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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 30, 1885.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 243.

"TRUTH" VILLA!

In **TRUTH** Bible Competition now running, particulars of which will be found in Publisher's Department, there is a handsome Toronto City Residence to be given away, as well as a host of other costly prizes. This residence has just been completed, and is now occupied by Mr. Suckling, the junior partner in Messrs. Suckling & Sons, piano, organ and music dealers, 107 Yonge Street, Toronto, at a rental of \$22 per month. The number is 22 Ross Street, close to College street. It is one of the nicest residence streets in Toronto, block-paved, boulevard-ed, well-lighted, well sewered, and nothing but good residences on the street.

It will be positively awarded to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition. Don't delay sending in your answer a single hour. One dollar only required for four months' subscription to **TRUTH**.

Other large and costly prizes will also be given, and this will, for the present, positively close our competitions, as they have not been nearly so well supported as our liberal outlay would justify.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

The contest in the House of Commons over the Government Franchise Bill appears to have resolved itself into a test of physical endurance. The Government party seem determined to press the measure through without much discussion, or real consideration, depending on the well understood majority in the House to push the measure through anyway. The Opposition, on the other hand, have resolved on the policy of obstruction, and at every stage of the Bill as much speech-making and delay is being tried as is possible. The hope is that, by some such means, delays may be so made that the members will get tired and compromise in some way rather than remain in Ottawa indefinitely, or something else may turn up to prevent the passage of the Bill in its present shape. We shall yet see what determination on the one hand and on the other will accomplish.

It is a pity that the attention of the country is so much drawn off to the North-West from Ottawa at a time when such an important measure as the Franchise Bill is before Parliament. One independent journal well says: "To bring on a political crisis with a military crisis already in existence, merely for the sake of forcing on everybody a uniformity which nobody desires, was surely not the part of a statesman." The independent papers of Toronto appear to be unanimous in their condemnation of the important features of the Bill, and of the policy of pushing it through at this particular juncture. There are strong evidences of the un-

popularity of the measure with the people. No doubt if party pressure was not brought to bear in its favor the great majority of the people would condemn the measure as unnecessary and unjust in some of its leading provisions.

As it is, party feeling runs so high in Canada—in Ontario especially—that it is a hard matter to get an honest expression of the people on any great party measure. The Opposition press appear to feel in duty bound to oppose every Government measure, no matter what it may be, and its influence is greatly lessened because of that understanding. The Government papers, on the other hand, never show any hesitation to endorse any measure proposed by the Government no matter what may be its objectionable features. Happily for the country a strong and ably conducted independent press is becoming well established, capable of discussing and of judging measures on their real merits.

There is a grievous disappointment among of the leading wire-pullers—the spoliemen—of the Democrat party at Washington because of the failure of President Cleveland to create vacancies among the present office holders throughout the nation. The clamour is not, really, so much because the men in office are inefficient or unworthy, but because they occupy places wanted for themselves or their friends. For twenty five years the President has been elected by the Republican party, and, of course, the men of that party got all, or nearly all, the offices. Now that the party has been defeated the wire-pullers are looking for a general overturn—a wholesale dismissal of the quarter of a million or so of office holders throughout the nation, and the division of the spoils among the victors.

The "spoils system" has been in operation so long in the United States that few seemed to expect it would stop. When the Democrats were in opposition many of them spoke loudly in favor of the civil service reform system—the appointment of men on the score of fitness rather than in consideration of mere party service—but probably all this was intended as a good bid for popularity rather than an honest expression of a desire for a change. President Cleveland appears to have become a convert to this kind of preaching and seems determined to practice in office what he advocated in opposition. Of course, that was not just what the spoils men expected. Many of them can see little advantage in a Democrat victory, or little use of a Democrat President unless it is the means of filling the offices with live Democrats.

Within a few days the long promised and long talked of Bartholdi's Colossal Statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," will arrive in New York from France. It will be remembered that this is a present from the French people to their friends in the United States, prepared at a very great cost. It has been frequently described, but the figures will bear publishing again. The statue proper will be the largest one ever construct-

ed. It will weigh 440,000 pounds, of which 170,000 pounds is copper, and the remainder is wrought iron. It is nearly 160 feet high, and this is to rest on a stone foundation and pedestal of about the same height, making 305 feet in all. The French people expect the pedestal to be furnished at the expense of those to whom the great present is made, but for years the work of raising the necessary funds has been very slow, and it sometimes seemed as though it would fail altogether. The *New York World* recently undertook the matter and over \$50,000 have been secured through its efforts. A large number of men are now hard at work and probably by the close of the year the grand statue will stand at the mouth of New York Harbor blazing forth from its top a grand light arto be seen af, both on sea and land.

Writing of the probably successful efforts of Mr. Gladstone to avert war with Russia, regarding the Afghanistan question, *Harper's Weekly* very well says: "It is, indeed, hardly possible that any English statesman can doubt the significance of the whole movement in Asia, and as the Afghans are an uncertain ally, and as the Russians count on a mutiny in India whenever they make a serious and declared hostile demonstration, the situation is of the utmost sobriety for England. To avoid war, to satisfy English pride, and to restrain Russian encroachment at this juncture would be a stroke of more consummate statesmanship than has been seen for many a year. But to avoid war without sacrifice of honour or of any real possession, if it be possible, has been the duty and the aim of Mr. Gladstone, and every man who knows what war is and what its consequences are will heartily wish him success."

Riel's capture, following so soon after the fall of Batocho, marked the collapse of the rebellion so far as the Halfbreeds were concerned. And later dispatches bring the welcome news that Poundmaker has surrendered to Col. Otter. This intelligence, though coming sooner than was anticipated, was not altogether a surprise. That the Indians would continue in revolt after the Halfbreeds had been smashed was not to be expected. Indeed, if Riel and his emissaries had not excited them to rebellion, all the horrible atrocities of this Indian uprising would have been avoided. Herein lies Riel's greatest sin, and if by any extenuating circumstances he could be pardoned for persuading the Halfbreeds to take up arms, he must never be allowed to escape the punishment he deserves for enlisting the loyal Indians in his service.

Riel is morally and legally responsible for the murders and outrages committed by the Indians since the outbreak. For the indignities, worse than death itself, to which Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock have been subjected, he is answerable. For the broken hearts and desolated homes, made so by the "ruthless destroyer," the arch-rebel, is accountable. His guilt is fully established, and the infliction of a just punishment must be forthcoming.

Already, it is asserted, there is a hesitancy as to what penalty, if any, attaches to Riel's crime. The absolute stoicism with which the announcement of the rebel chief's capture was received by the House of Commons is ominous. Why either political party should hesitate to give expression to its feelings on the occasion can be accounted for upon no other ground than that they were afraid of alienating the support of those who may be more or less in sympathy with the insurgents. The conduct of the Opposition in thus displaying the spirit of the craven is even more reprehensible than that of the Government. From the former have come, ever since the outbreak, effusive protestations of loyalty and loud-mouthed expressions of hope that the leaders would be caught, but when the time for rejoicing arrives they are found to be possessed of the very same disposition of party time-serving which they have so much deprecated in the Government. But temporising will not be tolerated this time, and if the clemency extended to the rebel leaders after the former insurrection be again repeated, the consequences to the Government would be most disastrous.

The proposition made in some quarters to present the volunteers each with a quarter section of land, is a good one. Not only would it be a slight recognition of their services, but it would also give an impetus to settlement in the particular locality where the grants might be made. Of course if the suggestion is acted upon the grant would also extend to the friends and relatives of those who have fallen in the fray.

The revised version of the Old Testament, which was given to the public last week, has been received with every manifestation of approval and favor. Critics are almost a unit in declaring it to be an admirable and learned work, undertaken and completed in a brood, and yet conservative spirit, with the conscientious aim of giving to the world the true and literal interpretation of the original text. The revisers have proceeded cautiously, rigidly adhering to the old version where it truly expressed the meaning intended to be conveyed. In the labor of translation the profoundest scholars of two hemispheres have been engaged. The result is seen in the elegant diction and simplicity of expression characterising the whole work, and which, apart from its value as being the Divine revelation to man, possesses a literary merit which challenges the admiration of Christian and sceptic alike.

The cholera scare has not assumed the proportions in Canada which the subject demands. Not that there is any certain danger of the dread disease making its appearance here during the approaching summer. But if the people were more fully alive to the dreadful consequences which would result if the country were visited by cholera, there would be some preparation made with a view of preventing the spread of the terrible scourge. The extraordinary effect resulting from cholera inoculation, which is being practised in a province of Spain, is attracting great attention.

Truth's Contributors.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ONTARIO.—No. 4.

Events Which Preceded the Founding of York.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

With the establishment, in 1791, of Upper Canada as a separate Province, Lord Dorchester—then Governor-General of the colony—had Kingston in view as the Provincial metropolis. How Toronto, or rather York, as it came for a time to be called, won the honor of being the capital, we shall presently see. Meantime let us take a glance at what had been transpiring in Canada since the Conquest. With the addition of New France to the Colonial Empire of Britain, the mother country took over an element of some perplexity, in a people she found it difficult to assimilate with her own nationality. France in the New World not only spoke another language, but she had peculiar laws of her own, and a religion which, though it had been that of the country from the time of Champlain, was not that of her new rulers. England's policy, of course, was to make it as easy as possible to incorporate the French-Canadians into the national system. For a time it was necessary to resort to military rule, but this indeed, if we except that of the Church, was the only rule the French Colony had really known. With military rule, however, courts of judicature were constituted for the hearing and determining of all causes, criminal as well as civil, and, as near as might be, agreeably to the laws of England, with liberty of appeal, under the usual restrictions, to the Crown. Unfortunately, though the laws were administered in the justest manner, and with due regard to the feelings of a people who were unfamiliar with the forms of British justice, the French, under the Quebec Act of 1774, had restored to them the "custom of Paris," a code of civil law which existed prior to the Conquest, and which, with the system of seigniorial tenure on which they were permitted to hold their lands, they have continued to enjoy to the present day. To the English who had settled in the country the concession gave great and just offence, as it was a violation of the ordinance of 1764, securing the administration of English law, and on the faith of which numbers of English-speaking people had taken up residence in Canada. In some respects, however, the concession was a politic one, as, though it placed the English minority in the country at a disadvantage, it strengthened the attachment of French Canada to the British Crown, an object at the time of no little moment, in view of the prevailing disaffection among the English colonies on the seaboard, and their subsequent revolt. In other respects the measure was good, namely, in its removal of the disabilities from Roman Catholics, as, among other benefits conferred, it gave a legal sanction to their religion,—an act of toleration which it took England many years to extend to the same communion in the mother-land, though it may be said that, from a present-day point of view, it has not contributed to the prosperity, but rather to the disadvantage, of Lower Canada. As we have said, the measure naturally gave great offence to British settlers in the country. But dissatisfaction was especially expressed with it, in consequence of the extensive area throughout which the Act would have to be respected, for by its provisions the western boundary of Canada was to include a region so remote as the valley of the Ohio. In due time, however, the repeated protests of the Anglo-Canadians against the injustice of the

Quebec Act induced Minister Pitt to make a radical change in the administrative machinery of Canada, so far, at least, as the western portion of the country was concerned. The incoming of English-speaking settlers from the territory of the new-born Republic increased the volume of complaint heard at the Colonial Office, and no doubt hastened the passing of the ameliorating measure.

By the Constitution Act of 1791—as the Bill was called—the country was divided into two parts, designated Upper and Lower Canada, the boundary line being the Ottawa River. Each Province was to have its own Governor, and an Executive Council, appointed by the Crown, together with a Parliament, consisting of a Legislative Council and a Representative Assembly. The Government in both Provinces was unfortunately made responsible, not to the Representative Assembly, but to the Colonial Office in England,—a mistake which, in Upper Canada particularly, was in time to bring forth bad fruit. In Upper Canada, English law was to be established, and provision made in both Provinces for the support of a Protestant clergy, by the setting apart of certain wild lands, called Clergy Reserves, an enactment which later on, in the Upper Province, was to lead to much contention. Freed from the trammels of connection with Lower Canada, the Upper Province took a leap onward in that path of progress which to look back on to-day seems as if it had come about by enchantment, so great has been the transformation and marvellous the development.

From 1783, when the Revolutionary War closed, the Province promised to be invaded along the whole of its water-front at scattered points attractive to the settler. Up to 1791, however, with the exception of small communities along the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte, the Niagara frontier, and the Detroit River—the bulk of which was of Loyalist settlement—there was no white population in the country, and the whole region was an almost trackless forest. The natural advantages of the Province were great: as we have seen, it abounded in timber, it had a good soil, plenty of fish and game, and in every direction was well watered by streams, generally navigable for boats and canoes, and possessed of a climate at once bracing and healthy. What alone were needed were the surveyor, the axeman, and the settler. Record of the appearance of the first of these we find trace of in the neighborhood of Toronto, in the person of Surveyor-General Collins, who, in 1788, in a report of the region to Lord Dorchester, speaks of the Harbor of Toronto as "capacious, safe, and well-sheltered." Three years later, we find Mr. Augustus Jones, Provincial Land Surveyor, pursuing his vocation in the same land-locked waters, and prospecting generally in the neighborhood. The beauty and shelter afforded by the Bay of Toronto were such as readily to commend the site as a desirable one for the location of a city. It gave access, as we have seen, by the most direct path, to Lake la Clie (Simcoe) and the waters of Huron, and lay in close proximity to the Humber river, and the "place of meeting"—as the word "Toronto" denotes—of the Indians. Moreover, it was within easy hail of Niagara, the British fort on the opposite shore of the lake, and in the line of communication eastward. How these advantages were to tell in favor of the selection of Toronto as a capital we shall ere long discover.

With the erection of Upper Canada into a distinct Province it secured, as we have seen, a separate government; and an administrator was to be appointed, with the

title of Lieutenant-Governor. The governorship fell into the able hands of Lt.-Col. John Graves Simcoe, whose appointment, in 1792, led to his crossing the Atlantic and taking up residence at Newark, the Provincial capital. With him came a staff of officials to administer the affairs of the new Province, including Mr. Peter Russell, a member of his Executive Council, and the officer who, some years later, succeeded Simcoe in the Lieutenant-Governorship. The Governor and his suite left England early in May, 1792, and arrived at Niagara on the 8th of the following July. Here, in the centre of the *beau monde* of the Province, as an early traveller through Canada facetiously remarks, Governor Simcoe, in the month of September, summoned the first Parliament of Upper Canada. It consisted of an Upper House of eight members, appointed by the Crown for life, and a Lower House, of sixteen members, to be elected by the people. The latter were chosen, in the main, from the farming and trading classes, the professions, as yet, not having had foothold in the Province. The legislation of this primitive Parliament, though unambitious, sensibly met the requirements of the country. One of its earliest measures was the introduction of the Civil Law of England and trial by jury. Other measures made provision for the erection of court-houses, jails, and such other public buildings as were required in the various districts into which the Province was at the time divided.

These districts, which cancelled the divisions of the Province made some years before by Lord Dorchester, and to which he had given German names, in compliment to England's Hanoverian King, were as follows: the Eastern district, covering the region lying between the Ottawa river and the Gananoque; the Midland, covering that between the latter and the Trent; the Home, or Niagara district, extending from the Trent to Long Point, on Lake Erie; and the Western or Detroit district, extending to the St. Clair. These districts were again subdivided into counties, and each of the latter was to have its jail and court-house. Thus were the initial steps taken to open up the Province for settlement, and evolution was to do the rest.

Niagara, at this period, if we except Kingston, was the only place of importance in Upper Canada, and it naturally became the cradle of the Western province. It had therefore some claim to become the permanent capital. Unfortunately for the town, its nearness to United States territory, and the dangerous proximity of Fort Niagara, dashed the hopes in this respect of its inhabitants. To Governor Simcoe's surprise, he found that the fort at the mouth of the river was shortly to be garrisoned by American soldiery, and that it did not belong to King George. But this need not have surprised the Governor had he considered for a moment with what ignorance the colonial office had been wont to give effect to treaties disposing of enormous areas in the new world, without the slightest knowledge of geography and with sublime indifference to local considerations. The folly of Downing Street in regard to treaty-making was not only manifest in the proceedings which gave effect to the Treaty of Paris, confirming the Independence of the United States, but was also to be shown, at a later date, in the Treaty of Ghent, which terminated the War of 1812. By the former, England not only lost a large slice of territory, but, in its ignorantly placed and impracticable line, Canada has recently had to grope in the dark in fixing the western boundary of Ontario, from the notable North-west angle of the

Lake of the Woods. By the Treaty of Ghent, it is almost unnecessary to remind the reader, Britain lost the whole of the State of Maine, which by right of conquest belonged to Canada, and at the time was ours with the "consent and content" of its people.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

BY REV. GEORGE M. ORANT, D.D., PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

Some people get as angry at references to the future of Canada as a mad bull at a red rag. Let well alone. Are we not doing splendidly? Why should not the present state of things continue for ever and a day, or at any rate, for some time. To denounce Federationists as visionaries, and to declare that they content themselves with uttering generalities and indulging in sentiment, are matters of course. Well, it is enough to say in reply to these good people, and everybody else, that our present condition cannot possibly be permanent, simply because grown men ought not to be satisfied, and will not be satisfied, without full citizenship. It is a small thing to the poorest man possessed of self-respect whether his wages are large or small, compared with the great thing whether he is a free man or not. So, it is not enough to tell us that our present position is cheap. We ask, are we in possession of the same blessings, burdens, responsibilities and powers as the people of Great Britain or the United States? If not, depend upon it we must believe that there is a hope of our emerging out of the merely colonial status into one of full equality with our fellow subjects in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or we will make an abrupt escape somehow from the condition of wards protected by a mother, even should we creak our necks in the attempt. We must therefore either calmly consider what is involved in Imperial Confederation, and determine to move on to full citizenship along that line, for better or worse, or run the inevitable risk of sooner or later parting with the mother country in anger, to set up house for ourselves, no matter what the cost and the perils, or of casting in our lot with the neighboring Republic. I believe that our present position is the one from which we are bound to start in thinking out what our future is to be. To separate ourselves from the past—and such a past—to cut loose from our base, seems to me inexorable unless disruption is forced upon us. That the majority of Canadians believe that permanent union with Great Britain is better than either isolation or annexation is indisputable. To these I would now speak. Instead of discussing the advantages and disadvantages of isolation and annexation, I would point out what is immediately and necessarily involved in our continuing to be subjects of the queen.

If we belong to the empire and share in its prestige and benefits, we must take upon ourselves its burdens. Are we prepared to do so? We are the Canadian subjects of Her Majesty. Her subjects in Great Britain pay, according to their means, for the protection they receive. Are we in Canada prepared to do so too? During the whole of this century, we have been gradually taking upon ourselves burdens formerly borne by the mother country. We have thus been emerging from the state of pupillage into the state of manhood. We Federationists have the audacity to assume that we ought now to consider ourselves full-grown men, and no longer wards. Up to 1818, Great Britain paid the whole expenditure connected with the Civil Government of this Province, just as France had done up to 1763. In 1810, the House of Assembly felt that the Pro-

vince had so working of Bi tury that it Advantage, f offer for sever longer, Great continue to d ternal enem thanks for w matter of cor at Toronto, K a elsewhere batteries sho Halifax, and the British t the grumblic red-coats we every station like the othe To ourselves ing the peac tain, howev ground, rea We are ac resurrection penditure of The taste w ting down a and some be ing Indians, our connect the past. three-quar vote will b How much in the Nort been for W. we are now own cost. There are e nal, though believe in t same gentle dition of a mounted pe at addition the present will be war one or more this century mathematic us, what de Halifax an of old Eng there be for wards who one cent? that we are world. Ev for the hon but we are pays and w In the over our shippin of the five: few years: pay for th a one made lar. Brita "nation", the five mi the event: Halifax, S and Vanc water way contributic resistible f us, no swi say that ti ada, becau Of course least hav dded wi union wit tion or an condition sponsibili at their

...ing had so prospered as the result of the working of British institutions for half a century that it offered to undertake this burden. Advantage, however, was not taken of the offer for several years. For half a century longer, Great Britain felt herself obliged to continue to defend us from external and internal enemies. Generally she got little thanks for what she did. We thought it a matter of course that soldiers should be kept at Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Fredericton, elsewhere; that expensive forts and batteries should be constructed at Quebec, Halifax, and other points, all paid for by the British taxpayer, and very great was the grumbling in some quarters when the red-coats were at length ordered home from every station but Halifax. But this step like the other, was in the right direction. To ourselves was confided the trust of keeping the peace within our own borders, Britain, however, being always in the background, ready to help should help be needed. We are accordingly now suppressing the resurrection in the North-West by the expenditure of our own blood and treasure. The taste we are getting of the cost of putting down a few hundreds of half-breeds, and some bands of wretchedly armed, starving Indians, will give us some idea of what our connection with Britain has saved us in the past. The first vote was for about three-quarters of a million, and the next vote will be larger, unless it is divided. How much would the previous insurrection in the North-West have cost us had it not been for Wolsey and the regulars? Well, we are now putting down civil war at our own cost. That is good, but is it enough? There are external enemies as well as internal, though some brilliant writers refuse to believe in their possible existence. These same gentlemen would have opposed the addition of a few hundred of men to the mounted police two years ago, though such an addition would, I believe, have prevented the present disastrous outbreak. That there will be war between Great Britain and some one or more of her numerous enemies before this century ends is almost as certain as mathematics. Should attacks be made upon us, what defences have we save the forts of Halifax and Quebec, and the wooden walls of old England? What protection would there be for our shipping but that fleet, towards whose support we do not contribute one cent? Our press boasts often enough that we are the fifth maritime power in the world. Even tenth-rate powers have to pay for the honor and profit of having shipping, but we are a new kind of power. Britain pays and we enjoy the honor and the profit. In the event of war, what would become of our shipping and our fisheries? How much of the five millions that we received for a few years use of our fishing grounds went to pay for the fleet whose previous protection a one made the grounds ours? Not a dollar. Britain paid for the "Basilik," the "Demotion," and other bull-dogs, and we put the five millions into our own exchequer. In the event of war, our coasts would be ravaged, Halifax, St. John, our gulf ports, Victoria, and Vancouver taken, the St. Lawrence water way invaded, Montreal laid under contribution or in ashes, if there were no irresistible fleet to keep watch and ward for us, no swift cruisers to sweep the seas. You say that these evils would come upon Canada, because of its connection with Britain. Of course they would, but you at least have already decided, and decided wisely, in my opinion, that union with England is preferable to isolation or annexation, and we cannot have any condition of things without its risks and responsibilities. Children fancy that they can eat their cake and have it, but through some

able editors talk like children, Canadians are not children. In a word, the fleet of England is indispensable to our security, yet we have never paid a cent for ships or men or guns. Can this state of things continue? Is it consistent with our honor, with our self-respect that it should? At present, the poorest day laborer could come here from England, Scotland or Ireland, the man who is too poor and ignorant to have a vote even under the new Franchise, and standing upon a moral eminence above the millionaires and merchants of Montreal and Toronto, above all our Right Honorables, Honorables, Senators, Members of Parliament, Principals, and what not, say to the whole box and dice of us, "Worthy gentlemen, worthy children, I protect you!" And yet people cry out, why not let well alone? Is it well? I say that we must do what is right in this matter, unless we are to sink utterly under our own self-contempt. How shall we do it? Why, we have the power to do it at once, in the exercise of our own self-government. Let the Premier move and let the leader of the Opposition second the motion that a sum—no matter what the amount, provided the principle is conceded—any amount that may be considered reasonable in the circumstances—be offered to the mother country, and be made an annual charge on our consolidated revenue, as our voluntary contribution towards the expense of our common guardian, the fleet. This is the first step for us to take, and until it is taken our protestations of loyalty cannot be considered as anything better than lip-service. I invite the attention of those gentlemen who say that Federationists confine themselves to generalities to this point. Let them settle this before they ask us to go into other details. One step is enough at a time. When we have taken it, we shall see more clearly what is the next step. Some of these have already said in effect that Great Britain does not need our money and has made no demand, that we gain by her generosity, and that she would be obliged to have a fleet even if Canada did not exist. And these are the arguments of grown men! Let us be wards as long as possible and accept rations as long as they are offered. To aim at anything higher is to be sentimental. Certainly, sentiment is the last thing of which they are likely to be accused. We gain by our present condition, do we? We lose more than we gain. We lose everything when we lose self-respect. I never knew man or nation yet that gained by spunging. I demand the responsibilities and privileges of a man, and first of all the privilege of paying my own way. We talk of our loyalty. Let us back our talk with deeds, unless we would have our cheers for the Queen sneered at as gas. Remember, there is no need for extra machinery to enable us to do our duty. We can do all that is needed at once. We voted \$100,000 for poverty-stricken Irishmen, and at the same time those poor Irishmen were being taxed to protect us. Would it not be manlier to vote a million to pay for what we got? Some congregations when in arrears to their pastors to the extent of thousands of dollars, get up donation parties and present them with handsome purses of a hundred or two, with the unexpressed hope that nothing shall thereafter be said about the past debt. Was that the principle on which we voted so freely our \$100,000? We have all the representation we need to enable us to do our duty, remember. Besides, the measure of representation can never be the measure of duty. Women cannot send some of their number to Parliament or even vote for men, but they do their duty none the less. Thousands of Canadians have no votes, but they pay their taxes and are ex-

pected to do their duty to the country. How many of the British people were represented in Parliament in the days of Alfred, Cromwell, Nelson, but all the time England expected every man to do his duty. England has done her duty by us and let us not forget it. Whenever we have needed her strong right arm it has been raised. What better proof of fidelity can man or nation give? Let us be equally faithful. We could then speak with regard to the protection of our shores as we cannot speak now. We could speak by letter, or cable, or agent general, or in other ways, feeling that we were on the same platform as those we addressed.

What would be the result of such action on our part? It would do more to convince the people of Britain that we are in earnest than fine speeches and loud cheering could accomplish in a century. They would know that they were dealing with men, with their equals. John Bull is a creature of great veracity and sense. He insists on having solid ground under his feet. He himself is always ready to back his opinions or his sentiments with his money, and until we do the same he must have in his secret soul a kind of contempt for us. We must put ourselves right, to begin with. We must create a passion for the unification of the empire in the mother country. When that is done, difficulties that are now insurmountable will vanish. What a destiny for us opens up! To be full partners with the grandest nation in the world, the most extended empire, the wealthiest and truest, the best representative of organized Christendom! That should stir the blood of the coldest among us. If we do our duty we may expect results. A common understanding on commercial matters would be one of these. The difficulty here is great but not insuperable. When the British people are in earnest, things will be done that would now be considered out of the question. A common understanding with regard to foreign relations, the promotion of common interests and the discharge of common duties would be results. And we might look forward in this way and along these lines to an indissoluble alliance with the United States, an alliance or union that would not be purchased with dishonor.

EDUCATION IN ENGLISH CANADA.

BY G. FELHAM MULVANEY, M. A., M. D., EX-PRINCIPAL NIAGARA GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

In no respect does the settler sentiment of English-speaking Canada contrast more strongly with that of French Canada than in its attitude towards education. In French Canada previous to the conquest there was no system of public schools; education was left to the praiseworthy but unsupported efforts of the Recollets and the Jesuits.

Not ten years had passed from the first settlement of Upper Canada before the Provincial Parliament passed a law to endow grammar schools in each of the four districts, and a University at Toronto.

The struggle of liberal and unsectarian opinions against privilege and party was fought hard over the attempt of a would-be State church under Dr. Strachan to control the grammar schools and to turn King's College into a stronghold of High Church Sectarianism. No educational influence has been more effective in our Province than that of the Methodist and Presbyterian colleges at C.bourg and Kingston; of the former, Egerton Ryerson was for some time the principal; his successor, Dr. Nelles, has more than any other man, contributed to turn the great influence of the Canada Methodist church into the channel of liberalism and culture.

The tide had already turned against the Family Compact, when, by the appointment of a Family Compact Governor, Lord Metcalfe, the Reverend Egerton Ryerson was appointed to the position of Chief Superintendent of Education. Our present Public School and University System, acknowledged to be unsurpassed in the world, is mainly due to Dr. Ryerson. His methods were eclectic, founded on a prolonged series of observations of educational systems in Europe and the United States. Dr. Ryerson was an autocrat, but in the early days of this century the building up of our school system needed the strong hand, the firm will, the impressive presence of its author. After an unsuccessful attempt to combine the office of Chief Superintendent of Education with that of a committee, in which Professors Goldwin Smith and Ambury took the lead, it was resolved by the Ontario Government to vest the charge of the Public School System in a Minister responsible to the people as represented in the Ontario Parliament.

Mr. Mowat's choice fell on one who, while health permitted, proved his ability to supplement Dr. Ryerson's work, the Hon. Adam Crooks. It is painful to reflect that this accomplished and hard-working Minister lies stricken down by a malady more pitiless and hopeless than death itself. His work deserves to live in the memory of his country, especially in building up the system of Model Schools. Mr. Crooks was succeeded in the spring of 1884 by the Hon. G. W. Ross, under whose direction the vexed question of text books has been settled, and an entirely new advance has been made in the matter of introducing art teaching in the Public Schools.

The headquarters of the School System of Ontario are held in the Educational Department buildings, Toronto, of which our columns present a picture. The buildings are one of the best examples of classical architecture in Toronto, and are surrounded by handsome grounds, prettily laid out, the favorite resort of our citizens in the summer months.

Here is held the Toronto School of Art, so successfully set on foot by the Minister of Education; here also is the Museum of Art, with its fine collection of pictures and art objects. An elaborate and most valuable catalogue of this collection has been prepared by Dr. May. We earnestly advise every one who desires to avail himself of the art museum to expend twenty-five cents in a copy of the catalogue. To stroll through a promiscuous collection of pictures is useless: one does not know what the style is, or the date. Still worse is the attempt to form an opinion at haphazard on a collection of engravings, frescoes, or bric-a-brac, of which there is an unusually large and complete collection at the Education Department Museum, and this classification, so elaborately detailed in Dr. May's catalogue, is an art education in itself.

The school system of Ontario begins in the backwoods school section, and culminates in the Provincial University. It aims at giving equal educational advantages to every boy and girl in the Province; as the Hon. Adam Crooks once said to a daughter of the present writer, the Minister of Education and the youngest scholars are engaged in the same work. Our school system teaches an unsectarian morality; it furnishes an artistic and industrial training; it qualifies the poorest and the humblest, as far as education can qualify, to serve society, industrialism, and the State, in the least as well as in the highest place.

No part of the political organization of Ontario is more deserving of admiration

than the School System. Its inauguration was the work of the master mind of Egerton Ryerson, one of the noblest and most noteworthy sons of English Canada. To Adam Crooks also a debt of gratitude is due, for he carried out Ryerson's work through a difficult period of transition. To the present Minister of Education is to be ascribed the credit of lifting the Public School System out of and above the ruts of party politics, and of instituting a system of art education which is destined to have most important effects in every industrial interest in the country.

EGYPTIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

CLIMATICAL INFLUENCES — SUPPOSED GOVERNMENT REMISSNESS — TIME REQUIRED TO EFFECT CHANGES — MEHEMET ALI — 1811 — COINCIDENCES — IBRAHIM — SLAUGHTER OF THE MAMELUKES — THEIR ARMOURY.

BY REV. E. H. STIMSON, M.A., TORONTO.

By many observing people it is forgotten that the climate of the country in which they are born and educated has much to do in forming the character they possess and which they permit to influence them while they live. In the colder latitudes, where cold, and rains, and snow, and ice have to be encountered, certain adaptations suggest themselves for each individual to adopt, so that instead of these influences of the weather making the people uncomfortable they are simply instruments of pleasure and livelihood.

Nothing can change this natural system of adaptation. Our different tribes of Indians with all their different modes of life, could not be transferred to Egypt and made to live there; nor can the tribal nations of that hot country come to America and be made to subsist upon the productions and under the climatic necessities which would immediately effect them. Neither of these classes of people could live under so strong a change of circumstances and of life. They would die almost at once.

The remark is made for the purpose of introducing to the mind of the reader the fact that when we talk about the natives of Egypt, of India, of Borneo, Siam, and other oriental countries the first exclamation almost sure to be made is,—"Oh, what a poor, down-trodden people the natives are—they have no original thought, they have no art, no manufacturing establishments, they have no education! Why don't the Government go to work and improve their condition?"

Surely there must be something wrong somewhere, or inhabitants of these countries, having all the advantages of example and instruction from European residents and visitors, would attain to a much better standard of life than they now possess! The Government is altogether behind the age. It is not liberal, instructive, or progressive! What a pity it is that the people do not stand up in all their power and majesty and so direct the Government that prosperity, and all the satisfactions included in the word, shall invite commercial intercourse from every opposite side of the world.

The truth is, this side of the world on which we live, is only in its infancy, compared with the other side, and does not know that the climate of the other side has got and has had for thousands of years past, just what it is the most fitted to produce. The productions of the soil are what they were some four thousand years ago; and quadrupeds lived then as they do now; while the higher species of animal life—those possessing a mental calibre, and many reasoning faculties—have never attained to

the varied pursuits and scholastic discipline of northern latitudes.

The people have never made a demand for that industrial class called "tailors," because the climate did not suggest the propriety of the male population wearing nice fitting pantaloons and coats, and the females adding to their beauty by the use of flowing skirts, and waists fitting to their person.

In the disposal of the wardrobe as we use it, a "compensating principle" steps in by the climate giving a colour to the skin which removes the sense of impropriety from cultivated and polite vision.

And as these people sit around their tables at meals, not upon chairs, but upon their floor-mats, dispensing their food with three fingers, the article of knives and forks does not trouble them. Carpenters, as we employ them, have not been wanted on account of the wandering habits of the different tribes. Blacksmiths are dispensed with for the same reason. Shoes are either not wanted or are superseded by sandals, while hatters are displaced by each individual making his own turban.

During the thirty-one Dynasties, extending over four thousand years, preceding the Christian era, no American or European system of education claimed the allegiance of the fellah. By slow and progressive stages the intellect of these people developed its energies until at last what they have left as mementoes in the way of pyramids, tombs, temples, and mummies have become the wonders of the civilized world! Nor are these alone the product of the oriental inhabitant. The climate has had its full share, in the color of the skin, in the calibre of the brain, in the aspirations of the rulers and the ruled, and in the preservation of the monuments now standing as evidences of their skill and industry.

From a few the human race multiplied into millions, and dynasties found the multitude not only willing subjects, but subjects inheriting qualities of mind, and social habits and productive industries wholly out of their power to modify; or to change into opposite habitudes of culture, for the preservation of political rights, for the establishment of educational lessons, and the encouragement of social happiness.

The birds of the air are different in their song and plumage in the warm countries of which we speak, from those inhabiting the climate where frost and snow are seen. The bovine animals are different in form from the ones we possess, and it is curious to observe that their horns are all different in size and shape from the horns of the animals of this country. The elephant and the camel, the lion and the leopard, the gazelle and many other creatures will not endure transportation for the purpose of perpetuity and increase. And when they are transported they do not thrive—they dwindle and die as do families of the human race, having lost the climatic genial to their nature and habits.

The conclusion is, that the present Egyptian races, whether of governors or of the governed, are to be held accountable, according to the laws of climate, and that no transient rules of political economy can change them into people who live to vote intelligently and to utilize the arts of life as we utilize them short of some hundreds of years of experience. Perhaps we may say Europeans should go and live in Egypt in numbers corresponding with its present native population for at least a period of one thousand years, or fifteen hundred or two thousand years in order to arrive at an epoch when the present characteristics of the people will have become efficiently blended with our own.

This, we can never live to see accomplished. For our generations are of too short duration.

Since the invasion of Napoleon the first to the present day we find about the same fitful condition of state as we read about when eight hundred years before Christ, the native dynasties had been sitting about from city to city of Lower Egypt, without finding a settled resting place; being occupied during the greater part of that time with conspiracies, insurrections, civil contests, or actual warfare. This is precisely what has been transpiring during the present century, so far as the organization of a dynasty, the tactics of war, the conduct of the people and the attributes of the higher class have been concerned.

Mehemet Ali, directly after Napoleon, was archetype for Arabi Pasha and the bombardment of Alexandria; and Mehemet's acquisitions of provinces originated the Soudan war.

But Arabi possessed not the vigour and grasp of mind, nor had he the territorial advantages to work upon that Mehemet Ali had.

Of this character we will speak more at length as we proceed with our narrative. Of Mehemet Ali, as he is yet in the memory of living men, we must here talk. He is best described by remembering the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. Mehemet was the founder of the present Egyptian dynasty. He found Alexandria a mass of ruins and rubbish, a nest of needy fishermen and pirates and left it a city. He found all Egypt a chaos, he left it a country. His immediate predecessor was Napoleon, whose impress is at the present day that the archives of the Government are preserved in the French language.

There are curious coincidences in the characters and careers of the two "men of destiny" in the East and in the West. Both were aliens in blood and birth to the countries and people over which they established their rule, and founded their dynasties. Both were soldiers by profession, and statesmen and lawgivers by intuition. Both were crafty, cruel and unscrupulous, never sacrificing the end for the means nor shrinking from acts of ruthless cruelty, when policy or self-preservation prompted their commission. The ambition of each was to found an empire, and to obtain the succession for his son and his son's son for ever; and this too both seemingly accomplished. What is stranger still, is that the heritage left by the rude eastern soldier of fortune, has lasted longer than the far greater one bequeathed by the mighty genius of modern Christendom, whose puppets and playthings were kings and crowns. As though to complete the parallel, the two were almost as kindred in fate as in renown, the end of each being equally tragic. The Corsican ate out his own heart in exile on the barren rock of St. Helena; the soldier from Caval-la died a prisoner in his own palace, the ghastly wreck of his former self, his fine mind and iron will shattered by madness, alternating between moody despondency and frenzy, until his practical deposition became a State necessity, and his warrior son, Ibrahim Pasha, was compelled to seat himself in the chair of his yet living father. As though to make this sad story sadder still, it is said the madness came from a potion administered through asperition or mistaken kindness, by one of his daughters, who was told she could thus restore the old man's waning powers, but whose fatal draught consigned him to a living death. True or false, the story is still repeated and believed in Egypt.

His dream of empire he soon converted into a reality. From insubordination to the Porte, he soon broke out into open rebellion; and not only seized on the Egyptian provinces, but invaded both Arabia and Syria, through his warlike son Ibrahim, and even menaced Constantinople. His troops actually occupied Syria, and his purpose was to found an empire like that of the caliphs, over all the Arabic-speaking people, leaving the Porte only those who spoke the Turkish tongue. But then a greater power intervened between the rebellious vassal and the powerless lord; the great Powers of Europe (with the exception of France) interposed, and by menace and force of arms wrested the prey from the old lion, and compelled him to renew his allegiance, and renounce his projects of extended empire.

It required the presence of an English fleet at Alexandria, to compel him to sign a treaty of peace with his sovereign, and resign his conquests; tearing out handfuls of his white beard in his wrath, under the compulsion, while he did so. But he insisted on the retention of the viceroyalty in his line for ever, and for quasi independence of the Porte in the same treaty guaranteed by the Powers which compelled the act of abdication.

What Mehemet Ali did, in and for Egypt, has passed into history. He created not only an Empire, but a people, out of the dozen different nationalities which then, as now, constitute the strange amalgam we vaguely term Egyptians.

Everywhere throughout Egypt and its dependencies, the hand of the mighty master is still to be seen in the traces it has

left—from the Mahmoudieh canal, connecting the waters of the Nile with the Mediterranean, to the fairy like pleasure gardens of Shoubra, near Cairo; from the gigantic breakwater of the Nile, to the grand old sycamore trees, which give their beautiful shade to the gardens and the roads around Cairo and Alexandria. The career of Mehemet Ali is as familiar to every one as that of Napoleon, whose footsteps he followed in the conquest of Egypt; and whose fiercest foes (the Mamelukes) he crushed at one fell blow, combining craft, cruelty, and treachery in the act which self-preservation dictated. The man's character should not be judged by this episode alone, nor weighed in our balance; for he was capable of being awayed by high and generous impulses—with more of the lion than the wolf in his nature—and the necessity was very pressing and very sore. So it is not fair to judge him by the canons of his own time, place, and people, which condoned his crime, and the terrible retribution dealt on the savage oppressors and spoilers of Egypt, who menaced his life, and meditated against him the treachery in which he anticipated them.

The circumstances of the massacre of the Mamelukes were these: Early in the spring of 1811 Mehemet Ali was obliged to be at Suez to superintend the preparations for his Arabian expedition to displace the Wahabees who had driven the Turks from the Holy Land of Arabia, Mecca, and Medina.

While there, he received information that the Mameluke chiefs, jealous of his power, intended to way-lay him on his return from Suez. Instead of remaining until the next day, as was expected, he started that night on a dromedary, and in ten hours, before the break of day, with four out of his eighteen attendants, he entered Cairo; the distance being eighty miles! This with other plots and intrigues of the Mamelukes which he had discovered, determined him to exterminate all who could be found. The day fixed for the ceremony of investing his son with the command of the army, was the 1st of March, 1811. All the principal chiefs were invited to be present. When the ceremony was over they mounted their horses, but, on reaching the gates they found them closed. A suspicion of treachery immediately flashed across their minds, which was confirmed by a shower of balls from behind the ramparts. With the single exception of Emir Bey, who took a fearful leap with his horse from the walls of the citadel, every soul perished.

A proclamation was then issued to exterminate every Mameluke found in the city. Ibrahim Bey, with 450 of his followers, perished in the citadel, and nearly 800 in the city. The uniforms which these old Egyptian soldiers wore consisted of cuirasses and helmets designed in style in the time of Herodotus, used in the middle ages, and manufactured it is not known when nor where. The helmets to distinguish the wearer from other soldiers were surmounted with a crescent. Along with this armoury was carried a long wooden or bamboo spear tipped with iron or steel, and decorated with an oriflamme which gave the horsemen an imposing appearance as he galloped against a gentle wind, and his metal uniform all dazzling as of silver or gold under the rays of a burning sun.

Fifty of these Mameluke equipments, with many others worn long ago by other soldiers of Egypt, but now thrown aside as worthless for the purposes for which they were made, were given by the Government of Egypt to the writer to satisfy the curious observers at exhibitions in America.

Could their original possessors rise from their sleep of death to discover the kind of embarrassment they have entailed upon the commissioner in their transmission from Canada to the United States, they would stand amazed at the inability to class these antique things in the list of antiquities to which they belong.

But this brings us to the ridicule by Mehemet Ali of an impediment which stood in the way of his advancement as a ruler.

By force and fraud he passed by other obstacles and proceeded on his way to be called Viceroy, or Khedive of Egypt, which means simply that he was a King, subject to easy limitations of authority under the Porte at Constantinople, and that this title, with all the power it implies, was to be inherited by his heirs forever. Of the changes now introduced for the observance of the natives of this land of the Pharaohs we will speak at another time.

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The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

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

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

SPECIAL OFFER.

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

THE AWARD.

The award for the following beautiful poem is given this week to Edward Storr, Esq., Superintendent of the House of Commons Reading Room, Ottawa, to whom \$5 will be paid on application.

A large number of excellent poems, both original and selected are in, which we would very gladly publish if space only permitted.

Heaven's Rewards.

Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross; Sweet after bitter, Song after fears, Home after wandering, Joy after tears.

Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Bright after mystery, Peace after pain; Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, Gloom after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb; After long agony Rapture of bliss; Truth was the pathway Leading to this.

Forgive and Forget.

Oh, forgive and forget, For this life is too fleeting To waste it in brooding O'er wrongs we have met. It is better, far better, To smother our anger, To teach the proud heart To forgive and forget.

In the path we must tread, Leading down to the valley, Are crosses and trials To lift and to bear; And the chalice of life, From which we are drinking, Oft bears to our lips Drops of sorrow and care.

But this life is so short, Be it sunshine or shadow, That we cannot afford To brood o'er a wrong. Let us lift up our burdens, And bear them on bravely, We'll lay them down shortly, It cannot be long.

No Prayers To-Night.

BY A. D. STEWART.

No prayers to-night! No golden head To lie in my lap with its glittering light, But a broken heart, and a sigh instead. Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No leaping tongue, no dimpled hands To sing and strike in keen delight; No hair to plait in glistening strands; Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No prayers to-night, no bright eyes shine, No cradled head to catch my sigh; No rosy lips pressed close to mine; Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No trusting love, no pearly tears, No smile, no laughter loud and bright; No little voice to whisper fears; Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

No prayers to-night—an aching heart, A life that is full of care and blight, A life that has sorrow in every part; Ah! me—ah! me—no prayers to-night!

Kindness.

One short word in kindness spoken, Costing scarce a moment's breath, May bind up a heart that's broken, Save a sinking soul from death.

Cups of cooling water given To the weary by thy side, Shall be meted back by heaven, Sparkling from life's crystal tide.

Help no matter who may ask it, All are workmanship of God, There's a gem in every casket, Purchased by the Saviour's blood.

Work for Jesus, strive to win it, He hath bought for thee a crown, Thine to place bright stars within it, At his feet to lay it down.

The Lesson of Patience.

A weaver sang gaily at his loom, While weaving a fabric gay, When the pattern he was copying 'rom Was tossed by the wind away.

He paused awhile in dull despair, Hot tears o'er his pale face ran; Then put the unfinished work aside, And another web began.

This lesson of patience to our hearts How often hard fate doth teach? When the things we have been striving for She places beyond our reach.

Though we reel beneath the cruel shock, And our hearts grow faint with pain, We must gather up the broken threads, Go on with life's work again.

For we cannot pattern out our lives; God hath his own bright design, Which we will not know till life's finished web Is laid at his feet divine.

Compensation.

BY NETTIE KERR.

Child of frail mortality complain not thou of God, Because some thorns and briars now are strwn along thy road; What, though He give thee here below, but toil and tribulations? Hereafter He will—

Confide in Jesus' watchful care, and trust a Father's love, To lead thee through this wilderness, to endless rest above; To gain in Heaven of happiness the perfect consummation, According to his righteous plan of equal compensation.

Legend of the Forget-Me-Not.

When flowers first bedecked the earth, In Eden's happy bowers, The Lord, 'tis said, in cool of day, Came down among the flowers.

To each He gave a fitting name; To each a loving word; And blessed the garden He had made, Beholding it was good.

Again He came in cool of day, And walked among the flowers; But one, he saw, a blossom fair, Was sad in Eden's bowers.

The loving Lord bent tenderly, And raised its drooping head; When "Lord my name I have forgot," The blue-eyed blossom said.

No unkind word the Master said; "Forget-me-not," said He; And smiling on the sad, sweet flower, "Lo! this thy name shall be."

Sabbath on the Prairie.

BY MINNIE A. NICHOLL.

The year's first blushing roses Were decking the prairie broad, And the summer garb of beauty Made fair the wild north-west. It flushed in the sedgy hollows, It smiled in the woodland dell, It whispered in low, soft saphyrs That breathed o'er the lake and fall.

How it glowed in the mystic star-shine Of the clear blue northern sky; How it crimson'd and flushed in grandeur In the sunset's sweet good-bye! And gaudy birds from the southland Made brilliant the poplar grove; And plaintive calls came sounding From the haunts where the plovers rove.

With dream-notes in the gloaming The wind-lutes swept the boughs, Sweet songs from the distant stretches, Where the moose and bison browse, And we lay in our camp and listened, And thought of the wilds untrod; Of the misty, lonely future, Of the homes on the stranger sod.

And swift, o'er the dreary distance, Our eager thoughts would stray To the homes and scenes, to the loves and hopes, Of the youth-time, far away! We slept to dream of the morrow—"I will be Sunday at home," we said, "But our church must be the prairie With the blue sky overhead!"

The Sabbath dawned in beauty, With a calm, whose breath of peace Made a solemn, grand cathedral Of the wild, vast wilderness. The woods were the soft-toned organs, And the winds through their alleys dim, Now raised some high, glad anthem, Now chanted some low, sweet hymn.

And we came from our tents together, And stood on the lone hill side, To join the songs of Nature That Sabbath morning-tide, "With one consent let all the earth," Swelled on the sunny air; And then, how each home-sick heart went In that strange hour of prayer.

And the text the preacher gave us Was, "Rejoice in the Lord always," Alike in the summer sunshine And the gloom of winter days; And the clouds of our gloom were banished Like the mist from the morning air, We had strength for the untrod future, For God is everywhere!

The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's saah With smile that well her pain dissembles, The while beneath her drooping lash, One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles; Though heaven alone records the tear, And fame shall never know her story, Her heart has shed a drop as dear As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who glides her husband's sword, Mid little ones who weep and wonder, And bravely speaks the cheering word, What though her heart be rent asunder, Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear The bolts of death around him rattle, Hath shed as sacred blood as o'er Was poured upon the field of cattle!

The mother who conceals her grief While to her breast her son she presses, Then breathes a few brave words, and tries, Kissing the patriot brow she blesses, With no one but her secret God To know the pain that weighs upon her, Shed holy blood as e'er the sod Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Samson and Delilah.

BY S. MOORE.

What is Samson's boasted strength Before Delilah's art! He must yield to her at length And sell her all his heart. She has got his secret now, Got his head upon her lap, And oate the locks which shade his brow, Then wakes him from his nap.

Wakes him from his pleasing sleep And sells him to his foes: Now, too late, he comes to reap The harvest of his woes: Mock'd by cruel enemies, Fetter'd with the captive's chain, He mourns the loss of both his eyes And groans with inward pain.

Samson's is no lonely case; We have Delilah's still— Men who could a lion face, Yet bend to woman's will; Men, tho' physically strong, Made a woman's willing slave, To vice and ruin urg'd along, And dragg'd down to the grave.

If you wish your strength to keep, Beware of Samson's nap, Never lay your head to sleep Upon Delilah's lap; She will ply her cunning art, Making you her easy tool; And when you've told her all your heart, She'll spurn you as a fool.

Dew Drops.

BY ELECTRA.

I wandered through the garden walk, And marked a beautiful rose; That deep within its graceful leaves, I'll hold the dew drop close.

And gaily bright the flower bloomed, Upon its fragile stem; Sweet fragrance filled the air around, Dew drops its diadem.

But when the sun with mid-day power In majesty rode by; I thought to see the queenly flower Quite dead, or withered lie.

Amazed with rapt delight, I scent The fragrant-laden air; From the sweet rose, with strength renewed, More graceful and more fair.

Thus with the Christian on life's road, Should grace like morning dew; Sustain him for the mid-day strife, And all his powers renew.

Right and Wrong.

BY MRS. JAMES M'INNIS.

Virtue and vice can ne'er agree, As right and wrong still onward glide, Swift currents in the human sea, Forever warring side by side.

It is warfare strong and deep, Whose fiercest passions swell the strife, Where youth and age their pulses beat, With all the strength of earnest life.

No toiling slave in darksome mines Can feel a deeper sense of woe, Than manhood, in his strength sublime, When crime has laid its ventures low.

Has laid each high and daring plan, Matured by years of toil and care, Which marks the true and noble man, Beneath the spell of dark despair.

Oh! then be earnest in the right, And shun the paths which lead to crime, And prove the strength of human might, Along the battle fields of time.

For virtue brings a rich behest, And blooms un fading in the soul, When truth is sought with earnestness, And vice is held in strong control.

Some Other Day.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Of all the words that grown folks say, The saddest are these, "Some other day," So easily, carelessly, often said, But to childish ears they are words of dread, To hope a knell, and to wish a doom, A frost on expectancy's tender bloom; For even the baby who scarce can crawl Knows a promise like that is no promise at all, And that out of sight and of mind away Is that nipping mirage "Some other day."

The years flit by, and wishes fade, And youth in the grave of age is laid, And the child who bent his youthful will Is a child no more, but is waiting still, For the pleasure deferred, the lot-out game, Though it came at last, is never the same; The bubble has died on the mantling cup, The draught is dull as we drink it up; And old hopes laugh at us as we say, "At last it has come, that 'other day.'"

Ah! little hearts which beat and fret Against the bounds by patience set, Yours is but universal fate, And the old as the young all have to wait. You will learn like us to be stout in pain, And not to cry when your wishes prove vain, And the strength that grows from a thwarted will, And that service is done by standing still, And to bravely look up into Heaven, and say, "I shall find it all there, 'Some other day.'"

Oh! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

SENT BY ANOUS M. ODEW, MINERAL ROCK, C.B., N.S.

[This poem was a favorite with President Garfield; it was a cause of great regret, he said, that he did not know the authorship.]

Ho, reapers of life's harvest! Why stand with rusted blade Until the night draws round thee And day begins to fade? Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to cot? The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Trust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain; The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again. The Master calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there, ungathered, And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low, Keep back no words or knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faithful to thy mission In the service of thy Lord, And then a golden chaplet Shall be thy fest reward.

brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value liberty and life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in the deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to her death-bed. I must see the queen."

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman. "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this, I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumber at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings?"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only the message by word of mouth?" said the yeoman, still hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large, square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend, hasten, I beseech you, and give it to the queen. Heaven only knows what torment my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this timely and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state chamber and richly-decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillowed upon their own jeweled ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter which you must give to one of the queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say it is a case of life or death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear!" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparkling with rings. "I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This work will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master Yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman, sharply. "Give it to the first lady of the bed-chamber, and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business; and, if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter, it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady about the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no names—ever allowed the peril of such an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the business for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-coarce. "Tell me, master yeoman, for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance, think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I could find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go—

See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foolish airs, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale and his eyes burned with anxiety "but nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"you trifle with a message from the dying," he said, sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced away; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much trouble that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his "Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious beauty, he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this! Here and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal. "A messenger has just arrived from Nottingham House. He says the countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed Lady Arabella. "Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, will have speech with the queen—that this letter must be given to her majesty even now."

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her."

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet, if the poor countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying," said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake.

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed, her face looked haggard in the crimson shade cast downward from the crimson hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor that partook both of the infirmities of age and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coiff, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen leaf as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream? I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady as she entered, and sinking slowly

back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying! The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham House with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sounding of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands the queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside sprang to the floor. "Your garments, Arabella; bring your garments and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick; no ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who walks in the anti-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham House."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Either?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summon the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of the chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but the gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on, said the queen. "Arabella follow us with the boy; and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the last few months of her life. As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress.

"Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive. "Mary—the cool wind does me good," reported Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions. Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard: no word was spoken, save when the old queen bade the rower make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring. "Go on to the sick room," said the queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone," and with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A large bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep-tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward

this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright and majestic.

"It is the queen!" cried the dying countess, lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the queen—I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham, you have sent for the queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? And what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly near the queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman!" she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman; how came you possessed of this ring?"

The countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The queen bent her ear close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath—and a wild fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old queen's heart blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright; the infirmities of age were swallowed up in mighty wrath; her lips grew livid; her eyes burned as with fire; and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron. "Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath. "Woman; God may forgive you, but I never will!"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death throes, lowered down, and grovelled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman, and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old monarch withdrew her hands from this unqueenly act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrilege to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over that death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of her fingers.

It was night when the queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace grounds, and leaned heavily on the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood spot on her finger—a blood spot—so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring a few days before his execution, by the wretched countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it at that time that the old queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that in a few weeks she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber weary, heart sick, afraid to die, yet dying?

(THE END.)

Temperance Department.

A Practical Help.

About five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of the usurper's stimulant.

He gasped with horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which a sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in.

Some elegantly-dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C—," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P—. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C— and took his arm.

"Come inside," she said, sternly, with a secret loathing in her heart. "The gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day he may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her.

She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences.

But that young man's brain did not want truth or the gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deathly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said briskly. "Come, we'll go together and find some."

George C— uttered something about "a trifle," and "tavern."

But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot-savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished, his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said:

"I thank you. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C—'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

"I was a man once, like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believed in Christ; but it is too late now."

"It is not too late!" cried his friend.

It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age. Every Sunday morning the breakfast is

set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered in to it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

What Would Follow.

Should all the inhabitants of this country cease to use intoxicating liquor, the following would be some of the beneficial results, viz:—

1. Not an individual would hereafter become a drunkard.

2. Many who are now drunkards would reform, and would be saved from the drunkard's grave.

3. As soon as those who would not reform should be dead, which would be but a short time, not a drunkard would be found and the whole land would be free.

4. More than three-fourths of the pauperism of the country might be prevented, and also more than three-fourths of the crimes.

5. One of the grand causes of error in principle and immorality in practice, and of all dissipation, vice and wretchedness would be removed.

6. The number, frequency and severity of diseases would be greatly lessened, and the number and hopelessness of maniacs in our land exceedingly diminished.

7. One of the greatest dangers of our children and youth, and one of the principal causes of bodily, mental and moral deterioration would be removed.

8. The efficacy of the gospel, and all the means which God has appointed for the spiritual and eternal good of men, would be exceedingly augmented; and the same amount of moral and religious effort might be expected to produce more than double its present effect.

9. Multitudes of every generation through all future ages might be prevented from sinking into an untimely grave and into endless torment; they might be transformed into the divine image, and prepared through grace for the endless joys of heaven.

10. God would be honored, voluntarily and actively by much greater numbers; and with greater clearness and to a greater extent would, through their instrumentality, manifest His glory.

The above results would be secured if, with the present effort to educate the people concerning the evil results of strong drink, they were not constantly confronted with the temptation to drink which is presented to them under the sanction of the government of the State and nation, with the consent and approbation of the great mass of the voters of the country. The effort to teach children to abstain and to impress upon their minds the danger of indulging in strong drink, can produce but meagre results so long as those children can see their parents, and instructors in the pulpit, in the school-room, and on the temperance platform, exerting their political influence to license the sale of that, the use of which is so strongly condemned. And, if we would secure these results which we admit would follow from abstinence from strong drink, we must prohibit by the ballot the sale of strong drink, the use of which is so severely condemned by the Bible.—Sixteenth American.

"Give me Back my Husband."

Not many years since, a young married couple from the far "fast anchored isle" sought our shores, with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it is red," and to taste of it "when it gives color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalia

crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish—

"Give me back my husband!"

"There's your husband," said the man.

"That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to look erect to Heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar!"

Benjamin Franklin, the Young Printer.

About the year 1725, an American boy, some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America; a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:—

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, and returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, Member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Ambassador to Royal Courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America named after the same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Things That Break Woman's Heart.

A husband treated to a glass of wine at the house of a friend (?)

A husband taking a game of cards in the neighboring grocery.

A husband who frequents places where the shutters are always drawn.

A husband who taints the pure atmosphere of home with beer and tobacco.

A husband who can take a glass with a friend and knows when to quit.

A husband who keeps the evil genius in his home, and consoles himself that he only takes it as a medicine.

A husband who goes in town to lodge (not Good Templars,) and does not return for several days.

A husband who grumbles and mutters extravagance when his children need shoes, but whose smile is bland as he lavishly treats his friends (?)

A husband who calls his wife thrifless and wasteful when the flour bin and sugar barrel are empty, but buys his cigars by the box and only indulges in the choicest brands, and purest liquors.

A husband who compels his wife to bend

daily over the wash tub, that he may spend the money earned by the sweat of her womanly brow for beer or poor bourbon. We hear so much of protection now. We have had altogether too much of that sort.

A husband who has lost all pride for himself or regard for his family. "Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies, too."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The voting on the Scott Act, in Kingston and Frontenac, last week, resulted in a victory and defeat. In the County the Act was carried by a majority of 300 or 400, and in Kingston city it was defeated by a narrow majority of fifty votes.

IRELAND.—The *Leagus Journal* says:—The fifteenth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Ireland was held in the Assembly's Hall, Belfast, on the 7th and 8th of April. Mr. S. S. Fleming, G.W.C.T., presided. His report indicated that the Order in Ireland is making substantial progress. The report of the G.W.S. showed an increase of three lodges and three hundred and twenty members. Reports were submitted and discussed from the G.L. Executive, the representative of the W.G.S., on the Irish Good Templar, on finance, on distribution, on missions, on trust deeds, on affiliated membership, and on appeals. The grand lodge per capita tax remains the same as last year. Arrangements were made to carry on a successful mission throughout the whole country during the winter. The following officers were elected:—Br. Fleming, G.W.C.T.; Br. Mitchell, G.W.V.T.; Br. Xule, G.W. Councillor; Br. Lytle, G.W. Secretary; Br. Bradshaw, G.W.T.; Br. Rev. Mr. Cronshawite, G.W.C.; Br. Moore, G.W.M.; Br. Gibson, G.S.I.T.; Br. Blisenden, G.W.G.; Sir. Elliott, G.W.D.M.; Br. McNeill, G.W.A.S.; Br. Harvey, G.W. Messenger; and Br. Holmes, G.W. Sentinel; and were duly installed. The Grand Lodge closed in the usual way. It is fully believed that the coming year will be one of the most successful the Templars ever had.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Meeting of the Right Worthy G. and Lodge.

The representatives of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the United States and Canada met at the Rossin House on Friday of last week. The following members of the committee were present: John B. Finch, of Nebraska, R.W.G.T.; Dr. Oronhyatekha, London, R.W.G.C.; Hon. D. P. Sagendorph, Mich., R.W.G. Sec.; Hon. Uriah Copp, Jr., Illinois, R.W.G.T.; Rev. C. H. Mead, New York; Hon. E. R. Hutchins, Iowa; Miss Mary F. Peck, Connecticut; Mrs. John B. Finch, Nebraska. As we go to press the Right Worthy Grand Lodge is in session in the theatre of the Normal School building. A full representation of the various Grand Lodges is present, and the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm prevails. We shall give full particulars of this important gathering next week.

—For Truth.

An Appeal Against Drink.

WALTER S. PERRY.

Oh Drink! of human woes most cursed of all
Since men sink lowest by thy madd'ning power,
Our noblest men and women seek thy fall—
Nor will they strive in
When those who have no strength to resist thy chain
Shall be set free and feel like men again.

Oh drunkard! are you happy thus to stand
Before the bar and drink thy poisonous stuff
Knowing your praying wife, and little bard
Of ragged children have not half enough
To live on?—may a sense of shame
Prompt you to spurn the drink, to hate its name.

Oh bondslave of the drink which cannot eat
Your burning thirst, and but allures you on
With hope to quench it! Can drink compensate
For honor, love and happiness—all gone—
In the vain hope to cool your burning vein?
Arise! and break your bonds—help prohibition's rein.

Oh ye who drink a little, now and then,
And say 'tis but a glass—a bit and think
Do you not set examples to young men
Who do not know the alluring power of drink?
Are you so wise? you can not give up
To save a fellow-man—your moderate cup?

Oh Christians! who are happy and content—
(For in those joys but Christians can delight.)
Rouse up and let a greater force be lent
To the great power that bravely strives for right;
Fight on! ye temperance soldiers,—there's much
Still to be done.
Fight 'gainst the demon drink until the victory
is won.

Our Young Folks.

The Land of Bye-and-Bye.

BY SELAIE WOODS.

I met a little pilgrim, no sandal shoe had she,
No cockle shell, nor pilgrim's staff nor air of sanctity,
But a wistful look on her upturned face, and the words
she said to me,
Showed me that she was a pilgrim as true as any
old could be.

I'm looking for a country, a far-off distant land,
Where lessons all are easy, and all can understand,
Where no one has any trouble, and there's no such word
as try;
The name of this bright country is the "Land of Bye-
and-Bye."

If only I can get there, all then will simple be,
For reasons then for everything I shall quite plainly
see;
My duties, too, will all be hummed; my lessons dull
and dry
Will all be known and understood, in the Land of Bye-
and-Bye.

There, too, in that bright country I'll grow so good
and kind,
So gentle and so loving, and what I'm told will mind,
And over any failures will never need to cry,
For all will be so happy in the Land of Bye-and-Bye.

Dear child, I said, that country is but a desert drear,
It easy seems to reach it, and lovely looks from here;
Its peopled but with phantoms, and nothing good or
bright
Can live in its shadowy darkness and strange delusive
light;
Now bear this good old proverb, and think of it for-
ever:
"Tis in the Land of Bye-and-Bye we find the house of
never."

The Rectory, New Westminster, B.C.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.— (Continued.)

A PUMA.

They paddled leisurely down the river, which at that point was about a mile wide, keeping close along the shore. As they rounded a point and opened up a stretch of water which, up to that time, had been hidden from view, they espied a small rounded object moving in the water far below them, in the middle of the strait which separates the lower end of *Isla de Tortola* from *Isla de Portuguesas*. The channel between the two islands was about one-third of a mile wide.

"What do you call that, Ben?" said David.

"Maybe it's an otter," said Ben, as he quickly reached for the field-glass and clapped it to his eyes.

"David! It's a big puma, as sure as you're born! He sees us, and he's doing his very best to get to shore!" exclaimed Ben, excitedly, as he quickly laid down the glass and seized his paddle.

"Go for him!" cried David. "Don't let him get to land!"

Their broad paddles made the water boil, and sent it back in a double line of swiftly swirling eddies far in their wake, while the little canoe darted swiftly forward over the glassy surface of the river. One great advantage of a canoe as a hunting-boat is, that the paddlers always look straight ahead.

The puma saw the canoe making for him in a bee-line, and knew his danger in a moment.

It was surprising to see how fast he swam. It was high tide, and there was now no current either to hinder his progress shoreward, or to aid his pursuers.

"Go for him, David! He's our meal!" cried Ben, doubling himself over his paddle.

The canoe sped forward like a shuttle, and the puma was overhauled fully a hundred yards from shore. When the canoe was within fifty yards of him, he raised himself in the water and took a good look at it and its occupants. As it glided near, silently cleaving the water, he gave one long, wistful look ashore, at the edge of the dense green jungle which fringed the bank, and beckoned him to a secure hiding-place

in its leafy depths; and then, brave beast that he was, he faced about boldly and swam straight toward it.

"Look out now, or he'll be aboard of us!" cried Ben, as he reached for the hatchet, which lay in the bottom of the boat. David was overhauling the cartridges in his bag, in a desperate search for one loaded with double B's—the proper size for monkeys! What would they not have given for their rifles now!

Meantime, the puma swam straight for the boat. Every line of his long, lithe body and limbs was plainly visible, as he seemed to walk through the clear water, with his long tail floating straight out behind him.

When he was within a few yards of the boat, David stood up, nearly upsetting the canoe in doing so, aimed at the animal's head, and fired.

The charge of monkey shot seemed to do no more than insult the big brute and make him fighting mad. He rushed for the canoe as fast as he could swim, with his mouth wide open, showing a magnificent set of teeth, ears laid back, snarling and growling as only an enraged puma can! In a moment David fired another charge of shot directly into his open mouth, when, with a terrific howl, the creature sprang almost out of the water, turned a back somersault and went under out of sight. But in a few seconds he rose to the surface, snorting and growling with rage and pain, the blood running from his mouth, and again headed for the canoe, as if determined to board it, or die in the attempt.

"Give him one behind the ear!" Ben shouted; and again David fired as requested. This shot disabled the beast.

With a few strokes of the paddle, the canoe was now driven close alongside him. "Dispatch him!" shouted David, seizing hold of the beast's tail with both hands, "but don't you spoil the skin."

The blow fell. Down went the puma under the canoe, kicking and struggling. It rose and sunk again, and at length remained under water, dead, with David holding it by the tail to keep it from sinking to the bottom. They then drew the carcass into the boat.

That night the hunters heard some strange sounds issuing from the forest behind them; a perfect chorus of long-drawn, deep bass growlings and howlings!

HOWLING MONKEYS AND STRANGE BIRDS.

"What's that?" asked Ben, as he paused from loading cartridges.

"Don't know, but it sounds as if half a dozen tigers had met, and were getting ready for a free fight."

"Well, that beats all the serenades I ever heard!" cried Ben.

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, David said, confidently,—

"I'll tell you what it is."

"What?" said Ben.

"Howling monkeys."

"I guess you are right. Shall we go for them to-morrow?"

"No. I think we had better go on down to Sacupana and meet Don Alfredo, and go where we can find plenty of big game. It's not much use hunting at random in such forest as this."

The next day, as they were paddling down stream, they came to three or four canoes tied up to the shore, a clearing in the forest by the river side, a dozen tall coconut trees waving high above half-a-dozen roofs of weather-beaten thatch, which nestled amongst bananas and coffee bushes, at the top of a fine grassy knoll. This was Sacupana, a little settlement of five or six families, a braying donkey, six good hunting dogs, two tame capybaras, pigs, chickens, fruit and flowers.

Don Alfredo was there to welcome them and introduce them to Senor Sanchez, the leading man of the place, and Don Francisco Mochado, his father-in-law, who bade the travellers welcome to the best that Sacupana afforded. Next morning he made the acquaintance of Antonio, a thick-set, smooth-shaved Venezuelan Hercules, thirty-five years old, of amiable disposition, and rare ability as a hunter and fisherman. Instinctively the Americans saw in him their future guide and friend in the jungle; they made friends with him at once. After Antonio, they made the acquaintance of Pedro, a coal-black negro, who had the reputation of being a good cook. It was said that if there was anything eatable in the larder, or in the bush, Pedro could get it up in eatable form.

Near Senor Sanchez's house stood an unused distillery, in which was a large airy

apartment, with a clay floor and without walls. Here the three visitors hung up their hammocks and stowed their belongings. This was to be their headquarters, and the forest which surrounded them was their hunting field.

The next day they all made an excursion to a lagoon back of the hamlet, where they shot three blue and yellow macaws and two more of the blue and red varieties, all magnificent birds. David also killed a fine large curaco, a sort of wild turkey, with two long and dangerous spurs on the inside of each wing. This bird the Americans considered a great prize, neither of them having ever seen or heard of it before. Two days were also spent hunting monkeys in the tree-tops.

Senor Sanchez then proposed a grand hunting expedition to a locality known as the *Cano del Toro*, where large animals were plentiful. Accordingly, all hands retired early in anticipation of a start in the small hours of the morning; and at two o'clock Don Francisco came around with the announcement that it was high tide, and time to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Evening Talk.

I trust all the little readers of TRUTH say their prayers every evening before going to bed. Thinking that some may not always feel in the mood, I'm going to tell you a story of a little girl I once knew.

Lilly Only was just 3 years old. As her mamma kissed her, on bidding her good night, Lilly said: "Mamma, I don't think I will say my prayers this time." "Why not, dear," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, you always tell me that if I do not feel what I pray my prayers will not go to God, and I have nothing to pray for to-night, so I will not say them until to-morrow."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "let us talk over what you have done to-day. Have you had a good time?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I had a splendid time. Right after breakfast I went to feed the hens. I found two eggs in one of the nests. Then after I fed the hens, I had a chase after the ugly black one, because she quarrels with the rest, and wants everything herself. Then I strolled into the garden. Though the walks were quite wet the sun shone bright and warm, and it was so pleasant, and the birds sang sweetly. I found some dear little snow drops and something red just coming up which I am sure must be my rose peony. I had a lovely time in the garden, dear mamma."

"I saw you, Lilly, from the parlor window, and I thought you and the birds and the flowers were all happy together."

"I came in when you called me and got ready for school. I said all my lessons well there, but something occurred that I ought to have told you; I did wrong twice."

"Well, tell me now, dear; you know I like to hear you."

"I'm real sorry, mamma, but I whispered to Hattie Allen, and Miss Hill thought Hattie whispered, and made her sit alone all the morning; I wonder why I did not say it was me instead of Hattie?"

"You were weak and ungenerous at that moment, Lilly; you preferred that your friend should bear the blame. Was it not so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Ah, dear, there is the trouble—to feel rightly at the right time. You should be brave when danger is near; but finish your story, dear."

"Well, at recess, that stupid Annie Blako wanted me to hear her spelling lesson. I wouldn't, because I wanted to play, so I spoke cross and she cried."

"Too much like the old black hen that always wants her own way."

Lilly laughed a little, though she did not feel like it.

"Now, dear, don't you think you have something to pray for? Come; I will pray with you."

The prayer Mrs. Only made was very simple, but she felt that Lilly joined in the petition; and when she kissed her cheek it was wet with tears.

"Thank you, mamma; I will never say I've nothing to pray for again."

An Indian Trick.

"Come, Mol, turn out! It's a splendid morning to take the trout. Jim has breakfast all ready, and I'm ravenously hungry; so let's eat and be off."

Of course there was no mere sleep for me, so I "turned out," and was soon ready to help Will wrangle with the boiled trout, warm biscuit and coffee, which were ready for us, and which he was attacking with heroic courage.

It was not long before the empty dishes showed that we had decidedly the best of the battle and we were soon in the canoe, paddling toward the fishing ground, which was opposite the mouth of a small brook about a half-mile from the island on which we were encamped, and some ten rods from the shore.

We had very good luck for an hour or so, and were just doing up our tackle, preparatory to returning to camp, when Will suddenly exclaimed: "See, Jim! what's that swimming for shore over there? It looks like a musk-rat;" and he pointed to an object as large as a small coconut out in the lake about six rods distant.

"Tain't no musk-rat," answered Jim, looking intently at it. "Musk-rats don't come out 'n open water in ther daytime. I swum!" he exclaimed, a moment later, "it's er bear. They allus swim with jist ther snouts out er water. Now, boys, ye jist keep still, an' I'll show ye er little trick thet I larnt from th' Injuns when I wuz er youngster."

While talking he had taken off his stout homespun frock, and pointing the canoe so as to pass a few feet behind the object, he paddled ahead. As the boat passed, we saw that it was indeed a bear, and a large one, too, with only his nose above the surface. Bears are very heavy swimmers, and are nearly helpless in the water, so it would have been an easy matter for us to have dispatched him; but we wanted to see how Jim would take him.

When the stern of the boat, in which Jim sat, was opposite the bear, Jim suddenly flung his frock directly over the bear's head, and paddled on. Immediately up came his two forepaws to throw it off, but he only succeeded in ducking his head under water. Then followed a series of frantic but vain attempts on the part of the bear to tear the thing away, but he only pulled his nose under more and more as he splashed and floundered about.

"We'll let him alone a few minutes," said Jim; "he'll be quite er kitten purty soon." As Jim had said, he soon ceased to struggle. We tied a line to him, and towed him ashore. He was not quite dead, but we soon finished him, and took off his hide, which I afterward had tanned and made into a sleigh robe. I have it now, and I never look at it without thinking of the ingenious way in which it was captured.

A Hint for the Young.

"I know of no principle," says Sidney Smith, "which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just, hypocritical if you are honestly religious, pusillanimous if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause."

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 27.

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

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

"PANSY."

A TORONTO ROMANCE.

WRITTEN BY NORAH LAUGHER, TORONTO.

One morning in March, I, Harry Burnstone, a briefless lawyer, just successfully passed my examinations, was seated on my high stool in the office of the well known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Collier, Collier & Bishop, Toronto Street, with whom I was engaged for the present, until I could hear of something more to my advantage.

Most of us at times are subject to that tiresome complaint, the "blues," and in that state was I that particular morning; blue, in fact regular dark, indigo blue, for I had just received a cablegram from England acquainting me with the illness of my father's cousin, the only living relation I possessed, a wealthy tea merchant in London. This message advised me to start at once to see him; but I was strongly opposed to going, for the old man, although my dead father's cousin, had held himself aloof from all correspondence with his Canadian kin, who had now all passed away except myself, his namesake.

I was nibbling my pen, perhaps with the hope of catching an idea with my teeth, as I ruefully surveyed a heap of M.S.S. on the table awaiting me, when the door opened and the elder of the firm, an old gentleman of seventy winters, entered the office.

"Why, Burnstone," said he cheerfully, "your face does not usually wear such a perplexed look; anything wrong?"

"I am troubled about some news I have just received from England."

"Well, my boy," said he kindly, "perhaps I can help you; come into my office, and we will talk it over."

Leading the way into his adjoining office. Mr. Collier sat down in his capacious chair by the cheerful fire in the open grate, while I took the message from my pocket, and placed it in his hands. It ran as follows:—

"Come at once, your cousin, Henry Burnstone is ill. Doctors give no hope."

"It seems to me such a wild goose chase," I broke out impatiently, "for of course he will not be alive when I get there, in two week's time. Ah, you are shocked at me, sir, but I cannot pretend affection where I feel none. He is my father's cousin, but for years he has been his most bitter enemy. No, I do not think I can go."

"If he has been your father's enemy, no doubt on his death bed he is repenting of the wrong he did him. You must go, my boy, and at once, too. Let me see; an Allan Line steamer sails on Saturday from Halifax. This is Wednesday, you must start to-morrow without fail. I will write you a cheque, which one of the clerks shall get cashed at once."

"But, Mr. Collier, I cannot let—"

"But no date," said he; "if you had stopped for one moment to look around you, instead of leaping into the street that winter morning, to pick a helpless old man from under the horses' hoofs, I should have been best food for the worms ere this. Nonsense, Burnstone, I am going to help you in this trivial matter. Did you not save my life, and since then have you not been as a son to me? Now I would prove my gratitude and admiration for you by giving you a father's love, and at no very lengthy period the firm shall be recognized as Collier, Bishop, and Burnstone."

"How can I ever repay you?" I said, grasping the kind hand extended to me.

"Tut, tut, lad; you have repaid me over and over again. Now that will do, don't thank me, but set the clerks going with the

work you had in hand, and go round the city for the few etc. you want, and take your passage, then before seven this evening come down again to the office, for I would like to see you once more before you start. To-morrow morning I go early to Hamilton."

Again wringing my kind benefactor's hand, I hurried into the outer office, to explain to the clerks my unavoidable absence for two months.

Without Mr. Collier's aid it would have been impossible for me to have taken the trip to England, as my examination expenses had been heavy, and law students, it is generally understood, have not too much of the needful.

How kind and good of the old man? How he magnified the slight act I did for him that December morning on Yonge street, when he accidentally slipped in crossing the road, and I ran to his assistance, happily in time to save him from anything more serious. My six foot height gave me a look of superior strength, and it cost me nothing to carry that thin, spare form to a passing car, and from that first firm grasp of the hand I know I had found a faithful, true friend in Amos Collier. Since then I had been a great deal with him, in his office the last few months, and often at his bachelor residence on Carlton street—for my benefactor was a bachelor, though easily to be seen not one of the cross grained, surly kind. The other Collier of the firm was his nephew on his brother's side, and Bishop, who attended the branch office in Montreal, was the younger Collier's wife's brother, a genial, good-natured American.

Having but few business arrangements and purchases to make in the city, the day lagged heavily. I am far from superstitious, but yet I seemed to dread leaving Toronto, and my kind employer. That night, as I grasped his hand, and looked long and earnestly into his keen, gray eyes, and mild, benevolent face I had learnt to love so well, I felt it was the last time we should meet on this earth, and with this unusually gloomy foreboding I left the office on Toronto street, and walked rapidly along Adelaide street on to Jarvis.

Although the middle of March, the snow lay still upon the ground, and the wind was very high, every now and then blowing in great gusts. It was altogether an unpleasant night, but few people were abroad, here and there a young man or woman hurrying from work to their homes or lodgings. As I turned the corner of Adelaide street, I stopped to button my fur coat closer, for it was growing very cold, and found myself wondering what England was like, and if I should find it very different from Canada, when I heard a sweet, clear, young voice, unmistakably English:

"No, dear, I feel sure we are at the wrong end of the street. I fancy we must be a long way from the house. I am sure it would be in a better locality than this."

"Well, Pansy, it is most tiresome of you not to enquire. How terribly the streets are lighted in this city, it is quite impossible to tell any of the numbers here. This young man looks like a gentleman, I will ask him."

"O, pray do not, we shall find the house presently, it is much higher up," pleaded the younger lady. By their voices I surmised they were mother and daughter.

"Yes, and be frozen to death by your

stupidity, Pansy, in not willingly addressing a stranger."

"Pardon me, can I assist you?" I asked, raising my cap.

"Thank you so much, we are trying to find the number of a house, but whether it is 271 or 291 we cannot quite determine, and I am afraid it is trespassing too much upon the kindness of a stranger to ask you to help us," answered the young lady. "I have the address written here, but so illegible we cannot tell if it be a 7 or a 9."

"If the number is 200," I replied, "it is much higher up the street. I am going that way, and if you will allow me to accompany you, I will try to find it for you. The odd numbers are on the other side. We will cross the street here."

Thanking me fervently, the ladies walked briskly by my side, the elder, although heavily enveloped in furs, I could see was small and slight, with gray, almost white hair, and a not unpleasant smile; the younger, tall and lithe, wore a thick, dark veil, which completely hid her features.

I cannot account for it, but something seemed to draw me to these strangers. As we conversed, I informed them that I was summoned on the morrow to the death-bed of my only relation in England.

"In what part of England does your friend reside?" enquired the elder lady.

"Camberwell, the south part of London, I believe."

"South-east," she corrected. "I am intimately acquainted with. I think we can determine by the light of this lamp the correct number."

As the younger lady drew the paper from her muff, a wild gust of wind blew the thick, brown veil from around her scalloped cap, revealing to me the most beautiful face I had ever beheld, surrounded by an aureole of silky, golden hair, fringed low over a white forehead, and underneath which shone the loveliest pair of dark blue eyes, shaded by brown lashes—eyes which held mine entranced by a sort of spell.

She blushed deeply under my earnest gaze, as, after capturing the truant veil, I took the paper from her small, gloved hand.

"I think the number is 272," I said, trying to decipher the badly made figures by the flickering gas light. "We must walk on to the next crossing. I fear you are very cold, we had better hasten," I said, as I observed her draw her seal sacque closer round her slight figure. "Ah, here it is, I believe," I said. "I will strike a match and look at this number. I am afraid you are quite shocked at the way our streets are lighted. No; this is 269, the next house will be the right one. Allow me to ring the bell for you." I said, suiting the action to the word, as we stood on the steps of a large and handsome residence.

"I cannot tell how to thank you enough," said the elder lady, as I raised my cap to depart, yet longing to stay, that I might know more of that fair, lovely face.

"Good-bye, and bon voyage," murmured the rich, red lips, and I thought the drooping, pansy-like eyes seemed to say, "we shall meet again."

How I hated to tear myself away from Toronto; all night long the dark, velvety, blue eyes haunted my dreams. I longed on the morrow to go to the house on Jarvis street and bribe the servants to give me the address of the two ladies who called there on the previous evening; but alas! my car on the Grand Trunk Line was one of the first to depart, and with many sighs I left the city an unknown face had already made so dear to me.

For the first time during the whole twenty-seven years of my life I was in love, in love, too, with a woman whom, in all probability, I should never meet again, for no doubt those two ladies were merely strangers, visiting the city for a short time. Shakespeare says, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" "After all the world is not so large but I could find this girl of my choice—yes, I will find her. She is the one woman in the world to me, and she shall be my wife." With this mental vow on my lips, after leaving Montreal that evening, I sank into a peaceful slumber in my comfortable "bank" on the cars. It is in the cold glare of the morning, though, that one truly realizes the shady and prosy side of life. "If I find her will she marry me?" I afterwards queried, "a poor briefless lawyer, with nothing to recommend him in looks, but what his glass tells him, a dark, almost swarthy face, and a tall, well-proportioned form—perhaps ugly, but altogether ungalantly. Oh, my little blue-

eyed Pansy, it would be the old story of Beauty and the Beast."

Space does not permit me to relate my nine days' voyage on the "Polynesian." Sufficient to say that it passed pleasantly and happily, with the usual amount of flirting and match-making on board. Nevertheless I still remained true to the unknown blue eyes which haunted my vision. I must pass on over my railway journey from Liverpool to London—that grand old "city of ships"—with its antique towers and steeples, its state old buildings, which are happily left to enable us to unbury the hidden past, with its wilderness of mazy streets, through which I trod, delighted with its vastness, and with its age. I must pass over much I should like to relate, and an incident which befell me at Paddington Station, where I was taken up, and my valise searched for dynamite, having the appearance of an American, and withal a suspicious looking one, and of the courteous way in which I was treated the while, making it to me more amusing than unpleasant; of the underground railway, with its odour of many odours, and of my tussle with the cabman—who after the manner of his brethren—on setting me down at my cousin's residence, "Whitmore House," demanded the fabulous sum of ten shillings, instead of his correct fee, two shillings and sixpence, which I offered him, and which he afterwards found best to accept.

My father's cousin, Henry Burnstone, was a widower, with no child to smooth the pillow of his old age; neither kith nor kin near him to shed a tear over his dying bed; no one but a good-natured old housekeeper, who had lived some years with him, consequently who readily sympathized with his foibles and eccentricities.

"I am very glad indeed, Mr. Burnstone, that you are come, for my poor master, Dr. Everard says, cannot see the night. He has done nothing but talk and rave of you since he was taken ill three weeks ago. I will get you some tea, and then you shall go to his room." And the dear old lady, after a burst of tears, bustled about the room in her hospitable, energetic, English manner.

Although scarcely three miles from the heart of the great city—comparatively speaking—this old-fashioned house in Camberwell seemed quite in the country. My cousin's room, at the back of the house, overlooked a large, well-kept lawn, bright with beds of violets, primroses, daffodils, and other spring flowers, and the soft "coo" of a flock of pigeons flying to and fro. I could see all this in the wan light, as I neared the bed of the invalid, who held out his thin, attenuated hand to be pressed in mine. Motioning the old lady to leave the room, he looked at me long and earnestly, as he said, "I am glad you are come, Henry. Your father named you after me, in the old days when we were like brothers. Ah, my boy"—and the tears coursed slowly down the white cheeks—"I did him, as you are aware, a great wrong, and will, God helping me, atone for it now, by leaving you, his son, all I have in the world, and—here his eye lightened—"It is no little sum, Henry."

"But you must have someone else in the world, whom you would rather give it to. You know naught of me. I may be—"

"Hold, Henry, your dear father's face is mirrored in yours; you have the true, honorable, straightforward look of a Burnstone, and as a Burnstone, I do not doubt your honor. You are the only living being, except one—but quick, boy, pour me some medicine in that glass by your elbow, I am growing faint."

I hastened to pour some liquid from the phial at his side, and begged him not to exert himself by talking more at present; but it was of no use arguing with him.

"I must say what I have to say now, Harry, for the end is coming. Where was I? Yes, I remember! There is one other, whom I would like to have share with you the wealth I have earned by my own industry, and that one is—raise me up higher, Henry, I am growing faint again."

I raised the poor, feeble form in my strong arms, when he went on:—

"Long, long ago, when I was about your age, Harry, I loved, and was engaged to a lovely girl, a few years younger than myself, the eldest daughter of a merchant here in the city; but I afterwards became infatuated with another and jilted her cruelly. The woman I married was neither in birth or education, suitable for me; but she made me a good wife, and a few years ago, as you are aware, died, childless. The woman I

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Grea Point awaitr news of my kin letter v who, tl death, for Mr. rememl indeed firm we recogni I has trying cilla E] How to zabapp I rang cilla E. hired g appeari left Mo they h "Oh take th here as

loved—yes, loved, in spite of my cruelty to her—married and had one child. That child now is a girl of some twenty or twenty-one years, and her name is Priscilla Egremont—for that was the name of the man—Egremont. The mother is dead. Oh, God, that she were alive, that I might beg her forgiveness. The girl, I wish you to seek out and marry; such a wish I have specified in my will."

My tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. "But what if she is already married?" I stammered.

"Then, in that case, or should she refuse to marry you, the whole of the money will go to you. What makes you look so strange? You surely are not married, or pledged on your honor to another? No, say you are not, Harry!"

The old man almost groaned, as he pleaded.

"For, oh, my boy, I have set my heart on atoning to the mother through her child, and I have specified in my will—that if you—will not—marry her—the money—goes—entirely—to—her."

And with a sigh and slight tremor of the body the old man finished brokenly, and I knew that the end had come.

"Oh, God," I groaned, as I fell on my knees by the bedside. "I cannot marry her, even if I become a beggar by refusing; I would prefer the life of a hard-working clerk all my days, than submit to the dishonorable way of obtaining money by marriage with a woman I could not love," and in my misery, I bent my head down to crush from my haunted vision the sight of a pure, lovely, girlish face shaded by its mass of golden curls and brightened by the wonderful pansy-like eyes.

The funeral was over, and the will had been read; of the three persons connected in it, the old housekeeper was to receive £400, and Miss Priscilla Egremont and myself the remainder, quite a round sum £50,000, but subject to the conditions already explained.

"Confound it all," I said indignantly. "I suppose this girl, Miss Priscilla—yo goths, what a name—Egremont has got red hair, a turned up nose and a squint; in fact just such a woman a lawyer would find a perfect treasure, for he would be able to argue in any case with her over his own dinner table."

"Well, my dear sir," replied the solicitor, laughing. "That I cannot tell you; but I have ascertained that her parents being dead, and finding that she would have to earn her own living, she has emigrated with in the last three months, to Canada, and is now residing at Montreal."

"Canada," I ejaculated unpleasantly. "That is my country, and where I am shortly returning, so I will seek for this charming damsel, and inform her she is welcome to the whole of the £50,000, for no doubt she is just what I picture her."

"Pray do not decide too rashly. What if she should be all your fancy pictures her; red hair, turned-up nose, squint! Why, my dear Barnstone, that's absolutely nothing when it is balanced by £50,000."

After spending six weeks at the Langham Hotel, I once more took my passage across the Atlantic, my dreams still haunted by the sweet face I had left on Jarvis street. Ah, I would hasten to that house, No. 271, cheerfully forfeiting the £50,000 if she would consent to be my wife.

Great indeed was my grief on landing at Point Levi, Quebec, to receive a letter awaiting me, acquainting me with the sad news of the sudden death, a week before, of my kind benefactor, Mr. Amos Collier. The letter was from his nephew, Bernard Collier, who, though deeply lamenting his uncle's death, welcomed me cordially into the firm, for Mr. Collier according to his promise, had remembered me as munificently as if I had indeed been his own son, so that now the firm would, as he wished it to be henceforth recognized as Collier, Bishop & Barnstone.

I hastened on to Montreal, to get over the trying ordeal of an interview with Miss Priscilla Egremont.

The loss of my kind old friend was a sad blow to me, and totally unnerved me. An unhappy, wainly feeling came over me, as I rang the bell at the address of Miss Priscilla Egremont, where I was told by the hired girl of the lodging-house—for such it appeared to be—that Miss Egremont had left Montreal with her aunt Mrs. Egremont, two months ago, to reside in Toronto, and they had left no address behind them.

"Oh, ye gods," I ejaculated, as I again took the Grand Trunk cars. "The woman I love and the woman fate wishes me to

marry, in the same city; what a strange coincidence!"

I grow feverish and restless; the one face was ever before me, the dark velvety, blue eyes still seemed to say, "We shall meet again!" and I resolved that I would at once seek for the unknown woman I loved while I, at the same time advertised for the whereabouts of Miss Priscilla Egremont.

After a hurried breakfast on the morning after I arrived home, I hastened to the well remembered house, 271 Jarvis street.

My heart beat like a trip-hammer as I again rang the bell, once more feeling the spell of those marvelous, dark eyes upon me, almost hearing the ripe, red lips again softly murmur "good-bye, and bon voyage."

I was however, sadly doomed to disappointment, the house was unoccupied; the woman in charge informed me that its owners, by name Smith, were gone to the States, for the summer. She could not give me their address, neither could she remember the particular ladies referred to; but upon my promise of a \$5.00 bill for some more information, she at last told me that about the week in March I referred to—she was there choring and doing odd work about the house—the family had advertised for a governess and engaged one, a tall young lady, with fair hair, who accompanied them to the States. The woman still declared her utter ignorance of their whereabouts, even when I promised her a hundred dollars for that information; she could only tell me the head of the household was John Smith, and that he had a wife and three children, and had just arrived from Europe.

Of course I went to the post office and all other likely places; but my search was fruitless, and at last I determined to wait patiently until the Smith family returned to the city, getting the woman's ready promise of acquainting me of it at once, for to search all through the States for one particular John Smith, I felt would be extremely like hunting for a needle in a load of hay. Still, I did not give up hope of finding my fair unknown. I had at once on my arrival inserted advertisements in all the best Canadian papers, and dailies in the city, offering a hundred dollars reward for the present address of Miss Priscilla Egremont. But three weeks passed, and no tidings of that lady had been received. I was almost growing discouraged, when one morning the office boy tapped at my door.

"If you please, sir, a lady wishes to speak to you," said he, as he handed me a card bearing the name,

Miss Priscilla Egremont.

The words seemed to burn into my soul. "At last," I said breathing nervously, as I poured a glass of water, and drank it eagerly. "There she comes, red hair, turned up nose, squint, life-like picture."

Aloud I said in the staccadic tone I could assume:

"Show the lady in, Davis."

A tall, slight figure draped in deep mourning, gracefully entered the office, and throwing back the black veil, revealed to me, not the life-like (!) picture red hair, turned up nose, squint, I had in my foolish imagination just drawn, but once more the sweetest face I had ever beheld, framed with aureole of golden floppy hair, from underneath which shone the marvelous well remembered dark, blue eyes, looking lovelier than ever, in their frightened gazelle-like expression, as the rich crimson of her cheek deepened when she recognized me.

I hastened to set her at her ease, by acquainting her of who, and what I was, and after giving one earnest child-like look in my face which I felt to be one of trust, she went on to tell me, that the evening we met on Jarvis street, she was going to the house, No. 271, in answer to an advertisement for a governess, accompanied by her aunt, and melting into tears, the poor child told me of her aunt's sudden death from heart disease two days afterwards, and how she had then at once accepted the situation offered her in the Smith family, to go with them to St. Paul, Minnesota; and then one day—when there—seeing an advertisement in a Canadian paper, for the address Miss Priscilla Egremont, she had, according to Mrs. Smith's advice, travelled night and day to Toronto, to see the solicitors about it.

Lawyer-like of course I straightway proceeded to business, and as you no doubt guess, Priscilla—or rather Pansy—did not say "no!" but "Yes!" and I must confess I took the "Yes!" in anything but a professional manner, i. e., with her two white, dimpled arms clasped round my neck, her

golden head resting on my breast and the sweet, dark, blue eyes slyly meeting mine, while the ripe red lips acknowledged with my ugly, brown bearded ones, the wisdom and goodness of my cousin's will, and that we should always bless the illegibly written number 271, by which the fates brought us to meet on Jarvis street.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 126.—AN ANAGRAM.

(Entered for Prize.)

One moonlit summer night,
Upon Toronto Bay
Two lovers in a boat
Were resting on the way.
They talked of love with hope and fear,
Of life, its joys and sorrow;
But what he longed to say to her
He put off till the morrow.
The beauty of the scene did then
Engage their observation,
And looking to the sky they saw
The subject of this narration.
Her lover's name was plainly seen;
Ye powers good at solving,
Will see it too, unless you're blind,
In her name, sweet "Sarah Seelwin."

Toronto, S. J. B.

NO. 127.—A RIDDLE.

It is like the wings of a raven,
And the banners of the skies;
It is like the eyes of a maiden
When the love-light in them lies;
It is like the dim recesses
Of woods where the mosses grow;
It thrills with terror many a heart
As its voices come and go.
It is found in the midst of the desert,
And on the mountain side,
And in the murky midnight
Hangs o'er old ocean's tide;
And over many nations
Its banners are unfurled;
Its footsteps leave no traces
As it travels round the world.
While even before creation
It held an ample sway,
So I fall as a glistening dewdrop,
It dies at the dawn of day.
It reigns a grim old monarch,
And ever from death revives;
With dim and spectral mystery
It shadows half our lives.

ASPIRANT.

NO. 128.—A COMPLICATION.

(Entered for Prize.)

I am a combination,
And produce much admiration,
As well as observation.
All have seen my scintillation,
Whilst my usual occupation
Is to deal in imitation.
Or be used in transportation.
To some I'm aggravation,
And much prevarication,
Which causes great vexation.
I've produced much agitation,
And shameful stimulation,
Or quiet contemplation,
Creating inspiration,
Whilst gross intoxication,
With noisy altercation,
And perhaps incarceration,
Have my co-operation.
Now, by decapitation
I cause transformation
And a theme for adoration,
Whose great commiseration
Has been felt throughout creation.
Another synecopation
Gives an abomination,
Which excels in every nation.
Now, by way of explanation,
And lucid demonstration,
Keep from my contamination,
Or you may get inoculation

Toronto, S. J. B.

NO. 129.—AN ACROSTIC SELECTION.

The goddess who presides o'er fields of corn;
The greatest blessing that can life adorn;
The most industrious of the insect kind;

The pledge of marriage, for the hand do- signed;
The place where travellers at night reside;
The sailor's dread when on the ocean wide;
The happiest time that mortal's e'er can know;
From whence the springs of fairest beauty flow.
Join these initials right, and you will find
The noblest virtue of the Christian mind.
MISS LAYLAND.

NO. 130.—WHAT AM I?

In a shadowy nook by the side of the hill,
My silvery bubbles flow;
And at my side the long green fern
And wee white violets grow.

The shy wild birdies love me well,
And the little forest fawn;
And I catch the tints of the eastern sky,
Like a pearl at early morn.
J. A.

NO. 131.—BEGINNING AND END.

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every end,
And end of every place.

NO. 132.—WATCHES.

A pint and a half, if rightly read,
Will watches be—not Elgin made.
Q. BIRD.

CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES.

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be presented for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.
2. A prize of two dollars will be awarded for the best variety of contributions furnished during the same time, the winner of prize No. 1 to be excluded from the competition.

TIME FOR ANSWERS.

Answers in competition for the monthly prize should be mailed each week within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

ANSWERS.

- 112.—Pantheon.
- 113.—A soap-bubble.
- 114.—A window, because it is a frame full of panes (pains).
- 115.—Tag.
- 116.—Sixty.
- 117.—The servant merely put the letter S before the two Roman numerals IX. The direction then read as follows:
"To Alderman Gobbie with SIX ducks."
118.—Dray-horse.

The Shops in Japan.

The villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, one and a half inch long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called *mochi*: roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, hairpins, tooth picks, tobacco pipes, paper *mei choirs*, and numbers of other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing, with a baby tucked into the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up, and in many house-fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others they are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat ended wooden pestle attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, in variably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

In civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one.

Tid-Bits.

GIFTS OF GOLD!

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

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

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

But then from any paper, copy them from any paper, copy them from any book, or coin them out of your head.

The choice of these Tid-Bits will be numbered and published in this page every week. Every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number he likes or he dislikes.

You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-bits and subscriptions.

THE AWARD.

May 9th.

FIRST

Number 407, "Why whiskers could grow on a woman's face," sent by Martha Dixon, Toronto, is entitled to the first prize of \$10, receiving the greatest number of votes cast.

SECOND.

Number 283, "The Competition," sent by D. H. Ogle, New Moscow, Ohio, takes the second prize, having the next largest vote.

THIRD.

Number 393, "Lost Both," sent by J. H. Brooke, Brantford, Ont., is entitled to the third prize of \$3, having received the next greatest number of votes.

FOURTH.

Number 375, "On the Same Footing," sent by Mrs. James Gray, Everton, Ont., stands next on the list, and consequently takes the \$2—the fourth prize.

There were many other most excellent pieces in our issue of May 9th, any of which, in our opinion, were quite equal to any of the four which gained the prizes.

THE COMMITTEE.

(47)

Phil's Secret.

I know a little girl, But I won't tell who; Her hair is of the gold, And her eyes are of the blue.

I see her every day, But I won't tell where; It may be in the lane, By the thorn-tree there;

I'll marry her some day, But I won't tell when; The very smallest boys Make the very biggest men.

Windsor, Man.

J. K. W. ENT.

(372)

When to Rest.

LILLIE E. BARR.

When the sun sinks low in the western sky Then lay the tools or the needle by; Labor in for the light, Go wash the hands, and say, with a smile:

Many a trouble a man must bear; But the day is time for thought and care— The day for watch or fight. When the key is turned in the store then say:

Anger may meet us the whole day long, For the good must still resist the wrong, The true fight for their right;

For an hour or two let all thought cease, Be glad in the household joy and peace, Rejoice in its love and light; Then sleep, but first with a kind heart say:

"Good night, my soul, for I cannot know, While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go, All space and reason scorned, But these may all good angels keep, And fill with holy dreams my sleep, Until we say 'good morning!'"

Point Edward, Ont. JOHN McLELLAN.

(473)

Hiring a "Misan."

"And so yer wants a sarvint, mum, Phat wages do yer give, An' do yer kape an' upstairs girrl An' where is it yer live?"

"An' here yer ax children, mum? I don't allow but two; Are yer devoured or going to be? Phat does yer husband do?"

"An' have yer got a foorble, mum, An' man to tend that same, An' have yer wather hot an' cooled An' phat might be, name?"

"An' have yer ahtal-conary tube An' sphazing pipes an' gas, An' wud ye wait yer Soonday out An' wud yer take mol see?"

"An' does yer have much company? Av coores ya. Inves the town In Summer. In mol kitchen, mum, Wud yer yer coom down?"

"An' shure yer kapes a carr age, mum, Phanny have ye got, An' brooses carpet in mol room An' shure to kape it hot?"

"Now let me see yer reference From the laast girrl ye had— Phat's dot? Shure yer no lady, mum, An' won't suit me, headed!"

26th St., New York City. H. C. DOBOS.

(474)

Ecstatic Epigrams.

"I'll never starve, my dear," he said, Cuckoo his rural bride, As through the garden walk the two Were strolling side by side.

"What is the difference," said she, "Between the moon and you?" "I cannot tell, my treasured one," Said he, with interest new.

"Of all the poets, darling mine, Who've rhapsodized of love, Which one evokes your ardent praise All other birds above?"

Barrie, Ont. GEORGE STEPHENSON.

(475)

An Acrostic on Toronto.

There is a city in the west Of which we have been told, Received the shorter title Of York in days of old.

Now, this, and that which prattle name We all the world we would proclaim, O, city of Truth thou art the same.

Inglehart, N.S. C. C. McLELLAN.

(476)

Just as we Make It.

We must not hope to be mowers, And to gather the ripe, gold ears, Until we have first been sowers, And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it— This material world of ours; Life a field returns as we make it, A harvest of thorns or flowers.

Lloydminster, Ont. ELLIOTT McLELLAN.

(477)

"Tired Mothers."

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired face that has so much to bear; A child's blue eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a tress of tangled hair.

But it is a blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day; We are so dull and thankless—and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

And if, some night when you all down to rest, You miss this elbow from your tired knee, This restless curly head from off your breast, This clinging tongue that chatters incessantly.

I wonder so that mother's ever fret At little children clinging to their gown; Or, that the footprints when the days are wet Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day, To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky, There is no woman in God's world would say She was more blissfully content than I.

Asy, Ont. Max. W. D. WATSON.

(478)

The Devil.

Men don't believe in the devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain, And loads the beer of each passing year with ten hundred thousand pain?

Who dogs the steps of the tolling saint, and digs the pits for his feet? Who sows the seeds in the field of time whenever God sows a wheat?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row?

Won't somebody step to the front, forthwith, and make his bow and show How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone; But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

20 Alexander St., City. Mrs. W. D. NORRIS.

(479)

Epitaph on a Candle.

A wicked one lies buried here, Who died in a decline; He never rose in rank, I fear, Though he was born to shine.

He once was fat, but now, indeed, He's this as any greiver; He died—the doctors all agreed— Of a most burning fever.

One thing of him is said with truth, With which I'm much amused; It is—that when he stood, forsooth, A stick he always used.

Now striding sheets he sometimes made, But this was not enough, For India it a poorish trade, He also dealt in snuff.

If ever you seek, "Go out, I pray," He much ill-nature showed; On such occasions he would say, "Vy, if I do, I'm blest."

In this his friends do all agree, Although you think I'm joking, When going out 'tis said that he Was very fond of smelting.

Paris, Ont., Box 123. SERRINES BYALL.

(480)

Father and Child.

A lonely man in silence sat, With hopes and grief appressed; A gentle child in childhood's grace, Clung to her father's breast.

In happy dreams the child had seen Far off another home, Unclouded skies, undying flowers, Where sorrow could not come, And seraphs with sweet harmonies Appared in golden glow.

She lay clasped in her father's arms, So fair but still so fair, And looked toward the open door, As at some bright thing there.

I wonder now if any one In this broad land has heard In favor of downtrodden boys One solitary word?

Boys' rights were ever spoken of! Why, we've become so used To being snubbed by every one, And alighted and abused, That when one is polite to us We open wide our eyes, An' stretch them in astonishment To nearly twice their size.

Boys seldom dare to ask their friends To venture in the house; It don't come natural at all To creep round like a mouse; And if we should forget ourselves, And make a little noise, Then ma and aunts sure would say, "Oh, my, those dreadful boys!"

The girls lang on the piano In peace; but if the boys Attempt to tune with life or drum, It's "stop that horrid noise!" "That horrid noise!" just think of it! When sister never fails To make a noise three times as loud With everlasting "scowles."

Instructed thus, we lose no time In eating a retreat; So off we go to romp and tear And scamper in the street. No wonder that so many boys Such wicked men become— Twice better far to let them have Their games and plays at home.

Perhaps the text that teacher quotes Sometimes—"Train up a child"— Means only train the little girls, And let the boys run wild. But patience, and the time shall come When we will all be wiser, And when it does, I rather think Wrongs will be righted then!

McGill St., Montreal. T. C. JAMES.

(481)

Had and Lost.

I once had on both I set great store and a I lent my on took his note therefore to my I asked my and bought but words I got of my I lost my for, as him I would not and my money" friend

If I had as once I had before and a I'd k'ep my and play the fool no more, and my Wheeling, W. Va. Nettie Kerr.

(482)

Truth.

There is beauty and grace in many a face 'Neath a bosom tattered and torn, There is fragrant perfume in the wild rose bloom, On the summer breezes borne.

And thoughts not a few that are noble and true, In many a bosom untaught, And hearts there are some, by sorrow bowed down, That are studded with gems of thought.

No darkness can dim the glistering gem That is called from the depths of the sea, And these doth truth shies with a radiance divine, Though hid in the depths it may be.

Aberystwyth, Ont. HENRY COOK.

(483)

A Clergyman's Story.

I was holding a prayer meeting in a western town in the early days of my ministry, and as there was no one to raise the tune I tried to do it myself. The hymn began:

"With hymns pure thy servant, Lord, And so I clean shall be."

My first attempt was a failure; when I tried tune number two I found it was long meter, and as I came to the end of my stock I stood still for a few seconds looking at the

page. Thereupon an old woman who stood by the door, spoke out in a shrill, piping voice: "You don't seem to get on very well with hyason, suppose you try some other yarb!" What could I do but burst with the all-conquering laugh or die if I suppressed it!"

(485) —Selected. They Can Repent at Leisure.

Yesterday Miss Mary Shoemaker, a pretty miss with a merry laugh and a pretty figure that is the perfection of grace, came into Mr. Loren F. Bishop's bakery to buy some fresh rolls, and she looked at the young baker in such an irresistible way that he was quite beside himself with admiration. "Miss Shoemaker," said he, "you look so pretty that I have half a mind to go right with you and get married."

"I never refuse a dare," said the pretty girl, with flushing cheeks and eyes that sparkled with a roguish light. "Well, shall I go and get my coat and go and get a license?"

"If you want to, you may, and I'll go with you, too." The young man's face sobered down a little, but he went and got his coat.

"Do you still want to go?" he gently inquired.

"Why, I thought it was you that wanted to go," said the maiden, hesitatingly.

"Well, I do, but I thought maybe you would give it up." "If that's all, we'll go," was the reply. Loren was caught, and he had the good sense to see it. They went to the county clerk and got a license, and before the sun set they were married.

JAMES LISTER. West Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

(456) —Selected. Wouldn't Explain.

Jim Webster was brought up before an Austin justice of the peace. It was the some old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the judge, with a perplexed look, said: "But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard." "Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, judge for me to explain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full ob buckshot de berry fast time yer put yer leg ober de fence. De bes' way for you to do, judge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market, and when you wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, what you am at home."

Jackson, Mich. L. M. DAKERS.

(457) —Selected. It Cost Money.

Here's a bit of conversation between Belle, six years, and Frank, five years:

Belle—"Frank, do get off that sofa with your feet. Mamma paid a hundred thousand dollars for that sofa, or a great deal of money, anyway."

Frank—"Oh, yes I get off that sofa 'cause she paid money for it. Get on the floor; sit on the carpet; she paid money for the carpet. Go out on the grass; that cost money to plant it, too. Get on the ground; she paid for that, too, didn't she? Hang yourself in air; that's the only thing round here you can do." All this in one string, as sarcastic as possible.

Mrs. D— adds: "Belle was silenced. Her motive was good. She talked in the application."

Toronto. ALICE J. McMASTER.

(458) —Selected. A "Fitting" Remark.

A clergyman settled a few years ago in little village in Western Massachusetts was on some occasions most unfortunate in his remarks. On the death of a lady in the village he was asked to officiate at her funeral. This lady had been for years subject to convulsions, but her family never alluded to it, being always most considerate of the feelings of wife and mother. The assembled friends were greatly shocked, therefore, to hear Mr. Jones in the course of his remarks say, "Let us be thankful for our deceased sister that she has gone where she will never have any more fits."

Rocheater, N. Y. D. ROGERS.

(489) —Selected. Still had a Heart.

It was one of those bitter cold nights that the oldest settler always remembers and insists on bringing up when anything is said about the desire of the mercury to hide itself in the bulb, and the wind whistled an air from Wagner as it tore through the trees. Yet, out in the cold night, before a cottage door, stood a trembling figure. He softly knocked, and in a moment the door was opened and a kind face appeared, while a gentle woman's voice asked: "What is it, my poor man?" "Madam," said the figure, "all I ask is to brush away the snow here in front of the house and eat some of the grass." "No, my poor man," answered the gentle voice, "though I am a woman, I still have a heart. Do not eat that grass. Go round to the back of the cottage and you will find some that is much more nourishing." And the kind form disappeared, the door closed, and the wind whistled another Wagnerian air.

FANNY DARLITT. Michigan-ave., Chicago, Ill.

(490) —Selected. A Word of Advice.

Girls, there are more things in this world worth striving for than a husband. Very often the appellation "old wife" is harder to bear than "old maid." Do not make the great mistake of accepting the first offer just for the sake of being married and getting a home. If you do, you may be sure your sorest trials are to come. You will find to your cost there are worse things than living alone. There are many ways a woman can earn a comfortable living, and what is so hinder you from making a home for yourself, instead of waiting for some "rich man" to come along and condescend to offer you a home where you will ever feel the position of a dependent. It is all very fine to talk about girls learning to be good house-keepers so that they may make good wives for men who will condescend to marry them, but they ought to know much more than that. They ought to know how to make their own living so that if the right one does not come along they will not be forced to marry for a home. See to it, girls. Be independent. Do not think of marrying any man unless you feel that you truly love and respect him, and have not the slightest doubt that your feelings are fully reciprocated, and that you will be perfectly happy with him. If this be the case, accept him, and be happy, for there is no earthly happiness like that of a well-chosen married life, but no misery can be compared to the wretched life of one who marries for any other motive than that of true love.

Port Hope, Ont. HATTIE KNIGHT.

(491) —Selected. Couldn't Stop Her.

The gates at the passenger depots which shut out all the people not having tickets for the trains were yesterday closed at the Union depot against an elderly woman wearing spectacles and using an umbrella for a cane.

"Can't pass without a ticket," said the man at the gate as she came up.

"I want to see if there's anybody on that train going to Port Huron," she answered.

"Can't pass without a ticket, madam."

"I've got a darter in Port Huron, I have."

"Can't help it, please. My orders are very strict."

"I tell you I want to send word to my darter!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a better view of the official.

"Yes, but we can't help that, you see. Please show your ticket."

"I want this 'ere railroad to understand that I've got a darter in Port Huron, and she's got a baby four weeks old, and I'm going to send her up word in spite of all the gates in this depot!"

"Please show your ticket, madam."

"I tell you once more—." "Please show your ticket, madam." She gave the old umbrella a whirl and brought it down on his head with all the vim of an old-fashioned log-raising, and as he staggered aside she passed him and said: "There's my ticket, sir, and I've got more behind it! Mebbe one man and a gate can stop me from sending word to my darter to grease the baby's nose with mutton tallow if the weather changes cold, but I don't believe it!"

And she walked down to the train, found some one going to Port Huron, and came back carefully humming the melody of "The Three Blind Mice."

St. Thomas, Ont. MRS. W. G. MORGAN.

(492) —Selected. Ameliorating Circumstances.

"I suppose you want to kill my dog?" said a man meeting an acquaintance.

"Why?"

"He bit your wife."

"Oh, yes, that's a fact, but, my dear fellow, she was only my second wife. Come down and see us."

Fort St., Detroit, Mich. L. A. PARSONS.

(493) —Selected. Round Without End.

Those queer people who are always prating about the world's coming to an end are again putting in an appearance. This matter is, however, easily settled by the scientific question: "If the world is round, as everybody says, how on earth can it come to an end?"

Clarkston, Mich. MRS. C. A. JACKSON.

(493) —Selected. Rab Hamilton's Dream.

Rab was in the habit of occasionally receiving a small gratuity from one of the clergymen of the town of Ayr. From some cause or other this had been neglected for some time by the minister, but had by no means been forgotten by his pensioner. One day the clergyman and Rab having met, "Weel, hoo's a' wi' ye day, Rab?" inquired his reverence. "Deed, and I'm no very weel, sir."—"Ah, what's the matter?"—"Oh, sir, I had an awful dream last night. I dreamt that I was deed, and that I gaed awa' to the guid place; and when I got there I knocked at a big yett, and after I had stood awhile there was a man, I believed it was the Apostle Peter, looked over the tap o' the yett, and he cried, 'Wha's there?' 'It's Rab Hamilton,' says I. 'Whaur,' says he, 'do ye come from?' Says I, 'Frae the auld toon o' Ayr.' 'Hech, man,' says he, 'I'm glad to see you here, for there's neither man nor woman come frae that place for the last twa or three years.'"

Mrs. J. D. CAMPBELL, 20 Canada St., Hamilton.

(494) —Selected. He Didn't Dispute His Utterance.

An old country gentleman returning home rather late discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" said the irate gentleman. "A-courting, sir. I'm courting Mary." "It's a lie! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir?" was the yokel's reply; "I didn't think yer 'ad, judging by the missis."

Hamilton, Ont. MATILDA EVANS.

(495) —Selected. The Art of Love-Making.

"All women profess to hate men who are jealous," writes a noted belle of this city, "but in this they belie themselves extravagantly. No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to infect with a sting of the green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going and impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate and impulsive men who can drive a woman to distraction. All women are more or less sentimental, and so are all good men, for that matter. Sentiment has nothing to do with complacency. A man must be more or less jealous, and more or less passionate, to inspire a woman with the love that burns. The man who wouldn't kiss a woman when she tells him with her eyes that her lips are yearning is an idiot. I don't mean by this that kissing is at all necessary, or even proper, but it certainly is a part and parcel of the art of love making. I believe in the rough old verse that dear little Lotta used to sing about kissing: 'Nobody is above it; The old maids love it; And widows have a finger in the pie; Some people are so haughty That they say it's very naughty, But you let your lips do it on the sly.'"

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"Nobody is above it; The old maids love it; And widows have a finger in the pie; Some people are so haughty That they say it's very naughty, But you let your lips do it on the sly." J. C. MURPHY. Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

(496) —Selected. A Dry "Flittin'."

In Edinburgh one very wet morning an individual who was a strict teetotaler was removing from one house to another. The carter who was engaged for the occasion was a very drouthy customer, who always looked for a dram on "flittin'" occasions, but in this case he was disappointed. After all the furniture was placed on the cart, the rain fortunately cleared off, but still there was no dram forthcoming. When all was ready for starting, the teetotaler made the remark, "I think it will keep dry until we get to our destination." "Dry!" replied the carter. "It's far ower-dry. I'm thinkin' it's the driest flittin' that over I was at!"

Guelph. EMMA TARRANT.

(497) —Selected. Promises.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, the result of reflection, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred, neglected is an untruth told, attended to is a debt settled.

Munster, Ont. MARY E. MOIRTON.

(498) —Selected. Put Yourself in His Place.

The Hon. W. J. Hendricks, of Frankfort, Ky., tells the following:—He was sitting in his office at Fremingsburg one day when his colored office-boy came shuffling in with his hat on and singing, "Dar's one mo' ribber to cross." He was impressed with the lad's want of politeness, and said to him, "Look'ee here, air, that's no way to cuttin' my office. You need a lesson in behavior. Now you take a seat in my chair, and act just as if you were proprietor—just as I do, and I will go out and come in just as you should do." Whereupon he laid down his cigar and went out the door. In a moment he returned and there sat Jim with his feet pitched up on the table, a copy of the Revised Statutes open in his lap, and the half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked down over one eye. The pathetic teacher entered quietly, with his hat in his hand, but had not fairly gotten in the room before Jim looked up and said, "Jack, you rascal, pick up dat spittoon, clean it quick, and den come in heah, ash, and black my boots; do you heah?" Jim was kicked out, but was very shortly afterwards reinstated.

Mrs. MADELINE HOOPER. Manor Hill, Pa.

(499) —Selected. A Sure Cure.

"Don't you know it's very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady in a railway-carriage to young John Bull, who persisted in puffing a cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort. "Oh, I smoke for my health!" answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost choked the old lady. "But you never heard of a cure from smoking," continued the lady when she had regained consciousness. "Oh, yes, I have!" declared the boy, as he formed his mouth into a young Yca-vinus. "That's the way they cure pigs." "Smoke on then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet!" Toronto. JEAN THOMSON.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and a bonus of 2 per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included. The Annual General Meeting of Stockholders for the election of Directors will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on Wednesday, the 17th day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

Bank of Toronto, April 29, 18

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MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

1. My moth - er lay up - on her bed, And weeping friends stood by, The
 2. Tho day your fath - er sailed, 'twas then These words you heard him say: 'My
 3. My jour - ney here is al - most done, Life's troubles near - ly o'er, I'll

col - or from her cheeks had fled, Tho end was draw - ing nigh; She
 boy, don't leave your moth - er when Her hair is turn - ing gray; Since
 meet your fath - er soon, my son. To part from him no more; I

clasped me fond - ly to her breast, And said, "My dar - ling son, Hear
 then you've been my pride on and joy. So man - ly, bravo and so true; Then
 feel death's dew up on my brow, Fare well, my boy and so true, Ro -

now your moth - er's last re - quest, Ere her life's sands have run; Hear
 don't for - get, my dar - ling boy, Tho words I speak to you; Then
 ceive your moth - er's bless - ing now, And keep my words in view; Ro -

ad lib.

now your moth - er's last re - quest, Ere her life's sands have run.
 don't for - get, my dar - ling boy, Tho words I speak to you.
 ceive your moth - er's bless - ing now, And keep my words in view."

colla voce.

Health Department.

(A certain space in each number of this journal will be devoted to questions and answers of correspondence 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.)

Dyspeptic People.

We are far from intending to write a medical article as some readers might infer on seeing the caption of these remarks. Such is not our intention, however, and all we shall attempt to do will be to show how very erroneously people are apt to estimate the real character and disposition of a dyspeptic person.

When you hear an individual denounced as a monster of ill humor, a snappish, surly, disagreeable fellow, do not be too harsh upon his moral character until you have enquired into his physical symptoms. The Americans, and we imagine Canadians may also be included, are notoriously a dyspeptic people. The malady to which they are so subject being the result of their go-ahead ways which deny them the comforts of good digestion, because they will not give themselves time to eat their food; no man, unless he were a human ostrich, could possibly hope to enjoy even decent digestion if he treat that all important organ, the stomach, in the way in which it is treated, very frequently, in this country; and many a man is accused of having a bad heart who ought rather to be described as the possessor of a bad stomach, for the immense influence which that organ exercises over the worldly conduct of mankind is greatly overlooked.

Many a disagreeable man who is feared at home as a domestic tyrant, regarded abroad as a social Tartar and denounced everywhere as the incarnation of ill temper, is nothing more than the much-to-be-pitied victim of the demon, dyspepsia.

Now, a darkly poetical notion was current amongst our remote forefathers that a person of morose, unamiable disposition was possessed of a devil. This idea of our ancestors has been proved by anatomy and physiology (of which they were in a state of blissful ignorance) to be quite erroneous as far as regards the bodily presence of an evil spirit. Science has robbed us of the horns, the hoofs and the tail, but it has left us the essential demon, and this demon is called by many Dyspepsia and by more Indigestion. When, therefore, we meet one of those snappish, morose individuals who, in former times, would be shunned as possessed of a very bad demon indeed, let us be charitable and pity him. Imagine yourself in a dyspeptic condition and then ask yourself whether you could be charitable towards your fellow-creatures. If you still fancy you could be amiable when in that condition, cultivate the acquisition of a tolerably severe attack of dyspepsia, and you will see how grievously you have been mistaken. You will look on everything with a jaundiced eye and the veriest trifles will be magnified into troubles of immense importance, mole hills will become mountains and the friendly salutation of "How are you to-day?" will be misconstrued into a taunt at your sufferings.

As we before remarked, America and Canada are very prolific in the production of dyspeptics; they may, in fact, be called the hot beds in which they flourish; but it is the fault of the habits of the people themselves. They eat with a hastiness and rapidity that are altogether incompatible with sound digestion. The Englishman who makes his dinner a most important

piece of business, and who takes his time over the consumption of his food, is seldom afflicted with dyspepsia, that is, unless he be one of those gourmands who make their dinner the business of the day, and we grant that England contains a large percentage of such people. But on this continent we are so absorbed in the acquisition of the potential dollar—which, after all our efforts, we very often fail to acquire—that we disregard the all-important matter of paying attention to that most poetical organ, the stomach, which, however, is certain to rebel in the long run and to pay us out with interest for our ill-treatment of it.

Man was evidently intended to enjoy his food or he would not have been endowed with a sense of taste, and if a human being rebel against nature's laws, she will retaliate upon him and prove to him that she knows, far better than he does, what is good for him.

How many apparently evil-disposed persons whom we meet with may be possessed of the demon dyspepsia, and think and act from the dictates of the stomach or rather from those of the demon contained in it! How frequently may not our judgement err in the matter of first causes regarding petty cruelties and small tyrannies! Let a man whom we have always looked upon as almost an angel of good-temper and amiability, but once fall into the clutches of this terrible demon and he is at once transferred into a species of Nero; a creature void of conscience, an ogre.

We say emphatically that it is the duty of everyone to guard against the first approaches of this foul fiend, for, once permit him to get his hold on us and we become the most wretched creatures in an existence which we shall soon wish we were out of. We ought to study those edibles which we find to be, as it were, the advance guard of the enemy himself, and he employs many. With some it is lobster salad; with others boiled beef, whilst others, again, are overcome with distress after partaking of beef steak or mince pie. As soon as a person finds for himself what is the particular edible against which his stomach rebels, so soon should he form a cast-iron resolution to have nothing whatever to do with that particular article of food. But, unfortunately, it is most frequently the very thing of which we are the fondest that causes us the greatest distress and our will-power is not strong enough to enable us to say "No" when that particular dish is put before us, and we yield to temptation and—suffer.

It is, perhaps, too much to affirm that half the crimes to which human frailty is liable are concocted in the stomach, but a very large percentage of them are. The poor are incited to mischief by the cravings of their digestive organs for something to do; whilst the wealthy are often impelled to wrong because they give their digestive powers more than they can do. If the former could keep fuller stomachs and the latter emptier ones, there would assuredly be fewer evil deeds perpetrated in the world than there are at present.

A good appetite is a splendid thing to have always, provided that there are means to appease it and—good digestion after it has been satisfied; and that poet knew that he was uttering a friendly wish when he said

"May good digestion wait on appetite," for no more terrible infliction could be visited on anyone than the attack of that detestable demon, dyspepsia.

Scarlet-Fever Germs.

Scarlet fever is communicated by the minute particles of skin which flake off during the convalescing process, and there is always danger until every particle of this cuticle has been shed. Whenever scarlet fever is suspected isolate the patient and attendant, and let there be no contact with the other members of the family until the physician has pronounced the patient fully cured. Do not let even a cat or dog or bird be in the room. If it be possible let the attendant perform all the work of the sick-room. Have a plentiful supply of strong solution of carbolic acid and three

parts water. Keep an atomizer constantly filled with it. If a carpet be on the floor of the sick-room, let it be sprinkled frequently with the carbolic acid, also the bed coverings, the dress of the attendant, the walls, and every article of furniture. Let no dishes or trays leave the room until they have been brought under the carbolic spray. All articles to be washed should be laid in water to which the carbolic solution has been added before they are given to the laundress, and they should be washed alone. After attending to the patient the hands should be washed in carbolic water, and the clothing of the physician should be sprinkled before he leaves the room, the spray from the atomizer being so fine it will not injure any fabric nor cause any inconvenience. When the patient leaves the room, have everything that can be washed thoroughly cleansed with the carbolic solution; then fumigate closets and wardrobes and the room or rooms with roll brimstone. Every window must be closed air-tight and key-holes stopped with cotton. Two pounds of sulphur (roll) will be sufficient for a large room, and a small quantity for a closet or wardrobe. All jewellery and metal ornaments should be removed before the fumigation is begun, as the fumes of sulphur oxidize metals. Place the sulphur in a flower pot saucer, which may be set upon a brick to prevent any danger from fire. Open all bureau drawers, all books and boxes, and take the mattresses from the bedstead, so the sulphur fumes may penetrate everything in the room. Leave the room unopened for three or four days, and then air thoroughly. Too great care cannot be exercised in the fumigation. The germs of scarlet fever are carried in books, toys, garments, and by animals. In short, everything upon which a bit of scarfkin can rest is a vehicle for the transmission of the disease.

Facial Neuralgia treated by Nerve Vibration

Facial neuralgia is such a painful disease that patients will submit to almost anything to obtain relief from their sufferings, and stretching nerves in the treatment of this affection has accordingly become quite an every day procedure, and in many cases has been followed by satisfactory results. At the same time, one is naturally anxious to try every simple means of relieving pain, before advising one's patients to submit to such an operation; and the case reported by Dr. W. H. Neale, (*Practitioner*, November, 1884), in which success was obtained by nerve vibration renders it worthy of being recorded. The case was that of a police man, 35 years of age, and of temperate habits, with no history of specific disease, and who attributed his neuralgia to exposure to rain. For six years he had suffered almost constantly from severe facial neuralgia on the right side, and almost every drug in the pharmacopœia had been used without giving any permanent relief. All drugs were therefore abandoned and percussion was given a trial, a small, flat ivory disk, with about ninety vibrations to the second, being used, and applied at the most tender point in the right parietal region, the pain was intensified at first but after about five minutes constant application the pain was gradually relieved, and in two or three minutes more was entirely absent. The disk was then moved along the forehead but a painful spot was found until it was placed under the right eye, just over the infra-orbital foramen. At this spot the patient complained of severe pain, and the right side of the face was drawn up for more than a minute. The muscles then gradually relaxed, and the pain soon disappeared. The disk was continuously applied until all pain had quite left. The patient was, after this, entirely free from pain for six hours, but he thinks that he suffered as much if not more than usual. After this the percuteur was applied daily for two weeks to the various tender spots found out by running the percuteur lightly over the skin. When the spots were touched the patient immediately called out, and the application was continued until the pain died away. The improvement from the commencement of the treatment was almost constant; however, there were several severe relapses, during which the sufferings were even more severe than before the treatment was commenced. But after the applications had been continued for two weeks, the patient was entirely cured, and four months after this he reported as having been for all that time entirely free from pain.

Care of the Teeth.

Among the things hurtful to the teeth we notice the bad habit of using them for purposes for which they were never intended. Persons who with their teeth crack nuts, draw corks and nails, lift heavy weights, and bite thread, a thing especially to caution the ladies against, only expose to premature decay organs indispensable to nutrition and beauty. Inveterate smoking is also to be deprecated, for it corrodes the teeth, and the sudden change many times in inhaling cold air, causes an inflammatory action of the mucous membrane of the mouth. The continued use of pipes and cigar holders, being made of hard substances, wears away the teeth. Look at an old man who smokes a clay pipe for an example and you will find the lateral incisor and cuspid worn to such a shape that they scarcely fit the stem of his pipe. There is a habit which the ladies have of putting pins and needles in their mouths, and of carrying them there for a long time. This is no little matter, for the contact of these hard bodies, pressed with more or less force will wear away the enamel, and sometimes induce the decay of the whole tooth.

One of the simplest means of preserving the teeth consists of cleanliness of the mouth. The first thing after rising in the morning, or from a meal, should be to cleanse the mouth thoroughly with tepid water. It is the custom in some parts of England and France to rinse the mouth with warm aromatic water after eating. It is well to remember that this precaution not only tends to keep the teeth clean, but to clear the voice of those about to sing or converse. By cleansing the teeth three times a day regularly the formation of tartar is not only prevented, but such particles of food and other extraneous matter as lodge about and adhere to them, causing irritation and inflammation are by this means removed. The fermentation of vegetable substances in the mouth produces indirectly sulphuric acid, animal and nitrogenous substances producing nitric acid. These vitiate the fluids of the mouth and help the teeth on to certain decay. Attention to cleanliness of the teeth in early life cannot be too urgently insisted upon, for it is evident that most of their diseases arise from foreign matter being suffered to remain upon and between them, and no time therefore should be lost in removing what has accumulated as soon as it is discovered.

Vaccination.

Pascour had little difficulty, says Prof. Tyndall, in establishing the parasitic origin of fowl cholera; indeed, the parasite had been observed by others before him. But by his successive cultivations he rendered the solution sure. His next step will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine. I allude to what he calls "virus attenuation." And here it may be well to throw out a few remarks in advance. When a tree or a bundle of wheat or barley straw is burned, a certain amount of mineral matter remains in the ashes—extremely small in comparison with the bulk of the tree or of the straw, but absolutely essential to its growth. In a soil lacking or exhausted of the necessary mineral constituents, the tree cannot live, the crop cannot grow. Now, contagia are living things, which demand certain elements of life just as inexorably as trees or wheat or barley; and it is not difficult to see that a crop of a given parasite may so far use up a constituent existing in small quantities in the body, but essential to the growth of the parasite, as to render the body unfit for the production of a second crop. The soil is exhausted, and until the lost constituent is restored the body is protected from any further attack of the same disorder. Such an explanation of non-recurrent diseases naturally presents itself to a thorough believer in the germ theory, and such was the solution which, in reply to a question I ventured to offer nearly fifteen years ago to an eminent London physician. To exhaust the soil, however, a parasite less vigorous and destructive than the really virulent one may suffice; and if, after having by means of a feebler organism, exhausted the soil without fatal result, the most highly virulent parasite be introduced into the system it will prove powerless. This, in the language of the germ theory, is the whole secret of vaccination.

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LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XVIII—(CONTINUED.)

"Christmas day!" Monica repeats the words after her, as though suddenly struck anew by the fact that the holy season has come. For the time being she had forgotten it, but now once again the bells far down below ring loud and clear in her ears, breathing of love and loveliness, and a world redeemed.

"Peace on earth! Good will toward men!"—"Peace!"—"Good will!" What a mockery lies in those lovely words, when coupled with those to which she has just been listening!

"Alas, alas for our unhappy land!" she says, aloud, with much bitterness of spirit. "Don't waste yer time over that. See to what can be done," says the girl, roughly but sensibly. "There isn't much time. Ye'll—ye'll tell the mawther, I don't doubt."

"Yes, he must be told at once," says Monica. "As you say, there is very little time."

"He'll be for sending for the police," says the girl, with a strong shudder; "an' Con—"

"I'm afraid he won't. The squire won't bear of protection of any sort," says Monica, miserably. "But I must try my best, Bridget," turning to her abruptly. "If you are so afraid for your sweetheart's safety, why don't you give him warning to be 'scent to-night?"

"I daren't," says the girl, shrinking back. "I would rather trust to you than that. You must save him, if the worst comes to the worst. If I were to tell him all I have done to-day, he would be the first to turn from me, to hold up the finger of scorn again me, to call me 'informer!' It would be the bitterest hour for me. No, no," wringing her hands, "I can do nothing, nothing! But I can at last prevent him from havin' murder on his soul. I am riskin' my all to stand betwixt him an' that!"

"Was it this regard for his soul, then, that alone prompted you to give me timely warning?" asks her mistress, somewhat sternly.

"No, no, darlin'; you must not think so bad of me as that," says the unhappy girl, breaking into fresh tears. "How can ye spake to me like that? Think—think, ather! how strong love is, an' yet am I not betrayin' mine for yer sake? I would not, in truth, have him sin, if I could help it; but if all the sins on earth were on his shoulders, I would not change him for another; I would still love him, wid all me heart an' soul. So ye see, dear, don't ye see?"—sobbing bitterly—"that it isn't all for him and meself I do this thing."

"Yes, yes. I see I have wronged you," says Monica, with a heavy sigh. "But now help me to dress, Bridget,—quick,—quick! I must speak to the squire at once."

"Ye won't betray me!" says the girl, turning pale.

"You have my word," says Monica, making a hasty toilet. She runs downstairs to the breakfast room, fearing it might create suspicion were she to summon the Desmond to her own room.

Here she finds them all assembled, with Dicky Browne, who has run across to them again for the Christmas-tide, and who is just now squabbling with extraordinary vigor with Kit over a huge box that has come by post, the possession of which is desired by both. It need hardly be said that Mr. Browne has the smallest claim to it.

"Why breakfast is over, you lazy little thing," says her husband, as she enters.

"Here, come and warm your little paws—ye look frozen—while Kit pours you out some tea."

She controls herself so far as to take the coffee offered with a tender kiss by Kit, and wishes that her Christmas may be a happy one; which last nearly reduces her to tears, knowing what she does.

Presently she manages to get Brian out of the room, and upstairs, when she at once declares to him all Bridget had told her. At first, man like, he is prepared to pooh-pooh the whole thing, but Bridget herself, being got in (and having consented to let Brian also into her confidence), by the very terrible eagerness of her words and manner carries him away with her, and proves to him beyond a doubt that a very serious conspiracy is on foot.

"George"—alluding to The Desmond—"must be told of this at once," says Brian,

with a heavy frown, his blue eyes dark with anger. "The dastardly villains! to come in round numbers, armed to the teeth, to take the life of one old man! But they shall have their lesson."

"Do you think Uncle George will employ the police this time?" says Monica, nervously. As she asks this, Bridget bends eagerly forward to hear the answer.

"I think it unlikely. He has so persistently and for so long declined protection of any sort that he is almost certain to refuse it now."

A gloom of passionate relief passes over the girl's face. To have her lover cast into the hands of an irate landlord is to her nothing when compared to his being seized by the iron grasp of the law; and then there is always Monica's oath.

"Uncle George must be told, indeed, and as soon as possible," says Monica. "Will you tell him, Brian?"

"Yes; but come with me," says Desmond, who in truth rather dreads The Desmond's explosions.

"Oh, yes, of course," says poor Monica, trying to look as if she is rather pleased with the idea of the coming interview than otherwise.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Thine own Squire and thy seven men intendeth for to do thee villainy; God grants thee thine homely cow-keepy. For in this world is no worse pestillence Than homely foe all day in thy presence."

He had been told: it is all over,—even the first wrathful impressions, the disbeliefs, the angry certainties. The Desmond is now as convinced of the reality of the conspiracy as Monica herself.

"Only what I have prognosticated for over a year!" he says with great force, exactly five minutes after he had declared the whole thing to be an absurd fabrication. "Insolent creatures! Bloodthirsty villains! But I'll be even with them yet." All this time he is stamping up and down the room.

"I'll read them a lesson they sha'n't forget in a hurry. I'll pay them off in their own coin. See if I don't."

"Yes, yes, just so," says Brian, quickly; "but let us now decide how the paying off is to be accomplished."

They are all in the library,—Monica, Kit, the uncle and nephew, and Dicky Browne,—and are all more or less in a high state of excitement.

"Shall we, or shall we not, this time call for the interference of the police?" asks Brian.

"The police! Never! D'ye think I'd let those miscreants think I was afraid of them?" roars The Desmond, indignantly, like an enraged lion. "Never, I tell you! I'll fight the whole beggarly crew, single-handed, and defy them to the last gasp, though you should all flee from me."

Of course, after this no more is said about the belted gentlemen.

"Very well; that is one point decided," says Brian, who, to tell the truth, is secretly glad of the decision. "Monica and Kit can go down to Moyne."

"I will not," says Monica, promptly.

"You won't?" says her husband, a trifle staggered by this open disobedience.

"Certainly not," says Mrs. Desmond.

"Monica!" says Brian, in a distinctly cowed tone, that utterly destroys his puerile attempt at authority.

"She is quite right," says Kit, sturdily.

"Neither shall I. I sh'n't stir a stone out of this house for any one. Say I sha'n't, Uncle George."

To Kit, as well as to Monica, The Desmond is always Uncle George.

"Not unless you wish it, my dear," says the old gentleman, who quite revels in a row himself, and is most generously anxious that every one else should enjoy it too. His passion, of a moment since is gone, and his face is wreathed in smiles, as he bends it upon Kit. He is, in fact, looking quite twenty years younger since the prospect of the coming fracas was presented to him.

"But what folly, Brian! as if we three should not be a match for any amount of those ignorant bumpkins! Let the girls share the fun. Why, in my time there were girls who could fire off a gun and kill their man with the best shot in the country. That was in the time of the White Boys. Eh! eh! but those were good old days!"

"I'm glad somebody understands us," says Monica, directing a withering glance at Brian, who smiles as he receives it, as if amused.

"So be it," he says, shrugging his shoulders. "I never fight against too great odds."

"Faith, then, I think you will to-night, my boy," says the Desmond, laughing jovially. "But we'll lick 'em for all that. I only hope—with the first touch of fear that has come to him since Bridget's tale was told—that the story you tell me is true!"

"I believe it firmly," says Brian.

"Why can't I be told the source from which it comes?" asks The Desmond, in an aggrieved tone.

"I am bound in honor not to disclose it," says Monica, gently. "Some day, dear Uncle George, you shall know all; but you must take my word for it now."

"A very good word," says The Desmond, with affectionate courtesy.

"When is the attack to be made?" asks Dick Browne.

"At two o'clock to-night," returns Monica, in a low tone, looking nervously round her, although the library door is firmly closed and there is no place of concealment in the room.

"A good hour," says The Desmond. "And so they hope to murder me, in my bed, and then set fire to my house, do they? Well to-morrow they will be wiser."

"It will be unsafe to let the servants know of our suspicions until it is too late for them to warn any one connected with this intended outrage," says Brian. "Let us make no mistakes. If the story be true at all, one of our people in the house is disaffected and would therefore at once convey a warning to his comrades, if he heard we had even an inkling of this affair. Secrecy is imperative; yet—thoughtfully—"we must have help."

"Nothing simpler," says Dicky Browne. "It's Christmas day. A dinner-party, therefore, might reasonably be expected even by the most suspicious of domestics. Let us ask every available good shot in the neighborhood to dinner, and in this way make up a regular army to meet our noble assailants. Let us invite our army not only to dine, but to sleep; and let us give them to understand beforehand what is expected of them, so that they may not come empty-handed so far as bullets and revolvers are concerned. The servants need know nothing of the sleeping arrangements until the last moment,—no fellow will want a comfortable shake-down with the prospect of so much fun before him, and indeed"—brilliantly—"Why should the servants know at all? Why shouldn't we steal a march upon them, and so bring to book the guilty one among them? By so doing, and setting a watch we might find out the real offender."

"We shall find him out without that," says Brian, in a significant tone, and with a short laugh.

"Ah!" says The Desmond, sharply. "But his nephew refuses to hear him."

"The servants must be told sooner or later," he says. "And we can make it sufficiently late to prevent any warning being sent to our expected foes. Quite at the very last we will be open. Too much secrecy defeats its own ends. Let us be above-board when we must."

"Brian! what a disgraceful sentiment!" says Kit, with a little laugh.

"Now, now, let us arrange our army," says Monica, impatiently.

"Clontarf will come, and Burke, and"—looking round doubtfully—"Sir Watkyn, perhaps."

Sir Watkyn Wyld is again at Kilmalooa. "Oh, don't drag that poor young thing into our broils," says Mr. Browne, with deep feeling. "Consider his tender years."

"Nevertheless, I'll ask him," says Brian, with an amused glance. "A stray bullet may rid us of him forever! If I suggested that hope to Clontarf, he will bring him here by force. And besides he must be asked: it would instantly create a suspicion if Clontarf came here without his guest."

"He'll refuse," says Dicky. "Youth and timidity always go together."

"Then there is Brabazon. He is staying at Lisloe. He came there yesterday: We may surely count on him."

"Neil!" says Monica, voluntarily, blushing scarlet. She remembers her last private interview with him, and she wonders whether he will bring himself so far to condone her conduct then as to give her his help now in her pressing need!

"Yes, Neil," says Kit, softly. "He will come, I know."

"No doubt," says Dicky: "wheresoever the carcass is—"

"Do you mean to call me a carcass?" Miss Beresford, who alone has overheard this sally, making a covert attempt to do him some personal injury, which by a cowardly ducking he avoids. Indeed, both he and she are shamelessly unimpressed by the importance of the impending outrage.

"Priscilla and Penelope Blako are coming to dinner says The Desmond, thoughtfully. "It will be better the child and his nurse should return with them to Moyne than go earlier in the day. The least act may lead to suspicion. When they have gone, I should like to call up the servants and let them know what we have heard. If we once get them all together into the hall, we can easily keep them under our supervision afterward, and so prevent their giving warning to their accomplices outside."

"But then how shall we discover the in-door, traitor—our black sheep?" asks Dicky.

"I have thought of that," says Brian, quickly. "George is right. We shall get the servants up, and once we have them all together we can arrange so as not to lose sight of them again. We can see the doors secured and the keys delivered up. But if any one in the house is determined upon betraying us, locked doors will not prevent their doing it. The library windows, as we all know, are conveniently near the ground, and conveniently far from the sleeping apartments. Let us give them all to understand that we shall set a watch only on the north and south sides of the house, that command the avenue and back entrances alone."

"You would then set a secret guard over the library?"

"Yes."

"And supposing our unknown traitor failed to put in an appearance there?"

"Then no harm will be done. There is no other room by which he could make his escape, once the north and south wings are secured. And I think he will appear. A desperate man will brave a good deal. And the case will be desperate with him, if he leads his companions in villainy into an unexpected net."

"It is a very good plan, but it makes me feel that I am betraying somebody in my turn," says The Desmond, gloomily. "And, after all, this story you tell me of should be, in my opinion, taken with innumerable grains of salt."

"You doubt it," says Kit, quickly. "But I don't: no one could. Why, it stands to reason that it must be true."

"I agree with you," says Mr. Browne generally. "I'm chokedful of reason; I'm the most reasonable person in the world: so I hope some one will stand to me! You may, Kit, as close as ever you like," says Mr. Browne, with overwhelming cordiality. "I sha'n't mind!"

"You are a very silly person, Dicky," says Miss Beresford, with an unmistakable frown.

"It is half past eleven," says Monica, suddenly glancing at the clock. "The church bell will begin to ring in a minute or two. And we must go to church to-day, whatever happens. They"—by this time the servants have lost their personalities and become mere pronouns—"will notice it, if we stay at home."

"We are a happy family—we are—we are," says Mr. Browne, tearfully.

"I don't feel as if I could go to church: I know I couldn't feel grateful," says Kit, with a mutinous glance.

"Nevertheless, come, if only to keep up appearances."

"Yes, Monica is right. No matter how great a grind it maybe considering the disturbed state of our minds, still we ought to go," says The Desmond, gently.

"You will go," declares Mr. Browne, valiantly. "Though the deluge or the crack of doom awaits us at nightfall, still we'll go. Oh—why isn't Mannering here? Dear fellow so full of pluck and energy as he was, he would have enjoyed it. Eh, Kit?"

"After service, Brian, you can call upon Clontarf, and tell him how the land lies," says The Desmond.

"I shall get him to bring Burke and Brabazon," says Brian. "It will lessen gossip."

"A very wise thought," returns The Desmond; after which they all fall off to prepare for church, with what religious feeling they may.

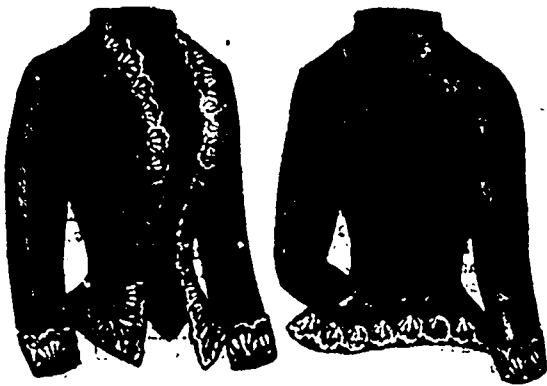


FIG. 6.—No. 3232.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches,
 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 4
 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (12 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 1 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 1 1/2
 yards; 40 inches, 1 5/8 yards; 42 inches, 1 3/4 yards;
 44 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 46 inches, 2 yards.



FIG. 7.—No. 3224.—LADIES' JACKET WITH SEPARATE VEST. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards;
 40 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
 30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches,
 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 40
 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 1 1/2 yards.

Material for Vest-front (27 inches wide), 1 1/2 yards.
 Lining for Back (27 inches wide), 1/2 yards.



FIG. 2.—No. 3231.—MISSES' DRESS. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 29 inches,
 6 yards; 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 7 yards;
 32 inches, 7 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
 27 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 29 inches,
 3 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 4 yards; 31 inches, 4 3/8 yards; 32
 inches, 4 1/2 yards.



FIG. 33.



FIG. 31.



FIG. 28.

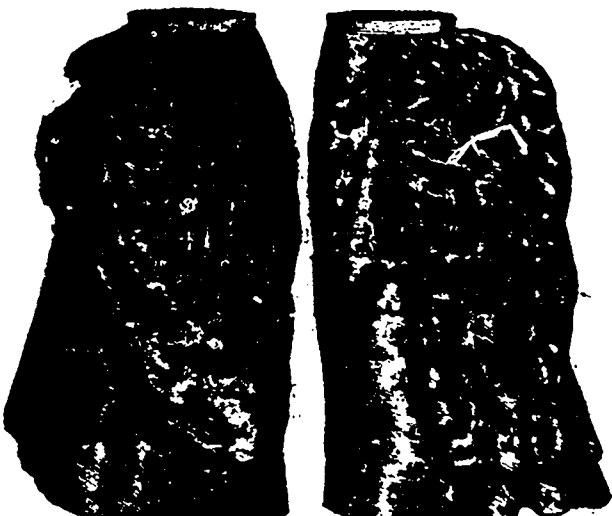


FIG. 5.—No. 3225.—LADIES' TAILORED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 24 inches,
 6 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/2 yards;
 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards.



FIG. 30.



FIG. 27.



FIG. 3.—No. 3230.—LADIES' OVERSKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
 20 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 24 inches,
 6 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/2 yards;
 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards.

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DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE No. 2.—Pattern No. 3,231, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this girlish costume, which can be made up in white or wash goods, veiling, etc., and trimmed with embroidery or lace. The skirt is decorated with three ruffles of embroidery, the round apron fastens in the back, and the ends hang straight down like sash ends under four loops of the sash, which is passed about the waist. The yoke waist has the body portion shirred so as to form an erect heading and the lower part gathered in the belt. The yoke may be of piece embroidery and the sleeves of either fabric, both being finished with a ruffle of embroidery around the neck and edge of sleeves.

FIGURE No. 3.—Pattern No. 3,230, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this easily-laundried overskirt, which is, however, equally suitable for woolen fabrics. The left side is draped with a few pleats and a ribbon passed through two slits made in the goods and tied, holding the fullness together; the apron rounds gracefully to the right side, where it is drawn up with shirrings, the back hanging in a becoming bouffant manner.

FIGURE No. 5.—This simple design is appropriate for any goods now worn, and can be seen in pattern No. 3,225, price 30 cents. The skirt is of the usual form, and may be left plain or trimmed, according to the fancy. The apron is pleated in the belt, stitched part way down and is looped high on the sides, forming a long, round appearance; the back drapery hangs square across the bottom, and is looped in a full manner near the top by the aid of pleats in the side seams.

FIGURE No. 7.—Cutaway basques retain their popularity with slender figures, and the one shown in our illustration has the stylish features of long, pointed fronts with a short, round back, which is slit in the representation, though it is perfect when left closed. The fronts are fitted with one dart in each, while the back is tight fitting; the neck is finished with a notched collar like a man's coat. Wide braid forms the garniture, which always accords with the material, the design being suitable for woolen or cotton fabrics. The vest is made entirely separate and finished with a standing collar; in this manner a variety can be effected by having several contrasting vests for the same costume. Pattern No. 3,224, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 8 represents a plain basque suitable for any fabric, the rolling collar and cuffs being of velvet, or any preferred garniture can be used; the pointed fronts are fitted in the usual manner, the back cut with extensions that form a tiny postilion, and the sleeves fit easily over the shoulders, though without any extra fullness. Pattern No. 3,223, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 9.—Pattern No. 3,232, price 25 cents, furnishes the design for this jaunty basque, which is cut 1 to simulate a vest to the first darts, then it lengthens to quite a point, slopes up on the hips and forms a round, plain back; a high collar and coat sleeve complete the stylish affair. Any trimming or fabric can be made up in this manner and the front left plain, if preferred, as the vest is formed by laying velvet over the regular front pieces.

FIGURE No. 10.—Loose saque fronts and a tight-fitting back, lapped over, are the chief features of this design. Square pockets, cuffs and round collar are also used, and large, easy-fitting sleeves. An invisible flap is used for the flat buttons thus hidden; a piping of the cloth or bias fold turned over and stitched on the right side forms an appropriate finish. Pattern No. 3,221, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 11.—The comfortable blouse here represented (pattern No. 2,994, price 25 cents) is especially suitable for washable goods and mountain suits of cheviot, etc., being perfectly easy to exercise in. The fronts and back are full, shirred around the neck four times and gathered to a belt, so as to evenly distribute the fullness; the neck is finished with a straight band; the sleeves are full at the top and gathered to a wide shirt cuff, which turns over and opens up the back. This is styled the "American blouse" by our friends "over the water."

FIGURE No. 12.—Pattern No. 2,990, price 25 cents, furnishes this simple and stylish design, which is appropriate for any material, and especially "taking" for satteen and wash fabrics. The fronts are laid in three

pleats on either side, and the back is cut with extensions that are laid in a fan cluster of side pleats from the centre-back, the whole design having a short, round appearance. The coat sleeves are finished with round cuffs, and though the high effect is given, it can be omitted if desired. The collar is of the usual high shape and the finish of a dainty bow added below the waist line.

FIGURE No. 13.—A fashionable arrangement of flowers is shown in this design. With low or square-necked dresses it will be the same. A spray of blossoms is placed on the right hip with the stems toward the front, a second cluster ornaments the right shoulder, and a third hides the joining of the velvet dog-collar. The collar has a corresponding rose on the left.

FIGURE No. 27 illustrates a low shoe of patent leather, with ropes of beads meeting over the instep, where they are confined by a buckle.

FIGURE No. 29 illustrates two styles of walking shoes—buttoned and laced—each having kid tops, patent leather vamps, and fancy stitching.

FIGURE No. 30 shows a bronze slipper top with a high heel-piece tied with a ribbon bow and ornamented with linked rings of silk cord.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 8.—No. 3223.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 2 3/8 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 yards; 44 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 3 1/4 yards.

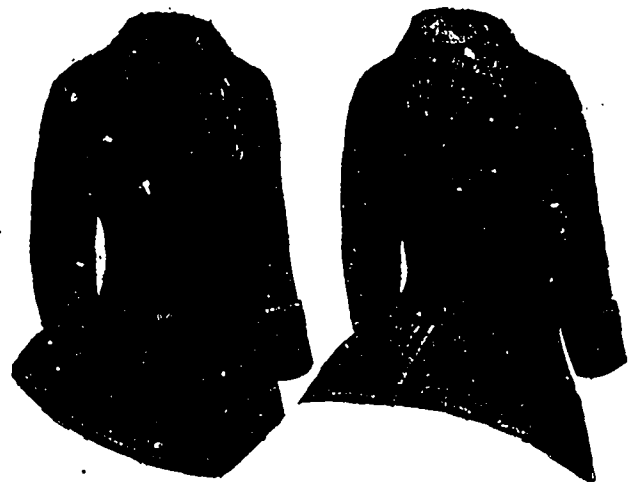


FIG. 10.—No. 3221.—LADIES' SACQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

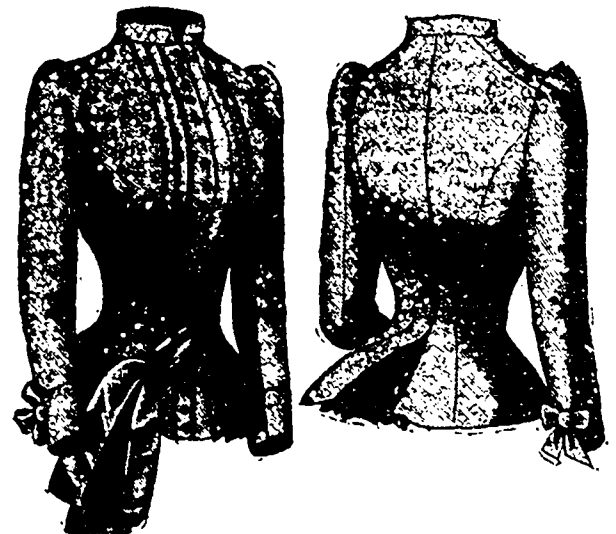


FIG. 12.—No. 2990.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 3 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1 3/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

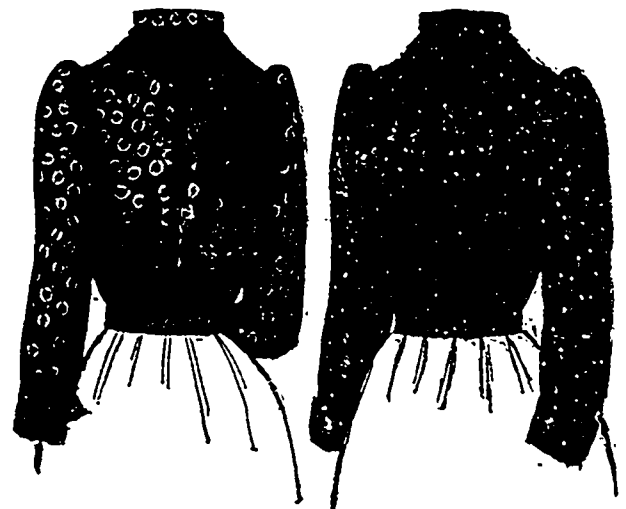


FIG. 11.—No. 2991.—LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for

30 inches, 3 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 yards; 38 inches, 2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 28 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year.

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

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Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and in what series, first, middle, or consolation, and also the number and the nature of the prize won.

These are good rules. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

And what, after all, is life but a little journey in a strange land, with a few companions, less friends, a flying train, a halt at a few little stations, a rest and a recollection of what we have seen, known and enjoyed most as we traveled, even though they may be unpossessed of like impressions and surroundings.

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A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

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

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

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

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

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time. Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

Among former competitors are the leading citizens of the country—the most respected ministers, public officers, professional men, ladies of every station, and people of nearly all classes. Large lists of those successful in former competitions have appeared and are still appearing each week in TRUTH. Any of these names may be referred to in regard to what has been done.

Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises. Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

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

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto 1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs..... 800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500
14 to 18. Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches..... 430
20 to 20. Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches..... 400
21 to 21. Forty-five nickel silver case watches..... 400
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72 to 72. One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs..... 750
201 to 500. Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs..... 900
501. Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 50

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 200
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos..... 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs..... 800
8 to 13. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 750
16 to 22. Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches..... 170
23 to 40. Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets..... 750
41 to 70. Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches..... 900
71 to 71. Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings 100
101 to 101. Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns..... 625
136 to 300. One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 850
306 to 500. Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 610
510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine butter knives..... 206
716. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

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4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches..... 400
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
18 to 23. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
30 to 35. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
39. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
40 to 50. Fifty one solid gold gem rings..... 500
51 to 121. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
122 to 300. Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 450
401. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA, a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin..... \$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Rice, Toronto..... 1,500
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..... 800
10 to 15. Six gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 600
16 to 20. Five ladies' solid gold watches..... 450
21 to 23. Nine renowned sewing machines..... 500
30. Ten Dollars in Gold..... 10
31 to 40. Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches..... 900

- 41 to 60. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 900
61 to 100. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons..... 400
101 to 310. One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 300
311 to 510. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper..... 80
611. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 10

- FIFTH REWARDS.
1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin..... \$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos..... 2,100
10 to 20. Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches..... 1,000
21 to 32. Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services..... 1,410
51 to 70. Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns..... 2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedia..... 2,000
111 to 132. Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 600
133. Twenty dollars in gold..... 20
134. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches..... 540
163 to 250. One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons..... 900
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper)..... 100

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

- CONSOLATION REWARDS.
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin \$ 200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—15 pieces..... 300
11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 800
19 to 29. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 520
30 to 31. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 412
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METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS. As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above.

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

HOW TO SEND. Don't lose a day about looking up these bible questions and sending them in, although your chance is equally good anytime between now and 30th September next. Send in each case a money order for one dollar, or registered letter with the money enclosed, and the answer written out clearly and plainly, with your full name and correct address. Bear in mind, every one must send one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for four months. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended, or the magazine will be sent to any other desired address.

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are so distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful. TRUTH is a 28-page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full size page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two short stories, Post's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

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

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

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

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

THE WINNERS. OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS.

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

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(Continued.)

- 909. O. R. Anderson, Stanbridge, Que. 910. Colin C. Morrison, North-East, C.B.; 911. Rufus Craswell, South Rustic, P.E.I.; 912. W. R. McKenzie, Big Intervale, C.B.; 913. John Lawrence, Wakopa, Man.; 914. L. S. Owen, Potsdam, New York; 915. J. S. Durant, Danville, Vermont; 916. Wm. Staten, Grafton, Ont.; 917. John Linn, Kilsyth, Ont.; 918. John McCallum, West Lorne, Ont.; 919. Isabella Clark, Montreal, Que.; 920. Hattie Bradley, Shakespear, Ont.; 921. John H. Phillips, Pembroke, Ont.; 922. James Jamieson, Lowville, Ont.; 923. Jeannie Galloway, Arthur, Ont.; 924. Emily McArthur, Sharon, Ont.; 925. Wm. Jamieson, Moorefield, Ont.; 926. Hugh McPhie, Elgin, N. Scotia; 927. M. A. Whaley, Golden Stream, Man.; 928. D. A. Whaley, Golden Stream, Man.; 929. P. M. Brower, Perry, Illinois; 930. David W. Hart, Phelps, Neb.; 931. Cairis Haywood, Rayville, N. York; 932. Miss Elsie Gray, Norwalk, Huron Co., Ont.; 933. Geo. T. Catlin, Concordia, Cloud Co., Kan.; 934. Mrs. S. E. Casey, Lawrenceburg, Cloud Co., Kan.; 935. Mrs. Lydia E. Bashaw, Savanna, Carol. Ill.; 936. Isaac Wildern, Vienna, Ont.; 937. Mrs. E. Stewart, Ayr, Ont.; 938. Mrs. W. E. Gamble, Rothwell, Ontario; 939. G. Hallern, Oakville, Ontario; 940. Miss J. Duncan, Norwich, Ontario. 941 to 1,254.—Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver-plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives. 941. J. H. Chant, Collins Bay, Ont.; 942. Mary Shoreff, Fitzroy Harbor, Ont.; 943. C. H. Placey, Chicago, Ill.; 944. S. Coleman, Toronto; 945. M. G. Watson, Toronto; 946. James M. Gardhouse, Bermuda; 947. Mrs. W. Begg, Waterdown, Ont.; 948. Geo. E. Martin, Eglinton, Ont.; 949. May Dawson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; 950. Mrs. R. Piko, Montreal; 951. Chrissie Applethorpe, St. Thomas, Ont.; 952. Miss W. C. Eldred, Carthage, Mo.; 953. John W. Van Dwinter, Dundee, Mich.; 954. Sarah Williams, Pleasant Lake, Ind.; 955. R. A. Kingsborough, Spruce Hill, Pa.; 956. Mr. Frank Whitaker, Meriden, N. H.; 957. May Gooding, Box 334, Marlton, O.; 958. Alice B. Davis, Colby, Clark Co., Wis.; 959. Mrs. I. L. Bohn, New Paris, Freebie Co., O.; 960.

- Wellington Powell, Evansburgh, O.; 961. Stephen Wright, Lakewood, N. Y.; 962. Samuel Williams, East Wareham, Mass.; 963. J. J. Johnston, Box 234, Clayville, N. Y.; 964. Anna L. Adams, Box 118, Utica, O.; 965. Mrs. H. M. Fitch, Sheridan, Mo.; 966. Mrs. Archie McMillan, Merino, Col.; 967. Mrs. A. Robinson, Ayr, Ont.; 968. Henry Carter, Clinton, Ont.; 969. G. A. McMorrin, 80 South Water St., Chicago, Ill.; 970. Mary Woods, Portage La Prairie, Man.; 971. Jas. Taylor, 116 Monroe St., Chicago; 972. G. D. White, Aultsville, Ont.; 973. Mary McEachern, Leavenworth, Ont.; 974. N. A. Chatfield, Room 14, Japanese Building, Chicago; 975. Jas. Hopper, 163 Seminary Ave., Chicago; 976. Mrs. Humes, Minnetonka, Man.; 977. E. G. Lloyd, 783 Halsted St., Chicago; 978. Maud Smiley, Newport, N. S.; 979. Rev. Geo. Brohman, Deemerton, Ont.; 980. Pierce Welch, Coaticoke, Que.; 981. Elsie Neville, Penso, N. W. T.; 982. R. R. Groggett, Spring Hill Mines, N. S.; 983. Emma McManis, French Village, Que.; 984. Mary Noville, Penso, N. W. T.; 985. Norman Hall, Credit, Ont.; 986. Wm. E. Nickerson, Barrington Head, N. S.; 987. T. T. Cascadin, Postmaster Ave., Manitoba; 988. James R. Jackson, Central Norton, N. B.; 989. Alex. Roper, Jacksonville, N. Sydney, C.B.; 990. J. A. Sutherland, Earlton, Nova Scotia; 991. Katie B. Buchanan, Cote St. Michel, Que.; 992. Mrs. James McNicol, Grand P.O., Man.; 993. Mary A. McIntyre, Glencoe, Ont.; 994. Mathew J. Pinkerton, Eden Grove, Ont.; 995. George Ballard, Burford, Ont.; 996. G. C. McGibbon, Arks, Ont.; 997. Wm. Gray, box 110, Orangeville, Ont.; 998. Mary Chapman, Hespeler, Ont.; 999. Minnie A. Lucas, Oakville, Ontario; 1000. M. B. Waite, Kidder, Caldwell Co., Mo.; 1001. J. L. Wadleigh, Sherbrooke, Que.; 1002. J. B. Thompson, 58 Curtis St., Chicago, Ill.; 1003. Howard Salisbury, 51 Pearce St., Chicago; 1004. Mrs. Sarah L. Powell, Chicago, Ill.; 1005. Wm. Quillen, Bloomfield, Ind.; 1006. Wm. C. Villars, Danville, Ill.; 1007. Mrs. Jos. E. Joy, Wapello, Iowa; 1008. Chas. Burney, Topsfield, Maine; 1009. J. Ferry, 10 Ramsey St. Que.; 1010. Frank Howe, 355 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago; 1011. Wm. J. Witter, Minnetonka, Man.; 1012. Robert Harvey, care of T. A. H., Cobourg, Ont.; 1013. Mrs. O. P. Dennis, Valleyfield, Que.; 1014. Robert L. Cain, Sand Beach, Yarmouth, N. S.; 1015. Andrew Johnson, 158 Green St., Chicago, Ill.; 1016. Mary Miller, Foxboro, Ont.

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Clear this knigg as for much in life. It is characteristic of the strong, accurate mind, and should be cultivated with the utmost care by requiring the pupil to bound every idea with which he deals, whether it be material object or an emotion of the soul.

The Toronto General Trusts COMPANY, 27 & 29 Wellington St. East, TORONTO.

President—Hon. EDWARD BLAKE, Q. C., M. P. Vice-President—E. A. MEREDITH, LL. D. Manager—J. W. LANGMUIR.

Directors—Hon. W. McMaster, Hon. Alexander Morris, B. Homer Dixon, Amellus Irving, William E. Ho, William Mulock, M. P., Geo. A. Cox, William Gooderham, J. G. Scott, Q. C., James J. Foy, A. B. Lee, James MacLennan, Q. C., J. K. Kerr, Q. C., T. Sutherland Staynor, W. H. Beatty and Robt. Jaffray.

The Company acts as Executor, Administrator and Guardian, and receives and executes Trusts of every description. These various positions and duties are assumed by the Company, either under Deeds of Trust, Marriage, or other settlement executed during the life-time of the parties, or under Wills, or by appointment of the Court.

The Company also undertakes the investment of money in real estate mortgage securities; collecting and receiving the interest for a moderate charge. It will either invest the money as agent in the usual way, or should the investor prefer, it will for an extra charge guarantee the principal and the prompt payment of the interest on fixed days, yearly or half-yearly. Mortgages thus guaranteed and taken in the name of the investor, or the safest class of investment, and specially commended themselves to Trustees, as well as to Municipal Corporations and Public Companies desirous of establishing Sinking Funds.

The Company also acts as agents for the collection of interest on income, and transacts financial business generally, at the lowest rates.

The third annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held at its offices, 27 and 29 Wellington Street, east, Toronto, on Monday, 11th inst. The chair was taken by the President of the Company, the Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., M. P. A large number of the shareholders were present, including Mr. E. A. Meredith, the Vice-president; Hon. Wm. McMaster, Messrs. William Elliott, William Gooderham, T. S. Staynor, Robt. Jaffray, Sheriff Jarvis, J. G. Scott, Q. C., J. J. Foy, Q. C., J. D. Edgar, M. P., J. W. Langmuir, J. N. Lake, Arthur B. Lee, J. K. Kerr, Q. C., James Scott, & Co., &c.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the Manager of the Company, was appointed Secretary, and read the THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY.

The Directors of the Toronto General Trusts Co. met to audit their third annual report together with the accompanying financial statements, showing the results of the Company's business for the year ending 31st March, 1885.

The Directors have again to congratulate the shareholders on the continued and growing success which has attended the Company's operations in every branch of its business during the past twelve months. The substantial increase in the work done by the Company in its capacity of trustee, executor, administrator, and other offices of a kindred character is especially satisfactory, as it furnishes conclusive evidence that the Company, as it becomes better known, is steadily and rapidly growing in public favour.

One of the principal objects in establishing the Company was to enable it, in the public interests, to accept and execute these various responsible offices; it being beyond all question that the security and permanency which a wealthy and responsible corporation affords, alike to the parties creating the trust and to the beneficiaries, are infinitely preferable to the uncertainty of any individual trustee. It is, therefore, most gratifying to your Directors to be able to report that the Company is so satisfactorily fulfilling the objects for which it was called into existence, and that in so doing it is laying the foundation of a large and rapidly increasing business.

The profit and loss statement herewith submitted shows in detail the revenues of the Company for the year and the sources from which it was obtained. It will be observed that not only has the entire amount incurred for preliminary expenses been wiped out but that all commissions and charges paid for obtaining the Company's investments, including the balance due for these services for the two preceding years, have been fully liquidated. After the settlement of all outstanding bills, as well as the current office expenses, there remained a sufficient amount at the credit of profit and loss to enable your directors to declare a dividend of 5 per cent. per annum on the paid-up stock of the company, besides placing the sum of \$11,000 to the reserve account, and carrying forward to the credit of profit and loss the sum of \$3,561 00.

At a special general meeting of the shareholders, held on 6th December last, it was decided to make application to the Lieut-Governor in Council for the issue of letters patent to the Company, conferring extended powers upon it, especially in dealing with securities as agent, and, in accordance with this application, supplementary letters patent issued to the Company on the 7th day of January, 1885.

The directors have much pleasure in recording their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the Company's business operations have been conducted during the year by the manager and his assistants. EDWARD BLAKE, President.

Toronto, 4th May, 1885.

In moving the adoption of the report Mr. BLAKE congratulated the shareholders on the remarkable and uniform progress of the Company's operations, he also drew attention to the largely increased number of trust estates which had been placed in charge of the Company during the past year and expressed the belief that the more the business and powers of the Company were understood by the public the more it would be availed of in its capacity of trustee, executor, etc.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. MEREDITH, the Vice-President. Resolutions of thanks were passed to the President, Vice-President, and directors, as well as to the manager and staff for their careful and diligent discharge of their duties during the year.

The following shareholders were elected directors for the ensuing year, viz.—Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., M. P.; Hon. Wm. McMaster, Senator; Hon. Alex. Morris, M.P.P.; Messrs. E. A. Meredith, LL.D.; B. Homer Dixon, Amellus Irving, Q. C., Geo. A. Cox, Wm. Gooderham, J. G. Scott, Q. C., Jas. J. Foy, Q. C.; A. B. Lee, Wm. Elliott, James MacLennan, Q. C.; J. K. Kerr, Q. C.; T. S. Staynor, Robt. Jaffray, Wm. Mulock, M.P.; and Wm. H. Beatty.

The new Board of Directors then met and re-elected the Hon. Edward Blake, President, and Mr. E. A. Meredith, Vice-President.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WARRIOR, Port Huron.—At Sedan the German loss in killed and wounded was 13,000 and the French about 25,000.

F. C. P., Quebec.—The terms "first reference" and "first mention" are synonymous, and were intended by us to convey the same meaning.

DULLARD, Omemeo.—Work had actually begun on the Channel tunnel, but it is almost certain it will now be discontinued. The attitude of France in the present crisis has largely contributed to this result.

DISPUTE, Fingal.—The celebrated "Colossus of Rhodes," at one time one of the "seven wonders of the world," was, we believe, removed some years since. Under what circumstances this took place we do not just now remember. Perhaps the old fellow went off "on strike."

R. FALKNER, Guelph.—The declaration of war is made by the Queen, acting on the advice of her Ministers. Were she to do so against their advice she would be acting unconstitutionally. Parliament would refuse to sanction the war and the royal proclamation would be little better than waste paper. There is no probability, however, of Victoria ever taking this course, as she is the most ardent advocate of peace in the Empire.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purpose.

Swedenborg says, "Words are things." They are more; they are spiritual forces—angels of blessing or cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

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

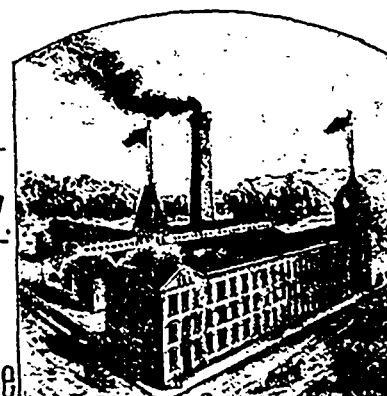
It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself.

MERIDEN

BRITANNIA COMPANY

FINEST

Electro Plate



CAUTION

Goods stamped Meriden Silver Plate Co. are not our make. If you want reliable goods insist on getting those made by the

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

HAMILTON, . . . ONT.

PERSONALS.

The author of John Bull and His Island, it now turns out, is Paul Blouet, French master at the Westminster school, London.

The son of Count Gleichen (the Queen of England's cousin), an officer in the Grenadier Guards, was rendered insensible by a spent shot and laid among the dead for burial lately, but, reviving, struck his own name out of the list of killed.

Maria, Marchioness of Allesbury, long a celebrity of fashionable London (the Lady Bertie and Bellair of Disraeli), pays a Paris dressmaker so much a year to dress her. The gowns are worn half a dozen times, and then go back to Paris, and Lady A. gives her maid consolation wages.

The British Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Capt. A. S. Crowley, master of the American schooner Sarah Nation of Calais, Me., in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British bark Kenilworth of Liverpool, which was abandoned at sea on March 2.

The most vexatious of domestic problems, the servant-girl question, has been partially solved by the Empress Augusta. This shrewd ruler bestows upon every woman-servant in Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine who completes her fortieth year of unbroken service in one family a cross and an imperial diploma. More than a thousand women have received the cross and diploma during the last eight years.

Blind Tom, the wonderful negro musician, is known to be of very weak intellect. He has had a recent trial for idiosyncrasy in Columbus, Georgia. It is said to have been a friendly proceeding to accomplish the purpose of placing him under the legal guardianship of General Bethune, who was his owner in the days of slavery. Efforts were being made by certain speculators, to get hold of poor Tom for mere exhibition purposes.

Charles Marvin, author of the recently published book, "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," is yet a young man of thirty, but has already accomplished a large amount of work. He is now recognized as an authority on the political and geographical questions that are agitating England and Russia. His early life was spent in Russia and he has made a special study of Russia's politics. The English Commission carried his books and maps with them to Afghanistan, and it is said that the Russian government have also consulted them carefully.

General Logan gave, in a speech delivered the other day, this estimate of Lincoln: "He met every condition of things as presented to him; his great mind took in every situation as it was developed. He proved himself equal to any and all emergencies; and while our country was passing through the severest ordeal he kept pace with the advancing sentiments of the people, neither going ahead nor lagging behind, always taking advantage of the proper moment to do the right thing, as was exemplified by his Proclamation of Emancipation, giving freedom to an oppressed race."

The late Richard Hengist Horne—a celebrated poet in his day, who outlived himself, though he was brilliant and sound to the end—lived for many years in London lodgings that were jammed with dirty furniture, bottles, knick-knacks, and other trash; he would not permit any one to disturb these things, not even to remove the dust from them. When he fell sick with typhus fever, his doctor cleaned out the apartment, much to Horne's sorrow. Just before he died he had completed the first act of a drama, which was to have been produced by Mr. Irving.

Prince Bismarck is more than six feet high. He has a powerful chest and broad shoulders, and his big, handsome head is quite without hair; it is like a small dome of polished ivory. Thick white brows hang over his eyes. He has a dark, frowning, somewhat cruel expression. His mustache is thick and gray, and conceals the mouth entirely. The face is full of folds and wrinkles. When he speaks, the color in his face changes from pale to red, and gradually becomes light bronze. Bismarck's voice is, oddly enough, soft and almost weak. After he has spoken for a while it grows hoarse. His style is apt to be conversational; and it may be suggested that his eloquence is more forcible in print than in sound. His addresses are written with great vigor.

Exchange Department.

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

A set of wooden chessmen, for a magic lantern in good order; advertising cards, for silk and velvet pieces 3 by 2 inches. ISSAIAH M. HYUN, 210 E. 18th St., New York City.

A set (5) of rawhide rollers, which will fit almost any skate, for offers in stamps. E. J. BRASSIE, Adrian, Mich.

Sixty handsome picture cards, for labelled minerals and curiosities. HILLEN KHALOZO, 2 E. State St., Madison, Wis.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, all different, for a Cape of Good Hope triangular stamp. COLLACROS, Box 760, Oberlin, Ohio.

A Weeden upright steam-engine, newly new and in good running order, for a first of Old English type in good condition. E. BARR, D. Chesapeake, N.J.

Minerals, sea curiosities, and a printing-press, for mineral not in my collection. F. S. W., 52 Pearl St., Mass.

Thirteen advertising cards, for every piece of satin, velvet or plush not less than 1 1/2 inches square. Pieces must be neither soiled nor faded. Instrumental music, for the same. BRUCE HARRINGTON, Lock Box 121, Mason, Mich.

A small accordion, 3 fine oil-chromos, stencils, 2 rules, and other articles, for a self or hand-inking printing-press, chase 5 by 8 inches or larger, with type, etc. State condition and age of press and amount of type, and I will give descriptive list of articles. LAURA HORTON, Austerlitz, Mich.

A double-barrelled, laureated, steel gun, bright for a good magic lantern. Give size of enlargement of lantern, and particulars. The gun is almost new; been used one winter. D. T. DUNK, Palestine, Anderson Co., Texas.

COMPLIMENTS.

JOHN McLELLAN, Point Edward, Ont., writes:—"Do not stop my paper at any time, even though I might neglect at the exact time to renew subscription, as you may be sure it will be sent. It would seem to us much like being minus one of our family to part with TRUTH now."

P. D. FORTY, Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, writes:—"We look forward anxiously now for the arrival of TRUTH; it has improved so much in appearance and contents. Those valuable contributions on subjects of such interest and vital importance just now, are especially acceptable. In fact TRUTH seems to have undergone a thorough remodelling, and I must say it is now well worth the advance in price. I have preserved all my numbers since we commenced subscribing and intend having them bound in yearly volumes."

Headache.

Headache is one of those distressing complaints that depends upon nervous irritation, bad circulation, or a disordered state of the stomach, liver, bowels, etc. The editor and proprietor of the Canada Presbyterian was cured after years of suffering with headache, and now testifies to the virtue of Burdock Blood Bitters.

There is no duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness.

J. H. EARL, West Shefford, P. Q., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried many medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, &c., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man."

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

Lardine Machine Oil is the only oil that will not gum or clog the machinery, and will outwear lard or seal oil, and costs but half the price. One trial cures its continued use. For sale only by all dealers.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

This is Reliable.

R. N. WHEELER, Merchant, of Everton, was cured of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs by Hagg's Pectoral Balsam. This great throat and lung healer cures weak lungs, coughs, hoarseness, bronchitis, and all pectoral complaints.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL." BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

This time the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL exceeds any of his previous offers.

The rewards are far better arranged, and so spread over the whole time of the competition that the opportunity for each competitor is better than ever before. If you can correctly answer the following Bible questions, and you answer quickly, you are almost sure of a valuable reward.

- BIBLE QUESTIONS. 1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible. 2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

The publisher will strictly adhere to his old plan. All therefore may be sure of fair and impartial treatment, from the Governor-General down to the humblest citizen in the land. The letters are carefully numbered in the order they are received at the LADIES' JOURNAL office, and the rewards will be given exactly in the order the correct answers come to hand. Look at number one reward in the first series for the first correct answer received.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$100 2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,550 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea-services..... 600 14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540 20 to 24.—Eleven solid gold silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330 31 to 35.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, 400 71.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100 72 to 200.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea-services..... 750 201 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125 501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

After these follow the Middle Rewards, when, to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, will be given number one of these rewards, the next correct answer following the middle one, number two, and so on till these 401 costly rewards are all given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520 4, 5, 6 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482 12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540 18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500 24 to 31.—Nine solid gold silver hunting case or open face watches..... 308 32.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75 40 to 60.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000 61 to 121.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate case baskets, elegant designs..... 450 122 to 200.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415 201 to 400.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450 401.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last correct answer received in this Competition will be given number one of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct answer will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos..... 2,500 5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750 8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300 11 to 12.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 600 13 to 29.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 600 30 to 60.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 412 61 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300 151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100 152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 400 201 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 60

Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL Office from distant points. The

letters must not be post-marked where mailed later than the 15th July. So if you live almost anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, or in distant places in the States, you will stand a good chance for these consolation rewards. All persons competing must become subscribers for at least one year to the LADIES' JOURNAL, for which they must enclose, with their answers, FIFTY CENTS, the regular yearly subscription price. Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended one year for the half dollar sent. Those who cannot easily obtain scrip or post office order for fifty cents, may remit one dollar for two years' subscription, and the JOURNAL will be sent them for that time; or for the extra money the JOURNAL will be mailed to any friend's address they may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 large and well-filled pages of choice reading matter, interesting to everyone, but specially so to the ladies. One or two pages of new music, (full size,) large illustrations of latest fashions, Review of Fashions for the Month, Short and Serial Stories, Household Hints, &c., &c., and is well worth double the small subscription fee asked. It is only because we have such a large and well established circulation (52,000) that we can afford to place the subscription at this low price. You will not regret your investment, as in any case you are sure to get the LADIES' JOURNAL for one year. Everything will positively be given exactly as stated, and no favoritism will be shown anyone. Large lists of prize-winners in previous competitions have appeared and are appearing in every issue of the JOURNAL, any one of whom maybe referred to as to the genuineness of these offers. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been established nearly five years, and the publisher has been in business nine years. He can therefore be depended upon to carry out all his promises. He has always done so in the past, and cannot afford to do aught else in the future. Address, EDITOR "LADIES' JOURNAL," Toronto, Canada.

Consumption Cured

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

Cicero: To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

After Twenty-three Years' Suffering.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarion, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the system.

Confucius: To die well one must first learn to live well.

Boils, blotches, pimples, and all skin diseases, are quickest cured by cleansing the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The cream of experience is skimmed from spilled milk.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

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

As every thread of gold is valued, so is every minute of time.

A Secret.

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

Thousands Hastened to Their Graves.

By relying on testimonials written in vivid glowing language of some miraculous cures made by some largely puffed up doctor or patent medicine has hastened thousands to their graves; the readers having almost insane faith that the same miracle will be performed on them, that these testimonials mention, while the so called medicine is all the time hastening them to their graves. Although we have

Thousands Upon Thousands!!!

of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can. We will give reference to any one for any disease similar to their own if desired, or will refer to any neighbor, as there is not a neighborhood in the known world but can show its cures by Hop Bitters.

A Losing Joke.

"A prominent physician of Pittsburg said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Fees of Doctors.

The fee of doctors at \$3.00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it.

Depend Upon it.

You can depend upon Haggard's Yellow Oil as a pain reliever in rheumatism, neuralgia, and all painful and inflammatory complaints. It not only relieves but cures.

What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality.

The opinion of the general public in regard to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is confirmed by clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, and actors. All say it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs.

Learn to say no! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

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

If any one who speaks ill of you let your life be such that no one will believe it.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., writes: "I was cured of chronic bronchitis, that troubled me for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil." See that the signature of Northrop & Lyman is on the back of the wrapper, and you will get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

When there is much pretention much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.

As AGE CREEPS ON Apace, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their performance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile secreting organ and bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

A good book will bear perpetual devouring, and can never be gnawed quits to the bone.

An Ex-Alderman Tried it.

Ex-Alderman Taylor, of Toronto, tried Haggard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

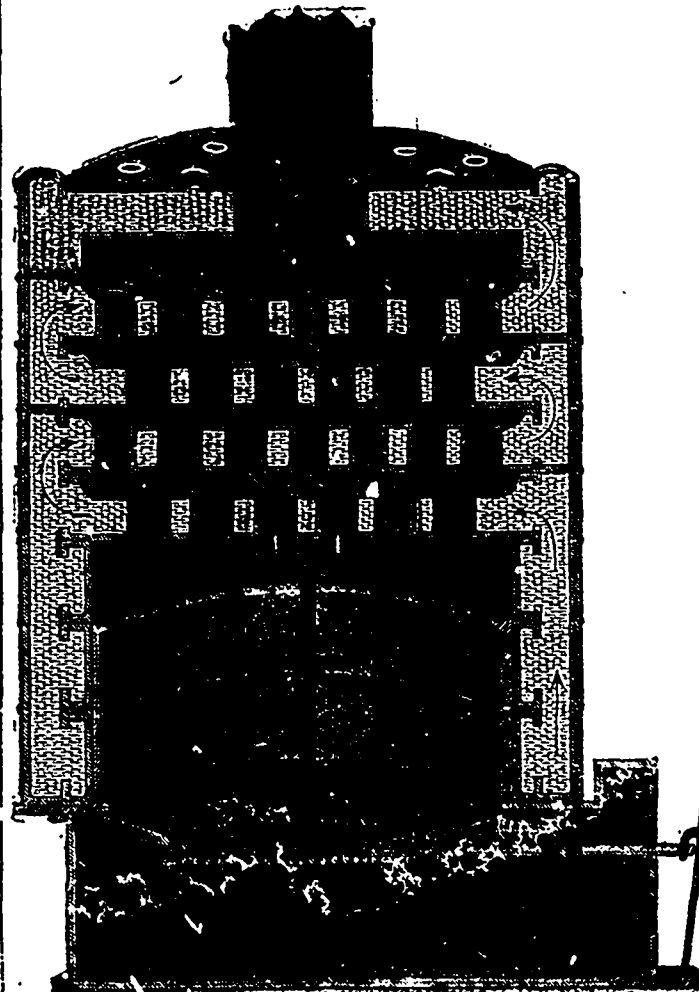
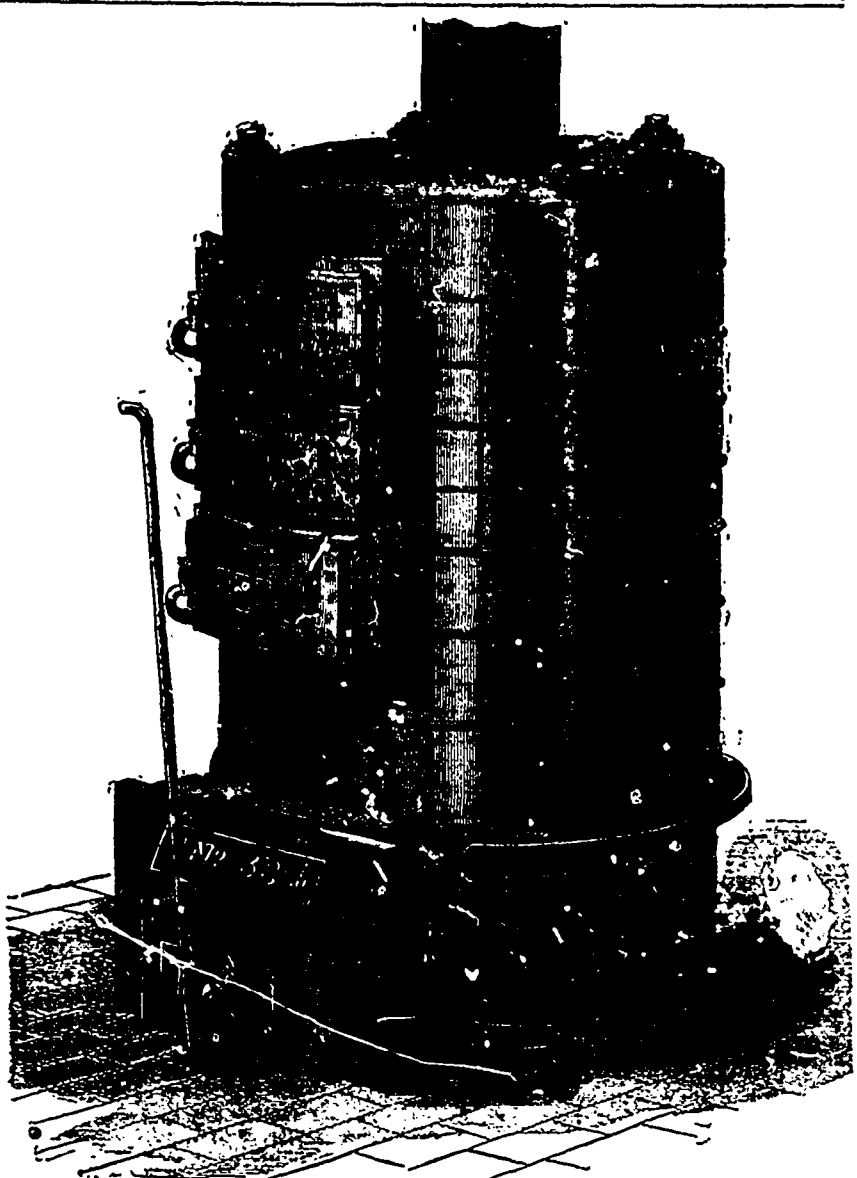
HOT WATER HEATING BOILER!

THE

E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO,

HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG



These Heaters

Are not only the Cheapest Manufactured, they are also the simplest, being easily operated by any one competent to care for a Hall Stove.

WE SOLICIT EXAMINATION BY THE TRADE.

It will be noted that the proceeds of combustion, after passing through the first row of tubes, pass into a combustion chamber, when after expanding they pass through a second set of tubes, and so on to the exit to chimney flue.

Music and Drama.

The return of the McDowell Co. to the Grand this week was received with considerable pleasure by those who enjoyed their clever production of "The Private Secretary" on a former visit.

Montford's was well patronized last week, the attraction being the Aiken Co. in a thrilling and exciting western play.

A Canadian Cantatrice.

It happened one Sunday morning, that Brignolia, while strolling about the streets of Albany, dropped in at the cathedral to hear the music.

"She is my daughter," proudly exclaimed Joseph Lajouneuse, a French-Canadian music teacher.

"Shall I present you?" he continued, recognizing the tenor.

The short acquaintance that followed led Brignoli to recommend a course of foreign study, but that was then impossible for the poor music teacher, who had to eke out her small income by singing in the choir and occasionally playing the organ.

In 1868, at the age of eighteen years, she started for Paris, taking with her letters to the Bishop of Paris, and to the famous tenor Dupres.

"Ah! there's a fortune in that little throat!"

Hard study with this great maestro gave her absolute command of her rich voice, and when in time she was ready for her debut at Messina, she chose to make her first appearance as Amina in "Sonnambula."

The name Albani has no connection with Albani, as many persons fondly suppose, but was given her by Lamberti himself.

Albani's voice is a rich soprano, commanding a compass of two octaves, extending to E flat. As a devout disciple of Lamperti, she disdains trickery, and like a true artist, she sings the operas as the composer wrote them.

In appearance Albani is a brunette, with black hair and eyes. She is below medium size, and is slender.

"You spared my mother when she most needed your aid. The memory of that treatment compels me now to decline alike your proffered bounty and your hospitality."

All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well,—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind of 'played out, someway.' That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' they would soon have no occasion to say it.

A ten strike—A blow with both fists.

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes a lady to her friend "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible headaches, and bearing down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself I feel so well."

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Distilled water is gaining in favor for table use as well as in the treatment of diseases of the digestive organs.

Pain Cannot Stay

Where Polson's NERVILIN is used. Composed of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known, Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal and external, arising from inflammatory action.

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Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in medicine science has been at hand by the Dixon Treatment of catarrah. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady.

Hanging on the ragged edge is now rendered tottering on the slippery b-rink.

From the Maritime Provinces Comes a host of testimonials as to the Magic Wart and Corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. We select from the list of names before us that of Henry Taylor, Esq., Halifax, probably the most widely known druggist in the lower provinces.

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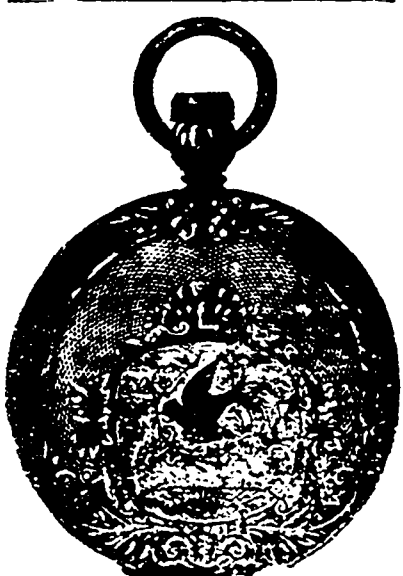
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