showed themselves, and to possess himself of his child.

Strange that his passionate love for herself should have turned to something so like hate, thought Rachel. She, who had been blinded—almost ruined—by him could not have vexed him in the smallest matter wantonly, nor would hurt a hair of his head. And thus they fled to the glen of the Chad, parting from the child the better to defeat pursuit.

Alone on the moors, with only her own thoughts to commune with, Rachel had often dreaded she might go mad like her sister. Again she would fancy when her soul was weighed down to the dust, that surely she must unwittingly have sinned some terrible sin to be so bitterly chastised. Then followed weeks, months of awful doubts of God's goodness, when faith nearly died out. She went down in mind to the valley of the shadow of death, through which the only little taper to guide her steps in the right way was her love for her happy sister, increased by pity, and a dim feeling that even were there no God, did evil prevail through the world—still she herself—Rachel must do the right! in defiance of sorrow, misery; although her life should be quenched, unrewarded, like that of the beasts which perish.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I found my poor little doll, dears, As I played on the heath one day, Folks say she is terribly changed, dears, For her paint is all washed away. And her arm trodden off by the cows, dear, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet for old sake sake she is still, dears, The prettiest doll in the world."

C. KINGSLEY.

Sitting this day on the moor, Rachel lived her past pain over again so intensely that she was an unconscious image of sorrow. Dark-featured, but still beautiful, she sat almost motionless for two hours, while the sun shone westering overhead. She seemed hardly to breathe, but for deep low sighs now and again; her nobly-shaped figure was bent forward on her knees, her head dropped, while her large eyes were fixed, dull and listless, on the heathy swells and hollows.

Now, with an effort, she slightly roused, sat up, and looked with more seeing eyes around; now she remembered how, the darkest time passed, she had found her way to a more blessed day—ono in which the light was that "which never shone on sea or land," that of a purified, Christ like love.

When Rachel Estonia came to herself in her lonely new life she had ceased to suppose her afflictions worse than others knew; remembered that the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices, and these eighteen upon whom the lower in Siloam fell, were not offenders above others. Nay, but she must repent! And then, in the hereafter life into which she seemed already to have almost entered by longing, loving anticipation, she should see the meaning of these things clearly which she had been called to suffer, though now she knew their not.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

Her dead father's—Estonia's—words were still living in her mind. "It is vain," said he, "to think that all the trouble and danger accompanying our discipline might have been saved by making us at once as we were to be. What we shall be, must be the effect of what we will be." And this world he had looked on as a theatre to show forth our character, not necessarily to butan All wise Being, perchance to some of his creation, our great cloud of witnesses earthly and spiritual, in view of higher tasks in eternal life.

Why are the wicked so often happy, and the good afflicted, she had wondered with the palmist in her past dark days. She wondered less now. What was salt for but to purify, and leaven to mix with the unleavened lump? And if at times she lamented within herself that her love's passion had been so wasted, as it seemed, yet a dim thought vaguely whispered that her prayers might therefore the more avail Gaspard, to that she strove with ever-increasing intensity of purpose to be righteous.

Women are strangely prone to love unworthy men if thrown in their society. How often Miranda is mated, not matched, with Caliban, and "Athene to a Satyr." Although themselves nobler, although dimly aware their glorious devotion is offered to a poor object, yet they are unable wholly to root out the feeling. Why is this? . . . Surely there must be some great hidden law of compensation in the universe. If the wise mated only with the wise, the weak with the weak, it would be an ill world for the latter. And such good women, if they believe that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord," will possess their souls in patience and be comforted; seeing that here they are, maybe, instruments in God's hands for saving such men's souls; and there—in the future life—they can trust also to him. . . .

What helped Rachel most through her long time of trial was her glorious love for her sister. This strengthened her to endure, and warmed her with a glow of heart. And Magdalen had accepted her as a fellow-sufferer, extending her own self pity in a curious way to Rachel. Gaspard da Silva had ruined her life, she said, and her sister's, too; Rachel "would never get over it," she mutely argued with herself, therefore she also was happiest far away from the mad, whirling world. Rachel had always been so terribly in earnest, ever since she had learned to toddle—yes, even when a grave, dark-eyed baby.

In this way, in her saner intervals, Magdalen taught herself to look on her sister's companionship and devotion as only natural; her imagination so subtly weaving this reasoning that she herself believed in it utterly and even Rachel wondered at times whether her sister was not right, and that, if even Magdalen recovered, she herself must never know a new spring to the winter of her life.

For the first year or so, poor afflicted Magdalen no doubt hoped to recover quickly from her distressing malady; then she, as the lighter spirit, would lead back Rachel to "the world," and bid her cheer. Later, she grew used to looking on her own recovery as a longer way off; their utter loneliness of existence pleased her crazed fancy by its freedom, however she railed against it; she grew used to it, and to Rachel's life service, as a matter of habit.

Magdalen spoke very little; indeed, for days sometimes, would be utterly silent. This was worse when she felt her attacks drawing on. But then!—her fermented imagination burst forth, soaring to such wild heights of bliss, or falling to such unspeakable depths of woe, as those in full health of mind rarely if ever know. Her long-restrained speech was loosed! and now she would talk and talk, with such a sparkling play of wit—wild, weird, but beautiful fancies, through broken, short and confused—that Rachel thought, with sorrowful admiration, her words were like jewels all fallen loose from their setting; a kaleidoscope of gems, or sunlight upon dancing water.

Meanwhile Rachel at first, nay, even for long! had hoped and tried to believe that patient love might cure her sister. But as months and years passed, darkened by periods of abjection, hope grew tired.

"Oh, God!" prayed the poor woman often with herself, "let me live so long as I can be any comfort to her, for the love I unwillingly stole from her. Only for that I am, very weary, and would gladly rest."

Evening had come. Rachel woke up to full reality, and found herself sitting bare-headed in the low slant-

ing light. The shade of the cromlech had left her, and now was thrown behind in three long shadows on the hill-side. She rose to her feet, and, standing, prayed and gave thanks in her heart. Seven times a day she did so; then was comforted in her loneliness. So having bewailed her life on the hills, and found comfort, she went homeward, with slower steps this time.

When Rachel came within sight of the brown cottage, mother and child came out to meet her, and from a distance she blessed them in her heart. Magdalen approached silently, with her little daughter holding shyly by her hand, the mother's face under her hood having a new expression strangely quiet for her, and subdued. Joy did not speak either; but as she looked up in Rachel's face moved by some impulse of her quick, warm nature, she took her aunt's hand, and pressed her lips upon it with affectionately childish reverence. Whatever had passed between the two that day, Rachel after that was satisfied.

The two hooded women stood still, gazing down at the bright child between them, feeling as if they were on the other side of a great gulf, having left their youth afar over there, but still glad of the merry laughter and winsome glances sent across to them by this glad young creature, herelf the very embodiment of Joy.

"I have been talking—talking more than usual for me," said Magdalen, in the sweet, low voice, the winning power of which was one of her greatest charms which she pleased, but yet with a melancholy tinge. "I have been telling Joy that, now she is growing a great girl, she is to go to a good school to be taught like a lady. So now, little one—Juanita—our Joy—you must go home. Rachel and I are best alone together."

Joy said good-evening, therefore, and went back to the Red House Farm, where Blyth was impatiently waiting for her at the farm-yard-gate, and old Farmer Berrington in the porch. In the kitchen, Hannah had a noble dish of smoking-hot "toad in the hole" and a fine squash-pastry for supper, with sweet cider to wash it down, and cluttered cream and blackberry-jam to follow.

At Cold-home, Rachel, leading her sister back, lit the lantern and hung it in the window. Their poor supper was only some salted pickleds and brown bread, laid on a course but very white cloth. Some coffee was warming by the fire-embers Magdalen, who ate and drank little, and that carelessly, never noticed that her sister denied herself more than one slice of bread, and drank water afterwards instead of coffee, reserving what remained of the latter for the morrow.

They might have been lavishly supplied by Hannah from the farm did they listen to good Berrington's entreaties; but being very poor, Rachel strictly forbade any presents of more than she could pay for it. Magdalen must not want. But she would have starved herself rather than little Joy, either, should miss anything at the "good school," for which she herself would have to pay, as she now insisted on paying Berrington for the child's keep. Further more—was it a weakness?—she tried to lay by a little secret hoard, in case Gaspard should ever want it!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indifference at Home.

It has been observed by a thoughtful writer, "that ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly seeing no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man; and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and mutual indifference has spread its pall over the household."

On the husband, as being the higher power, lies the chief responsibility for securing domestic happiness. This will not be attained by selfish requirements from others. On the contrary, the husband must use consideration and self-denial, and expend time and money for this purpose.



### Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CASEY, G. W. S., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

#### Another Prohibition Gain.

On Thursday of last week voting took place in the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville on the adoption of the Scott Act and it resulted in a victory in favour of the Act of about 700. All of the five counties in this Province bordering on the St. Lawrence have now adopted the Act by such significant majorities as to leave no doubt whatever in regard to public opinion. These counties have a stretch of about a hundred miles across the country and are among the oldest and wealthiest in Canada. It is noteworthy that the large town of Brockville, the most important business centre on the frontier East of Kingston, gave a majority for the Act, and the busy and growing manufacturing town of Gananoque went in its favour by a vote of nearly two to one. Frontenac is the next adjoining county and preparations are being made to vote in it in a short time, with good prospects of success. Lennox and Addington lie next west and the voting there takes place two weeks hence. Arrangements are now complete, or nearly so, for test votes in all of the counties from Toronto east, in which the Act has not already been adopted.

#### About Capital and Labor.

BY JAS THOMPSON, SECRETARY OF THE TORONTO TEMPERANCE ELECTORAL UNION.

In the discussion of the prohibition question a great deal of stress has been put on the fact that a large number of labourers are being employed in the various liquor manufacturing establishments, and to shut down the business would be to cut off from all such a very profitable source of employment and to throw a large number of labourers on the market to compete with those now engaged in other branches of industry.

As a matter of fact few branches of manufacturing business give employ to such a small number of labourers, in proportion to the amount of capital invested and the profits reaped from the business. A few facts given from the official returns of the country on this point may not be amiss at this particular time. Whoever supposes that the labour market would be seriously disturbed by the inauguration of a well-enforced law prohibiting the manufacture as well as the sale of liquor may be soon convinced by the study of the facts that the same amount of capital and energy in almost any other line of manufacture would give employ to a much larger number of hands, and very probably at more remunerative wages also.

Taking the Government Inland Revenue Returns and the Census Report of 1881 as our authority, we find that in Canada there were, that year, 146 breweries and 14 distilleries, in all 160 intoxicating liquor manufacturing establishments. The amount of capital invested was \$5,995,000, or an average of \$37,474 to each establishment. The total number of hands employed was 1,696, or an average of but little over 10 hands to each. The total wages paid for the year is put down at \$693,669, thus giving to each hand an average of \$408 per year, or \$7.80 per week.

It will be seen, by the above statements, that the total amount of the weekly wages paid to the entire number of hands employed in the whole business is but little over \$82. Now, what other important line of manufacturers can be mentioned in Canada, employing nearly thirty eight million dollars of capital, and yielding large profits on the investment that pays to its employees less than one hundred dollars per week for labor? When will the working classes awaken to the fact that the liquor traffic, while it too often robs them of their manhood, their cash and of whatever else is dear to life, is at the same time the industry of all others expending the least amount of money for labor in proportion to the extent of the business carried on? Let the business be once stopped and the probabilities are that

the men with capital now engaged in it would soon turn their attention and energies to other branches of industry much more remunerative to labour and much less injurious to the well-being of society.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

**SPEAKING OUTS.** - In the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Mitchell, Dakota, recently, the following resolution was passed: *Resolved*, That we will never consent to the adoption of a constitution for the future state of Dakota which does not contain constitutional prohibition.

**THE PROHIBITION PARTY.** - Among the names on the role of St. John voters are such men as Drs. Talmage, Cuyler, Deems, and Cummings, Joseph Cook, President Seelye, Jesse B. Thomas, Howard Crosby, John B. Gough, Gen. Clinton, B. Fisk, Dr. James M. Sherwood, Bishop, Kerfoot, Pullman, Gordon, of Boston; and many others, "good men and true."

**GOING BACK ON THE PARTY.** - The Kansas State Temperance Union, having a membership of one hundred thousand persons, at its recent meeting at Topeka, passed a resolution adverse "to the formation or maintenance of an Independent Prohibition Party" in that State, and recommending the friends of temperance to seek the ends they desire through the Republican party, already committed to the cause of temperance.

**ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.** - There is a popular belief that alcohol is a necessity in the preparation of many very important and valuable medical preparations. As science advances it is not found as necessary as was at one time supposed. Professor C. Gilbert Wheeler, enjoying the reputation of being one of the most skillful chemists in Chicago, has recently asserted that he does not know of the drug in medicine which cannot be prepared as well without alcohol as with it.

**PERMANENT SHADOWS.** - A man "who knows all about it by experience," tells how one may catch his own shadow. He says: - "To do this trick well, you must drink two pints of whisky on a moonlight night, then start for home, observing your shadow at full length before you. His' drop flat on your face, lettin' your nose go two inches in the ground, so as to make the shadow secure. Lay there till placed in a wheelbarrow by a policeman who feels it his duty to take you home."

**PROHIBITION FOR INDIANS.** - Our license laws are very strict in regard to selling liquor to Indians, and the penalty severe. George Helton, a tavern, keeper at Delaware, Ont., was recently convicted of the offense and sentenced to a fine of \$100 or in default of payment to six months imprisonment. He appealed to a higher court against the magistrate's decision, but the decision was sustained and Helton has paid a fine and costs, amounting in all to \$138. It is quite probable that no Indians need apply to his bar hereafter.

**RUM AND MISSIONARIES.** - A good deal has been said of the fact that, years ago the ships carrying out missionaries to heathen lands often carried out large cargoes of rum also, and very little was thought of the anomaly of such a state of things. It does not yet appear that the shipments of rum as well as missionaries from the same Christian ports have ceased. The Boston *Traveler* of a recent date stated that the largest cargo of New England rum ever shipped from the United States to Africa has just been cleared from that port. How many missionaries will be required to counteract the mischief of the rum no one can tell.

**TYNDALL'S EXPERIENCE.** - The now celebrated and honored Professor Tyndall was once an engineer's assistant at a salary of five dollars a week, and he managed then to live comfortably on that sum. He is credited with saying: - "I have often wondered since at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow of regular habits, not given to the use of either pipe or mug may extract from pay like that." Just so. Too many young men create their own necessities by the use of tobacco and liquor and it becomes a terrible tax on their limited purse as well as on their energies and spare moments. It is one reason why some succeed so poorly.

**TEMPERANCE WORK SOUTH.** - At a recent meeting in New York, Mr. Starus, of the National Temperance Society, gave some interesting statistics regarding the

progress of temperance work among the negroes in the Southern States. The society has four missionaries among them. Colonel George W. Bain, of Kentucky, said: "The greatest problem of the day is the future of the coloured race, and the greatest question for the colored is the liquor question. They swarm around dram shops as flies do round a molasses cask. The liquor seller has more control over them than did the slave driver before the war. They believe that to drink is an evidence of perfect freedom." The importance of diligently prosecuting the spread of temperance principles among these people was urged upon the meeting.

**CONSUMPTION OF INTOXICATING DRINKS IN THE UNITED STATES.** - According to recent statistics, there has been a great increase in the consumption of liquor in the United States, and one far outstripping the growth of population. In 1840 the number of gallons of liquor consumed was 71,000,000, and how the number has gone up since is shown in the following figures: - 1850, 94,000,000 gallons; 1860, 202,000,000; 1870, 293,000,000; 1880, 506,000,000; and 1882, 655,000,000. That is, while the population has only trebled during the last 40 years, the consumption of liquor has increased by almost tenfold, and the amount of money expended in its purchase shows a still greater proportional increase. The annual expenditure for liquor in the United States now exceeds \$60,000,000, or £160,000,000.

**ABOUT COMPENSATION.** Regarding the demand made on the part of some for compensation in case of prohibition the *Morning News* writes: - "Nobody talked of compensation to the interests which were adversely affected by the N.P. The adoption of the railway system was attended by great fluctuations in population, and trade and industry were forced into new channels, but there was no compensation for those who sustained business losses in consequence. The brewers, distillers and liquor dealers have certainly no stronger claim. If they are wise they will read aright the signs of the times, and steadily curtail their operations and reduce stocks, so as to be ready to stand firm under when the day of general prohibition comes, as it is surely coming."

**BONDS TO DISTILLERIES.** - The *Toronto News* thus writes of the recent great Conservative convention here. We have not seen any other report in regard to any such action taken. The *News* says: "A large number of citizens are of opinion that the convention went out of its way in dealing with the distillery question. There are at present half a dozen distilleries in full operation in this province, and the convention, in recommending bonuses for the establishment of others, wherever openings offer, did an injustice to those who have already invested capital in the business. Is there a necessity for increasing the output? The convention says there is, but in the debate it appeared to be forgotten that the American distillers have an overplus of very fine eight day whisky hovering on the border, which at any moment may be thrown over into our markets."

**AMENDMENTS WANTED.** - The *News* of Friday last says: - "The interests opposed to the Scott act evidently mean to make a grand assault on that measure at the next session of the Dominion parliament. So long as the question of its constitutionality was pending and they were able to harass its supporters by throwing technical difficulties in the way of its adoption, there was little pressure brought to bear for its repeal or modification, but now that its constitutionality has been sustained, and they find that it is something more than a dead letter, the classes interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants are adopting different tactics. A petition is being circulated under the auspices of the wholesale grocers for amendments in the act which are calculated to impair its usefulness. The only change of a specific character asked for, is one making a three fifths majority of the total vote polled requisite to ensure its adoption, instead of a bare majority as at present."

**AIDS TO TEMPERANCE.** - As an aid to men desiring to break away from their appetite for strong drink, the *Philadelphia Ledger* suggests the following. For such, let the house mother always have on hand some thing hot or tonic, or refreshing, to tide over for the hour the agonizing demand of the body for stimulation. Hot drinks - coffee, sometimes tea, cocoa, either ground or in the form of shells or cracked cocoa.

This is nutritious as well as satisfying. Hot broth, beef tea, or beef essence can be bought, but are far better made at home: hot milk, and ginger tea, etc. Aerated drinks - lemon soda, zoelono and lemonade, can be kept in the house, and are harmless, the tang being by fixed air. Refreshing drinks are cold milk, buttermilk, whey, drinks of lemon and other acid fruits, and what is just as effectual and much cheaper, dilute phosphoric acid. A few drops in water, sweetened, makes a pleasant drink, and ten cents' worth will last for months. Oatmeal water, just a handful in a pitcher of water. This is both refreshing and strengthening, especially in summer.

**DRUG SELLING AT WASHINGTON.** - The *Signal* says: - Secretary Lincoln recently forwarded to the commissioners of the District of Columbia, a petition from fifty clerks of the surgeon general's office, asking that the large number of bar rooms surrounding their place of business be closed in order to reduce the manifold temptations of young men in government service. The assistant surgeon added his own endorsement stating that investigation satisfied him as to the bad character of the dram shops in question, and adding that every day drunken men could be seen reeling from these establishments, and that their proximity to the Army Medical Museum and the hundred clerks employed in the surgeon general's department, is a standing nuisance and disgrace. The surgeon general gave his own sanction to the plea, and it passed on to the commissioners who ignore the whole protest, re-issue licenses to these same keepers, and say that "They have a good police record and have otherwise fully complied with the requirements of the license laws." The saloons are now advised by the Washington *Scimitar*, to prosecute Captain Pope, the assistant surgeon, for damages to their reputation by his statement that their establishments was a nuisance and disgrace.

**AN ARCHBISHOP ON TEMPERANCE.** - The Archbishop of York, England, has just issued a circular to his associate christian workers from which the following extracts are taken. - "My dear friends, - I learn with much pleasure that it is intended to hold a mission to promote temperance in the great town of Sheffield. It may perhaps be out of my power to take an active part in this work, which takes place at a time when my public engagements are most numerous, but I strongly commend to your attention and to your prayers the effort that is to be made. Almost all thinking men in the country - ministers of religion, judges, magistrates, and statesmen - are agreed that that which most hinders the moral and spiritual welfare of the people is the prevalence of drinking habits. The clergy know very well that it is impossible to hope that the truth of God will have free course amongst the people and will prevail over sorrow and sin so long as drink stands in the way. Drunkenness is punished not only in the person of him who commits it, but in the persons of the wife and children, who are innocent of drink, and only deplore it. I invite you, then, in the name of my dear Lord, to join in this mission, to get as many persons as you can to attend it, to make every use of the instruction that will be given, as I ask all of you to give your prayers that God may bless this mission with much fruit."

#### A Welsh Difficulty.

"Is your father at home?" asked an English gentleman of a Welsh boy he met on the banks of the Menai Straits, North Wales. "No, sir; he's gone to work at Rhoslanerchrugog." "Is your mother in then?" "She's gone to the fair at Llanfair-machafarnethyf." "Dear me! but where is your sister, then?" "My sister is at school in the little village called Llanfair-wilgyngyllogerychirindrobwlseinrysilloogogoch." "Well, well," exclaimed the Englishman, "I am afraid I must go to school again."

#### "Give My Love to Jesus."

It was very beautiful when a little child coming into the room where her playmate was dying, clambered up on the side of the bed, and said, "Mary, where are you going?" and the child said, "I am going to Jesus." Then the playmate threw her arms about her companion's neck and said: "You are going to Jesus, give my love to Jesus." It was the simplicity of faith.

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Our Young Folks

The Snow-Man.

By GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

A snow-man stands in the moonlight at night, Snoking his pipe serenely...

He has heard the children telling in gle That Santa Claus would visit This night of our beautiful Christmas tree...

He sees through the window the children bright, And hears them merrily singing, Round the Christmas tree with its glory of light...

And the Snow-man laughs so hard at that, That when his laughter ceases, A pipe, a coat, and an old straw hat Two lumps of coal, and a flannel cravat...

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN.

By CHARLES CARRILL.

CHAPTER V. - THE GIANT BADORFUL.

"Goblin," said Davy very seriously, as the little man jumped down from off his back, "if you are going to play such tricks as that upon me, I should like to go home at once."

"Where's the harm?" said the Goblin, sitting down on the grass with his back against a wall and smiling contentedly.

"The harm is that I was frightened," said Davy, with great indignation. But as he spoke, a loud rumbling noise like distant thunder came from behind the wall against which the Goblin was leaning, followed by a tremendous sneeze that fairly shook the ground.

"What's that?" whispered Davy to the Goblin, in great alarm.

"It's only Badorful," said the Goblin, laughing. "He's always snoring and waking himself up, and I suppose it's sleeping on the ground that makes him sneeze. Let's have a look at him," and the Goblin led the way along the wall to a large grating.

Davy looked through the grating and was much alarmed at seeing a giant, at least twenty feet in height, sitting on the ground, with his legs crossed under him like a tailor. He was dressed in a shabby suit of red velvet, with a great leathern belt about his waist and enormous boots, and Davy thought he looked terribly ferocious. On the grass beside him lay a huge club, thickly studded with one end with great iron knobs; but Davy noticed to his great relief that some little creeping vines were twining themselves among these knobs, and that moss was growing thickly upon one side of the club itself, as though it had been lying there untouched for a long time.

The giant was talking to himself in a low tone, and, after listening attentively at the grating for a moment, the Goblin shrieked. "He's making poetry!" and throwing himself upon the ground kicked up his heels in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Davy in terror. "Suppose he hears you?"

"Hears me?" said the Goblin, discontinuing his kicking and looking up very much surprised. "What if he does?"

"Well, you know, he might not like being laughed at," said Davy, anxiously.

"There's something in that," said the Goblin, staring reflectively at the ground.

"Ah, you see," continued Davy, "a giant who doesn't like what's going on must be a dreadful creature."

"Oh! there's no fear of him," said the Goblin, contemptuously, motioning with his head toward the giant. "He's too old. Why, I must have known him, off and on, for nearly two hundred years. Come in and see him."

"Will he do anything?" said Davy, anxiously.

"Bless you, no!" said the Goblin. "He's a perfect old litten"; and with these words he pushed open the grating and passed through with Davy following tremblingly at his heels. Badorful looked up with a feeble smile, and merely said, "Just listen to this."

His age is three hundred and seventy-two, And I think, with the deepest regret, How I used to pick up and voraciously chew The dear little boys whom I met.

I've eaten them raw in their holiday suits, I've eaten them curried with rice, I've eaten them baked in their jackets and boots, And found them exceedingly nice.

But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare, I think it excessively rude To do such a thing, when I'm quite well aware Little boys do not like to be chewed.

And so I contentedly live upon eels, And try to do nothing amiss, And I pass all the time I can spare from my meals In innocent slumber—like this.

Here Badorful rolled over upon his side, and was instantly fast asleep.

"You see," said the Goblin, picking up a large stone and thumping with it upon the giant's head, "you see, I'm quite weak here. Otherwise, considering his age, he's a very capable giant."

At this moment a farmer with bright red hair thrust his head in at the grating, and calling out, "Look out, there!" disappeared again. Davy and the Goblin rushed out and were just in time to see something go by like a flash with a crowd of people, armed with pitchforks, in hot pursuit. Davy and the Goblin were just setting off on a run to join in the chase, when a voice said, "Ahen!" and looking up, they saw Badorful staring at them over the top of the wall. "How does this strike you?" he said, addressing himself to Davy.

Although I am a giant or the regulation size, I've been nicely educated, and I notice with surprise, That the simplest rules of etiquette you don't pretend to keep. For you skurry off to races while a gentleman's asleep.

Don't reply that I was drowsy, for my nap was but a kind Of dramatic illustration of a peaceful frame of mind; And you really might have waited till I woke again, instead Of indelicately pounding, with a stone, upon my head.

Very probably you'll argue that our views do not agree. I've often found that little boys have disagreed with me. But I'm properly entitled, on the compensation plan, To three times as much politeness as an ordinary man.

Davy was greatly distressed at having these severe remarks addressed to him.

"If you please, sir," he said earnestly, "I didn't pound you."

At this the giant glared savagely at the Goblin and continued:

My remarks have been directed at the one who, I supposed, Had been violently thumping on my person while I dozed; By a simple calculation you will find that there is just six times as much politeness from a little chap like you.

"Oh! you make me ill," said the Goblin, flippant. "Go to sleep."

Badorful stared at him for a moment, and then with a sickly smile, murmured: "Good afternoon," and disappeared behind the wall.

Davy and the Goblin now hurried off wildly to resume the chase, when the Goblin suddenly stopped, and by an ingenious twist of his body sat down on his long shoes or stockings, and began to rock to and fro like an animated little rocking-chair.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Davy, perfectly amazed. "I thought we were chasing something."

"Of course you did," said the Goblin, complacently: "but in this part of the world things very often turn out to be different from what they would have been if they hadn't been otherwise than as you expected they were going to be."

"But you thought so yourself—" began Davy, when to his distress the Goblin suddenly faded into a dull pinkish color, and then disappeared altogether. Davy looked about him and found that he was quite alone in a dense wood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SPOTTED WOLF.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA.

"I am glad my work's done, for it will be an ugly night," said Ivan (John) Feodoroff, laying down in a corner of his little log hut the heavy wooden spade which he had been handling ever since morning. "Masha [Mary], my pet, let us have supper at once. Well, Vania [Johnny], what has Father Ojup [Joseph] been teaching you to day?"

"Such a pretty story, Tjatyja [daddy]," answered a little pale faced boy. "It was all about Ilya the Strong, who lay sick ever so many years, and then our Lord came in the shape of a pilgrim and cured him, and he went forth with his bow and his great axe, and conquered the Nightingale King and, who was wasting the whole country,

and became one of the best soldiers of good Prince Vladimir."

"I wish Ilya were alive now," said his mother, setting on the table a big bowl of "kasha" (buckwheat porridge); "he might kill the 'Spotted Wolf' for us."

This Spotted Wolf was a beast of enormous size and strength, which took its name from the ugly scars wherewith disease or the sharp teeth of some other wolf had covered its whole body. Summer and winter it kept prowling about and doing mischief, till its name was the terror of every village for miles round.

"Don't talk of the wicked brute," cried Feodoroff; "I never stir out after night-fall without thinking I hear him patterning along behind me, all ready to spring at my throat."

"They say there's a reward of twenty rubles [fifteen dollars] offered for its head," said his wife.

"Well, I wish I could earn it," answered Feodoroff, "for then we needn't fret any more about those ten rubles that we want to make up our rent. But what's the use of talking about it? Let's have our supper."

Little Vania had drunk in every word of this conversation. Twenty rubles (an enormous sum in his eyes) to be gained by killing a wolf, which his hero, Ilya the Strong, would have done with a single blow! Oh, if he were only as strong as Ilya!

The next afternoon Vania went into the wood to gather mushrooms. It was a fine warm day, and by degrees he got deeper into the forest, until at length he came to a place which he had never seen before. It was a deep hollow, shut in on every side by thick and lofty trees, while in the middle stood a half-ruined log-cabin, all overgrown with moss and weeds. The greater part of the roof had fallen in long ago, but the walls were still sound, and the heavy door was fast shut and barred. Who had lived there, or why it had been deserted, no one knew. The spot had a bad name among the peasants, and nobody cared to go near it after dark.

But the sight of the splendid mushrooms which were growing all around it by scores drove everything else out of Vania's head. He was so eager to fill his basket with them that he never noticed how fast the sun was sinking, and never heard the warning rustle among the bushes behind him, as there crept stealthily forth from the green leaves the sharp, cruel muzzle, yellow eye, and gaunt, scarred body of the Spotted Wolf.

Vania saw the monster just in time. As he sprang at a bough overhead, and whisked himself up into the tree by it, the huge gray body shot up into the air after him like a rocket, and the great white teeth snapped together within an inch of his flesh. But seeing his prey out of reach, the wolf lay down at the foot of the tree, as if meaning to starve him into surrender.

This was a terrible sight for poor Vania, who, tired as he already was, felt that he could not long keep his seat on that narrow slippery branch, upon which there was little enough hold for him at best. But as he looked despairingly around him, his eye caught sight of a long thick bough that shot out from the other side of the tree right over the roofless cabin. If he could only creep along it and drop down inside the hut he would be safe; and in another instant he had done so.

The moment the wolf saw him disappear it sprang forward with a savage howl, and leaped up against the sides of the hut again and again. But the height was too great, and it fell back every time.

Meanwhile Vania, thinking himself safe now, was just beginning to nibble a hunch of black bread which he had pocketed before starting, when suddenly the fiery eyes, grinning teeth, and frothy tongue of the wolf came right through the wall close to his face. Then he thought that all was over, and screamed with all his might.

But in another moment he saw that the wolf itself was in a "bad fix." Spying a window-hole, it had tried to squeeze through, and had stuck fast midway, the ragged ends of the decaying logs holding it so tightly that it could neither move forward nor back.

Seeing his enemy thus trapped and helpless, Vania began to think whether it might not be possible to kill him somehow, and earn the reward after all. True, he had no weapon, but he was not long at a loss. Scrambling up on to what was left of the roof, he began to push with all his strength at a heavy beam that lay close to the edge. It shook—it moved—it turned quite over—and then down it crashed right upon the

wolf's exposed back. One sharp yell rang through the silent forest, and the terrible "Spotted Wolf" was harmless for evermore.

Just then a loud shout made Vania look round, and there stood his father and two or three other peasants who had come up in search of him just in time to witness his exploit. "The whole village crowded round Feodoroff's hut that evening to see the wolf's head and hear the story, and they all agreed that Vania had well earned the reward which the Pristav (District Commissioner) himself paid him the very next day.

A Monkey's Love of Neatness.

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

When I was at Yarmouth, that great fishing town on the southern coast of England, a few summers ago, I made the acquaintance of a monkey which I shall not soon forget. He was a delightful little fellow, though he belonged to an organ-grinder, and earned his living by dancing and collecting pennies, and though he had only the common name of Jocco, which is really no name at all.

He wore a little jacket and shirt of scarlet cloth, with lots of brass buttons upon it, and a red cap held by a strap under the chin, and whenever he took off this cap, as he would always do most politely when anything was given him, he showed a furry brown head much like a seal-skin cap.

The organ man told me the little fellow was about five years old, and knew his name. So I said, "Jocko, Jocko, come and see me." The monkey at once snatched off his cap, and climbing up into my lap, rubbed his furry head against me, gazing up out of a pair of merry, intelligent eyes in a way that quite won my heart. A minute after he curled down and went to sleep, or pretended to do so. I think his nap was a real one, though brief, for it is likely he was tired with his long trotting about and dancing in unnatural attitudes.

When one gave him anything his first motion after seizing it in his small black fist was to bite it. If it was eatable (and he was very fond of nuts and candies), his joy shone all over his wrinkled face as he munched at it, watching all the time lest some body should take the sweetie away; but if the gift proved to be a hard penny, he leaped to the top of the organ at a single bound, and gave it to his master. This done, he would hurry down again and stay at the farthest stretch of his chain, as though trying to get as far away as possible from the monotonous music.

His master seemed very fond of him, and would carefully take him under his coat if rain or a cold sea-wind made Jocko shiver, and well he might, for the monkey's lively ways and pretty tricks brought a crowd of children about his miserable organ, and earned many a coin which otherwise would not be given.

The prettiest of all Jocko's tricks was his love of brushing clothes. He seemed to be uneasy as soon as he had made friends with any person until he had gone carefully over their whole suit. He had a small flat brush, like a shoe-brush, which he grasped in his right hand, and used with the greatest diligence, chatting all the time in monkey talk, the tone of which seemed complimentary, though I could never make out what he meant, and so did not risk any reply.

One day he evidently thought a gentleman had not brushed his hat before coming out, for he tugged at his chain and scolded until his master let him scramble up the gentleman's arm. Then he perched comfortably on his shoulder and brushed away at the hat with all his might, leaning over the top, and looking here and there, until not a particle of dust remained. The look of satisfaction with which Jocko received a sixpence for this careful work, and the last glance out of the corner of his bright black eye, to be quite sure he had done his brushing thoroughly, were very funny.

Seine Not Saw.

He was a grave and reverend college professor, and he was enjoying the air on one of the wharves. "Do you catch many mackerel this year?" he asked of a hardy fisherman. "Well," the son of Neptune replied, "we seine some." "Pardon, young man," exclaimed the man of letters, "you saw some." "Not by a hornful," replied the fisherman. "Who ever heard of sawing fish? We split 'em. The man from the college seemed mystified. He turned away and sighed at the ignorance of the times.

# THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 7.

The following story—Prize No. 7, we think, prove highly interesting to all our readers. It originally appeared in the pages of the "Our Continent" magazine, in September, 1892. The sender, H. Cooke, of Toronto, Ont., obtained the Gold Hunting-Case, Steam-Winding Elgin Watch offered as a prize by forwarding to us, five cents for postage and registration. A gold watch is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by contributors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any books or periodical by any author. 2nd. It must not exceed in length six (6) columns of *Truth*. A little variation in length either way, will not be considered an obstacle to its acceptance. 3rd. Every accepted story will be published in *Truth* as it is, and the gold watch awarded upon publication. 4th. Every contributor must send in his contribution either printed or plainly written on one side of the paper only, giving author's name and source from which the story is taken, as well as his own name and address in full, attached to the story. 5th. With each story must be sent one dollar for six months' subscription to *Truth*. Those who are already subscribers will have their terms extended half a year for the dollar sent. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—PRIZE STORY COMMITTEE, "TRUTH" Office, Toronto, Canada.

## CHRISTIANA.

"The young man is a son of our old neighbor, Reinhardt." It is strange to hear the name once more. It is many years since he died—in his early youth.

"Yes, farmer," said Klaus, taking his pipe from his mouth. "And the son is now a fine lad of twenty—nay, he must be nearer thirty—scarcely a lad. How the time flies! Bartel (so he is called) has been away since his childhood. He is now a guide in the Tyrol, one of the best, they say; and he is spending a few days only in his native village. Old times—old friends, neighbor! Let me bring the young man to you that he may drink a mug of beer with his father's friend!"

"Surely, surely!" Farmer Heinrich answered cordially. "For his father's sake, surely, even were it not that you ask it."

"He is at the inn. I will fetch him presently."

"Fetch him this moment, friend Klaus. We celebrate to-day the birth day of my wife. We have never missed it since she died. Christel will cook our dinner in the woods—the children are preparing for it now, and you will join us."

"What a mother is Christiana to them! Would that I had such a daughter! You have her and the little ones and the dear memory of Gretel, whilst I . . . wifeless, childless . . . Ah! well, and now I play the father to my young friend Bartel." He turned to go. "In ten minutes, farmer, we shall be here. Hungry! Scarcely yet; we shall await the wood-dinner—but thirsty, trust me, neighbor, thirsty!"

Heinrich gave a slow, contented laugh. "We shall quench our thirst," he said, as he went into the house.

A noise of little voices greeted him. "Dear papa, look at my pinafore that Christel has made for me!"

"Good papa, Christel has made my hair curl to surprise thee. All night I could not sleep for the papers that stuck!"

"Hush! thou silly one. Donot talk of the trouble that a pleasan has cost. Look, best papa! Of thy worn-out coat Christel has made me this beautiful jacket—thou wouldst not know it."

"My hair will curl, and I cannot help it," the youngest, Gottlieb, said. "And I needed no jacket or pinafore, for mine are good, but Christel has given me a sugar-cake, and here is a piece I have saved for the all-loved papa. It is a little soft, but thou wilt not care? I have held it in my hand so long whilst Herr Klaus talked, but it is so good!"

"And where is Christel?" Heinrich asked, as he put the crumbled cake in his mouth, and kissed the sticky lips of the donor.

"She is packing the basket for the feast," the children said. "Dost thou want her? Let us call her. Christel! Dear Christel! The father wishes to speak to thee."

The door between the rooms opened, and Christiana came in, drying her plump, rough hands on a large towel.

Heinrich looked proudly at the little figure in its short stiff gown, with the long white apron and great bunch of keys.

"Little daughter," he said, "neighbor Klaus will bring a friend to our feast to-day, young Bartel! Reinhardt, and before we start thou shalt draw us some beer."

"Yes, dear father," Christel said. "I will go now for it."

"Wait!" said her father. "They are at the door. Come in, come in, friends! Friend Bartel, I may call you, who was your father's friend." He shook the young man warmly by the hand. "If you had but

spent your life in your native village, instead of wandering in far mountains, you would have already known my daughter Christiana. Christel, this young man is the son of an old neighbor—dost thou not remember him?"

Bartel glanced at the girl, who was looking down at her keys shyly.

"I meet you to-day, Fraulein," he said. "It gives me much joy. He was a man of the world, this Tyrolean guide, who had talked with so many travellers, and seen so much of their foreign ways."

Christel said nothing. She knew of no reply to such a speech. She could have mended his shirt or mended his coat or bandaged a wounded arm or doctored a simple ailment with herbs from her herb closet, but to answer a young man who said, "I meet you; it gives me joy"—it was something so unaccustomed that it silenced her completely.

But after that brief remark, Bartel was silent also. The beer was brought, and Christel filled the mugs, and they drank many healths, but not hers. The three men were not talkative. They found a deep satisfaction in listening to the gurgling of the cool beer and in watching the lazy rings of smoke, and Christiana went away to finish the preparations for the day's feast and to assign their various duties to the children, who had been sent to the kitchen. She had no time to stop after she had brought the beer.

All the little voices began again at her entrance.

"Sister, is the stranger to eat our feast with us?"

"Christel, he is much more beautiful than Herr Klaus. His eyes shine so!"

"And his beard is so thick, not like the Herr Pastor's, all thin and an ugly color. Tell me, little sister, didst thou ever see a prettier beard?"

"I should like to pull it—very gently," Gottlieb observed, in a meditative tone.

"You silly children!" Christiana cried, laughing. "You shall not talk any more about such things! You shall make ready for work. Thou, Liesel, shalt carry the coffee-pail, and Hans the eggs, if he will be very careful not to break them, as he did last year."

"What may I carry, Christel?" Gottlieb asked. "Ludwig has taken the small basket."

"Thou shalt help me carry the large one, heart's dearest," Christel answered. "A little four-year-old boy is too small to carry anything alone."

"Ach!" said little Gottlieb with a sigh. "Were I only bigger! Though, indeed, dear Christel, I could carry the coffee-pail even now—if there were no coffee in it."

"Thou willing brother!" the children exclaimed, falling on him in a body, and half smothering him with kisses.

"Christel, is it not time to start? Listen! the father calls us; and the stranger is already at the door. I can see from the window. Thou dear, good sister! How pretty thou art to-day! Thy cheeks are not always so red!"

You see they did not understand that the exertion of preparing for a birthday feast was a sufficient reason for Christiana's rosy face.

Bartel looked at her as she walked sedately along in the midst of the childish gossip.

"How good she is!" he thought. "How they love her! And it is not strange."

Heir him Klaus and Heinrich were talk-

ing of the crops, of the village gossip, of the delights and perils of travel. Klaus being a bachelor, and thus enjoying full liberty, had once made a visit to Munich.

"One does not think of the size of the world," he was saying, "until he is in a great city. There the people are so many that they crowd one's breath out. Bartel, you must see many people in your work!"

"Oh, yes," the young man said. "There is much travelling amongst the mountains. A guide has little time to himself."

"You like the work?" Heinrich asked. "It must be more or less dangerous."

"The danger is the pleasure of it for me," Reinhardt answered, his face lighting up. "Yet with care the peril is but small. Once in a while, if one tries a precipice path by night, or if one is overtaken by a storm . . . Ah, well! death comes to all, sooner or later."

"Yes, sooner or later," Heinrich repeated gravely. He was thinking of his dead. Bartel's eyes wandered again to the children and Christel. They were in the heart of the forest now, and presently a joyful shout rang out.

"Here is the place! Here we are! Ach! how tired are my arms with carrying the pail so steadily!"

"And mine with the basket, for it is as heavy as if it were ten times its size."

"It is not the weight of the eggs," said Hans, with a long sigh, as he deposited his burden on the soft moss at the foot of a tree. "It is the terrible anxiety lest they should get broken."

"Thou hast been a good, careful boy to-day," said Christel, putting down her own heavy basket and giving a gentle pull on the new jacket, which was a little awry. "Now who will find sticks for the fire? Ludwig, thou shalt get some dry moss, and Hans and Liesel shall fetch the twigs and branches. Hasten, for it is almost noon, and the father and our friends will be hungry!"

Gottlieb had wandered away to where Bartel stood, a little apart from Klaus and Heinrich, and at some distance from Christiana, who was too much occupied in unpacking the baskets to look up from her work after she had seen that the child was safe. And stooping brings the blood so hotly to one's face. Poor little Christel!

"I like you," Gottlieb said, reaching his hand up into Bartel's. "Will you not come to every birthday feast with us?"

"I am not always here," Reinhardt answered, seating himself and drawing the boy toward him. "But I will come to any feast when I am here. Do you celebrate all the birthdays with a wood feast?"

"No," said Gottlieb, with a serious air. "Only the dead mother's—she's dead, but yet she is alive. I cannot understand it, but Christel says it is so, and she knows. She could explain it to you. We have no mother here—the dear God has taken her into the blue skies. But at night, when the stars shine, out of one of them the mother looks down at us and sees if we are good, and we kiss our hands to our mother star whenever it shines, we kiss our hands and say, 'We greet thee.' Christel taught us to do it. She is our little mother now."

"Thou dost love her very much, this sister Christel?" Bartel asked.

"Oh! yes. Such a dear Christel! Look at her now. Is she not dear, with so rosy a face and a smile so sweet? You have also a rosy face," the child added, lifting a fat finger tentatively toward the admired beard. Reinhardt's cheeks indeed showed a bright flush through the tanned skin. I do not know how it was that Christel suddenly called:

"Gottlieb, come here! Thou must help me a little." And in a moment the other children came running with the moss and twigs, and the men built a great fire, over which Christel proceeded to cook the dinner. It was not long cooking, and when it was ready they all sat down on the moss to enjoy it. Gottlieb had returned to his post by Reinhardt and Liesel had followed him.

How cool it was: how grateful the forest air, and how fragrant the spicy forest odors! There were wild flowers all about, and aromatic shrubs. But the children thought black bread and liver-sausage far better than flowers and fragrance. The little months were so full that the little tongues were perforce hushed. There were three groups, a little separated: Klaus and Heinrich; then Christiana with Hans and Ludwig; then Bartel with the other two children. An exclamation burst suddenly from the farther group.

"Donnerwetter!" cried Klaus. "I have

burned my tongue with this so delicious coffee!"

"Dost thou hear, Liesel?" Gottlieb asked. "Herr Klaus has said 'Donnerwetter.' Christel has told me it is wicked to say."

"He says it because he is not married," Liesel explained, with much gravity. "It is very bad for a man not to be married. It falls into such habits . . . the Frau Pastorin has told me."

"But I am not married either," Gottlieb rejoined, after a pause. "I might then say it too."

"Thou silly child!" exclaimed the older Liesel. "Thou art but a baby! And besides, dost thou not believe that Christel knows all that we must do, and all that we must not do, also?"

"Ach, yes," said Gottlieb contentedly, and then turning to Bartel he added, "You do not say it, so I will not, even when I am a man and not married."

Reinhardt could scarcely help laughing at the idea of being made a model for youth. There were various expressions of stronger import than Klaus's simple-hearted outbreak which occurred to him as neither unusual nor unaccustomed. They relieved the mind on occasion of a stumble on a rough road or in the case of refractory beasts. Christiana, it seemed, disapproved of the unobtrusive "Donnerwetter."

"What a good little girl she is," he thought. He had known many; the black-eyed, saucy young women who sold carvings and pictures to the tourists; the daughters and sisters of the other guides, good climbers all of them, and of the most independence; he even knew a very pretty girl who danced at a small theatre in one of the milder Bavarian towns; but Christiana, so simple, so loving, thinking only of the care and comfort of the children, chased these figures away as if she had been the sun and the moon. And as yet he had only spoken to her once.

But on the way home he walked beside her, carrying the weary Gottlieb, and he made several not very noteworthy remarks. He said that the walk through the woods at sunset was very beautiful; he asked if she ever went out in the evening; perhaps she took the children out for a stroll; he said, oh, no, that Gottlieb was not at all heavy, and that he was a dear child, and how fond he was of his sister Christiana, and how happy a thing affection was, and that (Bartel) had no kindred, but was alone in the world; and these remarks being interspersed with rather long pauses, broken only by Gottlieb's calm, infantile snoring, they ended Farmer Heinrich's house was reached and the sleepy children were marshalled in-doors by Christel.

"Come often and drink a mug of beer with me, friend Bartel," the farmer said, parting. "Christel will draw it for us any hour."

Reinhardt replied with a good deal of cordiality to the worthy man's hospitable invitation as he said "Goodnight" and went off with Klaus to the inn.

Christel drew the beer the next morning. Bartel came to talk over the crops with the farmer and to bring much interesting information in regard to the different growths of other portions of the country. He came the following afternoon, at Heinrich's request, to fetch a walking-stick which he had himself cut, and mounted with a chamois hoof. Christiana drew the beer and then went to look to the children, the garden, dinner the housework. Such a busy little girl! The farmer said warmly:

"It is long since I have met such a young man, friend Bartel. You stay here but week. I pray you come every afternoon, you have time, that I may have the pleasure of talking with you, and drinking with you. You drink well, my friend."

Reinhardt used to come, according to about three o'clock each day and sit for an hour or so on the porch. To Christel, bringing the beer, he said, "Good-day, Fraulein, and she responded, "Good-day, Herr Reinhardt," and went away.

But the night after the birthday feast she was carrying a pail of milk across fields to a neighbor (the children being in bed), Bartel had overtaken her and walked the greater part of the way with her. "Fraulein Christiana," he had called. The next night he had come through the garden where she was looking at her tree beds, and had whispered for an hour to Fraulein Christel. And two hours later Heinrich being gone to the inn at Klaus's invitation he came to the porch where a girl was sitting thinking—of what, it was clear? He began to tell her of his week's

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G. T.—Thanks for articles sent. M. CRUMLEY, KINGSTON.—Papers received. Many thanks. J. E. ALEXANDER, MASCOUCHE.—Better send them separately.

T.—CERTAINLY it is in the Bible. Search again and ask those who ought to know.

G. H. MONTREAL.—Thanks for selections. Shall be glad to have sketches you speak of to look over.

Mrs. E. B.—Many thanks for good wishes, and for TID-BITS. Shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

L. S. PETERBORO.—Many thanks for selections. Excuse the blunder we made. Don't get weary in well-doing.

J. HOLDEN, LONDON.—We have handed your letter to JACOB FAITHFUL and no doubt that gentleman will answer it in due time.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS have been anxiously enquiring about our music pages. To all we say that the matter is under consideration.

CEYLON. We really cannot tell you where you could obtain an almanac for the year 1858. Can any of our readers give the desired information?

MISS F. S., OTTAWA.—We get so many M.S.S. voluntarily that it would not be worth our while—unless above the average—to pay for such stories.

DENNOY.—Will this gentleman kindly let us know the name of the author and the source from whence taken, of the poetical diffusion forwarded by him.

A S. PETROLIA Registered letter with story came to hand recently, but no money in it. Will you send the necessary dollar so your story can be entered for competition.

T. CLARK, BRANTFORD.—Thanks for your offer, but we cannot entertain such a proposition. If you send story on printed conditions we shall be pleased to consider it on its merits.

A SUBSCRIBER in St. George, Ont., sends in Tid-Bits competition fifty cents, and no name. Send the name and title of one of two of the Tid-Bits so we may be sure the right one sends in.

LORENZO DILL OF UNION CITY, Indiana, we are afraid labors under a mistake. Let him once more read over the conditions on which prizes are given and he will see the true state of the case.

J. S. LUTHER.—The questions are so plainly put that there can be no misunderstanding how they are to be answered. If they admit of one or more answers (texts) any one of them will be correct.

MISS L. FERRIS, BRADFORD, ENO.—If you will look through some later issues of TRUTH than you mention, you will see that we have given all the information we had to give in connection with the article in question.

D. L. W., EMMA.—It does not matter materially whether the rewards completed for are mentioned or not. You can give a pretty good guess as to which of three sections your answers would be likely to come under.

O. C. KNEALE. We regret very much the delay in the transmission of your prize. It was owing to no fault of ours, but to the non arrival of the books in question. We have no doubt but that before this notice appears the volume will have reached you.

SEVERAL OTHERS from different parts of country the same way, stories cannot be entered for competition unless the conditions of the competition are complied with. The dollar for six months subscription must always accompany each story sent.

PETER SIMPLE. We really can't give you any information about the "distinguished Toronto authors" for the simple reason that so far as we have yet been able to make out there are none. Of course there are a good many passably vigorous writers, but we don't think there are any who have as yet produced anything which posterity will not most willingly let die.

MISS J. McE. ENGLISH.—Would you kindly answer the following question regarding your Bible Competitions in TRUTH and Ladies' Journal. Do you absolutely restrict the time for the receipt of answers to these competitions, to 15 days from date of closing or not, if not what is the maximum length of time allowed. A.—The limit is now absolutely fifteen days after date of closing, any letters arriving after that day will be considered too late.

QUERY.—On how little, you ask, can a young lady keep herself respectably without starving or supplementing her income by ways unmentionable? Ask us something easier. The managers of the Public Library in Toronto pay their lady clerks at the rate of \$75 a year, expecting them to work till ten o'clock every night, and go home without masculine protection and they must think the sum sufficient to leave a margin for a great moral institution and well spring of virtue could never tolerate vice in their employes.

A PROTESTANT.—Many thanks for kind approving words. When TRUTH cannot say the thing it wills without fear and without favor it will stop. We quite believe that had the R. C. church authorities in Montreal put down their foot Chiniquy would not have been molested. The fact is, many people are ignorant of the very first principles of civil and religious liberty, and will not learn. If such ignorant brutality as has once and again been exhibited in Montreal and Quebec be not effectively put down there will be mischief.

A correspondent from Brockville sends us a letter which he wishes us to publish. We are pleased with the compliments to TRUTH and JACOB which it contains, but we don't understand the rest. What for instance can be made of this.—"There is considerable discovery of the moon and very much supposed, but the moon being a reflecting body, suppose we consider the earth, sun and stars to appear in the moon as the dove in the looking-glass, or water and other transparent forms, and the former idea is to be a question." This is too hard for us. We could not publish much like it.

N. P. KERR writes us from Beaver, Beaver Co., Pa., in a very angry mood. He is great on Blaine, and thinks that TRUTH ought not to have an opinion on the Presidential election at all. We are sorry that what we said should have given our correspondent pain; but we cannot take them back—even though assured that we are but "the petty subject of an autocrat whose will is law, and not a proper person to sit in judgment between free men." Come now, friend, don't be too angry. We are not all fools in Canada, even though we do live under Queen Victoria, who, by the way, is not an autocrat or anything else that is very bad.

R. B.—It would be difficult to give any definite information about the relative cost of living in different localities. In a general way, however, it may be stated that it is a mistake to think that it is much more expensive to reside in Toronto than in many of the smaller cities and towns of the Province with the exception of house rent. Everything needed by a family can be had at as moderate rates in this city as in any town or even village in the older sections of the Province at any rate. Indeed we are not sure but a good many things can be had here at even lower rates than prevail in smaller places.

A correspondent who signs himself "Whoa" and hails from "Isaac's Harbor, N.S." has the better of us. We don't understand at this moment the point to which he refers. It seems very possible that something may have been said about "grace before meat" going out of fashion, but we don't remember when or where. Nor have we any sympathy with such disuse wherever it prevails. Quite the reverse. For people who call themselves Christians to begin to eat their food like hogs without even once saying or feeling "God I thank Thee" is very inconsistent and unworthy, and shows always that religious feeling and reverence have there come to a low point. We are glad to know that it does not prevail in "Whoa's" circle and we trust that this state of things will long prevail.

X. Y. Z.—A sentence from the "Country Parson" may perhaps serve your purpose. "A calf knows it is a calf. It may think itself bigger and wiser than an ox, but if it be a reasonable calf, modest and free from prejudice, it is well aware that the joints it will yield after its demise will be very different from those of the stately and well consolidated ox which ruminates in the pasture near it. But the human boy (and one may add to the "Parson's" remark the American boy especially) thinks he is a man and even more than a man. He fancies that his mental stature is as big and solid as it will ever become and that his mental productions are just what they ought always to be. If spared in the world, and if he be one of those whom years make wiser, he will look

back with amazement, if not with shame, upon the crude productions of his youth." We hope this will do; whether or not it is true all the same.

W. M.—The lines you speak of occur in the 28th section of ISMIONHAM. They are well known and have been often quoted. We don't mind, however, giving them again for your benefit as well as for that of all who may think they need them.—

The time draws near the birth of Christ. The moon is hid; the night is still; The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist

From voices of four hamlets &c. &c. From far and near, on mead & 1 moor, Swell out and fall, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind, That now dilate and now decrease, Peace and good-will, good-will and peace, Peace and good-will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain, I almost wished no more to wake, And that my hold on life would break before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule, For they controlled us when a boy, They bring no sorrow to our old with joy, The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Systematic Saving.

With the bulk of our people the saving of small amounts in some regular, systematic way opens the only possibility of attaining a competency or a little sum for a rainy day. Some one has said it is the first \$50,000 on the way to fortune that means hard work and pinching economy. After that all is easy. And it is so; whether we gain fortune or not, the start always involves small and sharp economy. Where this is practised it often becomes the basis to after prosperity. But where this does not follow it provides for the emergencies that are sure to come to all. There are ways of saving which can be adopted and which, once entered on, become habitual and easy.

Of course, the beginning of all saving is to live within our means. If we have debts to offset our savings, we do not really save at all. Hence forecast as to the use of our income, so that it shall come within our range, is first. And when it is determined how much to save, the most rigid discipline is necessary to keep it up. There are always, in a family, special demands, covering things pleasant to have, and which, if acceded to, will easily eat up the margin we had set apart for savings. The rigid control of our wants is, therefore, a first element in a course of saving. This may involve privation, at least for a time, but this is a necessity if we propose to save at all. It is easy to persuade ourselves that certain gratifications are necessities, which may not be so at all. Hence firmness, even rigidity, is a first element in saving. And once begun, unless unforeseen and imperative requirements are made, we should not swerve from our plans.

A dollar a week saved and placed in a savings bank will aggregate \$52 a year. Let us suppose 4 per cent. is obtained for it. At the end of the second year it aggregates \$106. In twenty years it will amount to \$1,500. Five dollars a week saved and placed at interest will speedily buy a home. Many devices have been provided to stimulate saving. Building loans, savings banks, life insurance, and many other things. Any are good, if reliable and sound. It is the discouragement resulting from the loss of savings which has done so much damage in this country. But when our moneys are placed in sound institutions loss rarely follows. And where the habit of saving is established it affects the life, inducing regularity and order in all directions.

Perhaps the tendency of our people is in this line. At all events there is no country in the world where systematic saving can be done with less privation than here. The general luxuriance and speculation and the happy-go-lucky disposition which cares for nothing. But there are few fortunes the result of speculation or luck compared with the number gained by thrift and saving. And property thus secured is apt to be permanent, because of the habits which attended the success. In our general life there is nothing more important than this. It will not only secure property, or at least provision for the rainy day that is sure to come, but will also induce habits of thrift which will be useful as forming communities of good citizens. We therefore commend systematic saving as contributing to virtue and home happiness as well as to comfort.

icious of its loneliness, of its danger. At the last word Christel drew a little nearer to him. "You fear for me?" he asked. He put his arm about her to re-assure her. "Little Christel," he said, "may I tell thee something? I love thee dearly. It is so lonely in the mountains. I have no home with thou not come and make one for me?" Christiana's crimson cheek was so close to his rough, weather-beaten face. "Thou art so gentle with the children; thou art so good to them. Thou wilt be kind to me?" "Ach!" she said. "How can I leave the little ones? Liesel, who is the oldest is but eleven." "But I will wait!" cried Bartel. "May I wait, my 'sar one?" "In five years," said Christel simply, "she might take the care. If you would be willing?" "If you would be willing?" she repeated, her face aflame even under the pallor of the moonlight. Reinhardt caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "I will wait for thee as long as thou wilt," he said. "Thou wilt wait so long for me? Thou wilt not weary?" "I cannot weary of such waiting," she answered, looking up at him with her clear, trusting eyes. "And five years is so short a time. But as yet we shall say nothing about it. It would, perhaps, trouble the father to think of my leaving him." "It shall be so, then, if thou wilt," Reinhardt answered. Then he kissed her once more. And the next day he came to talk with the farmer, and Christiana brought the beer, and he said, "Good-day, Fraulein," to which she replied, "Good-day, Herr Reinhardt," and went away to the children. In a week he had gone. "Oh! how happy Christiana was! The children could not love her enough. "Thou sweetest sister," they said, "thou art more and more kind to us. Thou art truly an earth angel." Heinrich said tenderly. "My daughter is more willing every day." And Klaus: "Christel is a girl in a thousand. Would that I had such a daughter!" Christiana was saying. "In five years. So short a time! Why, it is already three months since he went away." At twenty, time does not loiter. She received no word from Reinhardt. It would have attracted too much notice had he written to her; and in truth, his hands were more accustomed to managing a mountain staff than a pen. But Klaus had taken another of his journeys and had brought the news that Reinhardt was doing well and had sent many remembrances. So the winter passed by, and the spring and summer, and in the autumn the robin Klaus set forth again on his travels. Christiana was standing beside her father on the porch, when, late one afternoon, they saw his short figure coming toward them. "Greetings, neighbor!" the farmer called out, as he drew near. "What tidings bring you?" "Sad news, farmer, sad news," Klaus answered. "Young Bartel is dead. He fell from a cliff a month ago and was killed instantly." "So," said the farmer gravely. "A fine, promising, young man. Thou hast not forgotten him, Christel? He went with us to our birthday feast. His parents are hardly dead. He leaves no one to mourn for him. It is well. It would otherwise be a terrible sorrow for some heart." "Christel! Christel! little mother! the children called from within. "We are so hungry, and the supper is waiting. Will thou not come in and cut us some bread?" She turned and went in the house. The brothers and sister were already seated, and the loaf stood on the table. She took up the bread knife and began to cut a slice. "How long is life!" she said with a sigh that was almost a sob. She looked at the little eager, trusting faces. "And I have yet much to do," she added. ELLA HEATH.

A patent medicine firm has offered the government a large sum of money, if it be allowed to advertise its medicines on the back of the postage stamps. This, they think, would be a good way to get it "in every one's mouth."

QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY

One of the oldest and most successful of the educational institutions of its class in Canada is Queen's College, Kingston. The Presbyterian church, in its early days in this Province, experienced great difficulty in obtaining young men well educated for the Ministry, and the need of a good college where educational facilities could be provided was much felt. Some public provision had been made in Upper Canada at a very early period for the establishment of grammar schools and afterward of a College or Colleges, and a large amount of public lands was set apart for that purpose. The first college chartered at York, now Toronto, was placed entirely under the control of the church of England, and the design was that all who entered it as teachers must subscribe to "The Thirty-nine Articles,"

which of course, practically excluded the Presbyterians and all others not willing to comply with such a condition.

About 1835 an agitation began in favour of the establishment of a theological seminary for the training of such young men as were preparing themselves for the ministry, and who should receive an arts training in some other school. No such college for arts training was established as an institution open on equal terms in all the public, and soon became evident that the only course open was for the Presbyterian church to found an institution of its own which should serve both the purposes for the candidate for the ministry and also afford the means of higher education to young men intended for the other professions. In 1839 the Synod took definite steps for the founding of such an institution. A commission was appointed for that purpose which met in St. Andrew's church, Hamilton, in November of that year. A draft charter was then prepared, and meetings were arranged for in order to raise money for an endowment. Kingston was selected by the Synod as the site for the college.

A charter incorporating the "University of Kingston" was passed in February 1840 by the Legislature of the Province. During the discussion in the House of the charter the late Hon. William Morris raised the question as to whether the claim of the Church of Scotland body to a chair of Theology in King's College should be commuted by a money payment from the funds of Kings to the proposed Kingston College. An arrangement of this kind was agreed to, the understanding being that the annual payment should be one thousand pounds, Halifax currency. The definite amount was not mentioned in the Act. The Governor General afterwards objected to the amount and while the discussion was going on the Imperial Government annulled the Act of incorporation, by advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, on the ground of its conflicting with the Royal prerogative. The Law Officers advised that a Royal Charter of a similar character be granted. This charter was given in 1841, the title of Queen's College being conferred on the institution. Queen's was thus the first University in this Province established by Royal Charter.

By the annulling of the Provincial Act of incorporation the grant expected from the funds of King's College fell through, as this latter, being a Provincial executive one, could not be inserted in the Royal Charter.

The opening of Queen's took place on the 7th of March, 1842. Rev. Thomas Liddell, of Edinburgh was the Principal and Professor of Divinity, and Rev. P. C. Campbell, of Brockville, was appointed to the Chair of Classics. There were eleven regular students, and a few others were allowed to attend the classes in the classics and mathe-

matics who were not sufficiently advanced to matriculate. Rev. James Williamson, D. D., arrived in the autumn of 1842 and entered at once on his work as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He is still in active work, being now Professor of Astronomy, and Curator of the Observatory. His connection has therefore been continuous during nearly the whole existence of the college. Dr. Williamson is a brother-in-law to Sir John A. Macdonald.

It was also necessary at that time to make provision for the preparatory training of young men desiring to enter a collegiate course. A school for that purpose was established in November, 1843, and continued for a few years. Prof. Campbell was the superintendent, and he was assisted by some of the senior students. This school was afterward united with the County Grammar school, which was thus brought into closer relations with the College.

King's College was chartered in 1827, and its charter amended in 1837, but no practical steps were taken to put it in operation until '43.



The "Upper Canada Academy" had been, previous to this, established at Colourg by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It was re-chartered, with University powers at Victoria College in 1841.

The educational affairs of the Province were now in the peculiar position that whereas in 1841 it had not a single University or College in operation, it had in 1843 three Universities, while the whole number of students which the country could furnish would have been a very small supply for one. The Presbyterians and the Methodists had been compelled to make some such provision by the long delays in regard to a Provincial institution. An agitation, began at once in favour of uniting these colleges into a single Provincial Institution; many plans were prepared and several measures tending to that end were introduced into Parliament and fully discussed. In 1843 the Hon. Robert Baldwin introduced his well known University bill, which though it presented many popular features was strongly objected to by the churches named, and others also, because it was deficient in providing for religious instruction.

A bill was introduced by Mr. Daper in 1845 to amend the law so as to make it more generally acceptable to the religious bodies of the country, and in 1847 the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron introduced a measure in which it was proposed to devote a large part of the Endowment to increased support of High Schools and also to largely subsidize the denominational colleges. The measure failed to carry in Parliament, however, and this practically ended the agitation for the union of Colleges for many years.

Queen's College had, from the outset, its serious financial struggles, in consequence of the newness and comparative poverty of

the country at that time. In 1844 a serious division took place in the Presbyterian Church, which tended much to add to its embarrassment, and the number of students was greatly reduced. In 1846 Dr. Liddell resigned his position as Principal and returned to Scotland, having become discouraged. Rev. J. Machar D. D., was next appointed Principal, and under his administration there was slow but real improvement. The number of students increased and the financial position was improved by an annual Provincial grant of \$2,000, which was afterwards increased to \$5,000. These annual grants were continued until 1868, when they were entirely withdrawn by the Sandfield-Macdonald Government.

Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec occupied the position of Principal for a time, with great acceptance, but he refused to accept the position permanently. Rev. Dr. Leitch was next appointed but his early death deprived the institution of his services. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass and on his retirement the Rev. Geo. Munro Grant, D. D., of Halifax, was appointed. Dr. Grant

entered on his arduous duties with his accustomed energy and occupies that position now. During the past few years there has been a large increase in the number of students and also in the teaching staff. Queen's College to-day compares favourably in all respects with any similar institution in the Dominion. It has now Faculties of Arts, Theology and Law, and there are affiliated with it the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, also in a prosperous condition, and the Kingston Women's Medical College.

Queen's College had its location first in a small rented house on Princess street, and for years it occupied rented premises. Afterward "Summerhill," the property of the late Archdeacon Stewart, was purchased and suitable buildings erected, which are now occupied by the Royal College.

The loss of the Provincial annual grant in 1868 was much felt, and about that time another serious financial misfortune came in connection with the suspension of the Commercial Bank, in the stock of which a large amount of its capital was invested. As the income before this time was barely sufficient to meet the current expenditure, the Trustees became nearly disheartened. A special meeting of the Synod was called in January 1869 to consider the matter and it was resolved to make an appeal to the country for aid. The people of Kingston came forward and raised about \$25,000, and the summer of that year was spent by Principal Snodgrass and the late Prof. Mackerras in raising an endowment. The result of the whole effort was that about \$163,000 was raised for the equipment of the College.

In 1871 Principal Grant made the proposal to attempt raising \$150,000 in order to provide a new building, additional professors

and apparatus. Many thought the proposition impracticable but the Doctor entered into the scheme with great energy, nobly backed by several well-tried friends. The inhabitants of the "Line-Stone City" were asked to raise \$40,000 of this amount and they enthusiastically responded by subscribing over that amount. None knew the value of Queen's College better than the people of Kingston and its vicinity, and none have taken greater pride in its grand success. All classes and denominations came to its aid in the last grand effort. The appeal was successful; additional ground of about 20 acres were at once purchased a site of rare beauty and convenience—and the present noble building was erected. The building, a view of which is here given, cost about \$60,000, and is very convenient and complete in all its details, and well adapted for its purpose.

Several important bequests have been received by Queen's during the past few years. Among them was one of over \$11,000 from the late Robert Sutherland Esq., Barrister, of Walkerton, a colored graduate of the University, one of \$5,000 by the late David Greenshields, of Montreal, and one of over \$5,000 by the late James Michie, of Toronto.

The number of students this session is larger than in any previous session, in every department, namely attending classes in Arts and Science, 220; in Theology, 33; Medicine, 103; or allowing for double registration in the case of a number of students, a total attendance of 280. The number of professors and lecturers is: in Arts and Science, fourteen; in Theology, five; in Medicine, fourteen. The Library contains 15,000 volumes. The Museum is being improved every year; and the laboratories of Physics, Chemistry, and Natural History are well equipped with modern appliances, the money for obtaining which has been raised by special subscriptions at different times.

Among the many graduates of Queen's whose names have become well known throughout the country may be mentioned the following gentlemen:—Rev. Dr. Jardine, Brockville; Dr. Jas. Grant, Ottawa; W. C. Caldwell, M. P. P., Lanark; D. B. Maclellan, Q. C., Cornwall; Rev. D. J. Macdonell, D. D., Toronto; Jas. Maclellan, Q. C., Toronto; John McIntyre, Q. C., ex-Mayor of Kingston; the late Dr. McCammon, Mayor of Kingston; Rev. Dr. Campbell, Renfrew; Rev. E. D. McLaren, Brampton; Rev. W. B. Curran, Hamilton; Dr. T. R. Dupuis, Kingston; Duncan McTavish, Ottawa; Rev. T. G. Smith, D. D., St. John, N. B.; Hon. Alexander Morris, Toronto.

The Senate is now composed as follows:—Chancellor, Sanford Fleming, C. E., C. M. G.; Vice-Chancellor, Very Rev. George Munro Grant, M. A., D. D.; Vice-Principal, Rev. James Williamson, M. A., LL. D.; Registrar, Rev. Geo. Bell, LL. D. The Professors in Divinity are, Dr. Grant, Rev. Dr. B. Mowat, Rev. Donald Ross, Rev. James Carmichael, Rev. H. G. Parker in the Arts course the following compose the staff:—Rev. J. Williamson, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Astronomy; Rev. John B. Mowat, M. A., D. D., Professor of Hebrew; Nathan J. Dupuis, M. A., F. R. S., Edin., Professor of Mathematics; Rev. George D. Ferguson, B. A., Professor of History and English Language and Literature; John Watson, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy; John Fletcher, M. A., Oxon., Prof. of Classical Literature; David H. Marshall, M. A., Edin., F. R. S. E., Prof. of Physics; W. L. Goodwin, B. Sc., Lond., D. Sc., Edin., Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy; Rev. A. Nicholson, B. A., Lecturer on Modern Languages and Asst. to Prof. of Classics; Rev. J. Fowler, M. A., Lecturer on Natural Science; Rev. R. Campbell, D. Sc., Lecturer on Political Economy; Rev. H. G. Parker, Lecturer on Elocution; Messrs. Nicol, Robertson and Gaudry, Tutors in Chemistry, German and French.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Concerning Religious Freedom and Swearing, and Other Matters of Importance.

A dear good man who hails from London, thinks that he is the only one at all solicitous about JACOB FAITHFUL'S spiritual interests. Let me assure him that it is not so. A good many have thought they clearly saw the cloven foot of unbelief in the casual reference I made a week or two ago to the Salvationists. Do my good friends think these same Salvationists are above criticism? They may be very worthy good sort of folks, but other people's piety is not to be measured by the music of their marching or the capering of their ecstatic hours. JACOB judges no one but what he thinks he must say even though good worthy John of London should be somewhat scandalised and though that worthy should continue for another twenty-five years to write on the one subject that apparently fills all his thoughts. No, dear friend John, it was not you, and if you write testifying to JACOB'S right hand and left hand deflections your epistle never put in an appearance, which I rather regret. I would not "falsify your character" for the world, John. No, indeed.

But as one is speaking about the Salvationists, and their ways and their works—and if they are instrumentally successful in raising the fallen and saving the lost, JACOB will be only too glad—what shall be said about these three and four times doubly distill'd fools and madmen about Montreal, who have been again thinking that they did good service by breaking the heads of those who did not serve Christ as they thought right? Just this, that if the devil has any specially privileged servants he must have set them to work in the commercial capital of the Dominion to bring discredit on the very name of Christian, and to make every sensible person say: "If this is what they call religion, I shall have none of it. The ignorant sodden-brained blockheads that they are, don't they see that if they wished to "boom" the Salvationists, they could not have taken a better plan? There is still some love of fair play, even in Montreal, and all that there is will be up in arms against the riotous brutality of that "rascal mob" that did its best to murder Chiniquy, and has now taken professedly through religious zeal to mob and maltreat a few inoffensive individuals who avail themselves of their undoubted right to speak to such as care to listen about matters in their estimation of

THE VERY HIGHEST IMPORTANCE.

This is surely a free country. Montreal is surely under the authority of the British flag and British Queen. The case becomes not one of a few excited and excitable individuals, but of liberty in its very essence, and rather that such things should be allowed to continue, the streets of Montreal ought to be swept by more than either one or two "whiffs of grape-shot." And to think of the "blows" of police taking up and treating as criminals, those who had broken no law general or municipal! It is altogether too bad.

A good many years ago a Presbyterian clergyman took to preaching on Sunday afternoons in one of the low streets of Glasgow. This gave great offence, and a deputation of clericals of one denomination waited on the chief magistrate and asked him to stop the preaching, for if he did not there would be sure to be a riot. "Nobody" said the worthy magistrate, "is forced to listen to the preaching. It obstructs no thoroughfare. It will provoke no breach of the peace

if severely let alone. I propose to protect every man in the enjoyment of his rights, and if there is a riot, I knew how to put it down, even with bayonets and bullets if necessary." That preaching was not stopped, and there was no riot. If JACOB were Montreal's Mayor at the present time he would read the roughs, whether in broad-cloth or blouse, reason they would not forget for years to come. Screaming as of a congregation of lunatic monkeys, with brick bats and head punchings don't amount to much in the way of argument, and those who try it ought to be taught that two can play at that game, and that society acting through its recognized officials is likely to be able to punch the hardest and for the longest time. It is not mercy to law, religion and quiet people, to allow such things to go on, as for sometime past they have been doing away down in Quebec Province. It may be their way of

SHOWING THEIR ZEAL FOR THE LORD

but it is a very poor way, and will need to be stopped.

For a change, supposing there were a crusade proclaimed against profane swearing. There is great room for such an enterprise every where. Some stranger lately said that he thought Toronto was the profaneest city he had ever visited. It is very bad. The puniest little chits of boys and even of girls swear—aye and good round cheek-distending oaths at that. Where do they learn? Some way at school and perhaps this is so far the truth. But in a great many cases they must learn it at home as well. Just listen to the foul mouthed oath slinging of those troops of half grown and whole grown blear, sodden eyed lads, that parade Yonge Street or Queen on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

WHERE DO THEY LEARN?

It is mere stupid, brutal animalism with them. They seem to think that no sentence could be complete without two or three oaths. They damn their own and their neighbor's eyes so vigorously and with such iteration that one is tempted to use the celebrated Sydney Smith's words and say; "Would it not be better to take it for granted once and for all that all persons and things are thoroughly damned for time and eternity and settle at once down to the business in hand?" The fact is many among us swear who ought to know better. JACOB has heard members of Parliament who in this department of politeness and gentility were ill to beat and even Ministers of the Crown occasionally found to be veritable cloud compelling Jupiters in the matter of wielding the thunderbolts of senseless yet far-flashing and Heaven-defying profanity. Do the creatures really fancy it is smart? Do they think that it gives vigor to their talk? or additional credibility to their operations?

After all profane oaths become only the lips of a cad and will never be heard from any justly entitled to the name of gentleman, perhaps not from any one who is really a man.

Oh, JACOB, JACOB, take care what you are saying. You may have more down upon you for taking liberties with the great fraternity of swearers than for laughing at the rub-a-dub of the Salvation Army. Alas in that case for JACOB.

P. S. JACOB, of course, was at all Sir John's meetings and marked both speakers and listeners. But don't fancy that you will get me to talk politics. Not much. I thought to get a glimpse of Sir John's cocked hat and red breeches, but was disappointed. Why in the name of all that is absurd has Grip made him a Knight of the Garter?

Ten thousand thanks to the kind correspondent at Ottawa. JACOB is pleased that you are pleased, my dear. I'll come and see you in due time, and shall see your churches and hear your music. I have been at the capital, but not often. You see I have no favors to ask from those in power. Even Alexander the Great would simply be asked to stand out of the sun. So you don't like Mr. Wilson's stories and prizes? So sorry! At any rate continue to think well of JACOB.

Our Scriptural Enigma.

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

NO MONEY REQUIRED. TRY YOURSKILL.

NO XLIV.

Let us explain one or two things this week before going to our proper work on Enigmas. One specially respected and welcome correspondent whose hand-writing we are always glad to see, complains about solutions sent as printer's copy and open at ends, &c., being sent back for deficient postage. The reason is evident, as shown in one of the returned packets forwarded to us. There is in addition to the solution a private letter to ourselves which of course could not pass. Printer's copy must be strictly that and nothing more. Anything in the shape of a letter even to the extent of a line breaks the bargain. Every week we have scores of answers sent for a cent. But no letter. No communication of any kind. If that is wished then letter rate must be paid.

The communication from a subscriber in Newry, Ireland came all right, and the answer to No. 48 was correct, but rather late for a prize. We are always specially glad to receive assurances from far off lands that TRUTH is cordially welcomed every week and diligently and delightedly read.

All doubt about how a CLACK is to be constructed will have been removed by actual example before this is published.

We did not think that No. XLIV. was specially difficult, though some say that it was. In any case a very respectable number have been able to give the correct answers, as will be seen from the following:—

- ZACHARIAH ELIZABETH. Luke 1, 6.
1. Zebulun, Mark 1, 20.
2. Ariel, Isaiah, xxix 1.
3. Cush, Zeph., 1, 7. Hil. 14-20.
4. Herodias, Math., xiv. 6, 9.
5. Aba, Luke, 1, 5, 6, 7.
6. Heriah, Jer., xxxv.
7. Idle, Exod., x, 17.
8. Ararat, Gen., viii. 4.
9. Set's, Gen., iv. 25.

Some of our friends who are generally very successful in their solutions give in answer to No. 3, Cozbi and refer to Numbers xxv. 6, 16. We think that upon reconsideration they will see that such cannot be the correct answer. No more can Carmi. Another who gives Cush is yet puzzled as to how the two parts of the question can both refer to Jerusalem. If the second passage in Zephaniah be read with the first it will be seen that Jerusalem is looked at in a double capacity by the prophet as an Apostate City and yet one still favoured and, as penitent, ultimately blessed of the Lord.

The successful competitors this week are the following:—

- W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa.
S. J. McCance, 332 Columbia St., New York, Ky.
Win. Jamieson, Moorfield.

We are particularly pleased by the anxiety for books expressed by one of our correspondents, though sorry that his supply comes so far behind his wishes. Let him remember that the formidable man is often the

man of one book—and that one good book thoroughly mastered is worth more for mental improvement and real enjoyment than a score skimmed over superficially. A great many people in these days read too much, and don't make what they read their own.

It is now more than time we were at No. XLIV. which we give as follows:

First joy of motherhood!
First taste of brotherhood!
One first found his wife's deep slings,
When the other first found his wings.

1 Of persons no respecter soon,
God willeth all to save:
First fruits of those long deemed unclean
Now welcomed as his own I ween,
This Eastern city gave

2 In memory of a wondrous night,
First in each clanging year
This month must be: It saw God's might,
His shadowing cloud, His guiding light,
His power and Egypt's fear.

3 Shall we who know him Lord of all,
Ever to this bow down?
Shall we before a shadow fall?
On undervalued work of mortal call?
And earn his jealous wrath?

4 Before the lions of His wrath,
Oft trembling slumbers shake,
"Teach us his way" we cry—and then
Make to ourselves new Gods again;
As once of old the Cuthar's men:
So devils fear and quake.

For a CLACK take "SING."

We are always glad to hear from as many as possible. But whether we hear or no we trust that an ever increasing number are searching the scriptures and finding through the search hidden treasures.

EDITOR OF SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

Madagascar.

Madagascar consists of a central plateau or highland rising from 4,000 to 5,600 feet above the lowlands of the coast, and from this plateau rise occasional volcanic cones, the highest, Ankaratra, being 8,950 feet above the sea. These volcanoes extend from the northern extremity of the island to the 20th parallel of south latitude. South of this appear granite rocks, at least as far as 22° south latitude. At higher latitudes than this the rocks of the interior are practically unknown to Europeans. According to a recent paper by Mr. F. W. Ratzel, F. G. S., several crater lakes and mineral springs abound; and to the north of the volcanic district of Ankaratra there is a tract of country containing silver, lead, zinc, and copper ores. As regards building stones, besides the granite which is so general, there are vast beds of sandstone and slate between the district of Ankaratra and the fossiliferous regions in the southwest of the central plateau. These fossils, according to M. Grandidier, the recent French traveller in the interior, are referable to the Jurassic system, and comprise remains of hippopotami, gigantic tortoises, and an extinct bird of the ostrich species. The coasts of the country are rich in timber, and it would also appear that the interior is a good mineral field.

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me I could look for another place."

"Everything has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's fiery red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It is a lighthouse," answered the professor, "to warn us of the little water that passes underneath."

Canadian wives and mothers should carefully note the opinions of one of their own sex who is by training and experience well able to advise them.

Mrs. JENNY E. TROUT, M. D., member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, President of the Medical and Electro-Therapeutic Institute, Toronto, says:—"Advice to a Wife contains very many valuable truths, hints and suggestions which, if faithfully lived up to, would save women from some of the heaviest burdens that beset their path." Advice to Mothers should be read by every mother in the land. It contains much profitable information, a knowledge of which would save many a little one from death, prevent much sickness among children, and ensure for our youth better health than they now possess."

The works here meant are Chavasse's Advice to a "wife" and "mother" each published at 75 cents or together at \$1.50, free by mail, Williamson & Co., Booksellers, Toronto.

# EATON'S Xmas Sale!

Our object in having this sale at this season is to make prices to suit the hard times and to reduce surplus stock in our several departments. To enable us to do this we have made some extraordinary reductions, as may be seen by our former advertisements, and by the rapid sale of these reduced goods day by day, especially in our Mantle and Dress Departments, and to have a still greater clearing of our Mantles we have some still greater reductions. We still continue our former reductions until every garment is sold.

## Jackets.

Those \$1.50 and \$3.00 Jackets are big bargains, and deserve the attention of every person requiring a cheap garment. We have put all our \$7.00, \$7.50 and \$8.50 Jackets at \$3.00 all round; these are heavy cloth Jackets, fully trimmed, and are a decided bargain.

To-day we offer fifty heavy Tweed Ulsters at \$5 each, regular price of these goods \$10.00.

## Eaton's Xmas Sale

All Children's mantles at big reductions. Extra heavy mantles for children, with capes at reduced rates.

## Silk and Plush Dolmans

Seventy-five dollar Dolmans at \$55. Sixty dollar Jackets for \$45; Fifty dollar Dolmans and Jackets for \$40.

Bargains in \$35, \$30, \$25 and \$20 Dolmans; every garment sacrificed.

## Eaton's Xmas Sale.

## Oilcloths.

During the sale we offer the contents of a large shipment of Table oilcloths 35 inches wide which we will sell at 30 cents a yd., all the newest patterns.

## Window shades

During the Xmas Sale we offer some extraordinary bargains in this department; you can get a variety of patterns at 50 cents a blind, goods that are ordinarily sold at \$1. We offer a plain blind, complete with spring roller for 65 cents. These spring rollers are the most convenient rollers to be found. No side strings, no fixtures, work automatically. Complete with blind for 65 cents each.

## Flannels.

Bargains in flannels: White Flannels, White and Grey Canton Flannels, Canton Flannels in all colors.

## Blankets,

Clearing prices for Blankets, white and gray. White Blankets, all wool, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.90, \$3.50, \$4.00 up. Extra superfine Canadian blankets reduced to \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, and \$4.50. These goods are superior to any blanket made heretofore and are equal to the best English goods and sold at half the price.

## Bed Comforters.

We offer some special inducements in this line of goods, 5 lbs to open to-day, full size 65 cents each. Fine English Satteen Covered Comforter, 7 lbs, weight, extra size for \$2.00.

## Xmas Goods.

Immense variety of goods suitable for Xmas presents, dolls, tea sets, wooden toys, vases, brackets, mantle stands, albums, easels, scrap books, tool boxes, tricks, &c.

# Eaton's Xmas Sale.

190 TO 196 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

### Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Bowen's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Wyoming man named James Agon, was recently married. A few weeks later he petitioned the court to add a "y" to his last name.

Ladies who have sewing to do, either put their work out, or buy the best sewing machine they can find. All the public institutions in the city use the light-running and noiseless "Wanzer" C. And we specially recommend the machine because it is more improved and better value than any other sold in Canada. A five years' warranty given and all instructions free. Chief Office, 32 King Street, West, Toronto.

**WATSON, THORNE & SMELLIE** Barristers and Attorneys, York Chambers, 9 Toronto St., Toronto.

**TAPE WORM CURED.** - CUMMINGS THE greatest and most successful tape worm exterminator known. Cures in three days. No drugs but a simple remedy causing no suffering. Send 3-cent stamp for reply. W. CUMMINGS, Ennismore, Can.

**MADILL & HOAR,** DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 336 YONGE ST. Have a large assortment of French and American Cut Glass Bottles suitable for coverings.

### CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S CARDS,

No. 1 Quality, 10 for 10c., 50 for 40c., 100 for 75c., 500 for \$3, 1,000 for \$5.

No. 2 Quality, 10 for 15c., 50 for 60c., 100 for \$1, 500 for \$4, 1,000 for \$10.

The above two lines are very prettily got up, and will sell fast at 3c. and 5c. each. We can also fill orders for more expensive cards at lowest rates. Sends us \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, or \$25, and we will send you a nice assortment.

**JAS. LEE & CO.,** MONTREAL, QUE.

Fine French Hair Goods and Private Parlor for Ladies' Head Dressing



Importers and manufacturers in Human Hair Goods of every style and best workmanship, Wigs, Waves, Langsty Bangs, Sweits, &c. Always on hand, the best German Golden Hair Black and Hair Restorer, Ladies' Head Jewelry.

**JAHN & SCHWENKER,** 75 KING STREET, WEST, TORONTO.

### 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, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

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

## ACHE

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

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

**CARTER MEDICINE CO.,** New York City.

### LADIES, LOOK HERE!

Full directions for making wax flowers, fruit, etc. without the aid of a teacher, sent post-paid on receipt of \$1. Address, Box J, Byron P. O., Ont.

## E. DEVINE,

BUTCHER.

All kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter and Eggs. Vegetables in season. Families waited on for orders.

674 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.

### Compound Oxygen.

H. LINDSAY, GROCER, 60 KING STREET WEST, Toronto, writes:—I have suffered for years with Dyspepsia; felt great distress after eating; dared not eat bread or potatoes; thought there was no help for me; that I must suffer while I lived; was induced to try "Compound Oxygen" at 73 King Street West; at the end of three weeks could eat any food I wished, and gained six pounds; have now taken one month's treatment, and feel like a new man altogether; no sign of rheumatism, which has troubled me every winter for years.

### LADIES!

If you want to buy a fine style in Laundry Bangs, Waves, Sweits, etc., before you shade of hair in letter, and Amount, and I will send you any style or color by return mail if you have already lost out hair that you want to sell, send it to me by mail, and I shall send you money what it is worth in return. Address: **DORREN WEND,** Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. Circular sent on application.



### A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES, when you are disgusted with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of

### DORREN WENDS,

"EUREKA" HAIR REMOVER.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroys the root, it softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

Eureka Manufacturing Company

105 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

**A. DORRENWEND,** Manager

**BEFORE** **AFTER**

**DORREN HAIR REMOVER**

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The Poet's Page.

The Night After Christmas.

The following rarely humorous parody on Moore's well known poem, which we printed last week, appeared in Godey's Ladies' Book, anonymously, in Dec., 1861. It has been sent to us by J. H. Heath, Esq., West Point, Ind., who is thanked for this timely contribution:—

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house Every soul was abed and as still as a mouse. The stockings, so lately St. Nicholas' care, Were emptied of all that was eatable there. The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds— With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap, And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap. When out in the nursery arose such a clatter, I sprang from my sleep, crying—"What is the matter?" I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze— To open the curtains, and throw off the clothes: While the light of the taper served clearly to show The piteous plight of those objects below: For what to the fond father's eyes should appear But the little pale face of each sick little dear? For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same, What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name— Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding, of course, And Custards, and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce; Before outraged nature all went to the wall, Yes—Lillypops, Flapdoodles, Dinner, and all; Like pellets which urchins from popguns let fly, Went figs, nuts and raisins, Jam, jelly and pie, Till each error of diet was brought to my view, To the shame of mamma and Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back, And brought out a phyl marked "Pully Specac." When my Nancy exclaimed,—for their sufferings shocked her— "Don't you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?"

I ran and was scarcely back under my roof, When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jallops' hoof. I might say I hardly had turned myself round, When the Doctor came into the room with a bound. He was covered with snow from his head to his foot, And the suit he had on was his very worst suit; He had hardly had time to put that on his back, And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack, His eyes how they twinkled! Had the Doctor got merry?

His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry, He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so, And the beard on his chin was not white as the snow; But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth, And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath, He felt of each pulse, saying—"each little belly Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jell."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf, And groined when he said so, in spite of myself; And a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He didn't prescribe, but went straight way to work And dosed all the rest, gave his trousers a jerk, And, adding directions while blowing his nose, He buttoned his coat; from his chair he arose, Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jallops a whistle, And Jallops dashed off as if pricked by a thistle; But the Doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight "They'll be well by to-morrow—good night, Jones, good night."

The New Year, 1885.

BY ELI A. WHEELER WILCOX.

Lo! sleep in the Past's mighty prison The old king is locked for all time; And a new king in glory has risen, While the bells chime and chime. As we list to their rhythmical ringing, To the musical rounds of good cheer, Let us swell the glad chorus, in singing A song of the year.

From the old year of dark superstition The New Years are speeding away; The world is in better condition With the dawn of each day! From the cloister, the text-book, the college, Men turn to their souls now, and read The secrets of life and of knowledge, And the thoughtful take heed.

Though the Pessimist groans in his terror, And points to the evil that thrives; Though the Scoffer is bold in his error, Yet, look at men's lives! They are growing, expanding, progressing, They are nearer the Source, and the Light; Each new year that comes is a blessing, A step toward the right.

There is less of cold creeds in man's preaching, And more of the Spirit of Love; We have learned where to look for true teaching, To look in—and above. No church, no harsh creed can save us, No prayer-locks well bound on our shelves; For the growth of the souls that God gave us We must look to ourselves.

This age is an era of thinking, Brave thought reigns supreme in its power; From fountains of Light we are drinking New truths with each hour. This world has outlived its delusion, That woman is helpless, as fair; For let the comes forth from seclusion To do and to dare.

No longer a mere world of Fashion, No longer the plaything of man, She sits with great feeling and passion

Her part in life's plan. She brings a new strength to the nation, Toll borrows a grace from her worth; And the dawn of new civilization Shines over the earth.

Then greet the New Year with all pleasure, He is friendly to progress and truth; Hall him king, in your merriest measure, He bodas well—in his youth. Let women rejoice, and do honor To the monarch, whose young hands hold now New dignities ripe to lay on her Already crowned brow.

Though the old year held things sweet and tender, Grieve not at its final adieu; There are hopes of all possible splendor Contained in the new, Look forward! great goals lie before you, Forget the few things you may miss; No other year ever dawned o'er you So royal as this.

The Dying Child.

Does the New Year come to-night, mamma! I'm tired of waiting so; My stockings hung by the chimney side, Full three long days ago. I ran to peep within the door at early Morning's light. They're empty still, O say mamma, Does the New Year come to-night?

Does the New Year come to-night, mamma, The snow is on the hill, And the ice must be two inches thick, Upon the mountain rill. I heard you tell papa last night His boy must have a sled, (I did not mean to hear, mamma,) And a pair of skates, you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma, I shall be full of glee, And the orphan boys in the village school Will all be envying me. I'll give them toys and send them books, And make their New Year glad! For God, you say, takes back his gifts When little folks are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma Upon the New Year's day, And carry something nice and warm To poor old widow Gray? I'll leave the basket near the door, Within the garden gate; Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? It seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my sleep; My stockings hung so full, I thought— Mamma, what makes you weep? But it only held a little shroud— A shroud and nothing more, And an open coffin made for me, Was standing on the floor.

It seemed so very strange, indeed To find such gifts, instead Of all the toys I wish so much, The story books and sled; And while I wondered what it meant, You came with tearful joy, And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year's suit— God calleth thee, my boy?"

It is not all a dream, mamma, I know it must be true, But I have been so bad a boy God taketh me from you! I don't know what Papa will do When I am laid to rest, And you will have no Willie's head To fold upon your breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma; Put your hand beneath my cheek And raise my head a little more It is so hard to speak. You need not fill my stocking now, I cannot go and peep; Before the morning sun is up I'll be sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the sled; But won't you give them both to Blak, Who hurt me on my head? He used to hide my books away, And tear the pictures too, But now he'll know I forgive him, As then I tried to do.

And if you please, mamma, I'd like The story-book and sled To go to Frank—the drunkard's boy, You would not let me hate; And dear mamma you won't forget Upon the New Year's day, The basketful of something nice, For poor old widow Gray.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma; It seems so very soon, I think God didn't hear me ask For just another June. I know I've been a thoughtless boy, And made you too much care, And maybe for your sake mamma, He does not hear my prayer.

There's one thing more—my pretty pets, The robin and the dove; O keep for you and dear papa, And teach them how to love. The garden hoe, the little rake— You'll find them nicely laid Upon the garret floor, mamma, The place where last I played.

I thought to need them both so oft, When summer comes again, To make my garden by the brook, That trickles through the glen. I thought to gather flowers too, Beside the forest walk, And sit beneath the apple tree Where once we used to talk.

It cannot be; but you will keep The summer flowers green, And plant a few—don't cry mamma, A very few, I mean, Where I'm asleep; I'd sleep so sweet Beneath the apple tree. When you and robin, in the morn, May come and sing to me,

The New Year comes, Good-night, mamma, I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord—tell poor papa— My soul to keep—If I— How cold it seems—how dark—kiss me, Mamma, I cannot see, The New Year comes—to-night, mamma, The old—year—dies—with—me.

Knowing and Trusting.

BY ADELAIDE M. PROCTOR.

I think if thou couldst know, O soul that would complain, What lies concealed below, Our burden and our pain, How just our anguish brings Nearer those longed-for things We seek for now in vain— I think thou wouldst rejoice and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see, With thy dim mortal sight, How meaningless, dark to thee Are shadows hiding light; Truth's efforts crossed and vexed, Life's purpose all perplexed,— If thou couldst see them right, I think they would seem all clear, and wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know, And yet thou canst not see; Wisdom and sight are slow In poor humanity. If thou couldst trust, poor soul! In Him who trusts the whole, Thou wouldst find peace and rest. Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.

Written for Truth

Christmas Tolls.

BY K. F. F.

Ring Merry bells, gay Christmas bells Ring out your notes so glad and free, Till every youthful bosom swells With joyous hope and endless glee. Let sweet home gather up festive cheer, Crown all the blessings of the year, For soon, ah soon, full many a care Shall hush the brows so smooth and fair. Ring Christmas bells,

Ring blessed bells for those who bear The heat and burden of the day, Who faint beneath their load of care, And bleeding walk Life's thorny way: Ring out with loud triumphant chime, Fill the bruised heart with strength sublime, Lift up the cross her Lord hath giv'n, And tread the victor's path to Heav'n. Ring Christmas bells!

Ring holy bells, sound sweet and strong The burden of the angels' song— "Glory to God, goodness ill to men, Till Earth's far echoes ring again; Ring out till every heart shall yield; Ring out till every win the field; Ring out, ring out till we and want Join in the strain all jubilant— Ring Christmas bells!"

Over the Waters.

Oh, why art thou dreaming, The bright moon is beaming; Giving the lustre of day to the night; Awake from thy slumbers And list to my numbers, Rise like a star in the regions of light. Oh come, love, with me, And our carol shall be Over the waters, my spirit, with thee.

Arise from thy pillow, Come over the billow, There's peril, believe me, in longer delay. The sun when adorning The hilltops of morning Will smile on our union, then rise and away. Oh come, love, with me, And our carol shall be Over the waters, my spirit, with thee.

Written for Truth.

Baby's Snow Song.

BY K. F. F.

Baby and nurse from the window gaze, The air is white with a fleecy haze, And baby laughs with pretty glee. The frolics of wind and snow to see. Now resting, now falling, now drifting away, Now tossing aloft in their giant play. "Feathery, fairy flakes of snow, Tell my baby where you go, Curling, whirling, dancing, glancing, Lying, flying everywhere, Down on the ground, up in the air, High and low away you go, Merrily bounding to and fro. O how nice to dance all day, I'd be a snowball whirling away! Feathery fairy flakes of snow, Tell my baby where you go."

"Nurdlings we of a stormy sky," Mumbled a flake as it floated by. Tossing, crossing, shifting, drifting, Hither, thither, far and near— Driven at random we appear. Yet each has a purpose too, Flakes of snow have work to do. Poor sad earth so bare and cold In our warm embrace we hold. Nestle 'neath our abiding wing

Sweetest blossoms of the spring, Poor ourselves, yet add we more To Summer's beauty—Autumn's store.— Just then rushed by a stormy gale That stopped the snowflake in her tale; Hail her be still and work with a will, Her nook in a violet's veil to fill. "Baby, each has his work to do, I must do mine, and away she flew.

No Plus Ultra.

—For Truth

No more for thee the light of summer eyes; The glad, green sun rays gleaming through the leaves!

No more the laugh of joy, the voice of song Thou art where Night is laughterless and long;

What now remains of all I found so fair? One lustrow tress from that lost glossy hair:

One presence that to earth its sunshine gave Now sank for ever in the sunless grave

One thought that in one fading life but fales, And soon with it a shade among the shades:

But we shall rest, no trace of us remain Though sun shall rise and many moons shall wane

How The Dimples Come.

BY JAMES M. ADAMS.

"How came," I asked a little maid, "Those dimples in your cheeks?" And bent my head low down to hear The little maiden speak.

"Ose dimples in my cheek," she said, "Would 'ou really like to know? They surely wasn't always there, An' yet they didn't grow."

"'Twas when a 'little girl I sat Beneath a 'at big tree, A 'little bird came down at 'an; A pretty song to me.

"An' just before he flew away, He tised me 'one, two, fee, An' ev'ry time he tised so hand He 'ent a hole in me.

"But 'en I didn't care, 'ou know It didn't hurt a mite, I wish the bird wuld tum adin An' sing to me to-night."

—For Truth

The Death of Ed.

BY J. F. F.

Yes, he is dy' n, the der o'd year; I feel his pulse grow weak, And it is ace his eye makes din, And pale his withered cheek; I feel such grief to part with him, More grief than I can speak.

He was so welcome when he came, He brought such joy to me; That as some well beloved friend I grieve his death to see; I'm loath to think how near the end Of his bright life is he.

The sands of life are slipping fast, I clasp his fingers—old; And fall I would retain him here, For ake of days of old; For friends he's given, true and dear, And blessings manifold.

The new year coming blithe and gay, May have bright days in store; Yet are his promises untried; Oh! year I love you more. Oh! if I could but stay this tide, That bears you from life's shore!

Oh vain! he's going, he has gone, I hear the bells chime one; Into the vast eternity, For ever he has gone; Farewell, old year, farewell to thee, Thy memory shall live on.

Medicine Hat, N. W. T.

Reassurd.

"Oh, youth, with smooth sand, papers I pate, The night is dark, the hour is late, Why do you linger on my gate?"

"I stay to help your daughter hold This gate upon its hinges old; Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"

The old man sought his little bed, And pillowed there his tranquil head; "I guess the gate is safe," he said, —LUCRITA C. RICE.

'Tis Ever Thus.

Oh! sweet is the morning of pure wedded love, When joy gilds existence, when faith is unshaken, Alas! that the joy should so transient prove, That from the bright dream we must some day awaken. Time brings us at last to the gall in the cup; Life loses the glow of affection's adorning, When quarrels ensue as to who shall get up, And kindle the fire on a cold winter morning.

Sport for the Month.

"Clear the track! Quick, turn back! Here comes the steed with the boys! Here comes the steed with the boys! Here comes the steed with the boys! Here comes the steed with the boys! And never ceasing noise.

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## Health Department.

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

### CHOLERA MORBUS.

Concluded.

When there is no medical man present it is a matter of great anxiety for the friends of the sufferer, who surround him to be able to tell when reaction or fever sets in and to enable them to do so, I will here point out a few of the signs which they are to look for and which will of course be hailed with joy, or at least hope, for it by no means invariably follows that re-action is the precursor of recovery.

In favourable cases of re-action, the wakefulness characteristic of true and complete collapse—or state of interruption of the voluntary actions of life, gradually gives way to sleep. The pulse becomes perceptible, the color of the skin more natural and a sound sleep may for hours succeed, during which time the temperature of the skin rises, diarrhoea gradually subsides and a febrile state resembling typhoid is established throughout, and it may be here remarked, *en passant* that such a febrile state or rather fever is quite as dangerous to life as true typhoid or enteric fever is. On the other hand the signs which experience has taught us to dread as those of almost certain death even during or after reaction has set in are a greasy perspiring skin, natural color, coated tongue and bloody evacuation; indeed, the advent of bloody stools is looked upon by many as indicative of certain death.

The patient lies on his back, eyes very wakefully open, voice weak but not so very choleraic, mind quite clear and often collected. Color and lips natural, tongue coated with grey colour sometimes colds. Skin greasy looking; there may be profuse perspiration in so much that the face and hair are bathed in cold sweat. Breathing labors, pulse very weak and uncertain, the thread of life, grows slowly weaker but the sufferer is often even hopeful till from twenty to thirty hours from the beginning of the attack when bloody evacuations supervene and death quickly follows.

One of the earliest auspicious symptoms which the friends of the sufferer may look for and which may be generally relied upon is the reappearance of the urine, which has been suppressed for several hours or even for days, sometimes; the quantity may at first be very small; but as nature re-asserts her mastery it becomes more abundant. The temperature also rises as may be felt by grasping the wrist and holding it for a few minutes, or by a thermometer placed in the armpit or axilla (the natural temperature of the human body in health is a fraction of a degree above 98° F.). After death from cholera very painful post-mortem sometimes occur and it may be as well to mention them here that undue hopes may not be entertained when actual death has occurred. I refer to the elevation of temperature and spasms and jerking of involuntary muscles which sometimes occurs after death and which to the uninitiated often often proves very misleading. Occasionally these post-mortem muscular contractions become so severe as to convulse the body and pitch the extremities wildly about the bed and it not unusually becomes necessary to tie the dead body down to prevent panic among the living.

Should Cholera visit us in Canada if we may judge from former experience of that disease in this country both sexes are about or very nearly equally liable to it, but among men it has always proved more fatal.

In Canada, also, it has always been terribly fatal and this can hardly astonish anyone who takes the trouble to examine the diary of the general classes. A few years ago, the significant fact that during the last American attack cholera became more wide

spread and more fatal as the autumn advanced, points to the degeneration of nutriment at that season, as well as the indigestibility of a salt pork and potato ration supplemented by a much greater quantity of pastry than the human digestive organs can economically dispose of. Mal nutrition undoubtedly predisposes to cholera, and though a great quantity of food may be eaten it by no means follows that sufficient nutriment has been given to support the vital organs in health and in a condition to resist the various attacks of disease. A plain, wholesome diet, consisting of a due proportion of flesh, fats, or oils, vegetables and water, is undoubtedly best for man, and nature has abundantly supplied these to our hand. Anemic or so-called bloodless people suffer most severely during attacks of cholera and it only requires us then to open our eyes on our streets to see how many such we have in our midst who will spread and prolong the epidemic.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

TOO RAPID GROWTH.—There are no safe means by which the too rapid growth of young persons can be prevented, but the ill effects incident to unusual growth in children can, to a great degree, be guarded against and avoided, by a well ordered hygienic management and assiduous watchfulness on the part of mothers over their children, during exertion in their games and exercises, by a good regimen and by teaching them to walk erect and to use both hands alike. At these epochs of rapid growth, the heart becomes very excitable, beating forcibly, and if such children are allowed full liberty to run about and join in active play they may contract the germs of disease of the heart. In this condition there is also a tendency to softening of the bones, and deviations from symmetry, and inequality of strength, and development in different parts of the body are particularly prone to arise, chiefly in girls. A child, while growing, is at the same time subject to the ordinary drain of mere maintenance, its expenditure of force should therefore be moderated and its resources increased. The first object is attained by curtailing muscular activity. The infliction of study upon a brain already over-excited by the important organic work that is going on throughout the entire system, embarrasses it and leads to no good, and every active kind of exercise, such as running, prolonged walks, and gymnastics, should be replaced by the passive exercise of the carriage, street car or boat, by prolonged periods of sleep, and by increased care as to all the conditions of the body. As regards the increase of resources, it may be provided for by good and substantial food, aiming at the nutritive rather than the dainty, and by favoring full digestion and assimilation, through free exposure to air and sunshine. A sojourn in the country—and this does not mean in the suburbs of city or town, but away from sight or sound of either, where there are green fields and greener trees—and the use of cod-liver oil, are precious remedies to be given at the same time if possible.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Dr. Mac Cormic, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers for self preservation with which nature has endowed him. "When one of the inferior animals," says he, "takes to the water, falls or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water, but when a man who cannot swim falls into the water he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface and is virtually insubmersible. In order then to escape drowning, it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man and yet the man perishes while the brute lives."

SNEEZING AND SHIVERING.—Nature's provision against the consequence of a "chill," and for the prevention of a "cold," are sneezing and shivering. A violent fit of sneezing and shivering often saves a chilled body the consequence of the nerve depression or "shock" to which it has been subjected, and this shock may in its first impression be very limited in its area. For ex-

ample, the small extent covered by a draught of cold air rushing through the crevice of a door or window. Their nerve-centres are roused from their "collapse" by the commotion or explosive influence of the sneeze. If sneezing fails, nature will try a shiver, which acts mechanically in this way. If this fails, the effects are likely to be very serious and bad consequences may ensue. The cold is slight when sneezing suffices to recover the nervous system quickly from its depression, and grave when even strong shivering fails to do so.

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, I would advise those thus afflicted to try my remedy—common salt. For the past two years I have suffered more or less with a very disagreeable pricking sensation in my throat, as though it had splinters in it, and fancied at some time or other I had swallowed a pin or a lawyer's fish story, and one of the bones had remained sticking in my throat. Determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of my trouble, I called to my aid my medical works, which are by no means limited, and under the head of throat diseases found it to be laryngitis, which alarmed me not a little. A friend advised me to use strong salt-water as a gargle, which I have done the past two-months, and my throat is well.

THE SPONGE BATH is within the reach of all, or nearly all, in this country, and no simple hygienic observance has done more to prolong life and preserve health. The temperature should be suited to the season of the year and the liking of the individual. A wet towel and a dry one to follow, will be found a good substitute, if time and cheapness press. The ruddy cheek, full pulse and muscular activity—in a word, the hale old age of many has been justly attributed to the continuous use for years of daily cold bathing. We must also confess that our art can offer no better prescription for those predisposed to be threatened with consumption, than the cold sponge bath.—[Health and Healthy Homes in Canada.]

OUR FOOD.—"Persons who prepare our food," says Dr. Lankester—"cooks in the kitchen, ladies who superintend cooks and order dinners for large families, and people who consume food from day to day never think of asking whether food contains the right proportion and the proper ingredients to secure health. Yet, without these, babies get rickets, young ladies acquire crooked spines, fathers get gouty and mothers get palpitations; and they do not, however, think of ascribing these things to the food which has deprived them of the proper constituents of their blood."—[Health and Healthy Homes in Canada.]

TOOTHACHE.—Toothache may be relieved in a moment by a few drops of camphor and laudanum dropped on a piece of lint, and put into the hollow of the tooth; but this relief, though certain, is only temporary; for if the tooth be decayed, it should be extracted. Another way: Mix two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture. Dip a piece of lint into this mixture, and then introduce it into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterized and the pain stopped. It is supposed to act by neutralizing an acid product in the decaying tooth.

A PHYSICIAN AND HIS DONKEY.—At his own expense, a physician tells a story about a small donkey he sent to his country house for the use of his children. One of his little daughters going out with the nurse to admire the animal in the paddock, was distressed when the donkey brayed dolefully. "Poor thing, poor thing!" she exclaimed, and turned to her nurse and said, "Oh, I am so glad! Papa will be here on Saturday, and then it won't feel so lonesome."

DANGER IN FALSE HAIR.—Good hair from safe sources costs from \$15 to \$50 an ounce. That which sells at a price much below this must have been obtained from a questionable source. Hair is sometimes taken from the heads of persons who have died of syphilis, of typhus fever or of small-pox, and there are manufacturers who purchase such hair, without question. The most loathsome and serious diseases may be spread in this way.

Dr. Casper on longevity states that "marriage is decidedly favorable to longevity," and that the medium duration of life is as follows:—In Russia about 21 years, in Prussia 29, in Switzerland 34, in France 35, in Belgium 30, and in England 38 years. The

so-called climacteric periods of life do not seem to have any influence on the longevity of either sex.

GOOD WASH FOR THE SKIN.—Take of orange-flower water, nineteen fluid ounces, best glycerine, one fluid ounce; borax, quarter of an ounce. Mix. This is an excellent skin-preserved. It possesses the property of preventing scars occurring after burns or wounds, and even of removing or considerably reducing scars previously formed.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF Hygiene, held at Geneva, Dr. Haltenhoff stated that in Europe one person in every thousand was blind. This gives about three hundred and thirty thousand blind in that country. Most of these could have been prevented. The blind of Europe cost society 100,000,000 francs annually.

HUGO ARNOT one day, when panting with asthma, was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal," said Hugo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

IN giving an account of an inquest, the printer chose to state: "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

AN ULSTER MAN has hit upon a happy expedient for getting rid of rheumatism. He crowded it down into two fingers and then had them amputated.

### MEDICAL QUERIES.

J. M., WOODSTOCK.—Q. What was the weight of the heaviest brain recorded? A. That of Cuvier, weighing rather more than 64 ounces.

J. J. R., AUBURN.—Q. Does leprosy, as it was known to the Jews, now exist, and where? A. Yes, plentifully—in north-east New Brunswick, Siberia, Mexico, and many other parts of the world. A salt fish diet seems to promote its spread, at least in New Brunswick and the South Sea Islands.

L. T. R., PARKDALE.—Q. I have a dull pain in my chest and a bad cough; it has troubled me for about a month, and as I am getting quite thin and weak, I am afraid my lungs are affected. What is the best thing for me to do? A. You should consult a doctor at once, and when you have done so follow his advice.

A. F., RENFREW.—Q. I am greatly troubled with night perspirations and jumping in my sleep. I am not very strong, and fear I may be going into a decline. What can I do? A. Take a dessert spoonful of this mixture three times a day before your meals: Sulphate of quinine, gr. 10; dilute sulphuric acid dr. 2. Water to fill a four ounce bottle.

B. B. N., LONDON.—Q. I have suffered from rheumatism in my back and hips for the last five years, and have taken I think every kind of medicine for it, but with very little benefit. Can you recommend anything? A. Try electricity with salicylic acid and hydrate of chloral combined. I cannot afford to answer your questions privately unless you write to consult me in the usual way, enclosing the fee of one dollar. Your other questions could not be answered publicly.

ANNIE W. W. WOODSTOCK.—Q. I am greatly troubled with neuralgia in one side of my jaw. Please give me some advice about it. A. Have the month examined for bad teeth, and if there are any old stumps have them extracted; if any of the teeth are decaying have them cleansed and stuffed, but if the teeth are not at fault take half a wineglass of this mixture every half hour till pain stops: Muriate of ammonia, gr. 60, camphor water, oz. 4.

R. J. G., HAMILTON.—Q. My hair is falling out, and I fear before long I will be quite bald. What can I do to prevent it falling out? A. Apply the following to the head, rubbing it well into the scalp every night. Wash the head quite clean with cold water every morning. Castor oil, oz. 10; alcohol, oz. 10; tincture of cantharides, oz. 1; oil of Bergamot, oz. 1; oil of clove, 1 drop; oil of Verbena, 1 drop. Dissolve the oils in the alcohol and then add the tincture of cantharides.

"Free chops" is a sign hung out by Chicago restaurant; and when the customers apply, they are shown a wood pile as handed an axe.

Ladies' Department.

NEW YEAR'S DAY FARE.

A contribution that will find favor upon any New Year's table consists of Jardiniere cakes. These are made by mixing a rather stiff drop-cake batter; after the one of butter, two of sugar, three of flour; and four eggs, style, adding any flavor preferred, and dropping it in very small teaspoonsful upon buttered paper, so that the cake when baked will be the size of a silver dollar. When two pansful have been baked, turn half the cakes over, spread with currant jelly, put other cakes on top of them, and cover the tops with an icing already prepared, which has been colored with a little cochineal, Lemon and other jellies may be used to diversify the taste and appearance, and chocolate and other icing to produce variety in color, and the result will be a very pretty addition to the table delicacies.

Pickling oysters is dreaded by many, because the results are so often disastrous, but nothing is more simple: Put two quarts of large oysters on the fire to boil in their own liquor. While heating they will gradually assume a full and plump appearance, if allowed to boil this plumpness will disappear, they will shrivel, and if the boiling continues any time, they will become tough and leathery. At the boiling point—and this is where the care is required—they should be removed with a skimmer, the liquor strained and a coffee cup of good cider vinegar added. Let this come to a boil, skimming it as it nears the boiling point, and then add the spices, salt, peppercorns, one or two grains cayenne, allspice in the berry, whole cloves, a few sticks of mace and a little thin rind of lemon. Boil the whole a few minutes, and pour it hot over the oysters, which cover and set away in a cool place till wanted. The amount of spice depends largely upon taste, twenty five of each of the whole spices is about right for two good quarts, or a hundred, counting the oysters singly.

In making sandwiches, it is better to use light bread than biscuit, as it can be cut thinner, and is more digestible. It should be porous, and at least a day old, though not dry; chicken, tongue and ham make the best sandwiches, and each kind should be made distinct and separate from the other, not mixed, as was common formerly, but prepared and flavored, each after its own kind; tongue and ham with mustard, and chicken with currant jelly, or celery sauce. The sandwiches should be made small, the edges carefully trimmed and freed from crust, then piled upon a napkin, upon china dishes or plates, and covered with other napkins. This is necessary, even after they are placed upon the table, unless otherwise they become dry and unattractive very soon. Sardines require only a lemon cut up for a garnish and should be accompanied by small crisp crackers, or biscuits, but salad presents difficulties, though few dishes are more highly appreciated than chicken salad among those put upon a New Year's table; yet nothing is less desirable, or less palatable, if not skillfully made. We have given receipts so frequently for mayonnaise and other salad sauces that it seems unnecessary to repeat them, but it should be remembered that while simpler sauces will answer for more lettuce, endive, and other simple salads, the mayonnaise is essential to the perfection of chicken or lobster salad. Six fresh eggs, two boiled twenty minutes, four raw, a small bottle of pure olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, half of white pepper, and a soupcon of cayenne are required in addition to the teaspoonful of made mustard, into which the oil is put drop by drop after it has been thoroughly blended with the flowery yolks of the boiled eggs. The beaten yolks of the fresh eggs are added after the salt and pepper have been put in, and lastly the vinegar, very gradually. Only the inner part of the lettuce should be used, and the larger leaves should make a wall, inside the dish, for the chicken, into which the chicken, cut up small, should be put, the sauce poured over, and the smaller leaves piled up in the centre. Capers, small bits of pickled beet, or olives, are sometimes added to the mixture.

American women are generally excellent cake makers, and there is little they do not know on that subject; but they are not so well acquainted with the preparation of delicious tarts and "patty-pau" mince pies, which are more attractive to many than the

infinite varieties of cake. They will also find a notable addition in game or chicken-pies to a New Year's bill of fare; the latter particularly, if chicken-salad is absent. Game and chicken pies are of course eaten cold; they are not available in cities, where the callers rush in and out again, not taking time to eat more than perhaps a pickled oyster; but they will be found a great resource in the country, where gentlemen ride distances and are ready for a hearty luncheon. To make them properly, preparations should be begun three days beforehand by carefully brasing the pigeons, grouse, chickens, or whatever, in a closed stewpan, with a little water, a few slices of sweet, salt pork, and a little celery root. Simmer very slowly for one or two hours, according to size and tenderness, turn out into a dish, which put in a cold place covered, till next morning. The second day skim, lay the pieces of bird or fowl in the dish, with a few canned mushrooms, or some oysters, seasoning to taste. Pour over the stock, which should be a thick jelly, add any gravy you may happen to have that has been freed from fat, a grating of lemon-peel, and then cover with a rich smooth paste. Mushrooms accompany game; the oysters are more suitable for chicken, and to both a few bits of butter may be added and a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire-sauce. When cold, the interior should be incased in solid jelly, and as such pies will keep a week, and are good for breakfast or luncheon, they are useful to have in the house at holiday times. For patty-pau mince pies, chop enough of beef tongue to make a cup of meat; add to this a cup of chopped and sifted suet; enough salt to season; a cup of chopped apple, a cup of chopped quince (canned), a cup of English currants, cleaned, and freed from sticks and stones; a cup of chopped raisins; a cup of whole raisins; a small cup of citron, lemon and orange candied peel, shredded fine; a small cup of sugar; a cup of currant or raspberry jelly, and a cup from the juice of pickled peaches. Season with nutmeg, cinnamon, and a little clove. Bake in a rich paste, in small patty-pans, in a slow (not slack) oven.

Nut cake, plum cake, jelly-cake, orange-cake, and the like are the kinds of cake preferred on New Year's Day; few gentlemen being so depraved as to eat "plain" pound-cake; the most indigestible of all cakes, except, perhaps, hickory-nut-cake, or "Angel" cake, which, as it consists solely of whites of eggs, sugar, butter and flour, is a fiend, to many, in angel's guise.

A good foundation for nut-cake is the one of butter; two of (granulated) sugar; three of flour, and four eggs; formula: Cream the butter and sugar; add a dessertspoonful of Royal baking powder to the flour; separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, and put in only two of the former; add to this half a cup of milk, a nutmeg or grated lemon, and one cup of chopped kernels of hickory nuts, and pour into a buttered mould, which should be placed immediately in a good, solid, but not too hot oven. If it browns too quick, cover with buttered paper, and try with a splint before taking out or moving from its position. By making a sufficient quantity of the batter, a fine jelly-cake and a very good plum-cake can be obtained at the same time; baking one-third in layers, and placing jelly between, and adding currants, raisins and shredded citron to the third. The six whites of eggs which will remain from a triple quantity will make the icing for plum and jelly-cake; nut-cake should not be iced. If a darker plum-cake is preferred, the preceding rule may be employed (double) for nut and jelly-cake; while for plum and coffee-cake, the same rule will suffice, only using clear, strong coffee instead of milk, and adding to the icing of the latter a square of melted chocolate.

One word just here may not be amiss in regard to the general subject of holiday fare, and the making of pies and puddings. There is no doubt that much of the prejudice that exists against dishes of this description has been created by the poverty of their preparation; the failure of the cook to appreciate the fact that it is the inside, rather than the outside, upon which the care should be bestowed, that the crust only incloses the real heart of the thing, and is quite a secondary consideration. Who has not seen a flat, insipid section of pumpkin, mince, or apple pie, generous of nothing but soggy crust, served after an otherwise good dinner? A plain apple, with a little cheese, and a cracker, all good of their kind, would make an infinitely better dessert.

To make an apple-pie, pile the dish with

apples, which have been peeled, cored and quartered. Rhode Island greenings are the best, and they must be tart, sharp and juicy, or they are not worth making into pie at all. Sprinkle a few grains of salt, or some crumbs of butter over the apple; cover thickly with sugar no water and add spice, cinnamon, nutmeg, or both, or the first and some grated lemon peel and inclose in a good flaky paste, after surrounding the edge with a rim, which must be dampened with ice-cold water to make the lid adhere. Notch the edges, cut the ornamental air holes, and if the oven is right, the pie will be fit for a king or President, and will not harm the most rabid dyspeptic. A slice of apple drowned in water, in a wilderness of crust—that is the usual apple pie and naturally—the less of it the better.

Pumpkin pie suffers in the same way; it is usually poor and thin when it should be rich and thick. Here is a good formula: Cut up part of a pumpkin in small pieces; do not peel it, but carefully clean out the seeds. Much of the best part of the pumpkin or squash lies close to the skin. Lay an inverted plate or saucer at the bottom of a porcelain kettle to prevent burning, and put in the pumpkin. Pour in a teacup of boiling water, and let it stew slowly for several hours, until quite dry and of a rich orange color. Rub when done through a coarse colander while hot; then add a quart of rich, sweet milk, four well-beaten egg, salt, sugar, nutmeg and ginger to suit the taste. One tablespoonful of molasses is an improvement. Bake in a rich under-crust, without covering.

Now for some macaroons! these favorite little dainties are very delicately made of one pound and a quarter of almonds blanched and pounded, with a little rose-water added to moisten and flavor them. The whites of three eggs should be beaten very light, and the sugar stirred in gradually. Mix all thoroughly together and drop on clean writing-paper. Bake for about three minutes in a quick oven.

Flannels that Grow Smaller.

There is a rhyme going the rounds of the press about a man who bought a flannel shirt, and after the first washing it descended to the small boy to wear, and after two or three more it could only be donned by the baby. Of course, it seems an exaggeration, but every housekeeper who has had experience in this class of goods, knows how very trying it is to find the garments gradually shrinking until they become quite useless in many cases where there is no "small boy" or "baby" to bequeath them to. From a long experience I am convinced that, although there is a great difference in the quality of goods, there is a still greater in the manner of washing. Those who have no interest in caring for the shrinkage of a garment, will hardly give it as much care as those who have; yet upon this very care depends the successful washing.

The best way is to cut up whatever soap is needed into the water, as it makes flannel thick to rub the soap on it, as you can easily discover. A little ammonia and borax make the dirt come out quickly and easily, as soon as the garment is sufficiently tubbed in the hot suds, put it in still hotter for rinsing, and shake out each piece well from both waters, and flap in the air to shed all the water possible before hanging out. Rub as little as possible; more dependence can be placed on squeezing through the hands, but the quicker the operation is performed the better the result. Red flannel should always be washed before making up. I know it will fade a little from the pretty scarlet shade, but there is a poison to some skins in the red coloring, and it is safer to wash it out, besides this, the smell of new red flannel is very disagreeable, and the least perspiration brings it out. The wringer is very bad for fine flannels, as it rolls up the nap and hardens it. Always choose a fine day for washing flannels, if you wish to keep them soft and clear; for they are often spoiled by being left in water, or in the basket till the weather clears up, and then they become muddy and discolored. Woollen hose need to be well rinsed a second time, after they are turned, then pulled into shape, and dried quickly. They must be wrung or squeezed tightly, and no water left to drip and drain out of them.

Knitting Arrasene.

Which is a lighter kind than that used for embroidery, has been lately introduced and is likely to find great favor with those who are fond of ornamental crochet and knitting; for it is beautiful, soft and lustrous, and easy and pleasant to work. Among the many articles for which it is adapted are evening wraps, hoods, shawls, babies' frocks and pelisses, which are most rich in effect. It will clean well, and, in fact, can be washed in warm rain water, first of all making a lather of soap moving the article rapidly backwards and forwards in the lather. Then rinse the article through cold water, taking great care not to squeeze or rub it; hang it out to dry in its dripping state, giving it an occasional shake; or, if more convenient, it could be dried before a fire. It is necessary to lay some stress upon the fact that knitting arrasene is different from embroidery arrasene. Any one who handles the two kinds will at once see the difference. In ordering, therefore, this should be borne in mind. It should be stated that knitting arrasene is made in wool, also, and washed if the same care is taken. It is made only in a few colors at present, namely, cardinal, pale pink, azure blue, old gold, violet white and black.

The Kirghese Way.

There is little of love or sentiment in Kirghese courtship. A batch of kinsmen of the would be bridegroom approach the parents of the chosen one with presents, and among them a dish of liver and mutton-fat, which signifies that they mean matrimony. The compliment is returned, and the kinsmen of the bride decide what amount of *kolim* shall be paid to her parents. This may vary from forty to one hundred and twenty sheep, or from nine to forty-seven head of larger cattle, at least two-thirds of which have to be paid at once. The suitor has also to send one present and to bring a second, for which he manages to see the girl with feigned secrecy by night, and then to give another present for the right to see her by day. Perhaps the parties have never met before; but, the present having been made, they are betrothed—so fast indeed that neither can draw back with impunity; and, should one of them die before marriage, the parents of the deceased must find another son or daughter to carry out the contract, or the *kolim* must be returned. When the entire *kolim* has been paid, the bridegroom claims his bride, is married, and brings her, with her *trousseau*, consisting of a tent and cattle, to his father's *aul*.

A Novelty in Gloves.

Paris sends out a novelty in the way of a glove which is fastened all the length of the arm by means of tiny kid straps and buckles. This will prove a great boon to women who, being the possessors of plump arms, have long been vexed with the straight-buttoned glove but little wider at the top than at the wrist, causing the rounded portion of the arm to be pinched and squeezed into a space some inches too narrow for it and giving the wearer's arm a confined and uncomfortable appearance. [American Queen.]

SEND to Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont. for the latest circulars. Every young man and woman should read them.

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## MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

## SIX MONTHS OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TOWARD THE LIGHT.

The new unrest, keen and strange, still haunts Elizabeth, always unrestful. She is still passing to and fro, in the land of darkness; but now, day after day, she returns to the one unfamiliar point upon its nearer boundaries where the great light falls upon the shadows—neary Elizabeth! Every thrill of faint belief, of faint hope, is cherished as some new secret joy.

Her friends have pointed her out as one of the Perfections of Culture; but the young scholar herself, with every fresh achievement, has closed her book with the same bitter cry. "To what end? For we shall die and not live!" In her despair she has been strengthened by dangerous subtle sympathy and companionship.

She has found fatal sympathy in the despair of loftier minds. In the tender, pitying humanity of Stuart Mill, in the absence of all reference to Christ and the Christian's hope of immortality in "George Eliot"—and to Elizabeth these two are the typical man and woman—she has not failed to distinguish the steady, sobbing, minor strain, to hear her own hopeless cry "To what end? Alas! To none adequate; for we shall die and not live!"

But now, and within her own daily scrutiny, appear two lives which are conducted, she is at last convinced, in direct reference to a life after death; and Elizabeth comes bravely out of her solitudes, nay, out of herself, to meet and study them.

Often, lately, has she returned from Lois' room to her own, only to take up her Bible and turn to one worn leaf. Over this fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Elizabeth has been day after day, despairingly vain to contemplate the terrible mystery of her life in its light after beholding it so long in the shadow of her other books.

Its declarations have a power that now the proud skeptic cannot withstand. She knows well that this ancient scholar of powerful intellect attested his faith in a risen Christ by a life of peril and a death of martyrdom. She, too, must admit that "the life of Saul of Tarsus, before and after, proves that something must have taken place during his trip to Damascus—something out of the common."

She knows that the earnest Lois, the humble Hannah, both imagine their strength to come from the same source. The calm security of the two simpler lives has arrested her, held her silent, until now she turns back to the Bible to study this Christ.

More than once, too, the haughty girl has fallen on her knees.

But always has she risen dumb. She cannot, cannot feel that there is any listening ear. She has risen to pace stormily to and fro, hour after hour; risen to curse the "spirit of the age," and the books that have robbed her of God's best gift to humanity,—the power of faith, that very same "child-like credulity" which she has so openly ridiculed.

"Those two simple girls think they can look into heaven!" she cries out bitterly, "while I, the trained scholar, cannot see beyond these walls!"

But she still pursues her study of "this man Jesus," so lovable in the book, and so adorable in his influence upon the lives of these two followers. She cannot pray, only as the utter sincerity of this study is prayer—yet even to this there comes tender answer: for there daily grows in her heart a longing that this Christ of Lois' faith would prove "very Christ" also to her. This, too, is prayer; the utter honesty of this longing is prayer that never did, and cannot this time, either,—blessed be God—fail of answer.

There are always tokens of which way the battle is going.

Nobody, now, is too insignificant for Elizabeth's notice. This morning down in the kitchen she hears what is passing between Linda and cook. It is Linda's birthday, and cook, according to an ancient homely custom, is somewhat boisterously treating her to the "birthday whipping"—thirteen good natured slaps, and one last resounding blow "to grow on!"

Elizabeth is, with her own hands, making the toast for her father's breakfast. Down on her knees before the fire, she turns and looks at the poor little mince of the dish.

pan. It interests her to see such an honest smile on such a plain, common little face; and she wonders where this kind of human being finds her gladness.

She never has been able to understand these lives. She can imagine the instincts and the sunny enjoyment of a purely animal existence, that of Bruno, or the paring cat at her feet,—they never have heard of death, or of moral responsibility.

But how do the glimmerings of these mysteries affect such a girl—poor little wail, but all the same steadily drifting toward the unknown! She feels a vague sense of duty toward the child, longs to widen her vision, or better still, to bestow a single vivid pleasure upon a life which must end so fatally.

"I suppose you never have had a birthday party, Linda?"

"Me? Them's what girls in story-books have—hain't it? No, mem."

"But you have had birthday presents?"

"Goodness me? Not much, mem! How could I, when I don't have no folks?"

"Why do you care then particularly that this is your birthday, Linda?"

Linda, it seems, is not at all afraid to talk with her "betters." She answers promptly and at length.

"I don't know as I do, mem. But it's a kind of day that comes round once in so often, like Sundays, and Fourths, and Christmas, and you kind o' set store by 'em naturally. When you come to really speak of 'em, mem, they're nothin' particular to me, none on 'em—nothin' to me, nor I to them, so it's 'long as it's broad."

Elizabeth goes up-stairs with her toast. Why must such a girl, more than Bruno or the cat, be roused, widened, deepened? She hurriedly tosses her missionary burden aside.

Down-stairs, cook reprimands Linda.

"Don't yo know ye shouldn't make so free! My sakes, girl! I never spoke more to Miss Elizabeth in my life than 'yes'm' and 'no'm'!"

Linda tosses away. Linda is no servile foreigner. She is an American, a genuine product of our town pavements and city alleys—a natural, progressive, aspiring democrat.

"She begun the talk," she says. "If she hadn't wanted me to answer, pretty likely she wouldn't have asked questions. My! I just as soon talk to her as not. I kind o' like to look around into her big eyes,—ain't they black, though!—black clear through, an' no bottom to 'em!"

By and by, down-stairs comes Hannah with an odd armful. She calls Linda.

"Miss Elizabeth says as them his for you; they be a birthday present."

Linda, in amaze, undoes strings and wrappers. Cook looks on, so does Hannah. Well, first there is a little swinging book-shelf with its gay cords; there is a set of the "Jessica" books, and with them a clasp Bible; lastly, there is a flower chromo—the lovely Easter cross.

"My goodness, and my goodness!" Linda pants forth at last. "Yes, and my goodness again! Now don't ye see—ef I was a young lady a visitin' here, she couldn't have did different. Tain't no old dress or old shawl, such as they generally gives. My sakes alive! I shall have to prink a bit, to live alongside o' gilt books and flowers. It's well for me as I can sweep clean and make a nice bed—dirt and topsy-turvy don't do along o' these things. Ef I only had a china vase, now, and a house plant, wouldn't my room be just fixed!"

The happy Linda lugs her gifts off into her own room, and stays there a good hour, settling them to her mind; cook indulgently does the girl's work, and lets her make the most of her birthday.

Hannah has some thoughts about all this.

"Miss Elizabeth was uncommon kind to me to-day," she says to cook. "She asked me to set down after the bed was made, and then what does she do but inquire of me how I took that verse in the Bible:

"'And ye shall know these things whether they be of God.'"

"And what did you say?" asked cook.

"Miss Elizabeth is such a scolar."

"Oh, I makes bold to tell her wot I does think. An' wot I thinks is this: when God

finds a person really loves to meditate upon 'these things,' he lights up a peculiar lamp in their minds, and it shines out so that you see the hidden meaning that is a-lyin', like a seed, in every verse. And then there will be so many thoughts a-comin' to you as you could never 'ave of yourself—a springin' up like leaves and flowers hout of that hidden seed—and you will be teachin' things you would never believe in of your own haccord. Or, to put hit in another way, wen you are looking at a text in that light, it will seem to you, mobbe, all hof a sudden as if that text was put under a microscope, such dear meanings, and teachings, as will make their appearance to you! I told Miss Elizabeth as that was wot the verse meant to me."

Cook hears Hannah through, and behind Hannah's back she says that, "come to live with one of 'em, it's a powerful mystery to be a Christian; only she can't believe they all make such a great affair of it as Hannah does."

Elizabeth, up-stairs, is having, as Hannah expresses it, "many thoughts a-comin' to her as she could never 'ave of herself." And, too, she is thinking with cook, though in somewhat different style, that it is a "powerful mystery" to be a Christian; and, with cook, too, she cannot believe they all make it "such a great affair" as Hannah does.

She longs to know if her mother, who for so many years has styled herself one of Christ's followers, is in these things like Lois and Hannah, is in her heart so immovably sure of a life beyond the grave. Strangely, she longs to find her so, longs to be made sure of another and yet another holding by that "anchor within the veil," though she herself cannot find it, cannot grasp it.

Yes, it has now come to this. *If she could*, she, too, would place trust in the Christ of the Cross, the Christ of the Resurrection. Elizabeth's homage is no longer an intellectual admiration of the Man of the New Testament whose "maxims" have been allowed by the sages of her books to be almost as fine as those of Socrates, and Confucius, and Buddha.

No, no! She is the sinner groping her way toward the Cross, and toward the Empty Tomb, with weary and uncertain steps!

Elizabeth finds her mother busy. She is altering the trimmings of a breakfast cap, and she holds it up with a perplexed look.

"Do give me the benefit of your taste, Elizabeth! Lois thinks lavender more becoming than the mauve, and I don't know but I do like it better. What say?"

"The lavender, I think," Elizabeth replies. "Lois' taste seems very good. She is the true lady after all,—don't you find her so, mamma?"

Mrs. Hurd answers indifferently. "I don't know as to that—perhaps—though she is almost too elderly in her taste to suit most of us. But I suppose poor sister, after the lesson which her folly must have taught her, became severe and elderly herself; and I dare say she was very rigid with her daughter."

"Mamma," Elizabeth asks abruptly, "do you know what Saidee is doing—Saidee and Lois? That they are to hold a prayer-meeting down in the drawing-room to-night?"

Yes, Mrs. Hurd knows it.

"It seems a strange proceeding for Saidee, our conservative Saidee," Elizabeth continues. "But I suppose you, mamma, must rejoice at the step—there is so little actual work done by Christians personally to emphasize what they believe."

Mrs. Hurd does not seem inclined to discuss the matter. She holds out her cap to note the effect of certain bows, and appears altogether much perplexed and engrossed. However, her church membership, together with the force of Elizabeth's nature, obliges her, at last, to make an answer.

"I am not clear as to the propriety of this movement," she says. "St. Paul's teachings concerning the sphere of our sex have always been my guide in such matters. I think charity is quite field enough for us. I do not like undue excitement and stir in the church—a reaction usually follows. And I much fear that Lois will yet render Saidee more of a fanatic than we shall care to see her."

Elizabeth's head drops as she listens.

"Are these your views, mamma? Well, were I to become a Christian, I should hope to be just such an one as Lois, or as our Hannah down-stairs."

"I should hope you would be sincere, certainly," Mrs. Hurd answers. But she looks greatly disturbed. "What strange thing

has come over her?" she asks as Elizabeth goes out. "I certainly don't fancy the influence Lois manages to exert throughout the house. That even this change in Elizabeth is owing to her I haven't the slightest doubt."

Hearing cheery voices, Elizabeth opens the door of her sister's room.

"You two contrive to bestow very little of your society upon the rest of us," she says. "I hear chatter, chatter, as I go by, so cozy and snug, but I find nobody to talk with, except Hannah, and poor little Linda."

But she will not stay. Her destination proves to be her father's room. Mr. Hurd, in slippers and dressing-gown, is sitting up, absorbed as usual in the newspapers; but he lays them down and looks very much pleased that Elizabeth draws up a chair as if she had come to stay.

"Well, papa," she says in the light tone she has lately assumed with him. "I appear before you to-day as attorney for my cousin Lois."

"Client aware of the visit?"

"Not at all. She never meddles in her own matters, I believe." And then she adds in a more serious tone, "What have you concluded to do for her, papa?"

"Well," he says, "I have been talking it over with your mother, and she thinks I better remember her in my will. I've sent for Leggett to come up to-morrow. I'll leave her five thousand dollars. The girl deserves it. She seems almost as near as the rest of you."

"Papa, I don't like your plan at all!"

"Well, I suppose not. No more did your mother. She thought a thousand was about the fair thing—"

Elizabeth interrupts.

"Papa, the whole plan is after the miserable fashion of you men! Never doing any good with your money until you cannot possibly use it yourselves! What Saidee and I both wish you to do is this: Invest five thousand now in her own name, place the papers in her own hands, and teach her to transact the necessary business herself. Then she will be independent! Make it her own, out and out, put the thing beyond the risk of changing your mind, when you have forgotten what she has done for us! Papa," she adds, with something of Saidee's own warm indignation, "that poor girl has not an entire dollar in her possession! She is obliged to depend for clothing, and for the supply of all her little needs, upon what Saidee can induce her to accept. She makes herself useful throughout the house, and yet, of course, she is not to be offered wages. I do hope, papa, you can see that 'to be remembered in a will' is not available funds to go shopping with!"

"Bless me!" cries Mr. Hurd, rubbing his hands, "then the boot's not on the foot, I thought! I littlesupposed you were troubled with heart to this extent, my daughter, Elizabeth—I believe I must encourage the unexpected development!"

"Do you mean, papa, that you will do as I have said?"

"Why not! It may be rather inconvenient just now, but that affair with Dr. Guthrie is pretty well straightened out. At any rate the girl shall have enough to buy gloves and shoe-strings."

"Do you mean to say that she is, at once, to have five thousand in her own name?" persists Elizabeth.

"She shall have five thousand in her own name, and the papers handed over," Mr. Hurd says plainly.

Elizabeth, without another word, reads to him half an hour from the dailies.

But when she leaves she stops by his chair. She has something more to say—there is a stain of vivid color wandering about on her cheek. She stoops her stately head to his ear, at last:

"Papa, I think—that is—would it not be well if you shouldn't mention to mamma what you are intending to do for cousin, until after it is done?"

Papa nods, without looking up.

"That is, I wouldn't mention it at all, until after Lois has the papers."

"Exactly," says papa.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A BURNT SACRIFICE.

Elizabeth is vividly aware that it is the night of the prayer-meeting.

She is alone in the firelit twilight of her room. She has come up from tea, musing all the way about Lois' Saidee. The two girls impress her as having changed places with each other; there is a sunny joyous-

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She lugs

ness about Lois, and there is a pensive touch of peace upon Saidee's face which a month ago was not there.

She lights her room, and, thinking still of the two girls, idly picks up a pencil and falls to sketching,—her young cousin's face. She throws aside one sketch after another, with a slight gesture of dissatisfaction. There is a faint aureole around all these penciled heads; the drapery is soft, vague, flowing, and, rising in shadowy beauty behind the lovely head, are folded wings; the face, the winged shoulders, the faintly defined figure, all are touched with a light, floating, angelic grace.

Retaining the most perfect of these idealized portraits, Elizabeth's pencil hovers over the bright, wide, up-lifted eyes. Yes, even she has caught that one beautiful look which belongs to the otherwise quiet face. She lightly touches and retouches the firm, sweet, delicate mouth. But she cannot, as she wishes, bring out that expression of rapture, purity and trust; and she drops her pencil.

Extinguishing all the lights, she goes to the window. The double hush of the moonlight and the snow rests upon the park like square and the broad avenues, the lighted mansions glimmering among the leafless trees—it is all far too silent for her unrestful mood.

She walks once or twice across the floor, then pauses before the organ. Its white keys gleam in the fire-light. She rests her fingers on the keys, but forgets to strike them. She stands leaning over the organ, gazing off into the darkness. Not into the soft warm darkness of her fire-lit room—that is suggestive of life, and thought, and companionship—but off into that other gloom, cold and endless, which she must needs enter soon or late. How often she has stood thus looking down into the terror of the grave!

But to night some rescuing hand seems holding her back. The silence, heretofore so utter, grows as it were with distant voices—the ancient voices that cross the centuries and comfort the world. They surround her with grave and gentle presence—the Living Voices of that despised Jewish Book; and, as if all her haughty scorn had been but the weak warring of a child, they repeat to her promise after promise, assurance upon assurance—with what gentle whisperings! With what tender persuadings!

Ah, it is the same! She trembles before Lois' gentle Master, she trembles before this constraining love, this infinite forgiveness.

Shadows of pain, as of some thought of anguish, too great to be borne, sweep across her face. In the darkness of the room there is a piercing cry of organ note and sorrowing voice,—

*"Quærens me, sedisti lassus  
Necemini, crucem passus"*

It is her cry of utter unworthiness,—

*"In search of me, why feel such pain?  
Why on thy cross such pangs sustain?"*

The singer's voice dies in a weary sob—"sedisti lassus." She turns away from the organ; but the music sounds faintly on. There is a strain of song floating lightly around her, and it brings her, strong of mind as she is, trembling, to her feet.

But the next moment she smiles, smiles at her weakness, and goes back to her chair by the fire. The singing from Saidee's prayer-meeting has floated up through her open door. She can even hear the soft rustle of rising and kneeling, the faint murmur of a girlish voice.

She goes lightly to close her door. She comes back and lights the room again. There is an unusual expression upon her face, and she moves quickly, as one in accomplishment of some purpose.

What is she about to do? With a quick, nervous motion, she rakes open the glowing coals of her fire until the room reddens with the heat. Then she goes to her table. She selects half a dozen from the books, piles them upon each other. She opens the door of a tall quaint cabinet, and takes down from shelf after shelf, volume after volume. She moves a flight of steps, and mounting them, from the topmost compartment, lifts down magazines and pamphlets.

And now she pauses by the table a long moment. She slowly flutters the leaves of the collection she has thus been gathering. She turns the pages where the "Jewish Man Jesus" and his "Maxims" are treated of in learned essay; where the New Testament system of Morality is compared with the Biblical system of Conduct.

She lingers, with the scholar's tenderness,

over more than one *Opus Magnum* of science. She opens the books, which shock her now, where the name of God is printed without the customary respect of the capital letter.

Suddenly she thrusts them all aside with a determined gesture. By handfuls, and by armfuls, she gathers them up and drops them in upon the glowing coals.

There is a brief space of high fierce flame and suffocating heat; there are films of sooty paper cast out upon the marble hearth, and some of them even rise and settle here and there upon her hand and wrist, as if the blackness and despair of those burning volumes would fain cling to her still; and then, at the last, there is a most odious smoke and smell of burning leather.

She throws open the windows and shutters. The cold air flows in. The cold moonlight bathes every object, and falls whitely, refreshingly, upon Elizabeth's heated face and hands. She feels a sense of cleansing and consecration.

The room, at last, seems cold and clean. Then she closes the windows and turns back. Save those dark spots upon her hands—which she can scarcely wash away, and so are not unlike those other moral stains her books have left—there is, save her Bible, no outward trace remaining of that fierce struggle which there has been for the possession of her soul.

Her Bible lies by itself, solitary, upon the table. She takes it up with a new reverence, feeling that it is the one book which through all the changing ages and collisions of the world has the power to teach the manner of a pure life, and which, in the fullness of its help, remains, like the Jesus of its pages, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

When the last one is gone, and Lois comes up-stairs, Elizabeth's door stands open.

"Come in, dear," says Elizabeth. There is a lovely, peaceful look upon the beautiful face. The great black eyes, soft and liquid, draw Lois down until her lips touch the clear olive cheek with a kiss. Elizabeth keeps her close.

"Lois, dear," she says with steady voice and steady eyes, "Lois, I have laid my arms down at your Master's feet."

Lois catches her breath, with a great throb of joy and surprise.

"Oh, cousin, have you found Jesus?" The young face is radiant—sudden happy tears fill the warm gray eyes. But Elizabeth is quiet, almost sad.

"I hardly know, dear. But I am content. I cannot say that any of the old logical troubles and cavils have been met. I only know that I cast them all away! and am utterly content to cling to this one Name."

This one name, above every other name, whereby we shall be saved.

Saidee is down-stairs waiting for Hannah. Her heart is full of exceeding peace—not joy—but, better than all else, peace. She now stands before the world, confessed as Christ's, stands before her own heart, with the secret battle fought, the secret victory her own, stands before God, his own child, to do with as seemeth him good.

Saidee's heart is an unselfish heart now, to be glad with Hannah or with any one. To do his work fully, how often hearts must be emptied of all their beautiful things; it is sad, grievous, but it is that they shall be filled with his peace, his gladness, forevermore.

Hannah comes in from her prayer-meeting with a most pleasant face. She even smiles, as she meets Saidee's warm sympathetic eyes.

"Well, it were a queer prayer-meeting, that I do say, Miss Saidee. A roomful of 'em come—all my own girls. They couldn't a near 'ave found seats in my sitting-room, as we talked at first. But, Miss Saidee, as there were not a soul as could pray, honily me; which it were a queer prayer-meeting, as I said. But most of 'em could sing like larks; and I can't think but wot some of 'em were a-prayin' sobby by themselves. Anyway, they said they would 'ave another. Kalista Pinkney said the meetings had ought to keep on till some of 'em could pray. And, Miss Saidee, it seemed like a burnt right out from that bitter girl's heart. That kind o' encouraged me."

And there has been another prayer-meeting to-night fully as remarkable as Hannah's. It is upon Maple Street, in Caddie Greenough's parlors. As in Hannah's prayer-meeting, there is but one to pray. Mrs. Whitney is there; for the meeting has been made conditional upon her presence.

Caddie, in some way, has got together several of her particular friends. By her

own grave demeanor she has insisted upon due seriousness and decorum. In some intangible way her friends feel that a great gulf is already widening between them, unless, indeed, as generally, they follow whither Caddie leads.

Among these gay, fashionable girls, Mrs. Whitney kneels with trembling and tears. In her prayer there is a strength, and an urgency that makes Caddie thrill and think of Jacob and the angel, and the wretched blessing; and she wonders, with a sort of thrilling dread, if a blessing will not fall now because this pleading, loving Christian *will not let the angel go!*

Caddie sings; her voice soaring up the heights where Mrs. Whitney's prayer has gone before, and at the close Mrs. Whitney takes her hand.

"O Caddie, how can you sing like that, and not feel it?"

Caddie has no answer. "Shall there be another prayer-meeting, Caddie?"

"Of course—that is if you please, dear Mrs. Whitney."

Caddie's reply is accompanied with a compelling glance at her friends. Mrs. Whitney herself looks around upon these far young faces.

"Yes, for it is not possible that there is no one here that wishes to be a Christian."

But the gentle entreaty falls in silence. The lovely faces are motionless, not an eyelash stirs.

"There is one," says Caddie, suddenly, going straight to Mrs. Whitney and giving her both hands. Mrs. Whitney takes her in her arms—the movement is so sudden, the joy is so great, Caddie is so dear.

There is a little stir, now, a little rustle. Ah, such a prayer-meeting as this is something unheard of, unendurable! More than one hardens her heart, more than one resolves that Cad Greenough's next will be held without her presence.

But Hannah is praying for them, and Maxwell Whitney is praying for them, and this very night there is, in Dr. Guthrie's study, a mighty prayer-meeting. Pastor Nelson is there, and all the pastors of the city churches. They are beseeching Heaven for a Pentecostal rain upon the city.

There is earnest prayer all around them, Caddie's friends will not escape. The walls of Jericho will fall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dispelling an Illusion.

Your respected parent, my son, began life with no other stock in trade than the two willing hands the Almighty gave him, and backed by no very strong constitution at that, and while it has not thus far resulted in the accumulation of enormous wealth, may yet, I fear, have resulted in speculations on your part as to the chances of a good, easy time in the future, wherein your old father would furnish the means, and yourself be able to enjoy the luxuries of existence, without severe manual labor, or mental strain, or anxiety of any sort. If such has been the complexion of your meretricious dreams, my boy, dispel the illusion at once, for nothing could be further from my dreams at least, and I suppose I am one of the two parties necessary—before death, at all events—in bargains of this kind.

The Worth of Time.

To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal in the dispensing of that; for He never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second till He has withdrawn the first, still keeping the third in His own hands; so that we are in a perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moment is to spend all the others well, and ever to expect that. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end; and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.—[Fenelon.]

Some people talk as if the whole object of life was to obtain liberty, instead of the whole object of liberty being to attain a higher and fuller life. To be free to speak, to write, and to act just as we choose is certainly a thing to be desired; but a far higher aspiration than this would be that we should only choose to speak, to write, or to do that which is true, fitting and valuable.

To Foretell Weather.

Few intelligent persons can have any sympathy with the so-called prophets who oracularly announce phenomena, giving dates, occasionally making lucky hits, but as often firing their random shots altogether wide of the mark. That there is, however, something in weather philosophy, intelligent persons will be quite ready to concede, and they will be in accord with the view of the writer when he recommends the observation of natural phenomena, which has long been practised. He says:

If one could read the signs, each day foretells the next; to-day is the progenitor of to-morrow. When the atmosphere is telegraphic, and distant objects stand out unusually clear and distinct, a storm is near. We are on the crest of the wave, and the depression follows quick. It sometimes happens that clouds are not so indicative of a storm as their total absence. In this state of the atmosphere the stars are unusually numerous and bright at night, which is also a bad omen. It appears that the transparency of the air is prodigiously increased when a certain quantity of water is uniformly diffused through it. Mountaineers predict a change of weather when, the air being calm, the Alps covered with perpetual snow seem on a sudden to be near the observer, and their outlines are marked with great distinctness on the azure sky. This same condition of the atmosphere renders distant sounds more audible.

There is one redness of the east in the morning that means storm; another that indicates wind. The first is broad, deep, and angry; the clouds look like an immense bed of burning coals; the second is soft and more vapory. At the point where the sun is going to rise, and a few minutes advance of his coming there rises straight upward a rosy column, like a shaft of dyed vapor, blending with and yet partly separated from the clouds, and the base of which presently comes to glow like the sun itself. The day that follows is pretty sure to be windy.

It is uncertain to what extent birds and animals can foretell the weather. When swallows are seen hawking very high, it is a good indication, because the insects upon which they feed venture up there only in the most auspicious weather.

People live in the country all their lives without making one accurate observation about nature. The good observer of nature holds his eye long and firmly to the point, and finally gets the facts, not only because he has patience, but because his eye is sharp and his inference swift. There are many assertions, the result of hasty and incomplete observation, such as, for instance, that the way the Milky Way points at night indicates the direction of the wind the next day; also, that every new moon indicates either a dry or a wet month. There are many other stories about the moon too numerous to mention. Again, when a farmer kills his hogs in the fall, if the pork be very hard and solid he predicts a severe winter; if soft and loose, the opposite; overlooking the fact that the kind of food and the temperature of the fall make the pork hard or soft. Numerous other instances could be cited to prove that the would-be shrewd farmer does not interpret nature in the right way, and that his conclusions, being hasty and incomplete, are wrong; and until he studies nature understandingly, using a little common sense, so long will he be more or less under the ban of superstition and ignorance.

Precept and Example.

It is not merely by conversing on serious subjects that you promote serious thoughts, nor by seeking directly to obtain influence that you really influence others—it is by being good that you do good—it is by kindness and thoughtfulness for others' feelings, by sufferings or disappointments cheerfully endured, by advantages of intellect or fortune humbly borne, by adherence to fixed principles of duty, by the purely heart of guileless innocence, whose very look is the best rebuke to vice.—[Dean Stanley.]

The most ignorant have knowledge enough to discover the faults of others; the most clear-sighted are blind to their own.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 23 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—16 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 40 cents per line, three months \$1 per line; six months, \$1.75 cents per line; twelve months, \$3 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Whenever the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

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

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

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

LADIES JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 25th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 165 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates:—60 cents per single line; one month, \$1.9 per line, three months, \$5.25 per line; six months, \$8 per line, twelve months, \$16.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kind of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 162 St. James St., C. R. Scott, Manager. WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St., Wilson Bros., Managers.

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

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY.

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

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

Advertisers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

BETHANY, Dec. 1st, 1884.

MR. FRANK WILSON, DEAR SIR.—I acknowledge the receipt of brooch awarded to me in competition No. 11, with which I am highly pleased.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. M. P. DAVIS.

NEWPORT, N. Y., Dec. 1st, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. SIR.—I write to acknowledge receipt of Universal Cyclopaedia won by me in Competition No. 11, of the TRUTH. I am very much pleased with it and thank you for sending it. I like the TRUTH very much and wish you success.

Yours respectfully, ESSIE McCANEE.

GUELPH, Dec., 1884.

MR. WILSON, DEAR SIR.—I received my prize, a gold brooch won in Competition number eleven. Accept my thanks for the same. It is a very pretty design, and I am very much pleased with it and also with TRUTH; I could not do without it.

Respectfully yours, Mrs. J. A. WATERS.

CORINTH, VT., Nov. 30th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR.—With my thanks I here acknowledge the receipt of a brooch, which I think is very handsome and I am much pleased with it and wish TRUTH success.

Yours respectfully, LUCINDA N. MAGOON.

UNION, Dec. 11th, 1884.

MR. WILSON, DEAR SIR.—I have received the prize awarded me in Competition No. 11, a beauti-

ful rolled gold brooch, and am very much pleased with it. Please accept my sincere thanks. I think TRUTH an excellent paper. Wish you success.

Yours respectfully, CHARLETTA PHILLIPS.

E S

NIPISSING, Nov. 28th, 1884.

DEAR SIR.—I have received the splendid reward which I won in TRUTH Bible Competition, for which please accept my thanks. It is the World's Cyclopaedia, a book containing an endless amount of information.

Yours truly, CHARLES GRASLEY.

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 8th, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR.—I beg to congratulate you most heartily upon the greatly improved appearance of TRUTH. It is now, I believe, fully equal to any similar journal on the continent. Not only is its appearance vastly improved, but owing to the employment of new type of a smaller class, the paper now contains considerably more reading matter than previously. In addition to this, the determination you have evinced to weed out unnecessary matter and exclude from its columns everything not fit to be read aloud by every one in the family circle, must certainly, I think, tend to a realization of your hopes that TRUTH shall ultimately be the leading periodical of its kind in the Dominion.

Speaking for myself and a large number of friends who are subscribers, I can safely say that the paper has so far given every satisfaction, containing as it does matter both amusing and instructive both to old and young of both sexes; and this satisfaction will, I am sure, be enhanced by the practical enlargement of the paper, as a result of the use of the improved type. Wishing you every success, I am, dear sir, Yours truly, A. GRIGG.

NAPESSE, Dec. 15th, 1884.

MR. S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR.—Please accept my thanks for the brooch awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 11. I am much pleased with it, as it is better than I expected. Hoping you will excuse me for not writing before and wishing you every success, I remain,

Yours truly, STAZETTA WAGAR.

TORONTO, Dec. 6, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq. DEAR SIR.—I have to thank you for the beautiful present awarded me in TRUTH Competition No. 11.

Both the LADIES' JOURNAL and TRUTH are alone well worth the subscription.

Yours truly, Mrs. GEO. COLEMAN.

111 King St., W.

TORONTO, Dec. 6, 1884.

To the Editor of TRUTH. DEAR SIR.—Accept my many thanks for the Gold Ring awarded me in Bible Competition No. 12, which is very pretty indeed.

Respectfully yours, S. COLEMAN.

111 King St., W.

BURNSIDE, MAN., Nov. 22nd, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR.—I acknowledge the receipt of Brooch which I won in Competition No. 11. I am much pleased with it. Wishing TRUTH every success, I remain,

Yours truly, JOHN G. PAISLEY.

SHUGLEY, P. O., 29th Nov., 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON. DEAR SIR.—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of The World's Encyclopedia, prize 194, in the 11th Competition. It is well got up, and contains a great amount of information in small compass. TRUTH is one of the best papers I have seen, and is always a welcome visitor to the family circle. Wishing it every success, I am,

Yours truly, ALEX. SHIRHAN, M. A.

TRUTH has enlarged and appears in a new title-page, which gives it a bright and readable look. Already numbered among the best of weekly publications, the publisher is making arrangements to secure articles of greater literary value than have hitherto appeared in its pages. Among the writers

who will contribute are Principal Grant, Dr. Canniff, Dr. Daniel Clark, Hon. Francis Hucks, Rev. Hugh Johnson and Hon. Neal Dow. The succeeding year of this sprightly publication promises a great addition to its honors, and a valuable collection of interesting and instructive reading for its subscribers.—Toronto News.

"TRUTH."—The publisher of Toronto TRUTH announces that he is making arrangements to make a journal much more interesting to its readers in the future. That, we think, is saying a good deal, as TRUTH has always been a wide-awake weekly visitor in thousands of homes. However, in looking over the announcements of what may be expected, we notice that some prominent gentlemen are named who will be added to the large list of contributors, such as Rev. Dr. Grant, of Queen's University, Dr. W. Canniff, Dr. Daniel Clark, Hon. Sir Francis Hucks, R. Matheson, Superintendent of the Provincial Deaf and Dumb Institute, Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., Hon. Neal Dow, the great Temperance advocate, and others. With such an array of talent, TRUTH should stand at the head of all competitors.—Ingersoll Sun.

The Rev. Hugh Johnston, B. D., pastor of the Metropolitan church, has written an excellent article for Toronto TRUTH on the recent visit of Mr. Moody to Toronto.—Berlin Daily News.

TRUTH, published in Toronto by S. F. Wilson, has lately been much improved and promises still further advancement. We always enjoy TRUTH and the new features will make it more entertaining. It is, we might say, the most popular family magazine in Canada, and its popularity is deserved.—Exbridge Journal.

What Canada's great comic journal says in all seriousness:—

TRUTH.—We are afraid the publisher of TRUTH has done his journal an injustice by his unheard of liberality in the way of rewards to subscribers who correctly answer Bible questions. For a year past the name of TRUTH has been a household word in connection with its prizes; it deserves to be so for the intrinsic excellence of the paper itself. With the last issue comes a new cover, splendidly designed, and a table of contents that would not discredit any magazine. There is room in Canada for a paper on the line of TRUTH, and Mr. Wilson appears to be the very man to make it go. He has enlisted the pens of many leading Canadians and Americans, and proposes to give his readers hereafter the best literary things procurable. Grip is pleased to note the success of his contemporary.—Grip.

TRUTH came to hand last week in an improved manner. This weekly journal is one of the best for the family circle in Canada, and its circulation is enormous, reaching all parts of the world. Its moral tone is beyond question; the serial stories are of a character enchantingly interesting, and prizes are continually being offered for Bible questions at an enormous expense. \$50,000 are now being offered in prizes to the first 2,400 persons who can tell where husband and wife are first mentioned in the Bible. Send for specimen copy. Address TRUTH, Toronto.—Roxney Chronicle.

LIST OF WINNERS

—OF THE— MIDDLE REWARDS

—IN— "TRUTH" COMPETITION.

NO. 12.

Following is a portion of the successful competitors in the middle rewards, competition No. 12:

- 191 to 347.—One hundred and fifty-seven World's Cyclopaedia—191, Miss C. A. Rosier, Ottawa; 192, Mrs. H. Tulbot, Bank St., Ottawa; 193, Wm. Box, Franktown, Ont.; 194, Mrs. Stewart, 414 Slater St., Ottawa; 195, Esther C. Hill, Upper Melbourne; 196, Mrs. Henry Oliver, Allens Corners, Ont.; 197, Isaac Bowman, Southampton; 198, Maggie Weyland, Stamford, Ont.; 199, O. T. Springstead, Warton 200, Solomon Dempsey, Kenmore; 201, Mrs. Laura Pennock, Elgin; 202, Wm. Reid, St. Brigide, Q.; 203, Florence Allen, Sylvan Lake, N.Y.; 204, W. Clark, Fletcher; 205,

- Mrs. W. Weir, Lakehurst; 206, John Morgan, Fichburn; 207, Mary A. Spoonagle, West Dublin; 208, Thos. C. McDonnell, Lovering; 209, Mrs. F. E. Burhans, Evan's Mills, N.Y.; 210, Mrs. Wm. E. Fortnum; 211, Mrs. Walter H. Cook, Phoenix; 212, Wm. S. Snow, St. George, Utah; 213, Eddie Freuren, Manchester, Iowa; 214, Wm. Moalton, 30 Albert St., Toronto; 215, Mrs. C. McDonnell, 688, Wellington, St., Ottawa; 216, Wm. Murray, Leclaire, Antigonish, N.S.; 217, Geo. B. Pielan, Rockport, N.B.; 218, A. Perkins, Upper Keswick, N.B.; 219, E. I. Niblett, Amprior, Ont.; 220, R. McKay, Upper Keswick, N.B.; 221, Gertrude Helmer, Newington, Ont.; 222, Carrie M. Hult, New Albany, N.S.; 223, J. Chant, Harlem, Ont.; 224, Katie Clarke, 230 Church St., City; 225, Thomas Elmer, Port Elgin; 226, E. Tanner, De Grassi St., Riverside, Toronto; 227, E. Griffith, Morse St., Toronto; 228, Mrs. L. T. White, box 43, Paris, Ont.; 229, Jessie McDonald, Port Finlay, Ont.; 230, Jas. Church, 51 Dover Court Road, Toronto; 231, Sarah E. Jelley, Niagara Falls, Ont.; 232, Mrs. Charles Meredith, St. George's Square, Guelph; 233, F. A. Clarry, 13 Church St., Toronto; 234, S. J. Wilcock, 123 Brock St., Toronto; 235, W. P. Buckley, U. C. College, Toronto; 236, Mrs. Titus, Parkdale; 237, Thomas Burns, 9 Seaton street, Toronto; 238, George Scott, Little Grace Bay, C. B., N.S.; 239, Al King, Dundas, Ont.; 240, E. Elkin, Cumberland Bay, N. B.; 241, W. L. Gammond, Kamistiquia Sta., C.P.R.; 242, H. M. Lyon, Danforth Me.; 243, Mrs. M. F. Hogel, Stanbridge Station, Que.; 244, Mrs. N. Spoonagle, West Dublin, N. S.; 245, J. H. McCollum, Milton, Ont.; 246, T. A. Neville, Hall's Harbor, N.S.; 247, M. McCueh, Fouchie, C. B., N.S.; 248, Alma Johnson, Warton, Ont.; 249, Mrs. D. Downie, Milton West; 250, J. M. Field, Milton West; 251, F. Dean, D n alk; 252, Mrs. A. Bull, Ca e on West; 253, Mrs. E. J. Kitchen, Burford, Ont.; 254, Mrs. C. Tindall, Midland, Ont.; 255, S. C. Zinkan, Southampton, Ont.; 256, J. H. H. Wood, Box 996, St. Catharines; 257, Mabe Hunter, Levlivie, Ont.; 257, Mrs. T. English, Little Current, Manitoulin I.; 259, R. Richardson, Maple Hill, Ont.; 260, Agnes Richardson, Offington, Ont.; 261, Mrs. T. Dawson, Peterboro; 262, R. A. Gasset, 4 Dundas St., Kensington, London; 263, Mrs. T. R. Gilpin, Gorrie, Ont.; 264, Mrs. Crooks, Rapid City, Man.; 265, O. N. Smith, Dexter, Colington Co., Dak.; 266, Mrs. A. K. Michle, Amherstburg, Ont.; 267, Mrs. S. E. Baltzer, Ottawa, Ont.; 268, Willie F. Aince, Box 55, Elliott, Me.; 269, David Barton, Equity, Anderson Co., Kan.; 270, W. R. McClain, 530 Church St., Toronto; 271, Mrs. J. Bamford, 198 King St. E., Toronto; 272, C. Biddy, Custom House, Toronto; 273, Mrs. Husband, 75 Main St., W. h ston; 274, W. Etherington, 79 Canada St., Hamilton; 275, Lizzie A. Busted, Theattery, Cross Point, P. Q.; 276, Kate J. Snodgrass, Warkworth, Ont.; 277, F. Davis, Gales Ferry, New London, Conn.; 278, Wm. Asher, Baldwin, Kent County, Ontario; 279, George Griffin, Burgessville, Ont.; 280, F. J. Robinson, 56 William St., Toronto; 281, Mrs. M. M. Van Glahin; 282, Bessie W. Holland, Woodville; 283, Annio Beck, Chempside, Ont.; 284, Amy J. Harris, Hgewisch, Ill.; 285, Mrs. T. D. Munn, St. Charles, Ill.; 286, Mrs. J. Rabshaw, Haverhill, N. H.; 287, Cephas Durdan, Yearville, N. B.; 288, R. F. Walton, 52 Gelderstein Ave., Toronto; 289, Hervey Nesbitt, Harvey Station, N. B.; 290, Alice Bain, 255 York St., Hamilton; 291, Willie J. Ross, Cookstown; 292, H. Wilson, Nevada Mills Station, Ind.; 293, Lerey J. Kearney, Strathroy; 294, Mrs. D. L. Richards, South Waters, N. Y.; 295, Nassau R. Preston, Winnipeg, Man.; 296, E. L. Carleton, 26 Marlborough St. N., Toronto; 297, Miss Halton, Peterborough; 298, Agnes E. Smart, 9 Holton St., Toronto E.; 299, Miss J. Loeckie, Lockport, N. Y.; 300, Mrs. Robt Leigh, East Oro, Ind.; 301, F. Neeland, Spencerville, Ont.; 302, Miss M. Forbes, Waterdown, Ont.; 303, Mrs. J. Lintott, 26 Laura St., London East; 304, D. K. Fleming, Brampton, Ont.; 305, Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Galt, Ont.; 306, Mrs. Matthews, 58 Elm St., Toronto; 307, Mrs. P. G. Robertson, Aurora, Ont.; 308, Jas. White, Flower Bank Kettleby, Ont.; 309, Mrs. J. Foster, Lowville, Ont.; 310, J. J. McLeod, Valleyfield, Lot 59, P. E. I.; 311, J. Dever, Zimmerman, Ont.; 312, Rose E. Adams, 143 Kingston Rd., Toronto E.; 313, J. N. Jordan, Richmond Hill, Ont.; 314, R. Wilkinson, Blenheim; 315, Mrs. A. Wynne, Aduaston, Ont;

316, J. M. A. Strom, Sever 320, I Mrs. Belle Gayle 324, V 325, David S. B. Wm. Roki Prince Book 335, I E. L. er, N. Adam Minor W Re Susie Fish. Oron. Ont.; Mrs. Mary J. 318 to hers I West, A. E. G. G. George Spring Square St., T. St. Ck Little G Bell, V Place; Joseph 302, M. H. M. J. Beddon George H. L. R. John M. Bessie 372 Rel. S. C. H. West, H. Be 376, G. 377, M. Kan; ; H. H. I. Mrs. E. tha J. S. M. Ma 388, S. Man; ; ston, M. Brown, 3 ford, O. Man; ; 389, Be Lem P. O. Bayan, 1, St. Victoria, Ida, O. M. Choka 397, Mrs. trol, Q. Red I, K. L. W. son C. B. Fruley, J. This li and until

\$50,000.00!

GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION NUMBER 13.

We have decided that instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Prizes, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., to agents, to give all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner: To the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible?
2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible?
One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

Will be given in the order mentioned below, the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards:—

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions. \$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos 1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs 750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 1,170
16 to 25. Thirty Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 750
26 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces 900
41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches 600
71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches 600
101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern 625
136 to 205. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons 850
206 to 600. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems 510
610 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives 200

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in order the correct answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first correct answer taking number one (\$1,000 in gold) the second correct answer taking number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards which will be given in this way:— At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when the sender of the one who correct answer, will be given number one a fine stylish trotting-horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish trotting horse and Carriage 1,000
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker 2,100
6, 7, 8, and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker 2,100
10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 1,000
21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services 1,440
51 to 70. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns 2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) Complete Chambers's Encyclopedia 2,000
111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or open Face Watches 600
135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 840
163 to 250. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons 920
251 to 600. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design 1,650
601 to 910. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems. 865
911 to 124. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives 314

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this,

your letter must be post marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos \$1,540
4, 5, 6, and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches 400
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services 640
18 to 22. Eleven sets Chambers's Encyclopedia (10 vols. to set) 600
23 to 30. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or open Face Watches 300
31 to 40. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches 1,000
41 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Cake Baskets, elegant design. 450
122 to 200. Eighty-one dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons 445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound 450

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards offered by any publisher in the world. It will possibly be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgement of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

S. FRANK WILSON.

Proprietor TRUTH, 83 and 35 Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion lives,— Moore.

DEAR TRUTH,—At a time when all is suppressed to be peace and goodwill upon earth—very much of a supposition in some cases—it would ill become me to say aught unkind. Nevertheless, truth is truth; and it must be admitted that the company supporting Mr. Bandmann was, with but one or two exceptions, an altogether incapable one for the class of plays produced. And this is putting it very mildly indeed. Of Mr. Bandmann himself I have nothing but good words to say. He is a clever, careful, conscientious actor, and all his impersonations bore evidence of close and scholarly study; and it is a pity he had so poor a company to support him. Middle. Beaudet, his leading lady, and indeed the only member of the company deserving favorable notice, made an excellent impression, her acting throughout being characterized by much dramatic power and artistic finish.

The production by the Philharmonic Society of Costa's "Naaman" was characterized by that careful attention to details which renders all the performances of this society so successful. Every succeeding concert by the society gives evidence of the untiring patience, energy and conscientious carefulness of the conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, and the ready response with which all his efforts are met by the society, individually and collectively. I regret that I cannot enter into a more extended notice, but time and space prevent me, and I must therefore be content.

During the present week, as I have already mentioned, the attraction at the Grand is one that should meet with special approval from Canadians, being the work of a Canadian author who has been unusually successful in the production of just such amusing titles as "Off to Egypt" is admitted to be.

SEMPRONIUS.

Advertisement for a child's toy, featuring an illustration of a child sitting on a chair. Text includes: 'I have your child's toy, a fine instrument you made... I have your child's toy, a fine instrument you made... I have your child's toy, a fine instrument you made...'

The New York Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Political or Manipulators. Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality, and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Table with subscription rates: DAILY per Year \$6 00, DAILY per Month \$0 50, SUNDAY per Year 1 00, DAILY and SUNDAY per Year 7 00, WEEKLY per Year 1 00.

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This list will be continued in our next and until completed.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Big Game Express and Currier's Blue, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. The hotel is fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, and is up to date in every respect. It is a first-class restaurant supplied with the best of food, and elegant parlors to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

A cross bow.—The bean that has just received the mitten.

Co. 4 feet and has certain indications of inner life. Education of the Body. Dr. Carson's System. But remember the circulation keeps the body's regular and it does not health. Large bottles at 50c.

ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR WM. CARLYLE AS NOMINEE FOR 1885. Election takes place on Monday, January 5, 1885.

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## 'Ladies' Journal' Bible Competition. No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

### THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible?

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

### THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 600
- 2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 600
- 3 and 4. Two Grand Square Pianos. 1,100
- 5 and 6. Two Fine Toned, 10 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm. 500
- 7, 8 and 9. Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces and One Five O'clock Tea Service. 300
- 10 to 15. Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-winding Genuine Elgin Watches. 600
- 16 to 21. Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-winding Genuine Elgin Watches. 450
- 22 to 24. Ten Sewing Machines—Williams' Singer Sewing Machines. 600
- 25 to 30. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Opened-faced, Coin-silver Watches. 300
- 31 to 35. Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Caskets, elegant designs. 200
- 36 to 40. Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons. 400
- 41 to 50. One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems. 500
- 51 to 55. One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of Worlidge's Cyclopaedia a library in itself. 570

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

### MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin. \$ 750
- 2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker. 1,100
- 3 and 4. Two Fine Toned Cabinet Organs, by celebrated maker. 500

- 5. 9, 10 and 11. Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-winding Watches. 400
- 12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns. 300
- 18 to 24. Toilette Elegance, Heavy Black & Dress Patterns. 500
- 25 to 31. Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 200
- 32 to 34. Ten Pair Fine Lace Curtains. 100
- 35 to 40. Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Sets. 300
- 41 to 45. One Hundred and Sixty-seven elegant Rolled Gold Brooches. 500
- 46 to 50. Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems. 1,029

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this competition will be given number one of three Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

### THE CONSOLATION REWARDS

- 1. Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin. \$ 500
- 2, 3 and 4. Three Fine Grand Square Pianos. 1,500
- 5, 6 and 7. Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker. 750
- 8 to 10. Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services. 300
- 11 to 13. Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case genuine stem-winding and stem-winding Genuine Elgin Watches. 800
- 14 to 19. Twenty Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns. 600
- 20 to 24. Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns. 412
- 25 to 29. Sixty-one sets of silver-plated Tea Spoons. 350
- 30 to 34. One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches. 500
- 35 to 40. One hundred and ten fine silver-plated butter knives or sugar spoons. 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and serial stories, household hints, fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as many at a dollar. Be sure to remember that every one competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till **fifteenth February** next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing, (15th February) or any time between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend it, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is **Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto, Canada.** Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

### Don't Fret.

So much of our lives is spent at home that everybody is interested in making and keeping home happy. Among the indispensable elements of this happiness will be found not only good temper, and method, and industry, but a disposition to temperate enjoyment. Some persons insure their own misery and the misery of others by the morbid prominence they give to trivial worries—the fly in the ointment, the flaw in the sheet of glass magnifying them until they assume a bulk which seems to shut out everything else from their gaze. So irritable and apprehensive is their temperament, and so great is their want of self-control, that the smallest crosses affect them profoundly; their sensitive skin feels a pin-prick as keenly as if it were a spear thrust. Persons thus constituted inflict upon themselves an almost measurable amount of misery, misery not the less because it is not justified by any actual condition of things, but originates in supersensitiveness and timidity, or in vanity, or overweening self-consciousness. I have known a man worried all day by a crease in his coat, or a woman by the discovery that her cook had followers. Even help the poor wretches who thus clothe themselves in hair shirts of their own making, and persist in travelling about with the pins in their shoes unboiled! Why not treat these petty vexations with cool indifference, so that they may cease to have power to annoy you? Why devote yourselves to lamentations doleful as those of Jeremiah, and microscopic annoyances which it is easy to keep under foot? Put your heel upon them and have done with them, but do not lift your heel until they no longer have power to wound you. Is it a blue bottle that buzzes in your ear? Brush it aside, my friend, and don't fret yourself into a belief that you are haunted by some winged monster!

### Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

The opening number for January, 1885 of this favorite magazine is a remarkably brilliant holiday one; most of the contents are timely and appropriate, and are edifying, instructive and entertaining. "The Angel Christmas; A Christmas Story." "The Dominion of Canada." "A Missionary's Letter to the Youngsters at Home;" "Glances at Bible History—No. I.: From the Creation to the Dispersion," and Religious Art in the Greek Church, are finely illustrated and replete with interest. Representative Religious Journalists is a new feature; the Rev. Dr. Errett, of the Christian Standard, is the first sketch, with portrait. In the Home Pulpit is a sermon by Dr. Talmage, the editor, who has also a characteristic article, The Drink Devil. Among the portraits are those of the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury, the first American Bishop, and of Rev. Dr. Paret, recently elected Bishop of Maryland—the earliest and latest of American Bishops. The price is 25 cts. a number, or \$2.50 yearly, postpaid. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

### Time and Money.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, and let them run like sand through their fingers; as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but, unfortunately, they have by that time no notion how to do it. [Gotthelf.]

The cheaper the cigar the more persistently does the cheap smoker puff it in the faces of his fellow-travellers.

Vigorous outdoor workers should beware of heavy indigestible suppers. Suppers should always consist of light easily-digested foods, being, in the country, so soon followed by sleep, and the stomach being as much entitled as the head to profound rest. The moral pluck and firmness to take such food and no other for this last meal of the day can be easily acquired, and the reward of such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a strong hand, and a capital appetite for breakfast.

### A Splendid Dairy

is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co's, Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

A truly courageous man may be very much afraid; but he can never act the part of a coward. When the crisis comes, he will nerve himself to action, and prove not that he is fearless, but that fear is his servant, not his master.

Mr. George Tolen, druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the digestive organ, the liver, kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

Don't command your grown-up and girls to do this or that. The telling of a child who is past the bounds of childhood that he or she must do a thing, is very apt to awaken a spirit of antagonism, that will grow with amazing rapidity and lead to most unfortunate results.

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

Now-a-days, it is not so much the material that a garment is made of, as its "fit," that gives it elegance and grace.

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P.Q., writes about Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, says: "George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for Asthma, with the best results. It acts like a charm."

Dishes must be washed three times every day. Are you doing this meticulous and ever occurring duty in the cleanest, quickest and easiest manner possible? Plenty of hot water and clean drying towels facilitate matters.

Bad blood, low vitality and a scrofulous condition of the system leads to consumption and other wasting forms of disease. The preventive and cure is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Cheap kid gloves are a delusion and a snare, which the economical woman will do well to shun.

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

The language of the Paris boulevard has just been enriched with a new word, "divette," or little diva, specially coined for the benefit of Madlle. Van Zandt.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; they do not delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts and exerts a most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, give the Syrup according to directions.

There have been fears of an outbreak of small-pox at Sharlot Lake.

"A customer claims it saved his life. I find it the best selling patent medicine I have in the shop," says J. E. Kennedy Chemist, Cobourg, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

A correspondent asks, "What time of year do the days begin to shorten?" Why you have a bill to meet. A bill to meet is the great annihilator of time. The days are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from a blacked brush.

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Col. Prejevolaky, who is making explorations in Thibet, says the great plateau, 14,500 feet above the sea, has a terribly severe climate. Often during July the thermometer fell below freezing point.

"The demand is good and it is giving satisfaction to our customers," writes N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston, regarding the great blood and liver medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters.

The officers who attempted to serve the writs of ejection upon the Skya crofters at Tig, were pelted with stones and mud by hundreds of crofters.

Have You Tried It?—If so, you can testify to the marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magio Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaint, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

The mammoth dry-dock at St. John's, N. F., the largest in the world, built by Messrs. Simpson of New York, was opened last week.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitter's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The Candy are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers through out the United States and Canada.

The largest railway station in the world has just been completed at Birmingham, England, at a cost of \$2,000,000.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, picture frames, jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc.

Since 1876 there have been 463 cases of cremation in Italy, of which 362 took place at Milan.

A Run for Life.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Canada is making a lively effort for a reciprocity treaty with us. We don't believe she can reciprocate. She hasn't half enough criminals to make the swap anything like even.—[Chicago News.

A Family Medicine.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Unselfish people are always polite, because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

Bright Genuine Electric Oil.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

The longest electric railway in the world is that between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, a distance of six miles. Its cost was \$225,000.

SOFT EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

According to recent official statistics, France possesses 20,533 gendarmes and 22,948 policemen. This force has arrested in one year 188,330 persons. It is further stated that there were no less than 56,333 criminals upon whom this force could not lay its hands.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Choice sprays of shaded velvet flower appears upon some of the most elegant little opera bonnets from Paris.

What is it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

London society papers intimate that Oscar Wilde's young wife encourages him in his present variety of appearing in public in close-cropped hair surmounted by the broad-brim soft hat of the conventional Texan ranger.

What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can bedew mine eye, It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

One of the most attractive objects at the Nice exhibition is said to be a Chinese clock which is stated to date back 800 years before the birth of Christ.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Diphtheria is raging fiercely in New York City, with a mortality far exceeding the usual average. Of seventy-five cases reported last week forty-three proved fatal.

It restores the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. Burdock Blood Bitters acts on the blood, liver, kidneys, skin, stomach and bowels, purifies, regulates and strengthens.

Words of Warning and Comfort. "If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take at once if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating without intoxicating, if you are old.

blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your

own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of, a miasmatic district, barricade your

system against the scourge of all countries: Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough skin, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish. "Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous, stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The proper channel for the escape from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood, is through the bowels. When the outlet is obstructed it may be disencumbered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a remedy which regulates the system, invigorates digestion, and is pure and safe as well as effective. It cures all diseases arising from impure blood.

"We have never sold a medicine that has given such general satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters," says Joseph Coad, of Frankville, Ont.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo Physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly." There being imitations on the market of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, customers will see that they get the genuine.

Shun harsh purgatives. To regulate the bowels act upon the liver and restore a healthy tone to the system, take the milder and more natural means, Burdock Blood Bitters.

There seems to be a little vein of humor in President Cleveland with all his gravity and seriousness. "You are the first Democratic President I ever saw," remarked a visitor to the President-elect. "I am the first I ever saw myself," was the smiling reply.

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Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily wounding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs).

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