

Grain

Contents

TORONTO, NOV. 22, 1884.

POETRY.
Original and Selected
MUSIC.
Climbing the Golden Stairs. F. T.
STORIES.
Pills Story—He was Never Known to
Smile.
Mrs. Hard's Niece.
The Light of Cold-Home Yard.
EDITORIAL.
Britain's Gratitude.
Church Socialism.
A Heresy Case.
The Chinese Question in E. C.
JACOB FAITHFUL.
THE FASHIONS.
Fashion Designs.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
How Managers are Collected.
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.
Liquors of the Heart.
Laying before Sleeping.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.
"Symphonies" on the Paving Show.
MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF CURRENT LITERATURE

1.00 Per Year, 5 Cts. Per Copy.

TORONTO

TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 216

TO LITERARY PEOPLE

And Others Who have Anything Nice in

SHORT STORIES.

“TRUTH”

Wants Them. Read the Following:

In order to make TRUTH still more interesting, we have decided to offer one lady or gentleman's SOLID GOLD HUNTING CASE GENUINE ELGIN WATCH, worth at retail, about \$100, every week until further notice, for the BEST SHORT, ORIGINAL OR SELECTED STORY, for publication in TRUTH. The following are the conditions of competition:

1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any books or periodical by any author.

2d. It must not exceed in length six columns of TRUTH. A little variation in length either way, will not be considered an obstacle to its acceptance.

3rd. Every accepted story will be published in TRUTH in its turn, and the gold watch awarded upon publication.

4th. Every competitor must send in his contribution either printed or plainly written on one side of the paper only, giving author's name and source from which the story is taken, as well as his own name and address in full, attached to the story.

5th. With each story must be sent one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH.

Those who are already subscribers will have their term extended a half year for the dollar sent.

6th. The first story will appear in TRUTH for November fifteenth, and weekly thereafter.

The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fail to obtain a prize. The sum of \$3.00 will be paid for such story when used.

So far the number of stories received is disappointingly small. We will keep the offer open, however, for a little longer, in the hopes that they may increase.

Address all communications and contributions to Editor TRUTH
33 & 35 Adelaide St., West,
Toronto, Can.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

In connection with the agitation for municipal reform, the question of the abolition of Tax Exemptions is also being discussed. Those interested in the matter have already held several well attended meetings, and an association has been formed with a view to testing the opinions of our citizens upon the subject, and obtaining a redress of the grievance

pal revenue, although they participate both in the increased value of property derived from improvements made out on taxes, and derive protection and benefits from our Municipal government which is also supported entirely by civic revenue. It is obviously unfair under the circumstances that our citizens should be burdened by the whole of these taxes which should be borne by the people of the Province at large. However, we think the least difficulty will be experienced in dealing with this class of exemptions.

The popular cry against Tax Exemptions is by no means a new one, but a certain peculiar and powerful factor in our Canadian politics, has always been able to frustrate the wish of our people in that direction, by preventing either of our political parties making abolition of exemptions a plank in its platform. The present movement is being participated in by members of both shades of politics, so as, if possible, to avoid the former obvious difficulty. It remains to be seen if they will be successful, and while TRUTH sincerely hopes they will, and will lend its aid to the scheme upon every opportunity, it greatly fears that the influential factor already referred to is still powerful enough to force either one or both of our great political parties into opposition to the measure, or at least to prevent any legislation upon the subject.

Under the provisions of the British North America Act there are certain classes of property exempted from taxation, and in such cases there is no apparent remedy for the evil. But there are still numerous descriptions of property now exempt from taxation which can be legally placed upon the municipal tax roll, provided the necessary power can be obtained from the Legislative Assembly of the Province to enable the municipalities to enforce taxation. In this city alone there is at the present moment property exempted from taxation to the value of between ten and twelve millions of dollars, the income from which at the rate struck for the current year, would amount to nearly two hundred thousand dollars, as a sum estimated as sufficient to build the new City Hall. This only represents the loss to the city for one year, but as year is added to year, and as property increases in value, our citizens can readily estimate the enormous loss which is entailed upon them in the course of a decade; and they can readily understand how every one of us individually should exert himself to have the pernicious system swept out of existence.

The stock argument against taxing public property is, that in the end nothing is to be gained by it; that it is merely taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. But such a method of reasoning does not hold good with regard to municipal taxation of public property and the conclusion arrived at is very illogical. For instance, in the City of Toronto, we have many public institutions like the Provincial Parliament Buildings, the Central Prison, the Lunatic Asylum, &c., &c., the benefits from which accrue to the whole province generally; yet they do not contribute a cent to our Municipal

revenue, although they participate both in the increased value of property derived from improvements made out on taxes, and derive protection and benefits from our Municipal government which is also supported entirely by civic revenue. It is obviously unfair under the circumstances that our citizens should be burdened by the whole of these taxes which should be borne by the people of the Province at large. However, we think the least difficulty will be experienced in dealing with this class of exemptions.

Undoubtedly the greatest trouble will be experienced with regard to church property. Catholics, of themselves, we think, must be aware of the great injustice inflicted even by the exemption of church property upon themselves, as well as the rest of the community. Although in certain quarters assertions are made that some Protestants are opposed to Church property being taxed, we take it for granted that their name is not legion, and that the overwhelming consensus of Protestant opinion is in favor of taxing Church property of every description, and the salaries of the ministers also. This would render more liberal donations necessary to some of the less wealthy Church corporations, and the increase of the salaries of the more poorly paid divines; but the people would be quite willing to accept those alternatives.

As to the exemptions of the salaries of cabinet ministers, judges, civil servants, &c., there can be only one opinion. They should be made to contribute their share of taxation upon the same basis as other citizens, and if they do not receive sufficient salary to enable them to do so, they are underpaid, but we fancy that it will be found with regard to most public servants that they are a great deal better able to pay their taxes than the greater number of professional men, small merchants, and artisans who have no alternative but to pay up or have the bailiff in their house.

It is more than likely that at the coming session of the Provincial Legislature increased powers for taxation purposes will be asked upon behalf of the municipalities, and we trust the members of the Assembly irrespective of party will take the matter up in a broad and liberal spirit, and force it to a practical issue. It devolves upon each individual member of the Provincial Assembly without regard to party ties to support the hands of the gentlemen who introduce measures seeking relief from the crying evil of tax exemptions. Those who are wise in their day and generation will do well to support abolition in spite of the crack of the party whip, because the agitation now on foot is not confined within the limits of either political camp, and the great mass of the Canadian people

are not prepared to stand any more parlying over the matter.

It is hardly to be wondered at that many Democrats in the first flush of their great victory, as they consider it, are almost beside themselves with joy. They have been so long in retirement, that the very thought of again taking the reins of power makes them delirious. People are asking what they will do when they actually feel the reins in their hands. Many are expecting a great overrunning. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of civil servants, if Cleveland is the man, await in fear and trembling what they fear will be to them a day of fate. The fear is by no means groundless. They have reason it must be admitted for all their anxiety. Many of them for twenty years have remained in undisputed possession of their situations. To know nothing else, and are fitted for little else. If there is any general turning out of office-holders, the sympathetic interest so largely felt in the success of the Democratic party, will to a very great extent at least, if not entirely, and very speedily too, evaporate. Much we think is to be hoped from Mr. Cleveland's personal record.

It seems that some movement is on foot to have some agricultural subjects taught in the public schools. Just what is meant by that has not yet been very clearly explained. But if it means something different from and additional to what is already taught in the schools, it will strike most people not committed to any theory, that the children have quite enough to learn as it is. Indeed, they are crammed with far more than there is any occasion for. For one thing they are afflicted with a great deal more geography than there is any necessity for. A good general acquaintance with the geography of the globe is of course necessary but much valuable time is wasted in children being set to memorize the barbarous names of foreign places that are not of the slightest interest or importance. If people would only consent to practise a little humility, and teach the English language, more thoroughly and intelligently, and other subjects less, 't would be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

According to the provisions of the Canada Temperance Act, passed by the Dominion Parliament, Ontario druggists, must now, instead of getting their licenses for the sale of alcoholic liquors from the Lieutenant-Governor of their own province, apply for them to the Dominion Board of Licensed Commissioners. It makes no great difference to the druggists of course, but it is another instance of the disposition on the part of the Government at Ottawa to interfere in an unwarrantable and unnecessary way with rights hitherto exercised by the Province of Ontario.

A good deal of hard feeling continues to be kindled against the bakers for the manner in which they are keeping up the price of bread. Wheat is cheaper than it has been for many years. So is flour, even the best grades of it being procurable at prices but little if anything in advance of what the poorest have sometimes brought. Nor is labor any dearer. And yet the price keeps up, in such a way that the Lakora must be coining money almost "hand over fist," as he says. There are firms in this city which continue to charge fourteen or fifteen cents for the loaf, a price which is little else than extortionate. The profits made at this rate by bakers who have anything of a custom, must be almost enormous, for of course, they buy all their flour wholesale, which is very much less than what other people can buy it for. And yet even "other people" can buy their flour for very much less now than they have been able to do for years. A pretty shrewd correspondent, writing to a Montreal paper in answer to another correspondent who asked how many loaves can be made out of a barrel of flour, says, it is similar question to the one asking how many gallons of whiskey are in a hogshead, the answer being that if the whiskey be not watered before measurement, it will afford divers extra quarts after watering. In the same way he says with bread, a baker will get nine dozen loaves to nine and a half if the flour be strong. He gives a table which is worthy of inspection.

1 bl. flour costs at the present prices by the car, say \$1.75—made into bread it gives 93 dozen, which at 7 cent retail turns in \$3.31. The expense of turning this into bread (flour, yeast, fat or c. c.) say would be not more than \$2.25 per barrel, or the cost to turn out to the baker would be 26, and he would have 133 loaves at 7c. ea. h. or a profit of \$3.31 cents on each barrel.

This of course is on the supposition that everything is on the square. If any of the little tricks are resorted to which some bakers understand, the profits are so much greater. The same writer gives an extract from an American paper which is instructive.

Edward Atkinson, the statistician, has figured out the cost of a loaf of bread in the Boston market, and presents the results in a very instructive shape. His figures run in this way: Of the value of 100 barrels of flour, \$320 goes to the Dakota farmer, the freight to Bos on will be \$17.50, the barrels will cost \$45, the grinding \$20, and the commissions and cartage \$31, making the total cost of the 100 barrels of flour \$523.50 when the flour reaches Boston. The baker then takes the 100 barrels of flour and adds \$210 worth of oven heat and yeast and \$200 worth of labor, so that when the flour goes into the hop for sale in the shape of 8,000 loaves of bread, the cost \$1,933.50—an equivalent of three and a half cents a pound. For this bread the baker or the retail dealer gets seven cents a pound; that is to say, the baker and a rocer in Boston get about one-half of the money paid for a barrel of flour, the farmer gets a fifth, the railroads one tenth, the miller, merchant, and cooper one fourteenth.

Dr. Vincent of Detroit, whom the Y. M. C. A. of this city got to address them at their annual meeting is deservedly a favorite, not with Toronto audiences only, but everywhere else in Canada where people have had the happiness of hearing him. One reason of the popularity and the success which attends his work, is his possession of a quite unusual degree of that "sanctified common sense" which he very properly regards as so important for the most successful Christian work. He said a great many good things in his address, and gave the young men a great deal of excellent advice.

One thing that everybody likes about Dr. Vincent and men of his stamp is that there is no cant about him. What he believes, he believes most heartily, and speaks it boldly out, but without any of that pious twang in his voice, or tabernacle snivel which many pious young men see fit to adopt when speaking about religious subjects. His hearers feel that they have a man in front of them, not a creature whose religiousness is very much the daughter of sickness—not ill-health, which is a very different matter—and the mother of cant.

Dr. Vincent very properly expressed great contempt for that most contemptible of all shams, the very incarnation of stupidity and humbug, the ordinary church "sociable," at which professing Christians try in some sort of a wholesale, perforce way, to extend the right hand of fellowship to their brethren and sisters in the faith. There probably never was in this world of misleading names and cant phrases, and ridiculous misnomers, a name so misleading, a phrase so redolent of cant, a misnomer so complete in its ridiculousness, as the term "Sociable," applied to these meetings where once a year people who occupy pews in the same church Sunday after Sunday, come together with a self-conscious, awkward, constrained kind of a fashion, to eat cake and buns, and drink tea, hover round in a pitiable sort of a way during the period specially set aside for "sociability"—which by the way is generally limited to fifteen minutes—listen to one or two speeches, "funny" or otherwise, and then go home to sleep the sleep of the just, with a conscience set at rest by the thought that for another year at least the Christian duty of "sociability" had been adequately performed.

There never was a greater delusion. There has been no real sociability. If nine out of every ten people who attend such things were honest they would confess it. What stranger in the congregation has ever found himself heartily welcomed and made to feel at home at one of them? Is there any general disposition, any well-defined attempt to get acquainted with the fellow-Christians who worship Sunday after Sunday under the same walls? None whatever, it may be confidently affirmed. There may be some notable exceptions, doubtless, but their notability consists principally in their being so exceptionable. Is it not true that persons circulate simply among their own acquaintances? That the whole assemblage insensibly divides itself into little cliques and coteries, and that there is absolutely no effort made, very possibly no wish felt, to break up these circles, and produce a general feeling of sympathy and friendship?

Dr. Vincent is right. Genuine cordiality and friendliness between members of the same Christian congregation can never be brought about in a wholesale, perfunctory sort of a way. And that this is the general character of these "tea fights," as they are contemptuously called, cannot be denied. There ought to be cordiality and friendliness among members of the same congregation. Surely no one doubts this. They have

so many things in common. It is a disgraceful thing if any member of a so-called Christian congregation is without a tolerably wide acquaintance among his fellow worshippers, and an inner circle of sincerely warm friends. And yet is this disgraceful thing a rarity? Very far from it, we very much fear. In every congregation, or in every city congregation, at any rate, may be found persons who can honestly say that they have occupied the same pew for months, perhaps even for years, without making a single acquaintance, to say nothing of a friend. Such a state of things is not right. If the Christian church wants to secure the affections both of young men and old men, and young women and old women, then the Christian congregations must turn over a new leaf in this respect.

The Boston Journal complains of the great waste of money every year in printing Congressional records. A host of stuff is printed every year, which is never read, never expected to be read, and which it would be a sinful expenditure of time to attempt to read. The very same thing is true in Canada. There is a vast amount of matter printed every year in the shape of Parliamentary papers and what not, which makes simply so much waste paper, and adds to the fast accumulating heap of printed lumber. No one is benefitted but the printer. Windy orators continue to spout out their platitudes and collapsed commonplaces, which are taken down, and printed as so much political gospel at the expense of the people. Take the Senate Hansard for example. Do these Senators ever utter one single thing that is worthy of preservation? Or if that is considered as putting things rather strongly, could not the printed record of what their Honours do and say every year be reduced in bulk a thousand-fold without the country suffering in any of its interests, moral, political or religious? In their present shape these Hansards are just so much accumulating rubbish. But besides the Hansards there is a vast amount of printing done every year both for the Senate and the House of Commons, and the Legislative Assemblies as well, the money spent for which is simply wasted.

There is no small degree of likelihood that before very long the Canada Presbyterian Church will be stirred to its depths with a heresy trial compared with which the Macdonnell case was comparative child's play. The heretic in this case also is provided by that portion of the new United Church which before union was connected with the Established Church of Scotland, and is no less a person than the well known, popular, genial and perhaps also politic, president of Queen's College, Kingston, Dr. Grant. A sermon preached by him in the Limestone City, made quite a stir there; extracts from it have appeared in the *Globe*, and altogether quite a serious time of it may be expected. If Dr. Grant has been rightly reported, and the probability is quite that he has been, it is difficult to see how the church authorities can avoid libelling him for heresy. It is said, though, that the doctor is a very difficult man to catch, and that he is remarkably good at giving explanations. One thing is still more difficult to see, and

that is how Doctor Grant can, if he holds such views on the subject of miracles, voluntarily continue his connection with a church whose opinions he must know are diametrically opposed to his own.

Why should it not be made imperative on all lines of railway that milk should be had on sale at all places where there are refreshment-rooms provided? It would be greatly in demand and would be wonderfully beneficial. In Sweden all ardent spirits are forbidden to be sold at railway stations. When certain individuals have a monopoly the public have a right to see that as fully as possible it are served.

What was anticipated in connection with the French operations in China has so far taken place. Christians both foreign and native have been massacred and outraged and it is to be feared that this may extend over the whole country. The Chinese in their unreasoning indignation against the French make no distinction between one class of Christians and another. Supposing these massacres go on what will England and other European nations do? Will they go to war with China or what?

The co-education of the sexes at University College seems to be a great success. At least if the following communication from one of the ladies to a contemporary is to be taken as a fair statement of the case: "I think it will be hard to over estimate the advantages which we receive by attending lectures at the University. When I was at the Brantford Collegiate Institute I found the great difficulty was that there was no one to map out a course of reading for us. The obstacle is now removed by the lecturers, who without exception do all in their power to make the present system of co-education a success. All the lecturers are so helpful to me that I would not care to single out any as particularly beneficial. I do not see that a separate college would benefit us. In the Toronto University we are supported by the best available lecturers, and are treated with the utmost consideration and politeness by professors and students alike. I believe the present method of co-education has been a decided success."

It is difficult to say how the Municipal Institutions of this and other countries are to be put and kept in good working order. Nobody questions their importance. In one sense they are all important, for they train people to manage their own affairs with wisdom and propriety and they are the best bulwark against all those centralizing influences which pave the way so frequently for the loss of freedom altogether. The wonder is that people will not take the trouble involved in such institutions by choosing good men for office and standing by them when they get such. The consequences are what every one deplors. Schomors and log rollers seek and secure places that ought to be occupied by reliable and high-minded men. Jobbery creeps in and everything that is bad. Of course Tweed and his gang were exceptional thieves, still it is to be feared that they were not so unlike many others as all good men would desire. But now is the recognized evil

to be remedied? That is a question more easily asked than answered. In any case let those who really and honestly do the public good work get credit at any rate for their work, and let Municipal office be regarded by the respectable as one of such honor as to be coveted, not of such a scaly character as to be shunned.

Is Christianity decaying so much as is said? If the statements of some are to be believed it never was in such a tight box since ever it had any existence. Evidence in support of such assertions, however, is not forthcoming. How anybody who knows anything of the history of the past can make such assertions is past all thought. There is much wickedness abounding everywhere, but surely it is not to be contended that things are nearly as bad as they were a hundred or fifty years ago. The England or the Scotland or the France even of to-day as well as the Canada is far better in every way than what was the case at any former period. This continued cry out about the former times being better than these is a poor, played out *fad*.

There are few scoundrels who better deserve a long rope and a short sentence than those who under false pretences get money from clerks, governesses and working men on condition of securing them situations. We have a few of such fellows turning up occasionally in Canada. Well if they got such sentences as some of their fellow-operators receive in the old country, where one was sent to cool his heels in penal servitude and another got nine months of hard labor. Served the scamps right even if there had been more of it. It is to be hoped the good example will be followed in Canada in any case.

The public house is the poor man's club. He goes there for company and sociability as much as anything else, at least in a great number of cases. If coffee houses were provided half as plentifully as public houses, and were made half as comfortable and home-like, the drinking would be wonderfully decreased. There is no use in thinking to put down the one evil without providing the corresponding good. Now this other is not provided, not even in the few coffee houses that are actually in existence. They are simply eating houses, not places where friends can meet, exchange the news and have a friendly chat. When the two coffee houses that are in operation in this city were started this was put prominently forward as the ideal to be aimed at. But it has not been. They are mere eating houses, and shabby ones at that, if not always becoming shabbier and less attractively conducted.

Quite a talk has lately been got up over the way in which strangers are welcomed to our churches, especially if they have not the gold ring and the gay clothing. There is in too many cases a good deal of truth in what is said, but surely the evil is exaggerated. We know some churches where there is a regular diet of hand-shaking at the door. All and sundries, young and old, have to pass through the ordeal every Sunday morning, whether strangers or not. Is this

not carrying the thing too far, and does it not tend to formality as cold as it is offensive? A Russian lady once said that she would sooner be beaten than kissed for mere form's sake, and we do believe a good many would say the same of hand-shaking at church doors. What do people go to church for, anyway? Is it to have a regular fuss made over them, or to worship God? or to say, God be merciful to me a sinner. or what?

So the standard bearer of the Grits in Lennox has fallen, it will of course be said by the indiscreet zeal of his friends. Indiscreet, indeed! But surely a great deal that is said in extenuation of such practices is pure undiluted bosh. It seems that Lennox is a great place for trading in cats, especially at election times. Its morals at any rate are evidently going to the dogs. It is simply a shame and a scandal that such things should be, and that both parties should go on so much in the same way. The party that would be willing to lose every elector rather than bribe to the extent of a quarter, would continually come out best, all the outcry to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We have received a long letter from British Columbia, protesting against some views expressed in TRUTH in reference to Chinese in that or any other quarter. The reasoning of our correspondent does not convince us, though we are quite willing to say as we have done already, that all Chinese who do not come deliberately of their own accord, and at their own cost, but are brought out under contract by the companies as so far slaves ought not to be allowed to land, any more than negroes on slave ships ought. But if Canada is a free country then any man of every race under heaven who is without crime or contagious diseases and is neither a lunatic nor a pauper, but can pay and work his own way, ought to be allowed to come and go as he pleases, so long as he obeys our laws. As to amalgamating, what does our correspondent mean? Is a man who goes to a country obliged to marry and take up the habits of the country? If he choose to remain a bachelor, and live meanly, why not? Many do. They are many Irish, Scotch and English, to say nothing of Germans, Italians, and what not, who are very undesirable accessories to our population. But what is to be done? They are dirty, vicious, and drunken. Yet if they commit no crime, and jog along in a miserable, half-starved fashion, what are you to do? There is not a Chinaman, for instance in Toronto, but what charges as much for laundry work as any white man or woman does. They are never before the police court, some of them are certainly making money. If they choose, when they have made "their pile" to go back to China, why not? Many white people have the idea of going back to Scotland and England aye, and even Ireland, when they are able to return. They are merely encamped here in order to make money. This is no doubt to be regretted, but it is to be supposed they gave good value for all the money they have made. It is theirs, and in that case surely they can do what they like with their own. It would be fun if very young fellow when asked when he comes (say) to Toronto: "Well, what are

you after? Are you going to settle down here and marry one of Toronto's daughters? Do you mean to make this your permanent home? If so, it is all right. If not, the sooner you make tracks from this the better. We suffer no such wanderers here!" That would not do, would it? Why? Such refuse to amalgamate.

Some people say that in this age men have lost the power of conversation. Instead of that we think they have come into its true possession. What conversation could there be with those interminable talkers of other days? What man of any spirit or self-respect could get along with a maudering monopolist of talk, like Coleridge or a brusque, over-bearing wind-bag like Macaulay? Such times are to a great extent passed and oh what a mercy it is that they are! Carlyle too, with his insolent, overlasting talky talk. Why did people stand it? No doubt it was very good, but God pity the poor mortals that listened, say we, even though Thomas was a fifty times bigger man than he was. Let even the greatest Conversationalist (save the mark) when he or she has harangued for about an hour make a visible pause to see if any of the rest of the company has any remark to interject. Even yet there are fearful specimens still extant of what must be regarded as a surpassing nuisance and a snare.

If a determination of words to the mouth be, in some respects as threatening a symptom as determination of blood to the head, what shall be said of determination of letters and appeals to the public? Simply that it is awful. We know one or two men—and we know them to our sorrow—who are overlastingly writing letters to newspapers on all imaginable subjects in order apparently to keep their names before the public. They manage to make themselves infinite bores by the process. They have such an air of wisdom about them in all that they say, a sort of resigned feeling of evident superiority with a style as dull as dullness, and suggestions as stupid and commonplace as can be imagined. They have always some proposal to make and are pleased as Punch with the idea that they are leading everybody and guiding everything. Oh, dear! Oh, dear, If they would only be content with the "little place" for which they are fit what a mercy it would be! And if friends would only keep pen, ink and paper from them! Well! well! What is it this week? A plan for disposing of the sewage of great cities? Or is it the federation of the Universe? or what? Oh to think of it! Oh to speak of it! Give us all a rest for a week say—

Cholera is making great headway in France. It is in Paris and is daily becoming more widely spread. In all likelihoods it will be on this continent before the winter is over. The evident duty in view of such a possibility is for every one to clean up, cultivate great moderation in eating and drinking, &c., and not to allow anything like panic or fear even though the danger do come. Curious that while all profess to believe in the God of the Bible as a wise, generous, loving Father, for anyone to recommend trust in combined with prayer to Him as a due complement of all judicious care and

all sanitary effort, is generally voted fatal or secured at as absurd. It is a great deal more than curious. It is ominous for it shows that many who have plenty of Christianity on their lips, have little or none of it, either in their hearts or their lives.

It is a pity that the "Bible in Schools" should have been a stalking horse for political partisans to use for their own purposes. It is quietly taken for granted that those who are not willing that Bible reading in schools should be in every case enforced by legal enactment, are against religion of all kinds, are bad people, incurably bad, when, as a matter of fact, it is notorious that they are nothing of the kind. But it is expected that in this way some grain will be brought to some political grist mill. That Mowat will perhaps be embarrassed, and so on. Now is this nice? Is it fair? Is it honest?

Britain's Greatness.

Some of the papers of the United States speak out frankly and fairly in praise of Britain's greatness and in support of the fiscal system which has helped so materially to bring this greatness round. For instance, the *Chicago Herald* in a late issue says:

Let us not delude ourselves with fictitious greatness. There is another country at whose greatness we may well pause for contemplation. Its area exceeds eight and a half million square miles. The basis of its power is not land but water. Its greatness is maritime, and its coast line is twenty-eight thousand five hundred miles long. It lies on both sides of the equator, and its boundaries touch the extremes of heat and cold. Its uncultivated area, which can be made to feed unborn millions without the help of the United States, covers millions of square miles. It contains one hundred thousand square miles of forest, which are being jealously preserved while ours are being ruthlessly sacrificed. Its population amounts to 315,000,000 souls, including pretty nearly all the races known to man. Its revenue for government amounts to more than a thousand million dollars annually, only one-fourth of which is levied in direct taxation. It has nearly a million men under arms. It has one policeman for every sixteen square miles of its entire area. Its 216 war vessels are all in commission, not rotting in harbors. Its merchant navy consists of 80,000 ships, manned by 270,000 sail rs. Its sea-going tonnage amounts to eight and a half millions. It surpasses in steamers all other powers on the globe, and nearly equals their combined total in sailing vessels. Forty-nine per cent of the carrying power of the world is under its flag. Nearly half the entire yearly cargo of the world is under that flag. More than half the ship earnings from freight and passengers belong to it. Two-thirds of the tonnage annually built belongs to it. The banks of that empire transact one-third the business of the entire world. Its manufactures comprise one-third those of all Europe. It uses 30 per cent of the horse power of the world. Its enormous debt, which it uses as the most profitable investment of its own earnings, amounts to only nine per cent of its wealth. It is the wealthiest state in the world, and its wealth has been made by its exports. Its name is Great Britain, and it abandoned after a full and fair trial, the economic policy to which the United States fatuously clings. It sends its ships to every clime; it offered its wares in every port; it asked no tax on articles offered in exchange, and the cargoes its ships carried back to their wharves enriched it as much as those they had borne away.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE.

Six Months of a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

THE DUTY AT HAND.

She goes down to Hannah again, who in turn summons Brown; and then, between the three, the master of the house is got up the back stairs, and into bed, not fully waking through the whole. Brown is dispatched for the family physician, and impressed that he is to bring him up the back way.

There is a half hour for Lois to wait. She spends it standing in anxiety by the bedside. Her uncle is more soundly asleep than before; his heavy breathing seems to grow heavier. She lays her hand upon his purple forehead, it is hot and swollen. She ventures upon cold wet cloths, and applies heated flannels to his feet. These turgid pulses, these crowded veins—she must do something.

The physician nods approvingly. While he stands watch in hand, with his fingers upon the purple wrist, she tells him every word her uncle has said.

He shakes his head gravely.

"There's plenty of this sort of trouble ahead. This is a species of paralytic sleep," he continues, while he writes a prescription. "But there will not be actual paralysis, I think—there may be something worse, however,—and at the best it may lead to softening of the brain, unless his money matters turn right side up."

This last is *sotto voce*, but Lois catches up every word.

At the same time she is listening to the opening and closing doors below. There is a musical confusion of good-nights and parting words. In the silence which follows, she is about to go down, when she hears steps on the stairs. She knows the heavy silken sweep of that swift approach, and, for the first time, her presence of mind deserts her; for a moment she looks fully as aghast as the fashionable woman she faces in the door.

But it is no wonder the mistress of the room is startled. In place of the luxurious firelit solitude, there is a very strange confusion—her silver ewors and basins stand about, the coachman and Dr. Graham lean up before her—Lois is there—and then her eyes fall on the heavy form upon the tumbled couch.

Lois sees two other startled faces. She goes to them.

"Uncle is sick," she says in a quiet tone. "He came home quite ill, and I saw there was company, and thought you would prefer no needless confusion, so I had him brought up here, and sent for Dr. Graham.—I hope I did right."

The physician joins them, and at the moment he mentions paralysis, Mrs. Hurd, just as Lois had feared, gasps and faints. Saidee, behind her, comes far too near doing the same; the elder daughter stands pale and silent.

Mrs. Hurd is removed and placed in Hannah's care. When the girls come back they find Lois alone. Both come to her side, where she stands chafing his feet. She has no time to look up, but she says:

"The worst is probably over—Dr. Graham said so—but I'm glad you've come. Could you get me more flannels?—this foot is still like ice. You have warm hands, Saidee, chafe it while I change the cloths on his head—this way, so."

"Oh, Lois! you have been left here alone with everything to do!" exclaims Saidee as she obeys. "How is it you know what should be done?"

"Mother was always sick a great deal," explains Lois, as she moves lightly here and there. "There—I will relieve you now—Dr. Graham said he would send a nurse."

The daughters both hover near their little cousin. Both feel a silent admiration for her self-possession and her quiet handiness. They go to and fro at her bidding, they hang upon her every word, and whenever she lays her fingers upon the heavy pulse, they watch the expression of her face, scarcely venturing to breathe.

"There are no signs of anything worse, I am sure," she says each time, but all the while she tenderly conceals that she is watching for those fatal symptoms of which the doctor has warned her—spasm, twitching muscle, distorted feature.

By and by there does come a change—but it is a blessed one. There is softer breathing, a drop of dew upon the forehead, a perceptible relaxation of the distended face. The head settles of itself into an easier position, and Lois finds soft moisture within the palms.

The little nurse sits down now for the first time, and finds herself tired and trembling. It is past midnight.

Saidee thinks of her mother at last, and goes to her. In the soft grateful rest and silence Lois is almost asleep, when she becomes conscious of a light breath on her cheek. There is a whisper in her ear.

"Have we, too, like the fabled Hebrew family of old, entertained an angel unawares?"

It is Elizabeth's voice. Lois turns her head, and so looks direct into the beautiful eyes which are startlingly close to her own. Elizabeth bends nearer yet, and kisses her on either temple.

It is a queenly face still—but there is some strange new beauty of expression upon it which renders Lois forever incapable of remembering that there has been anything for her to forgive. Gazing into those dark beautiful eyes, she puts her hand upon Elizabeth's and says:

"God has been very merciful to you to-night, dear, dear cousin."

Elizabeth does not fail to correct her. "You, rather, my good Lois, have been very wise, extremely thoughtful."

She has lifted her head, and the look now upon her face pains Lois. Whether Elizabeth is scouring her faith in God, or God, it is alike dreadful.

She is scarcely aware that she speaks. "Oh, how dare you?—and to-night, too!"

Elizabeth smiles. "Even to-night illusions remain illusory. This change in father is simply the result of timely care and skill, and I am grateful to you, just as grateful to you, Lois, as if it really were a miracle."

Saidee opens the door. She catches these last words.

"Sister, sister, you don't begin far enough back in your chain of cause and effect; if you did you would come upon the miracle. If God had not rendered dear cousin Lois' heart very forgiving toward us who have treated her shamefully,—shamefully, I say—where would have been this timely care? who would have called in this timely skill? If she had just that natural heart which we possess, papa might now have been, the doctor says, a maniac, or a poor, wretched, awful paralytic, or—Oh, sister!—perhaps dead! We owe it all to those same blessed supernatural influences which you have so stoutly denied, and so many times quite argued out of existence."

It is not to be expected that Elizabeth will "argue" and "deny" concerning the present question in Lois' own presence. The conversation comes to an end. Lois sits trembling to think what may yet be before these two girls who evidently believe the worst is over. How can she tell

them that, perhaps, they are soon to be penniless—the daughters of poverty, even as herself?

They both notice her grave and sorrowful expression; and when they question her she bestows upon them such a look of commiseration that Saidee at once goes to her.

"What is it, Lois? Is papa growing worse?"

Lois, at last, tells them all she suspects and fears.

"But," she adds, "I am not sure, remember. You know it might possibly have been the wanderings of your papa's disordered brain."

Elizabeth smiles faintly at the inconsequence of the little girl's comforting logic.

"As if there must not have been some good reason for the brain's disorder!" she says. "I know this Sheldon," she adds.

"He is papa's New York creditor, and he really is in town. This Sheldon buys and sells for papa on Wall Street, and I dare say the principal trouble is there. It may, indeed, be the direct ruin for us all, Saidee! And so helpless here! Why, he may lie here too ill to attend to business for days and days—"

"And in that time everything will have happened that can happen," Saidee adds piteously.

Saidee appeals to Lois, and Lois assents very sorrowfully. She asks at last if her uncle has a partner.

No, he has none.

"I know what I think I should do," she ventures, as their helplessness rouses her native sense and energy.

"Oh! do it then, at once, Lois," cries Saidee.

Lois smiles sadly as she feels what a mere "straw" her girlish wisdom must be. It is so dreadful to see how anxiously they gaze at her, and how they listen for her lightest word; a poor ignorant little girl of sixteen! She is anxious to act, but is afraid also. She suggests that aunt Alice may not approve of her interference.

"Mamma!" cries Saidee, in an indescribable tone. "She will only be too glad, like the rest of us, to lean upon your brave little arm."

"And I will assume the responsibility," says Elizabeth. "Pray do advise us if you can."

"Well, then, were it I, I would know the worst at once. I would send down for uncle's book-keeper, who, without doubt, can tell you just how matters really stand."

In a trice Saidee is down the back stairs, and Brown is dispatched.

CHAPTER XIII.

"INTO THE SUNSHINE."

Uncle John has disclosed the truth to Lois.

When Mr. McLean, the book-keeper, has made an exhibit and an explanation of the books and papers he sits silent. Mr. Hurd's daughters, too, remain silent. They are, for the present, dumb, conscious of that ignorance and helplessness which commonly stupify a woman when she is, for the first time, brought face to face with the complications of a great business. Even Elizabeth feels a miserable incompetency. She turns from the table.

"Such a great business, and in ruins, too—we certainly could never hope to master that, Mr. McLean. We can only thank you and leave you to do the best that remains."

As Mr. McLean is about to go, Mrs. Hurd comes into the room. She is in her dressing-gown; her dishevelled hair is tangling down about her shoulders. In the interim of waiting for the book-keeper, Saidee has made her mother aware of this newer, and to her, more crushing trouble. She drops into the nearest chair.

"How bad is it, Mr. McLean?"

"If you would kindly go over it again for mamma," Elizabeth requests.

He does so, patiently and clearly; but the miserable fogginess of the affair closes

about her only more dreadfully than about the others. Her only comment is a groan, and she leaves the room utterly incapable of giving any directions whatever to the clerk.

Elizabeth herself attends him to the door, and makes one more endeavor to grasp the situation. Lois hears the two talk of protests, assignees, loans, bankruptcy.

"Certainly," says the clerk, "I will still try to effect a loan. We shall keep trying until the last moment, but, Miss Hurd, I must warn you that a loan is the very last thing I expect to accomplish. Your father was on the street all day yesterday; but our business men are, many of them, in the same paw, and those who are not have got a panic which is quite as bad for our purposes. Still, as I said, I'll try."

"Do, Mr. McLean, and do offer any rate per cent. If we might only tide the ship over until papa could again take the helm! You can offer the residence as security, and whatever else chances to be uninvolved."

Mr. McLean suppresses a slight smile, bows—and then they are alone again. Saidee turns to the window and bursts into tears; Elizabeth addresses Lois.

"And now, cousin, Dr. Graham must soon be back, and with Hannah's company, even should the nurse fail to come, I feel safe. We certainly must not keep you up any longer."

But Lois, her heart thrilling deep at this first word of kinship from those beautiful lips, smiles with an elderly and superior air, which is very pretty to see, however. She makes light of her weariness, and insists upon watching her patient through; and the daughters are moved to confess that he is safer in her hands. With viable compunctions and many protests, they leave her.

She stands in the door looking after them. Her heart fills with a tender yearning over them both, and the tears come, although at the same moment she is struck with the inconsistency of her feeling pity for them. With all her fancies she is too "literal" not to be struck by the thought that the lustrous golden-hued dress trailing its gleaming length behind the stately Elizabeth, represents far more money than she herself probably will ever possess.

But she does not care. She has loved and admired these two girls all the time, and she scorns this sudden reflection concerning herself as something altogether unworthy. Her eyes are full of warm light as she shuts the door. She throws herself down in her uncle's arm-chair and indulges in a good long cry; and it is then and there that she weeps away the very last trace of bitterness, the very last drop of resentment.

"I could work!" she says, "I could take care of myself. But dainty Saidee! beautiful Elizabeth!" "Oh, how dear Elizabeth has grown!" The young girl longs passionately for the power to make some vast and financial sacrifice of herself and save them.

She sits there a long time. The sweet tears cease. Lois wonders at her own peace, until Pastor Nelson's words come stealing into remembrance.

Ah, she has done the duty nearest at hand, and the door has opened upon the sunshine! Though the tears now come again—they are radiant tears, and her lips wreath with that rare smile which lifts her eyes heavenward.

Hannah comes up and the two prepare for a long watch—longer because there is little to do. The sick man alambers easily. When Dr. Graham comes again, he quite reassures them as to his condition; and as they sit together before the cozy fire, relieved of such anxiety, the two girls quietly chat.

Lois, from the first has liked this Hannah; and she has sometimes shown this liking even to the extent of walking home from church with her: once it chanced they were all the way in front of Mrs. Whitney, and behind Mrs. Hurd and Elizabeth—and Hannah, though she is a

most unassuming Christian, has worldly wisdom sufficient to appreciate the sweet spirit of "Mrs. Hurd's niece."

Coming and going between the kitchen and sick-room to-night, Hannah has heard many things; and now she ventures to ask Lois "if 'twas a money matter as had brought the master down."

"Yes, 'twas a money matter," the master's niece answers with a sigh.

"And there's naught but money then as'll set 'im up again?"

"No, Hannah, I don't suppose there is."

For the next half hour the merchant's two young dependents sit before his bedroom fire and gravely discuss his money affairs. And I will dare to say that of all his friends, these two simple Christian girls, with whom he has never exchanged a dozen sentences, do the most sincerely commiserate his misfortunes.

"Well," says Hannah, "I suppose it wouldn't matter to 'im who it was lent the helping hand?"

Lois supposes not.
"Well, then, maybe I might do it, Miss Lois. I have three hundred dollars by me as I've saved up, and I'd not mind lettin' Mr. Hurd 'ave it. He's a nice man, Mr. Hurd is, and I respect him to that degree as I would do for 'im—even to a puttin' off my own plans a bit."

"You dear, good, simple Hannah!" thinks Lois. And then she tells her that the trouble is to the extent of thousands and thousands; thousands of dollars required now, upon the instant—and thousands more with which to obtain these first thousands. The two girls have very vague ideas concerning Wall Street operations, but they contrive to understand each other sufficiently to conclude that the case is beyond their assistance.

To Lois, what a mere bubble her uncle's great wealth seems to have been! And to think of all that gay and splendid daily life, which has so dazzled her, resting upon this shifting foundation! And yet she has heard her uncle spoken of as "one of our most solid men, sir."

It was not her idea of solidity. As little would it be Hannah's either, she presumes. She looks with a curious respect upon this young serving woman, who, almost as young as herself, yet has three hundred dollars in hand. Somehow this snug, safe little sum comes much nearer her idea of actual wealth.

"What is it you propose to do with your money?" she inquires, after a while. "You spoke of a plan."

"Well, Miss Gladstone," Hannah answers, with great gravity, "I'm a goin' to hopen a small business—Mary Ann and me."

"Open a small business?" Lois repeats slowly.

Hannah goes on. "Miss Lois, you are that sensible, and that kind, I've a longed this long time to tell you about it, I have that. I've had a feeling to see how you would think of it."

Lois' attention is absorbed as this working woman settles herself, and quietly unfolds her plans. All along there is the constant mental comment, "She with her narrow opportunities! She with her limited intelligence!"

It is a very well-considered plan of two Christian servant girls to benefit other working girls, and at the same time provide themselves with a home; in short, it is an odd mixture of a "Boffin's Bower," and a "Holly Tree Inn," and a "Co-operative Kitchen," and a something-else wholly original with Hannah and her Mary Ann.

Ignorant as she is of life outside of home, Lois' face beams like Hannah's own. She grows restless as she listens, and queries whether she herself has not "a mission"—Saido often tells her that by nature she is fitted to do some good work for humanity. She longs how to bound into the little arena of Hannah's humble experiment.

Her expressive face encourages Hannah to talk; and talk she does, gathering confidence as she proceeds, and looking

as wise as a political economist reading off his statistics.

"You see, Miss Lois, Mary Ann and me have looked into this thing. We both has our Friday afternoon to ourselves, and we've spied about a sight. There be more'n a hundred working girls in the place here—the real poor kind, I mean—that got small wages and have to hire rooms and board themselves—sewing girls and factory hands and such. You can't go to think, Miss Lois, how many there is that don't earn enough to hire their board, or else has helpless ones to support, and so boards theirselves. They has all their house-work to git along with the best they can, besides their other work. They snatches a bite in the morning, they has baker's stuff for dinner, and a bit of bread and tea for supper—why, Miss Lois, they don't half of 'em have a good, square meal any day in the week but a Sunday, and they can't half do their housework, and so they gets sick and discouraged, and untidy, and all run down. Mary Ann, she used to sew; she knows all about it from beginning to end. She broke right away from sewin' at last. She said she'd much rather do house-work for somebody with a good roof over her head, and somebody else to foot the bills for the marketing, and the coals, and the light. Only think, Miss Lois, a girl that does house-work has all those things provided for her, that sewing girls and factory girls has to work so hard to get if they boards theirselves, and so has the whole of her wages free to use for herself. Mary Ann do look so free from care now, and she keeps her kitchen beautiful to see. It be so strange to me that girls will sew, and will weave, and will do anything rather than nice, peaceful, snug house-work."

"But let that be as wrong headed as it will, Mary Ann and me, we feels sorry for 'em. The girls say as they could stand their work if 'twas so they could 'ave a hot dinner. Mary Ann has a hundred dollars, and she's going to put it in with mine, and we're going to take some rooms down by the factories. I'm going to stay in 'em all the time, and do the work, and Mary Ann's going a cleanin'. The girls are going to buy one meal smokin' hot of me, every day. I shall trim up the dining-room with shades and pictures, and a mirror, and flowers when I can get 'em, and I do think what with askin' a blessing at the table, and the hot meals, and the order and the politeness, some of the girls'll be very different creatures in less'n a month. It has been spoken of, too, that if I could manage it to sell them good home-made bread 'twould help out their crimpin' suppers and breakfasts. Mobbe I shall. I do no yet. And now what do you think, Miss?"

"I think it is a prodigious idea, Hannah," Lois says, "but I don't quite understand Mary Ann's part. She, you said—"

"Is going round a cleanin' for the girls. She'll make it so she'll go to all their places as much as once a fortnight and give them a general sweepin' down and washin' up—windows and floors and doors. Mary Ann's got a powerful pair of arms and a back, and a jolly face as is never set aback at dirt. She don't like to be cooped up—Mary Ann don't. She wants to be a stirrin' round and scovin' things move, and she thinks she's hit on the very thing. Don't it, now, look a snug business for us, Miss, and just as good for the girls theirselves?"

Lois confesses she cannot see why it does not; but, she adds, savingly, that she is not able to look at it excepting as a philanthropist. Indeed, Lois does not once suppose that she has the "head for business" which the poor English Hannah evidently possesses: still, she ventures upon a few questions. She finds, to her relief, that Hannah has calculated the cost of potatoes, and flour, and coffee, and meats, and fruits, and a hundred other things which would never have occurred to her. Hannah has estimated her rent and her fuel and the value of her time, and of Mary Ann's time, and has found that the moderate prices she is to

ask for the dinners, will, in the aggregate, just about cover expenses. If there is to be any profit, she admits, it must come from Mary Ann's outside labor.

"But I think God will bless us in it," she concludes. "And scovin' as we ain't a settin' out to make money, what is the use of worryin' about money?"

The little look of worry which has been visible during Lois' close questioning fades from her face as she thus sums up the case. She leans back in her employer's velvet arm-chair, placid and comfortable; and as Lois says nothing more, in five minutes, weary with the day's work, and the night's work, she is sound asleep.

As for Lois, she comes back to the consideration of a thought which has crossed her mind more than once during the last few hours.

"It can do no possible harm," she says at last. "And if nobody else tries to do anything, I certainly shall venture it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. E. CRUSE.—Thanks for your kind offer; but we fail to see in what way the papers would be of use to us.

D. MITCHELL, GLENWALKER.—We can supply you with copies of the Scott Act at 10 cents a copy. As regards second hand type, you had better apply to Messrs Millar & Richard, or Gwatkin & Son, Toronto.

CHESTNUT ST., TORONTO.—We cannot hope to please everybody, and are sorry you are not satisfied. The story in question has given much pleasure to many readers; but of course it may not be your style. As to printer's errors, we are all liable to make mistakes; even our correspondent herself spells "Chestnut" without a centre t; "instance" with an initial e; and "statement" without a centre e. As to the "curious statement" in the ad. referred to, our correspondent must be very obtuse, if she cannot see that the Dolmans in question are reduced from \$2 to \$5 on their original price. There is nothing very curious about such a statement—except the fact that any one should so utterly misunderstand so plain a sentence. Such fault finding is simply finical.

LITERARY NOTICES.

To the list of American magazines reprinted in Great Britain must now be added "Our Little Ones," which has proved so popular with the younger rising generation. The English edition of *Our Little Ones* will be issued by the house of Messrs. Nelson & Sons, and negotiations are pending for the publication of editions in both France and Germany.

We have received from the author a compact, neatly printed little volume entitled *Health and Healthy Homes in Canada*, by Dr. R. Sproule, B. A., late of Peterboro, now of Toronto. The author has, in the words of the preface "endeavored to draw personal and general attention to the hygienic condition of the people with a view to sanitary improvement in towns and cities as well as in the homes of all classes." And it is not too much to say that in his endeavors he has been very successful. The work is well worth perusal, specially at the present time when a possible approach of cholera is expected and dreaded.

It will be noticed by advertisement in another column that Mr. Mason's phrenological class meets on *Thursday* evening, instead of *Tuesday* as heretofore advertised.

FRENCH BEANS FOR WINTER USE.—Gather the beans dry, slice as for cooking, then put into large earthenware jars, with alternate layers of salt; as the beans shrink, fill up the jars from day to day until closely filled; tie over with brown paper, keep in a cool dry place. Before using, soak in water for a few hours, and boil in plenty of water without salt.

Music and the Drama.

The Passing Show.

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

DEAR TRUTH,—Joo Murphy is so well-known and so highly appreciated in Toronto, that few words regarding his performances are required. He is perhaps the most artistic delineator of the typical Irishman now before the public, and not even Dion Boucicault himself can evoke the enthusiasm or draw the crowd that Joo Murphy always does. Between the Irishman depicted by Joo Murphy—ready always to resent an injury, yet always true-hearted, honest, and willing to do a good turn or show his gratitude for one—and the ranting, roaring, carrot-headed imbecile so frequently seen on the stage, there is as wide a difference as exists between a genuine oil painting and a cheap tea chromo. One repels us by its vulgarity, the other attracts us by its truthfulness to nature. This, in fact, is the great secret of Joo Murphy's popularity: he is true to nature, he takes the Irishman as he finds him, with all his faults and his many virtues, and places him before us as large as life and quite as natural. Furthermore, his plays are interesting, and his company invariably good—two important factors in the success of any star.

Concerts are quite numerous just now, and as a general thing are well patronised. I was sorry, however, not to see a larger audience at St. James Cathedral Thursday last, when Dr. Davies gave his second organ recital. But perhaps the fact that Rhea was at the Grand, and that there was a very attractive concert at the Pavilion the same evening, had something to do with it. I trust, however, that the Dr. a next recital will be better attended.

The I. P. B. S. concert was a great success, as indeed it could not help being, with such artists as Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Pezley, and the others who figured so prominently on the programme. It may be, as has been said, that the same set of local artists, reappearing at almost every successive concert, is apt to prove somewhat monotonous after a time; but all the same, we are always glad to welcome the appearance of such artists as those who assisted so materially in making the I. P. B. S. Concert so successful.

Next week's attractions are as follows: At the Grand, "Stern Beaten," which has proved very successful; at the Horticultural Pavilion, for two nights, Miss Florence Marryat and Co., in a very popular and attractive entertainment; at Shaftesbury Hall, Mr. Samuel Brandom, Shakespearean reciter.

The People's Theatre reopens this week with Howorth's Vaudeville entertainment, which is well spoken of.

The Roller Skating Rink still holds its own as a place of popular amusement. The second carnival of the season was a gratifying success, both in the numbers present and the beauty and novelty of the costumes.

SEMPRONIUS.

To Our Readers.

We again direct our readers attention to our great Holiday Competition, which remains open till the 15th February next, and which offers a capital opportunity for those whose subscription is almost expiring to renew, and at the same time make an endeavor to secure some one of the numerous and valuable prizes which are announced, by correctly answering the questions which accompany the announcement. Such an opportunity may not occur again.

THE LIGHT OF COLD-HOME FORD.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Bertilized by Hannah's assurance of the delights of this game, with promises exacted and given to him as still—as still!—and never wriggle or stir, for an organ-grinder was on the road, the child allowed herself to be snugly bestowed and covered up.

"Mercy on us! he is out there, walking up and down—and looking doubtful. He's keeping guard betwixt Joe Beasley's and this," murmured Hannah. "Could he know me?"

"No living soul would; still, if you're feared."

"No, no. It's best—here goes, life or death! For, if he wants the child, he'll have to do for me," said Hannah, bravely.

"Wait; can you smoke a pipe? Just take a draw or two at least, as you pass by, and he couldn't tell you then."

Mrs. Harper was right. Two minutes later they went down the road, carrying the washing-basket between them, and passing the stranger under his very nose. He only saw the little woman of the cottage talking sharply to her burly sailor husband.

"Hurry, John, do. You are so slow, and you know they're always angry if the washing's late."

The round-shouldered seaman with the rolling gait only answered in a monosyllabic, and smoked placidly, as the Standard's gaze rested on him an instant. Placidly! and how her heart quaked! Once—under a corner out of his sight, both hurried along by the shore, avoiding curious neighbors. There were some bathing-boxes at a little distance, still laid up for winter, but of which Harper had care. His wife pulled out the key of one of these, and her false spouse and the basket disappeared inside. In a wonderfully short time, while Mrs. Harper kept anxious watch, Hannah in her own attire, came out again, leading Joy, vastly pleased at her release, but prattling of the funny game.

Then both women looked fearfully round; and running whenever not likely to be noticed, they gained the marketplace of the little town.

A coach ran daily between Sandybeach and the smoky bigger town inland they were bound for as a goal of safety. It was just starting off on its return journey.

"Any seats, ladies, do you say?" cried the guard. "Just one left inside, and—yes, the little girl can sit on your knee. Hurry up, hurry up—we're late."

Next minute, Hannah and the child were inside. The horn sounded. Putting her head out as they started, to nod farewell to Mrs. Harper, with relief at last and joyful elation, Hannah recognized a pair of black, beady eyes, and quickly drew herself in again, feeling as if she had just seen a venomous insect.

There was dirty Josey, the organ-grinder, standing among the little crowd that always gathered to see the coach start.

And he had seen her, too—and he smiled.

CHAPTER IX.

"A sultry night, with the wild wind blowing many a tune;
Stormy night, with white rain-clouds going over the sea;
A quiet night, that each minute changes—
Now as blue as the mountain-ranges
Far, far away;
Now as black as a heart where strange is
Joy, night or day."

In spite of the second shock on seeing Josey, Hannah soon began to recover her spirits in the coach.

After all, when four fine horses were whirling no out of the little town, and just milestones at a spanking pace, needs must she should feel exhilarated. She had escaped with such superior cunning, too! Her large brown, face wreathed into a protean smile of humor, as she chuckled over the remembrance of what a queer figure she had cut in man's clothes.

And now they were off and away, and who could overtake them?

So Hannah laughed in her heart, and sang a psalm of exultant victory over the enemy, though in silence. Yet, as little things will strangely mix with great in our queer brains, even in supreme moments, a shade did occasionally fall over the brightness of her exalted mood. She regretted that second plate of buttered Scotch cakes. They would all have been cold and sodden, too, by the time that Mrs. Harper returned. What a pity she had not appeared five minutes later!

Ah! Hannah, Hannah, greedy woman, as if there were not greater troubles to think about. Are there no dangers yet to be carefully considered—avoided, if possible; lastly, at worst, fought against, to death?

With a slowly awakening sense of dull horror at her own levity in thus amusing herself, as if a hunted hare, having doubled and gained respite, should play, while yet knowing the hounds are in full cry on her track, Hannah shook herself together, and thought—*what next?*

To her vast surprise, nearly an hour had gone by. Baby Joy, who had shared her nurse's jubilee at first, in delight herself at their rapid journey, was now leaning a heavy, sleepy head on Hannah's breast. The light was fading. Cold was creeping over their half of the round, darkening world as it rolled nightwards. The stars began to pierce the far, twilight distance overhead with silver specks; each point like a thought of another world; of, maybe, another life there, of eternity.

Hannah did not think out such thoughts perhaps, but yet inchoate germs of them troubled her brain. She shivered; and the influence of darkness and the night began to steal over her. The body is tired then, and its powers cannot shield the spirit when the latter is stirring and restless.

She must think what she should try next; but she had never been good at thinking. Even in old days, her dear mistress had been the head, she the willing hands.

With that she withdrew the shawl a moment under which the child slept on her knee. Its cheeks were red as a poppy with heat. Long curling lashes, fringed the closed eyes that were such wells of liquid, dark light. What a pretty, soft creature it was; so helpless, so innocent. All the womanly fibres of the nurse's heart stirred as she gazed at it; the maternal instinct that is so beautifully strong in the very animals to defend their tender young, even to death, rose more powerfully within her than ever in her life before, dearly as she had loved her charge.

The more dangers she ran for its sake, the more passionately she was resolved to risk all.

"Sleep soft, my pet. Your mother shall never need to ask poor Hannah why she didn't take good care of her child," she silently murmured, feeling quite weak with the flood of tenderness, of old recollections, and the present gratitude to God for their escape, that overcame her.

A burly, dissatisfied-looking man on the opposite side just then pulled out his watch and grumbled.

"Call that good going! Humph! If I had taken the new railway that runs within two miles of Sandybeach, I'd have been in the town by now, and in my own house," and he looked round and nodded, as if all the passengers ought to take an equal interest in his loss of time.

Hannah turned cold. A new apprehension seized her.

"Did you—did you say, sir, that the new steam-coach," she stammered, forgetting the right turn to use, "that it gets in before us, please?"

"I did ma'am; I said the railway. Half an hour before." And the big man

tapped his stick ponderously on the floor, as if that settled the question.

Hannah felt as if the ground was cut from under her feet; she that had believed themselves so cleverly escaped for this night.

Why, they two would be waiting for her at the other end!

Some minutes passed in silent consternation. Then she thought to herself

"I'll get out when we get into the town, and make my way through the back streets. They'll be waiting for me at the 'Dragon.'"

As the coach entered the sleeping town she had it stopped, therefore, and slipped down trembling, half expecting to feel her arm clutched in the darkness. It was raining, and the streets were sloppy and slippery as Hannah hurried along through the night. The lamps were few, and she avoided their light, for fear of betrayal, as much as possible; but the darkness was even more gruesome and terrible. At every corner, at every blacker shadow from a boarding, by the pit-mouths of deep doorways, her knees knocked together and her heart beat rapidly. For now here, and the next instant, though she had momentarily escaped, there, might be hidden the lurking forms ready to spring out upon her. And the child was so heavy; with it in her arms she was helpless to defend herself both. Women often suffer worse agonies from their imaginations than in real dangers.

So, like a shadow through the darkness, a black figure in the blackness, wet, weary, with strained arms and frightened heart, poor Hannah hurried and stumbled on. She never thought of turning aside to some inn or lodging for shelter. As a hunted animal to its lair, so she ran on, not able to think, but with a dim belief that at home she must be safe. There were bolts and bars at the "museum," and Hiram's strong arm; and behind Peter Quigg's feeble person the vague, immense mightiness of the law, as Hannah's mind regarded it with awe. She was only a slow-witted creature, but a faithful servant—that was all.

"The law would never take an innocent child from under a good man's roof, where it will get a decent Christian upbringing, to give it to that black-hearted, foreign scoundrel—no, not if he was a thousand times its father! Or else the law is neither common-sense nor justice in England," she thought, with a profound belief and triumph in the righteousness and excellence of our island's institutions and inhabitants, as compared with all the rest of the foreign world. Poor Hannah! one might hope that her beautiful faith in the law's protection might never be shaken!

And now she was among the silent timber-yards. A few more minutes and the dark old brick house, with its enclosing walls, loomed through the gloom. How she blessed its sight!

She hurried up to the door, which was evidently locked and barred for the night, as no light was visible in the hall nor in Mr. Quigg's study.

"The master has not come home," she pronounced to herself, with a sigh. "He would be setting up till far later now; this, if he was."

She rang timidly several times, then loudly, growing bolder with a sense of increasing danger.

Still in vain.

Becoming terrified, she ran round to that side of the house where Hiram slept, and slung gravel against the panes of his window. Never, a sound! True, he slept as heavily as a log, but still that pebble-shower of her last handful was violent enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

"Ah! She struck her forehead with her palm. What an idiot she was! Of course, Hiram was at his public house; the master was away, so he was having a spree, and might not be back for hours yet—and yet he had taken the key."

The child, which she had put down on the ground during her efforts, clung to

her skirts cold and frightened, begging to go in-doors.

The cry cut Hannah to the heart.

"Hiram's locked the door my pretty. Hush, hush, don't cry. (Oh, God, help us!)" This she murmured in her heart.

"Put-ty me through the window!" exclaimed little Joy, in childish jubilee, trotting towards the back of the house. It was an old game to let her creep through the kitchen-window bars, when tired of play in the garden, and she was delighted at the revived recollection. To Hannah it was like an inspiration from on high sent through the child's lips.

The Kitchen window was shuttered and barred, of course; besides, it looked into the garden, the door of which was locked. But here, at the side of the house a small, square window stared them in the face. It was near the ground, but not barred, being a mere loophole made to light the entry to a side-door. Hannah snatched up a stone. With a few blows of her vigorous fist she dashed in the glass, which was soldered into the wall, then cleared the opening of jagged bits carefully, feeling it with her hands.

"Now, there is a nice little door to get in by," she whispered, and then with exultation put the child through—oh so, tenderly!

Joy dropped inside with a cry more started than frightened, changing to a laugh of satisfaction on finding herself safe on her feet. Was there ever a braver little maid? thought her old nurse. She was inside, safe now with four strong, walls, even if Hannah had to spend the night outside, crouched in the wet bushes. But another idea struck the latter; she felt herself quite fertile in expedients.

"Could you reach me up the door-key my sweet? a big key, and it's hanging at the back of the door," she called through the broken window, persuasively.

"Es," said Joy, promptly; and thereupon slow baby-steps went pattering in the darkness away towards the kitchen.

"Not there, here—here at the back of this door," entreated Hannah, in a loud whisper. "Wherever are you going, child?"

Joy came back with a very lingering footfall, rubbing one hand against the wall, as if trying to stay herself against the influence of the voice outside representing controlling power. With her sweet obedience in words, she did love her own way as to deeds.

"Me wanted my old dolly, first, She's in the kitchen."

"Oh, child, child, would you leave your poor nurse out here to the cold and wet?"

There came a gurgle of half-disbelieving laughter at the possibility of possessing such power.

"In a minute. I'll let you in one minute; but my dolly's crying for me—I can hear her."

The dolly in question was a charred torso, rejected and in disfavor when they two had left the museum, probably now in the cinder-heap, or burned. It was hard to lose the possibility of shelter and warmth for a joy like that.

"Joy! give me the key, or I'll beat you! (Oh, how children drive one crazy sometimes. Lord, forgive me!) My darling, let me in, quick, quick! The organ-grinder is coming, and he'll kill poor Hannah."

At that cry, unmistakably genuine, there was a hurried fumbling, the clank of a key dropped with an alarmed "O my!" Then it was found; and two small hands put it into Hannah's fingers eagerly stretched down.

A few minutes later, and the good woman stood inside the old house, and soon bolted and barred herself against the possible chance of any veritable organ-grinder. Next she stirred the banked-up kitchen fire, struck a light, and found some milk and bread that made a hasty supper for the child, who was rubbing her dark eyes, divided betwixt sleep and a longing to find her horrible old doll.

"And now Joy will go to her nice bed," said Hannah, enticingly, taking up her

nurling on one arm and holding the light.

"Yes," said the little one, drowsily, "no tired of trabbling."

Half an hour later Joy was breathing gently in her cot, shielded from the light. As none of her clothes, except what she wore, had been carried away in their sudden flight, only the child's outer garments were taken off. Then poor Hannah, who had never yet untied her own bonnet, her whole mind had been so occupied with fears lest her pet should be over-tired, stole softly out in the dark. She had no second candle, and Joy was not used to being left without one. Still, by the kitchen fire-glow Hannah managed to make a fair meal of what remains the child left. Then the tired woman rested herself in her own straw chair, thinking to wait up for Hiram and tell him all that had happened. Hiram was foolish, but still a man's a man; and confidence is a comfort when a woman has come through such a succession of adventures as had Hannah that day. How glad she was to rest! Oh, how sweet it was to grow warm and dry, and not feel pursued and hunted any more.

Half an hour passed. Hannah found herself wondering whether Peter Quigg would return to-morrow. He was expected at that date; and truly she trusted he would, for however poor a masculine creature he might be, the house was his; and by further reasoning, so, in a manner, were those therein, whom he and the law would keep safe. He was always stirred, too, at mention of the woman he loved, and would surely say, his little person swelling with dignity, that the child and nurse he had taken under his roof at her dear request should never—

Hannah had a touch of poetry in her nature as of humor; but still, poetry and all she nearly nodded into the fireplace that glowed dully at her feet in the kitchen's gloom.

What was that? Surely some faint noise at the window-fastenings had wakened her. The frightened woman sat upright with a start, and wondered if she had dreamed that persons outside were trying the bars; while she had dropped off asleep, imagining a situation in which her little master's tender heart and the law's majesty had overcome all enemies in a manner touching and sublime.

She listened now; nothing, no one to be heard. Still, it was very ghostly and uncanny sitting here alone. And Hiram would probably come back slightly tipsy. She would go to bed, and tell him all when his head was clear by morning.

As she went upstairs, accordingly, Hannah noticed that the rain was over and the moon out again; for its beams shone through the skylight. On the landing—opening a door softly, so as not to wake the child—she entered into a small passage-room, between the nursery and the other museum chambers. The moonlight shone full and bright on the window, outside which she saw that a small, oddly shaped object was moving! Hannah stood still, her heart thumping violently, as she asked herself again, what was that? She was on the second story; yet outside she could now distinguish that a human hand was rubbing softly along the panes. It was a large, strong, hand, with no visible person attached to it, but a portion of coat-sleeve. And it was feeling, feeling back and forward over the narrow sill, and the iron bars, and the glass which the latter protected.

CHAPTER. X.

A wo' lish is better than nas bled.—
Proverb.

While she stood still, during a few moments of freezing horror, Hannah understood it all. A few feet beneath the second story window at which she gazed there was a heavy cornice above the ground-floor window, which might afford foothold to a man. This projection could just be reached, though with difficulty, from the brick wall enclosing the gravel

sweep and the laurel trees. "And these same trees would help an active man to mount the wall, although the latter was so narrow and crumbling that only a cat or a monkey could have crept along it, she would have sworn—till now.

Hannah could see there was no ladder visible outside. The hand seemed touching the bars with difficulty. Yes: he was trying to hoist himself on the sill; but, unless he could get a better hand-grip, could it be done? She did not pause to consider this; but, in her wild terror, only knew at once, that these two men were so desperate as to try to force their way in at such hazard to life and limb, they must be resolved to steal the child at any risk, and murder might come of it. For Hannah felt, stoically, that she must defend the little one with her life; ay! with every finger and nail of her hand.

A moment she thought of dashing into the next room room, Joy's room, and locking herself in, then screaming for help, through the open window, into the night.

No use! There was no living soul in all the waste of timber-yards and coal-stores around. Hiram would come none the sooner. They outside would only know, for certain, which room to attack.

Then a vengeful idea came so suddenly into Hannah's heavy mind that the devil himself seemed to be whispering it in her ear. What if she waited till both men were on that narrow sill—then she might be able to push them down! "Push them down! push them down!" seemed ringing in her ears; a red flash came before her eyes, as she crept nearer and nearer and nearer, hold-her-breath. What if both did breaking their necks? for it was a long way to the ground. It would be a good riddance! The child would grow up safe; her dear mistress have nothing to fear! it meant rest afterwards to Hannah herself—no more scars on her face; no insults, or worse, to those she loved; no more of this hiding for years, or being hunted as now. She felt the muscles of her throat swelling painfully, her brows contracting, her eyeballs distending, as with clenched hands she peered past the heavy curtain.

Without knowing it, Hannah was verily a murderer at that moment.

Now two hands grasped the window-bars. A dark form, impelled by some help from below, suddenly appeared and crouched on the sill, while a head with matted hair tried to look in and search the room which latter was fortunately almost in utter obscurity. The man was Josey, the organ-grinder. Whispers between two voices could be faintly heard. Then something of steel gleamed in the moonlight, and a slight rasping noise began upon one of the bars. They were filing it, to force their way in.

Hannah felt more disappointment than fear. It was only Josey on the sill, and precarious though his position was, yet he had firm hold of one of the bars, even while sawing another. She did not wish to kill Josey, but Gaspard de Silva.

Then Hannah's knees quaked a little under her, as her own thought became clear. "Lead us not into temptation," and "Thou shalt do no murder," seemed written before her in pale letters on the wall. Her imagination recalled how the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments were inscribed tablet-wise, thus, on either side of the end window in her chapel. The scratching and biting of the file went on low but steadily. Her own thoughts grew clearer and more luminous meanwhile. It was not the devil now, but her good angel, that came and spoke to her mind. What did it matter, after all she thought in a dogged way, if these two did kill her? It would only be a few blows, perhaps, a grasp on her throat, and her life would be out without much pain. After all, death was nothing to make a great fuss about (so think the poor, of sometimes the very miserable); still, life was sweet—and who would rear the child like herself? That was worth a struggle.

In this way, though her ideas in general flowed so sluggishly, still quickened by the sense of danger, perchance inspired by some invisible presence—who can tell?—with each grind of the instrument outside, Hannah's thoughts of how to find speedy safety within the house itself succeeded each other, like light—flash after flash.

To lock herself in Joy's room, as she had before thought? Alas! she now knew the nursery doors had no keys. Hannah herself had been neglectful; had mislaid them, or the child had taken them to play with. Oh, her own carelessness! And there was not sufficiently heavy furniture in there to barricade the doors for two minutes against strong men.

If she caught up the sleeping child, and tried to hide elsewhere in the house?

Yes; but where? And how could she trust to young a child not to cry out, or by a murmur betray them both? Joy was a sweet little creature, but petted. Peter Quigg trusted his museum chambers to no care but his own; even his own rooms were always closed in his absence, he was so sensitive about his books and papers, and he could not bear the thought of any meddling with them. There was not a spot left but the stairs, kitchen, and Hiram's pantry, for the house was not large.

And down there Hannah could think of no place but the water-but or the flour-barrel to hide in. Oh! what was to be done?

At this juncture of agonized frenzy of mind, when thought stopped short, Hannah mechanically put out one hand to support herself against the side-wall, as she crouched in the corner by the window. Her fingers touched something. She gave a great start of almost disbelieving, then felt it softly.

A door was beside her into one of the museum chambers, that one devoted by the deceased doctor to rare skulls and skeletons, and the key was left in it! There were three doors in this passage-room, one leading to the stairs, one to the nursery, and this one.

If only the men outside could be tempted in here. It was a corner room, with no other exit; she would have them in a trap!

Almost as soon as she had thought, Hannah had turned the key gingerly with trembling fingers, so as to give the men no trouble. Then, with a catlike footfall for such a large woman, she crept round by the walls, keeping in the dark. Luckily the moonlight only fell a little way into the room, and that in the middle. The passage-door had no key either, but she drew its bolt, which, being rusty, made a slight noise.

The rasping at the window instantly stopped. Hannah's heart stopped, too; she neither stirred nor breathed for some seconds. It was not that she believed the two men outside could be frightened away; she knew one of them, her former master, too well. He was capable of firing through the window if he saw any outline of a figure, and who could help the child?

C-r-r-nd! gr-r-nd! The noise went on again. Hannah saw the hand lift one bar away; the work began at a second. No time to be lost!

She crept on now towards the nursery door on the further side of the window, thus having made the tour of the room. There were a set of foreign, savage weapons hung on the wall that she passed, long, thin assegais, not-on-tipped darts. She took down several of these, and, with the cunning of weak creatures when trying to evade the strong, lightly leaned a row of javelins against the nursery door. If one slipped on the floor, the game was over: She had done, and crept now behind the window-curtain, that was luckily both long and heavy. On one side of her was the door, behind which little Joy was sleeping peacefully close on the other was the window, with the two villains outside it. She was between the child and danger.

The file stooped. There was a clinking sound of other tools. Then Hannah felt a draught of cold night air as the window was pushed up; there was a slight shuffling noise, and both robbers got into the room.

The nurse could have touched them. They brushed the curtain folds close to her body.

There was a murmured colloquy, and the light of a small dark lantern was flashed round the room. One of the men stepped towards the passage door.

"Bolted inside; she may have come in by here, then," he murmured. "You saw the light move through this room, you say. Ah! pig beast, what are you doing over there?"

The words were in Spanish, but Hannah understood them, though muttered quite low.

Josey had come quite close to the nursery door, and was touching Hannah's palisade of weapons with his finger-tips. Her fingers felt itching to tear him away, and she felt suffocated behind the curtain, half hearing, half divining his movements, not daring to look.

"Let those sticks alone, you innocent. That door is not used, as any one with eyes might see. That rubbish belongs to the little fool's museum."

"Ah! then let us go in at once. He keeps heaps of old gold and silver, they say. Holy saints! it is a sin to be as covetous as he is. It will be a good deed to lighten his conscience for him. Quick! Come!"

"Drop that spear; you shall not go in."

"Shall not—"

"No. I say so. The child is the first object, and I employed you to get her. Don't look at me like that—I have stabbed better men for less. Be quick and obey."

"You had best be quiet then, if I am to be quick," muttered Josey, insultingly, as the other's foot touched by chance an arrow and brought it sliding to the ground. Both were silent for an instant; nothing stirred in the house. They could not hear Hannah's heart-beats just beside them, behind the curtain, though to herself these seemed so loud.

"Bah! you see, I am not used to being a thief as you yet," angrily uttered the leader, with scornful impatience.

"Well, senor, we never know what we may come to. Pat! am I a dog?"

"No, but I have hired you for to-night, at least. Look here, Mr. Jose, don't quarrel; get me the child first, then—why, the house shall be empty enough, if we have got rid of the nurse, and you can stay and amuse yourself."

Hannah heard stoically. Her whole soul had been possessed with a longing to spring out each moment they approached the nursery door. But the knowledge that she was to be put out of the way did not affect her sensibly at the time.

The men moved cautiously across to the other door. One eye watched them now closely from past the curtain's edge.

The handle was softly turned, and—not to wake the supposed sleepers in the next room—the lantern was closed.

A few steps, and they had passed inside. At the same moment, there was a sudden spring of a heavy body across the floor. Hannah had darted out from behind the curtain, and dashing herself against the door, closed, locked, and bolted it above and below in scarcely a few breathless seconds.

A smothered yell came from within the farther room. The two burglars were caught fast in a trap.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Boston policeman is so vigilant that he "took up" another residence lately.

SHORT CONVERSATION.—Hotel waiter: "Here's your breakfast with egg, sir!" Traveller: "I see the egg, but where's the steak?" Waiter: "It's under the egg, sir!"

Temperance Department.

EDITED BY G. W. SECRETARY.

TRUTH contains each week full and reliable news from every part of the third Temperance work. Any information regarding it will be gladly received. Address all orders to T. W. GARDNER, G. W. S., Niagara, Ont.

Compensation.

Now that the legalized liquor traffic appears to be fast drawing to an end in Canada, a good deal of attention is being paid to the question of compensation. It does not appear that many are found advocating compensation to the liquor sellers. They have only purchased their license privilege to sell from year to year, without a guarantee, at any time, of any extension of time beyond the single year for which their license was issued. They have known, too, for the last twenty years at least, - ever since the Dunkin Act became law, in 1864 - that the majority of the people could vote an end to the business any year, and they must have calculated to take their chances. Probably the most of them have had their compensation as they went along, for in few branches of business has it is supposed money been so easily and rapidly made as by the few who have enjoyed the monopoly of the liquor traffic. With the brewer and the distiller, however, the case is somewhat different. It is pretty generally admitted that the manufacturer has a stronger claim for compensation than the seller.

The Globe of Saturday last publishes the result of an interview with a leading lawyer of the Dominion, - probably J. J. McClure, Q. C. and here is the opinion he gives regarding the question: "The granting of compensation would be opposed to the whole course of legislation under British institutions."

"How about the indemnity given on the emancipation of the slaves?"

"That was a case in which property was actually taken away - so it was alleged - and so the property-owners were indemnified just as all property-owners are indemnified when their property is taken away by the State. But the Scott Act or prohibition takes away no property. It simply prevents the sale. But take the case of emancipation. There were vessels fitted up for that trade, and could not be used for any other without very expensive changes, but nobody ever thought of making compensation for the owners of those ships when the slave trade was put under the ban of the law. In the same way when the liquor trade is put under the ban of the law, there is no reason why those who have had their place fitted up for carrying on that trade should be indemnified for making the changes necessary to carry on some other business. Take the case of a municipality where a by-law against pig-pens within the limits comes into force. Some poor man has to pull down his pigpen and lose money by either selling his pig or keeping it elsewhere, yet in such a case nobody would speak of compensation for those injuriously affected. See how it was under the Crooks Act. When that act came into force the number of licenses were reduced and the business of many persons cut off. Was there any suggestion of compensation to them? When the Government brought in the protective tariff it injuriously affected the business of ever so many importers, and yet there was no mention of compensation for those men. Hardly any step can be taken by Parliament which does not hurt somebody, and if the principle contended for were right we should be giving compensation all the time. But, then, what I have said refers to the general principle. In the case of Canada there are strong special reasons why the liquor dealers have no claim under either the Scott Act or general prohibition. The Scott Act has been on the statute books for a long

time, and the liquor makers and dealers know that it might come into force at any time, and they have been carrying on their trade under that warning. Then as to prohibition. Parliament has over and over again passed resolutions declaring that prohibition ought to be and would be made the law of the land as soon as the country was ready for it. When the country is ready prohibition will be carried, and the liquor men will have no right to complain."

Business not Injured.

A popular cry against the adoption of the Scott Act, or any measure tending to prohibition is that "it will injure business." Such measures, if at all successful, will doubtless injure the business of liquor making and liquor vending, but certainly few other branches of business are likely to be injured. The Toronto Daily News of last week publishes a statement, which is very probably quite true and it is very much as might be expected. People prefer making their homes where they and their families are least exposed to the temptations of drink and to the dangers and annoyances of drunkenness. After Lord Lorne's visit to the Northwest he made his famous speech in Scotland in regard to the advantages of the "Lone Land" as a field for emigration, and among its advantages he made prominent mention of the fact that there a prohibitory liquor law is in full force.

The News of the 14th contains the following: "I can assure you," said a leading real estate agent to a reporter yesterday "that the value of property will be raised in those counties in which the Scott Act has been passed. The great majority of those who come to us for farms want them in Scott Act counties. The demand is especially great for farms in Oxford, Halton, Huron and Norfolk. There is one man who came from the States and purchased a farm in Halton because the Act was in force there. Another man bought a farm there, and was so pleased that he induced a relative to do likewise. Even anti-temperance men prefer to locate in these counties. The farmers in Halton say that business is much better now. As a proof of this there are three new stores in the town of Milton. The storekeepers say that they are now doing a fine cash business. In Halton county jail there is only one prisoner, and that is Zimmerman, an hotel keeper, who is serving two months for a third breach of the Scott Act."

One More Victory.

The majority given in favor of the adoption of the Scott Act in Norfolk county on the 11th inst was one of the most decisive yet recorded. The county is not a large one and yet a majority of over one thousand one hundred was given. Years ago the old political Reform party gave it the title of "G. orious old Norfolk" because of its well defined political position, but surely the electors of that fine county never gave a vote more thoroughly in favor of real Reform - political and moral - than last week. The licensed liquor sellers of Canada must be pretty thoroughly convinced by this time that their business is "not wanted here," any longer. Public opinion is evidently much stronger and much better educated on the question of temperance legislation than was generally supposed.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

CRAIGHEAST, SIMCOE Co. - Magnum Bonum Lodge reports 72 members with 11 initiations last quarter and healthy progress generally. James Ford, W. O. T., Annie Partridge W. V., Anson Keil, W. S., R. J. Haszuga, F. S.

PORT RYERSE, NORFOLK Co. - Port Ryerse Lodge now represents between eighty and ninety members, with a fair

increase each quarter during the past year. Alfred Ryerse W. O. T., Edna Culver W. V., Milton Culver W. S., W. H. Ryerse F. S.

SOUTH CAYUGA, HALDIMAND Co. - South Cayuga Lodge has more than doubled its membership during this year, and is still increasing. It now reports nearly 80 members. F. A. Drake, W. O. T., Frances Deamud W. V., Wm. Fluhrer W. S., John Fluhrer F. S., Joshua Honsberger W. M.

LAMBTON MILLS, YORK Co. - Lambton Star Lodge was re-organized last quarter by Bro. W. H. Rodden, of Toronto. It now reports 54 members, with 23 initiations since the reorganization. The prospects for future increase are reported good. W. A. Murton, W. O. T.; Miss L. Fletcher, W. V.; John Beard, W. S.; George Lockwood, F. S.; J. G. Rogers, W. C.

HAMILTON. - Reliance Lodge has been eleven years at work, and now reports a larger membership than for some time before. There are nearly a hundred members, with 19 initiations last quarter. The meetings are reported well attended and interesting. Bro. G. H. Lees has been appointed L. D. Charles Stevenson W. O. T., Jennie Mathieson W. V., Wm. Fry W. S.

LANG, PETERBORO Co. - Wellington Lodge, though located in a small country village, reports over a hundred members, with 21 initiations during the last quarter. Bro. K. Mark, L. D., writes: "We had an open lodge meeting on the 29th ult. The hall was densely crowded and the audience were evidently greatly pleased with the evening's proceedings. Samuel Armstrong W. O. T., Edith Armstrong W. V., George Shearer W. S., Robert Eason F. S., Robert Spiers W. C.

SELWYN, PETERBORO Co. - Of Selwyn Lodge Bro. S. A. McKee, L. D., writes: "Our Lodge has been doing rather better of late. We held a public meeting during the quarter. Bro. Rev. St. Dalmas, Baptist minister, gave an excellent address on the Scott Act, after which Rev. Mr. Thompson gave a telling temperance speech. There were also some good readings and recitations by the members. We are looking for better times and an increase in the membership." Edward Sanderson W. O. T., Bella Sanderson W. V., J. H. Burrows W. S., James Roberts W. C.

GALT. - Evening Star Lodge reports over a hundred members, with 34 initiations last quarter. Bro. W. Philip, L. D., writes: "The Lodge is prospering and the best of harmony prevails among the members. A book was offered last quarter by Bro. Burns to the member proposing the largest number of candidates, and won by Bro. T. Eason. The members made a fraternal visit to Paris Lodge two weeks ago and enjoyed a pleasant evening." Joseph Aitken W. O. T., Maggie Stalker W. V., A. Preston W. S., G. Williams, jr., F., R. Burns, W. T.

RIPLEY, BRUCE Co. - Water Lily Lodge initiated 10 new members last quarter. Bro. Francis McDonald, L. D., writes: "Our winter prospects of good success are promising. We hope to be benefitted by the recent Scott Act success in this county. The liquor sellers seem to work harder than ever and are making the best of the time remaining. We must try and let them have some of the benefits of their pet Crooks Act, which they praise so highly now, and put that law in more thorough force for the balance of the year." W. McPhee, W. O. T.; M. J. Smith, W. V.; T. McBrien, W. S.; H. Rogers, F. S.

TORONTO. - St. John's Lodge reports 132 contributing members, with 32 initiations last quarter. It has long held its position as one of the largest lodges in Canada. Bro. Geo. Spence, L. D., writes: "Our meetings are largely attended and always interesting. A good programme is provided for each meeting and the members

come well prepared, so that it is frequently necessary to leave a part over until the next meeting. No unnecessary time is wasted over routine business. The meetings close sharp at ten o'clock. The first of the series of monthly open temperance meetings in connection with the lodge for this season was held two weeks ago, with the usual good success. The members hope to beat all their previous records this winter. After paying all expenses the sum of \$38.00 was carried to the reserve fund, Bro. McKenzie, W. O. T., Miss A. Griffith, W. V., Bro. Forbes, W. S., John Thompson, F. S., J. Ferguson, W. O.

RECEIP FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges from Nov. 1st to 15th inclusive.

FOR TAX.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'No Surrender, Bobcaygeon \$ 1 12', 'Ebenezer, Haley's Station 3 36', 'Salamander, Kars 4 69', etc.

FOR SUPPLIES.

Table with 2 columns: Lodge Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Star of Peace, Mar. 30', 'Never Surrender, Bobcaygeon 2 10', 'Hope, Brampton 2 50', etc.

Our Young Folks.

HOW MENAGERIES ARE COLLECTED

BY H. L. CAIRNS.

In old times, menageries, or "caravans" of wild beasts, for shows, were generally made up of animals brought from foreign parts, one by one, in merchant ships, whenever the masters of such vessels chanced to get possession of them by barter, or otherwise.

There was then no regular system of capture, or importation. When an animal—a lion, a tiger, or a leopard—happened to be thus brought home from distant parts, either as a pet, or as a curiosity, some showman would usually purchase it. Sometimes, too, captains sailing to the East Indies, or South America, were bargained for in advance, to bring home such and such animals,

It is far different to-day. Increased demand has led to the elaboration of an extensive system of supply. There are now firms which make the importation of wild beasts for shows and parks their especial business.

One of the best known of these, in New York City, has its principal depot at Hamburg, Germany, where ship-loads of animals arrive at stated intervals, and are thence consigned to dealers and showmen throughout Europe and America. These firms have their resident agents in South Africa, India, the Soudan, Brazil, Canada and all along the Pacific coast. The agents hire native hunters who capture such animals as are ordered from the firms, in the forests and deserts, and are paid so much for each "catch" when delivered ready for shipping.

It is but rarely that a showman undertakes the difficult enterprise of capturing and importing an animal—as in the case of the white elephant of which we have recently heard—for it is cheaper to buy of importers.

WHAT WILD BEASTS COST

The prices of animals vary greatly, according to size and excellence, and fluctuate somewhat from year to year. Fine lions are worth from three to five thousand dollars, while an inferior animal may be sold for a thousand, or five hundred. A well-mottled royal Bengal tiger will commonly bring fifteen hundred dollars, or, if a showman is in real need of him, his maneatship may go as high as three thousand.

A leopard is commonly worth five hundred dollars; a jaguar from five hundred to a thousand; a panther from one to four hundred, according to size and scarcity; and a Canada lynx is worth fully as much, or more; for the animal is often difficult to obtain.

A good-sized rhinoceros is worth from three to four thousand; while a hippopotamus is held at from ten to fifteen thousand. These latter are far more expensive than elephants; a good elephant—not a Jumbo, or a white one, of course—can be bought for ten or fifteen hundred dollars.

Giraffes rank next to hippopotami in price, and are often scarce in market, being very delicate as well as unwieldy; zebras, sleek and finely striped up to a hundred rings, are worth a hundred dollar a piece; white bears run from two to three thousand dollars each; ostriches are worth a thousand apiece; monkeys can be bought for thirty dollars—for little fellows—up to one or two hundred; sea-lions at from three to four hundred dollars each; grizzly bears are not much carried by shows; a fine grizzly may—when some city is fitting up a park—be worth two or three thousand.

Of birds, the bird of paradise commands the highest price. Mr. Vanderbilt recently paid five hundred dollars for one.

Parrots, when fine "talkers," sometimes bring as high as a hundred or even two hundred dollars; young birds can commonly be bought for ten or fifteen.

"Snails"—to borrow the spelling of the late Artemus Ward—are of very various prices; an anaconda, or a tiger-

python, if large, may bring four or five hundred dollars. These are commonly no more than eight or ten feet long. If one of the really big ones—such as "we read of"—thirty feet long, could be captured, his price might go up to several thousand dollars.

What showmen always try to secure, and often without success, is a gorilla, such as Du Ohaillu saw and hunted. If one of these monsters could be captured and brought to the United States, in full possession of all his powers, his value would not be less than fifty thousand dollars. A really large mias, or orang-utan, of Borneo is also rare, though we may see many undersized ones. Such orang-utans as Mr. Wallace saw should be worth a thousand dollars each, and perhaps more.

ATTEMPTS TO SECURE A GORILLA.

Many have been the attempts, most of them unsuccessful, to capture gorillas. Several young ones have, from time to time, been taken, but have died in captivity, shortly after being removed from Africa. A male gorilla, in the full possession of his enormous strength, has never been taken prisoner—to the writer's knowledge.

A hunter for one of the "factories" in the Gaboon made many trips into the interior, for the purpose of securing a "little boy" gorilla which, by congenial treatment and proper food, he hoped to rear and sell for a good price; one day he met with a very doughty adventure.

The deadly enmity of the gorilla to the whole human race is well known; though instances are reported where old "king" gorillas have captured negro women and carried them off captives without injury.

The negroes of the Gaboon who make excursions into the interior after ivory fear the gorillas more than all other foes, though now generally well armed with guns or rifles; they carefully avoid an encounter with these Herculean apes. But if by chance they stumble on a tree containing a family of gorillas, a *rencontre* is sometimes unavoidable. For, unlike the lion, the male gorilla does not retreat sulkily at the approach of a party, but comes directly out to meet his foe—with a demoniac yell and a ponderous drumming on his chest; and if the first shot at him prove not instantly fatal, woe betide the unlucky marksman. In a scuffle one male gorilla is more than a match for half-a-dozen negroes, and will break guns at a single twist, and even bend up the gun barrels.

The hunter above mentioned, a very intelligent young negro named Fardoo, who had learned to speak both English and Portuguese, and who drove a thriving business in ivory and other forest treasures, discovered the abode of a gorilla family on one of his inland trips. There was a mother gorilla, a baby and two half-grown "children," over whom a male "king" kept watch and ward.

They lived in a large tree, and had not less than eight "beds" on the low branches, none of them more than twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. Three of the beds had canopies placed over them to keep off either the sun or the rain. The beds themselves were made of both large and small branches, broken off the tree and laid transversely across the supporting limbs.

The old ones had evidently chosen this place for their housekeeping on account of a spring and rill of good water a few yards from the foot of the tree. It was a favorable locality for all the tropical forest fruits; and not over half a mile away there was a swamp, or meadow, filled with what the negroes call *puche*, a kind of succulent sweet root and stalk, on which these gigantic apes feed greedily.

This reminds me to add that despite all his ferocity, the gorilla is strictly a vegetarian—a fact hardly in accord with the view held by so many theorists, that a vegetable diet will produce a peaceful and mild disposition. The ferocity of the African *carnivora* flee in terror before this terrible *vegetarian*! and even man himself, who controls both diets, is glad to give him the road.

Gun in hand, Fardoo was crossing to the grassy plains beyond the swamp, in quest of elephants, when his attention was attracted by the hoots of the two young gorillas which were at play in the tree, bounding from nest to nest, either quarrelling or from pure sport. With great caution he crept through the grove.

Finally, he was able to approach under cover of a huge tree which, from his description of it, we conclude may possibly have been a baobab tree; for it was immensely thick in the trunk, but short, with enormous stumpy limbs. Withal the trunk was hollow in part, with several great fissures in the outer shell.

Ensconcing himself inside the shell of the tree, the young hunter reconnoitred the gorillas and soon discovered the old female sitting on a bed-*nest*, fondling the baby and watching the squabbles of the two youngsters.

The young gorillas did not remain in the tree, but swung down to the ground and ran about the grove, yelling like little demons, which, indeed, they seemed much to resemble. At length, in their gambols, one of them ran butt against the shell of the old tree, and in so doing caught sight of the hunter inside! No sooner did he see the negro's form than he uttered a wild cry of alarm and scampered away towards the big tree; and in response, the mother, with her baby, came swinging down to the ground and ambled forward to investigate for herself the cause of the outcry.

Fardoo now wished himself out of the exploit; for he well knew that though he might possibly shoot and kill the female, the old "king" himself, was not far off, and would take vengeance on him for any injury done his family.

He therefore stood still and watched. The female was a large one; with the baby gorilla clinging round her neck. She came rapidly up within a few yards, and narrowly examined the cracks in the old trunk, inside which Fardoo was hiding.

She was a great muscular beast,—with a jaw strong enough to crunch a man's arm or leg at a single bite. For some moments she stood peeping into the old tree, evidently distrusting the youngster's alarm.

But presently, either scenting or catching a glimpse of the negro, she uttered a hoarse bark, and ran for her tree along with the young ones; and as soon as the four of them were up in the tree, they made the grove echo to their dissonant shrieks.

Thinking that it was best for him to leave, Fardoo sprang out and started to run; but at the same instant, he heard a crash in the brush not far away, and on looking over his shoulder, beheld the unwelcome apparition of the "master of the house" coming at speed, from the direction of the swamp, where he had probably been dining on *puche*.

The negro showed himself a cool head. Instead of running away through the grove, and being overtaken, as he surely would have been, he darted back, and slipped into the old shell of the tree again, but had no more than got well inside it, when the gorilla, a massive-chested male, was close upon him.

The negro could not handle his gun inside the tree, the space being too narrow to turn it without exposing his hand and arms outside; so, drawing his "hocking knife," he stood on his defence.

A TELL-TALE POSITION.

The great brute rushed up to within a few yards of the crevice, and peered angrily in. The aspect of the creature was awful. His fiery green eyes flashed savagely; his hair rose in a bristly crest on his low forehead; while the black skin over his eyes was drawn rapidly back and forth in a demoniac scowl! Doubling a huge fist, the horribly yet strangely man-like beast beat on his chest, then with a guttural yell, he threw himself forward, and thrust in a huge, hairy arm at the crevice, to grasp his enemy!

Fardoo met the hand with a downward drive of his knife, piercing the palm. The beast recoiled with a howl of rage and

pain, but instantly leaped forward with jaws agape, and endeavored to force its head in at the aperture. With desperate energy the negro drove his knife into the monster's face; and though one huge hand had seized him by the shoulder, and dragged him resistlessly forward, the pain inflicted by the knife cut again caused the gorilla to recoil. He was bleeding copiously; and Fardoo took heart a little; for so thick and broad was the bulky body of the gorilla, that he could scarcely, under any circumstances, have forced himself in at the crevice through which the aim negro had slipped.

The monster seemed well aware of this fact, and changing his tactics, now tried to wrench the old shell of the tree apart, clinching his fingers on the sides of the fissures, and pulling violently. Fardoo, equally on the alert gashed the creature's fingers as often as they came within reach of his knife.

This doubtful kind of battle raged for some little time, till somewhat "coupled" by loss of blood, perhaps, the gorilla made off to the tree where his family were still yelling hideously.

Fardoo now fired at his antagonist with his gun; but the stubborn old giant deigned not to turn so much as his head at the shot, but driving down his progeny from the tree, took them before him, and along with the female and her baby, made off towards the swamp.

The negro waited only till they were out of sight, and then beat a hasty retreat in the opposite direction, glad to have won even a dubious victory over so redoubtable a forest champion.

Happiness a Habit.

Every permanent state of mind is largely the effect of habit. Just as we can perform an action so continually that it comes to be habitual, so we can encourage conditions of mind till they, too, come to be habits of thinking and even of feeling. Every thoughtful parent or teacher recognizes this in the training of youth. The child constantly thwarted or scolded or ridiculed has constantly aroused within him feelings of resentment or discouragement or misery, and these grow to be habitual, and a character for ill-temper or moroseness or despondency is formed. On the other hand, the child who is wisely treated, whose faculties are brought into action, who is encouraged to do well, who is surrounded with cheerful faces and orderly arrangements, becomes accustomed to corresponding habits of thought and feeling. The exercise of self-control, of truthfulness, of honesty and other essential qualities, not only result in habitual actions of the same nature, but in habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition which we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them it rests with us to encourage or to discourage them. Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty, not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage, and hope it excites by its very presence and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as is possible.

Sound travels 1,142 feet a second, and yet when a man rushes out of a side street and yells after a car that has just passed the sound never seems to overtake the car and disturb the day dream of the conductor until the other end of the block is reached.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman, who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of 24 years."

"Twenty-two, if you please," sobbed the widow, in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

The Poet's Page.

—Written for Truth

Lines Written on the Death of a Young Lady Friend.

BY L. O. H.

Gone are the years like panoramic scenes,
Glowing with promise that blends with our
dreams;
Sad hearts are throbbing, bleeding every
pore—

O, must life so sweet be counted nevermore,
O, never!

Forever must its memory buried lie,
Deep in oblivion's shroudings, only born to
die!

Gone is the sunlight—all shadows instead;
Veiled! but our memories, the soul is now
fed!
Time's wreaths are faded, though woven in
tears,
Will they never return, those care-mantled
years?
O, never!

Ever must they float the mist of buried
hopes,
And shower the sweetest memories in the
grave that opens?

Few were the years that gently kissed her
brow,
Few were the days that whispered, life is
now;
All seems delusive, so silent they born
Away cherished hopes! they cluster never-
more.
O, never!

Forever must her memory buried lie—
In love's hallowed chambers, 'till never,
never die.

Yonder, she is bathing in bright crystal
streams,
Flowing from Fountains where love ever
gleams;
There she'll be waiting to welcome you
home,
When life's sun is setting, and love's work
is done,
Forever.

Down at the "crossing" where sorrows
will flee,
The loved ones she'll welcome—how sweet
it will be!

Love and Life.

Life is like a stately temple
That is founded in the sea,
Whose upraising fair proportions
Penetrate immensity;
Love the architect who builds it,
Building it eternally.

To me, standing in the Present
As one waits beside a grave,
Up the isles and to the altar
Rolls the Past its solemn wave,
With a murmur as of mourning,
Undulating in the nave.

Pallid phantoms glide around me
In the wrecks of hope and home;
Voices moan among the waters,
Faces vanish into foam;
But a peace, divine, unfailing,
Writes its promise in the dome.

Cold the waters where my feet arr,
But my heart is thrung anew,
Turned to Hope's profound vibration,
Pulsing all the other through,
For the seeking soul that ripen
In a patience strong and true.

Hark! the all inspiring Angel
Of the Future leads the choir
All the shadows of the temple
Are illumed with living fire
And the bells above are waking
Chimes of infinite desire.

For the strongest or the weakest
There is no eternal fall;
Many graves and many mourners,
But at last—the lifted pall!
For the highest and the lowest
Blessed life containeth all.

O thou fair unfinished temple!
In unfathomed sea begun,
Love, thy builder, shapes and lifts thee
In the glory of the sun;
And the builder and the builded
To the pure in heart—are one.

November.

On one November afternoon
We sat beside the glowing fire;
The winter skies were full of gloom,
The roads and fields all deep in mire.
We sat and watched the fitful blaze
Among the ashes rise and fall,
And smiled to see in what strange ways
Fell shadows on the parlor wall.

Love took an apple in his hand,
And lightly threw it to and fro;
Then said, "If it could understand
How you and I have watched it grow,
Would it for us its secret tell?
Would it for us the charm obey,
And say to two who love so well
When comes their happy wedding day?"

He sought the apple's fragrant heart
With eager fingers found the seed,
Said, "Sweetest, do not blush and start,
There are but five—just five, indeed.
These five seeds mean five days, my dear,
For 'tis an oracle that speaks."
"Ah, Love!" I answered, "it is clear
The oracle intends—five weeks."

The jest to tender earnest grew;
We spoke of marriage hopes and cares
Sure never hours so swiftly flew.
Happy the heart that with Love shares
The doubtful dreams of future days,
The trouble and the joy of life!
Happy the maid to whom Love says,
"Come, be a well-beloved Wife!"

And thus the dark November hours
Had joy no other month had known;
The glint of gems and wedding flowers
Upon its sombre light was thrown,
And when the glad Thanksgiving tide
Brought friends our bridal bread to break
Sweet Love and I stood side by side,
And made all happy for our sake.

A Modern Madrigal.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the
mead;
Come, be Phyllis and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or
feed.

Come for a ramble down the dingle,
For Spring has taken the earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet side

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of Winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garment of flowers and
light.

Hark how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love songs, hovering on
high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodownillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and
gold;

I'll be Coryn and you'll be Phyllis,
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

—Chambers' Journal.

The Gift of the Autumn Sunbeams.

BY MARGARET FYTINGE.

"Dearest Sunbeams," mourned the leaves
Of an oak-tree strong and high,
"Soon—the thought is one that grieves—
We must say to you, 'Good-by';
For the winter months are coming,
And the trees have stopped their humming,
And the song-birds south are flying
Over flowers dead or dying."

"Ah! 'tis sad," the Sunbeams said;
"But we'll give you, from our bright
Wealth of colors, deepest red,
To be with you day and night,
Till the time comes for your going;
And of all the colors glowing,
Red's the queen. And so to cheer you,
You'll have sunshine always near you."

And the leaves are shining still,
With as warm and rich a hue—
Though the air grows very chill—
As the ruby ever knew.
Precious gift the Sunbeams gave them,
Many gloomy hours to save them,
By the truest friendship cheering
Days of life fast disappearing.

Apprehension.

O foolish dream, to hope that such as I
Who answer only to thine earliest moods,
Should fill thy heart, as o'er my heart
there broods
The perfect fullness of thy memory!
I sit across thy soul as white birds by
Across the untrodden solitudes;
A moment's flash of wings; fair interlude
That leave unchanged the eternal sand and
sky.

Even such to thee am I; but thou to me
As the embracing shore to the sobbing sea,
Even as the sea itself to the stone-tossed
rill.
But who, but who shall give such rest to
thee?
The deep mid-ocean waters perpetually
Call to the land, and call unanswered still.

In November.

From my hill-circled home, this eve, I
heard
The tempest singing on the windy height—
The first wild storm of Winter in its flight
Seaward—as though some mighty aortic
bird,
Had left its snowy nest, and on the firmed,
Steep mountain summit paused on boister
ous night
To fill the valleys with its fierce delight.
Ah me, I thought, how every pine is stirred,
Till all its deep storm-music is unbound;
How every waving bough gives forth its roar,
And the firs shout as though some harper
hoar,
Laid his great hand upon the hills around,
And drew a loud hymn forth, a voice to
sound
Far, far away, beyond the world's dull
shore.

Faithless Nelly Gray.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeon made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his day.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave."

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos' breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you've lost
the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feet of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes."

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,

And life was such a burden grown,
made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlited in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
and then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four-cross
roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

Jennie Kissed Me.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed
me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jennie kissed me!

ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selections
for Autograph Albums, Christmas
and other Cards, and
Valentines.

Press on! our life is not a dream—
Though often such its mazes seem.
We were not born to live at ease—
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given:
A labor that shall fit for heaven,
When duty calls—let love grow warm,
Amid the sunshine or the storm,
With faith—life's trials boldly breast,
Then come a conqueror to thy rest.

Meanness shun, and all its train;
Goodness seek, and life is gain.

If I wake, or if I sleep,
Still the memory I keep
Of the tender light that lies
In the depths of those brown eyes.

Be blessings scattered o'er thy way,
My gladsome, joyous, laughing spirit;
Be thy whole life one summer's day
Without the night.

Trust not the world: It hath a smile
And sunny garniture of bloom,
Which charms the eye a lit while,
And bids the soul forget the tomb;
The pomp and pageantry that wait
To lure the spirit from its rest
Are crossed by doubt and dimmed by
care
And scourged by stern affliction's rod.

Oft as thine eye shall fondly trace
These simple lines I sketch for thee,
Whate'er the time, where'er the place
O think of me.

When pleasure sparkles in thine eye,
And every scene is fair to see,
When swift away the moments fly,
O then remember me.

On this leaf, in memory prest,
May my name forever rest.

On this page I'll write,
Simply to write
My name as your friend.

But well thou play'dst the housewife's
part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Concerning Free Speech—A few personal Remarks—City Life and Burglars—With Some thoughts About Life in the Country and on the Farm—Christian Balls and Missionary Bazaars.

JACOB is pleased to notice that TRUTH takes up the cudgels in favour of fair play and free speech, which have been so sadly endangered by the treatment Father Chiniquy received a short time ago in Montreal. I don't admire the Father very much. Perhaps I should say not at all. Far rather than that he should be silenced and abused in the way he has been, I should be willing to see the streets of Montreal run red with blood. Nobody forces those wretched hoodlums to go and hear this lecture in a church thrown open by its owners for such a purpose. If they don't like what Chiniquy says, they can give him a wide berth. But to think of any one, whether old or young, being mobbed and all but murdered by a lot of fanatical ruffians, and not a person to say them nay, is too bad. There is not a single priest, bishop or member of the Roman Catholic church who has said a single word against such infamies, and this is the very worst feature of the case. Those who don't condemn encourage such things, which any day may result in murder.

It is a curious way to try and silence a man and answer his arguments and operations by

ENOCKING HIS BRAINS OUT.

Is that all the length we have yet got in the theory and practice of religious liberty? Supposing some zealous, but ignorant Protestants should go to St. Michael's to hear Archbishop Lynch lecture on the iniquities of Luther, his incestuous marriage and his general ungodliness, and should pepper that worthy gentleman with bricks when he said what they regarded as at once insulting and untrue, what then? Why then everybody would say that such fellows should be sent to gaol. Yet what they would in that case have done would not be nearly so bad as what the young and old ignorant zealots in Montreal have done not only with impunity but applause. Come now, let us have a course of lectures on free speech and the right of each in the words of the Laureate "to speak the thing he will." Apparently the time has come, at least in Montreal, when

Babel ministers persecute
Opinion, and
When empire thought is civil crime
An individual freedom mute"

But, there now, that is enough and more than enough for that subject. TRUTH can look after such things without a word from JACOB at all. Only the old man does not like to see discussion whether for or against religion choked off by cudgels, stones and donkey cries.

I do believe JACOB is getting puffed up with pride since he took to moralize if not to maunder, in public. He is getting so many compliments that he actually begins to fear that people are inclined to

ROCKE FCN AT HIM.

Good friends, do you see my weakness, and do you enjoy to find me "a mere glutton of praise" swallowing all that comes? That would be too bad. Yet I

don't believe it. When there comes to me a nice little letter like the following from Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, saying: "We have taken TRUTH for half a year—indeed we take two numbers, but one does to lund, as several families waited anxiously to get it from us during the run of that ably written story 'The Master of Nutsgrove,' what can I conclude but that TRUTH is popular? And when it is added "When I send my story I will tell you how much I think of TRUTH and JACOB FAITHFUL." What am I to think especially when it is added, "Indeed so close a friend has JACOB become that I have been wondering if he could be got here to take Christmas dinner with us?" Nothing but what modesty forbids to repeat. I take my old felt by the crown, so as to save the rims from getting out of order, and bow my best bow to my friend away down by the sea.

Isn't it curious? I have never been in Nova Scotia in my life, though I have often wished to be. If I can manage it I shall see the land of "blue noses" before I die. The very thought of eating my Christmas dinner down in Yimot has made me feel "all curious." I have gone to the map ascertained the location, the population, &c. A railway station too. Two hundred inhabitants. All right. "Withal prepare me a lodging."

The state of things in Toronto in reference to burglars is becoming very formidable. The detectives are no better than so many old women. Very few things stolen are ever recovered, and as to bringing any of the offenders to justice the thing is scarcely ever thought of. Some how or other Toronto has got a good name among the light-fingered and law-breaking fraternity. It is a kind of home where they can eat, drink, and be merry. The consequence is evident. We have always a surplus stock of these gentry. I suppose we must just grin and bear it, unless we all take revolvers and go in for a little shooting on our own account. As for JACOB, he can only say that some times when awake all the night, he has watched in vain for the footfall of a peeler. By a fiction it is understood that all streets are perambulated at certain times and with a settled frequency every night. It is years since JACOB has seen or heard a policeman in his street either by night or day. Perhaps they have been, but he has not seen them.

Some tell me that I am totally mistaken about the country and the charms of a rural existence. They say that if I were condemned to live always there I should be either mad or back to the city in six weeks. I don't believe it at all. On the contrary I am convinced that I should like it amazingly. Give JACOB a good farm and fairish skill in farming and who would might take the city and its excitements. One said lately about his existence in the country. "I do nothing but eat, sleep, and work, and I would rather be a tinker's donkey than have life on such terms." Is it necessary to have life no better than that? Have people in the country no time to look at either a newspaper or a book? Many don't look at either, but that is their own blame; and worse than that, they toil and moil so that they drive away their boys from the farm altogether by not making it in any measure pleasant or attractive as if it were a sin to sit quiet of an evening and read. I have heard of a farmer, indeed I know him, who overlastingly got into a fidget when his son, a bright young fellow, settled down quietly to a book in the winter evening. Reading nothing himself, but simply like the Laird of Dumbiedykes, "lookin' frae him," the father would move uneasily in his seat and then

say "Willie, gang awa to the stable, I think there's something wrang wi' the horses." Willie reluctantly closed his book and went to find only that all was right. Again a short time elapsed and the everlasting "Willie" sounded out again with something certainly the matter with the pigs. And so on. Now all this is perfectly awful. It worried and annoyed that young fellow, who had the makings of a good man in him, and the "yirming" old fool made less than nothing out of all his worry. It is very much the same in thousands of cases. No wonder that discouragement and a stampede follow. Yet all that is not the blame of the farm but of the man who owns the farm. He turns himself into Bunyan's fellow with the "muck rake" and is continually gathering straws.

By the way, what about balls any how? I heard lately of a grand missionary enterprise that was to bring any amount of cash into "the treasury of the Lord" being postponed, why? Because all the leading lights—elders, deacons, managers, singers, Sabbath School teachers, with the superintendent at their head—were to be at a grand ball, and these dancers were expected to be the most liberal patrons of the said missionary bazaar! Oh, to think of it! Oh, to dream of it! These douce "unca guid, lang faced folk," preferring a ball to a missionary meeting, and saying, "Let us pray," as a preliminary step to their more "profitably" going off in the whirl of a round dance or something funnier still! Upon my word but the "church" does go half way to meet the "world" aye, and to compromise matters with what is not even the best part of that 'world.'

Now! Now! JACOB, hold your tongue. Go, you old rascal, get a dress coat and patent leather boots and foot it with the best. So shall your sleep be sweet, your stomach comfortable and your Christian character and consistency fairer than the noon day. It is a fact positively. Get the whole clergy of the city to lead off the sports. What is right for the pew can't be wrong for the pulpit. At least so it appears to JACOB.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

No. XXXIX.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill.

One good friend and very steady and intelligent correspondent answers No. 26 very correctly, but at the same time writes as follows; "It strikes me forcibly that the author of this onigma has failed to make his grand dramatic verse harmonize with the facts elicited from his questions, for what in the name of cern' mon sonso has Manoah to do with the sorrows of any party or parties connected with this onigma? Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, 11 chap. gives great examples of those who lived by faith in the old Testament times and suffered extraordinary things by the strength of their grace. But Paul is only brought in contact with the onigma through the epistle to Philemon. There is evidently a loose screw somewhere."

Let us see where the loose screw is, and in order to do this let us first have the correct solution. It is very evident that two persons are referred to, and, as has been frequently the case in these enigmas, though it is not mentioned so distinctly as it ought to have been, the names of the parties can be ascertained simply as the one has his name made up of the initials and the other of the finals. This is done in the following way:

1. Medes, Dan. vi. 15.
2. Abana, 2 Kings, v. 12.

3. Nimrim, Isaiah, xv. 6.
4. Onsimus, Philemon. 10.
5. Ab-lago, Dan. iii. 23 G.
6. Hebron, Gen. xii. 18; G. n. xxiii, 19
Josh, xx 7

If these words are examined it will be found that the initials make MANOAH and the finals SAMSON. Now as to the objections of our correspondent, let us see: What is the grand "dramatic verse"? "Their lives are sung in grand dramatic verse, By one who shared the sorrows of the son, And could the mighty heart's doop pain rehearse, To which the day and night are both as one.

Well, who has celebrated in grand dramatic verse the story of Manoah and Samson? Evidently Milton in his "Samson Agonistes." It will be remembered also that Milton was blind, and thus "shared the sorrows of the son."

No one has caught the double oulgas by giving Samson as well as Manoah. This, however, may be excused as the questions about finals was not made sufficiently explicit. Accordingly we give the names of those who were correct in the answers and would have had Samson also, had they thought of merely passing their eye down the words they had:—John Waddell, 321 Richmond St. West; R. Griffith, 2 Oxford St. London; W. A. Wingfield, Oshawa.

We beg pardon. We see the following have answered both, in the way we wished;—E. M. Wiley, Kingston, and Ch. Hendry jr., Stirton. If any other correct answers have been sent they have not reached our hands.

Now for XXXIX.

From the twelve following subjects frame An ancient city's awful name. The numbered letters form the same.

1. Find in one, ten, eleven, two, nine, A gift and attribute divine Which makes earth's mighty monarchs abino.
2. Hence two, eleven, and nine, four, ten, Describe the rank of mortals when They rule as sovereigns over men.
3. Three, six, four, ten, in Israel's land A mount where half the tribes should stand, And curse themselves at God's command.
4. There Joshua built in Israel's view, With stones God's covenant to renew In writing—four, ten, five, seven, two.
5. Five, nine, two, three, a city fair, Famed for its various kinds of ware, From many a nation, bartered there.
6. Six, four, seven, ten—an idol rude, In beast's or man's similitude Beguiling Israel's multitude.
7. Manoah's wife saw seven, twelve, one, Three, ten, ere she had borne a son, By whom great feats of strength were done.
8. Good Daniel once a beast did view In vision, named eight, three, four, two, To show what Persia's kings should do.
9. God's promise to believers given By his Beloved Son from heaven. Stands well confirmed in nine, three, seven.
10. By ten, seven, eight, four, twelve, is shown A Syrian shepherd little known Whom Israel's sons their grandare own.
11. The eighth of Peleg's nephews, when The earth was newly shared by men Appears eleven, six, seven and ten.
12. On twelve, three, six, eleven, they stand When Isra is dying I ader scanned— But never to see the Promised Land.

As last week, we shall give these prizes for the best and earliest answers to the above.

Climbing the Golden Stair.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by ROSELINDA.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

Andante with Expression.

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante with Expression'. The music features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with some chromatic movement in the bass.

1. Bir - - die, sing no more to - night, now, please, I'm lone - - ly now with grief and care, The
 2. All the morning I've been wan - d'ring by The brook - let murm'ring gently there, Where
 3. Of - - ten as my fond heart turns to you, I seem to feel the pressure rare, Of

sun - - beam of this once bright, hap - - py home, Is climb - ing now the gold-en stair; No
 you and I so oft-en came to sit, Be - fore you climb'd the golden stair; It
 lit - - tle lips as fond-ly close to mine As 'fore you climb'd the golden stair: Yet

more on earth we'll hear her foot - - steps, So take from sight her lit - tle chair, Ah!
 sings to me no more those bright songs, Nor charms a - way all tho'ts of care, But
 tho' the world seems sad and lone - - ly, And my poor heart is full of care, There's

she will nev - er need them more on earth, For she has climb'd the golden stair.
 now the song it murmurs e'er to me, Your dar - ling's climb'd the golden stair.
 hope to cheer, for now she waits for me, Be - yond, be - yond the golden stair.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
 Bir-die,..... lis-ten,..... She has left this world of care,

Alto.
 Bir - die, lis - ten, Bir - die, lis - ten,

Tenor.
 She has left this world of

Bass.
 Bir-die,..... lis-ten,..... She has left this world of care,

Accomp.

And your songs will never cheer her more. For she has climb'd the golden stair.

care, Will never cheer her more, For she has climb'd the golden stair.

And your songs will nev - er cheer her more.

EATON'S

GREAT SALE, BIG REDUCTIONS

—IN—

ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Extraordinary Bargains

—IN—

MANTLES, JACKETS, AND DOLMANS.

The exceptionally warm weather and open winter is a decided advantage to the general purchasing public. To meet this warm weather we have put our whole stock of mantles and dolmans at extraordinary bargains.

Ladies' ottoman cord dolmans, long and short, trimmed with fur, seal, astrachan or fancy trimming.

Ladies' Russian circulars in ottoman cord and brocade at bargain prices.

Ladies' extra long, close-fitting jackets, in ottoman and brocade, at bargain prices.

Ladies' silk plush and scalotte mantles. Ladies' silk brocade mantles, quilted silk linings.

Note.—These goods are all tailor made, and some most decided bargains are to be had in them.

Bargains in old ladies' jackets. Bargains in ladies' jackets and coats. Bargains in tweed ulsters. Bargains in jerseys.

Extra bargains in children's coats and girls' ulsters.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Now styles, fresh stock to hand every week.

This week we show the contents of two cases of new French felt hats and bonnets.

Bargains in feathers, clearing out lines of feathers at immense reductions, in all colours.

CLOTHS.

Bargains in cloth department. Black ottoman cloth, coloured ottoman cloth, in myrtle, brown, and bronze.

Bargains in check tweed ulsterings, clearing one line of 20 pieces at 75 c. a yard, former price \$1.50. Four colourings.

Now is the time to visit EATON'S if you want to get Bargains at CASH PRICES.

T. EATON & CO.,

190, 192, 194, 196 YONGE STREET.

FUR CAPES.

Special value in fur capes, 75c., \$1.25, \$2, up to \$8.

Fur muffs, in black astrachan dog skin, 90c. each.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

You can buy a Heavy All-wool Ribbed Double-Breasted Undershirt for 65c, with Drawers to match.

Men's Fine Canadian made All-wool Undershirts, 85c. or \$1.50 a suit.

A special make of Men's Fine Scotch Wove Undershirts and Drawers in light weight, for fall wear, at 10c.

Men's Heavy Non shrinkable Scotch Underclothing at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and \$2.25.

Enquire at this department for Boys All-Wool Underclothing, any size, at 35c, 45c, 55c, 65c, 75c and 85c.

Boys' Fine Non-shrinkable Scotch Underclothing, 90c up.

Boys' Flannel Shirts in Navy Blue and Grey, all sizes, at \$1.20 each.

With Collar attached and Lace Front, at \$1.35 each.

Men's Top Shirts, all-wool, 65c and 90c each.

Men's Fine all-wool Grey Flannel Shirts at \$1.35.

Flannel Shirts at \$1.25 each.

LADIES' SATCHEL DEPARTMENT.

Plush Satchels in the newest styles, with extension block bottom in black, gold, olive, cardinal, sealbrown, and terra cotta colors at \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 up.

The new Book Plush and Leather Satchel, \$4 and \$4.50.

Handsome Cardinal and Plush Bag, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50.

Leather Satchels in tan and black at 35, 45, 50 and 75c up.

Ladies' all leather Satchel, with block bottom at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

Black Seal Leather Block Bottom Satchel with purse attached, at \$3 up.

Ladies' purses in tan and black at 10, 15, 20, 25, 35c up.

Real Alligator Leather Money Bag 38 and 45c up.

Children's Money Purses with chain attached, 30c.

GLOVES! GLOVES!! GLOVES!!!

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GENTLEMEN
GLOVES and MITTS
—AT—
ROGERS'
346 Yonge St., Cor. Elm.



NEW YORK DOMESTIC FASHION CO.

General Agents for Canada, for the Popular Perfect Fitting
DOMESTIC PAPER PATTERNS.
Also for Mademoiselle Whaplis' Patent Dress Corset. Agents wanted.
SAMPLE CORSETS 25 CENTS.
13 King St. West, Toronto.

JAHN & SCHWENKER,

Importers and Manufacturers



FINE FRENCH HAIR GOODS,
75 KING STREET, WEST.
NEW YORK HAIR WORKS, Private parlor for Ladies' Head Dressing.

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. NOYLS, 119 POWER'S BLOCK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Our Engravings.
The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Might, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Wilson, Truth Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

Ladies who have sewing to do, either put their work out, or buy the best sewing machine they can find. All the public institutions in the city use the light-rauning and noiseless "Wanzor" O. And we specially recommend the machine because it is more improved and better value than any other sold in Canada. A five years warranty given and all instructions free. Chief office, 82 King Street, West, Toronto.

GRAVEL CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED
Locked Box 63, Orillia Ont.

PIANO TUNING!
R. H. Dalton, 211 Queen St. West.
Leave orders personally or by post card.

FOR SALE.—Wood-working Establishment. The Plant is in one of Missouri's best inland cities, and consists of fine grounds. Good building, first-class engine and machinery, and splendid run of custom work which can be greatly extended. Walnut, sycamore, hickory, and other timber in abundance and cheap. Have a permanent contract to make boxes for a large Tobacco Factory. Have 60,000 feet of walnut and sycamore lumber on hand. Will sell at a big bargain if applied for soon. For description of property and machinery, Address S. S. WEISS, Chatham, Mo., U.S.A.

WILTON AVENUE MEAT MARKET
W. J. CALGEY,
188 WILTON AVE.
Wholesale and Retail Butcher. Full supply of choice Meat, Hams, Bacon, Poultry, Lard, Vegetables, &c., &c., always on hand.
Families waited on for orders
NOTE ADDRESS
183 WILTON AVE.

PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS.
WALLACE MASON'S CLASS meets every Tuesday at 8 P.M. Parties wishing Phrenological temperance lectures this winter can arrange by addressing 262 Yonge St. Careful Examinations given with advice as to business adaptation, preservation of health and magnetic treatment given in chronic diseases.

A QUICK SHAVE.

A Death Blow to Superfluous Hair.

LADIES.

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

DORENWEND'S "Eureka" Hair Destroyer.

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroys the root, also softens and beautifies the complexion. It is safe, harmless, and painless. See the address on receipt of price. \$2.00 for one bottle or three bottles for \$5.00. Write a direct plain, and enclose money to

BEFORE AFTER

DORENWEND'S HAIR DESTROYER

TRADE MARK SECURED.

EUREKA MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
105 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
A. DORENWEND, Manager.

FASHION CHAT.

A cheering line in a Paris letter announces that bustles are less prominent.

Silver braid in rows and rings will be the stylish trimming for black cashmere dresses.

Velvet leaves veined and edged with gold will be used for bonnet trimmings and dress motifs.

The fashionable shoe at present for street wear is of French kid, with patent leather finishings.

White bonnets trimmed with white plumage will form the dressy bonnet par excellence the coming winter.

Jet and chenille will play an important part in dress trimmings, decorations and motifs next season.

A hat of black straw for Fall wear is ornamented with a golden pheasant and a tuft of green and ripe oats.

The cutaway jackets for Fall wear resemble very closely those worn by gentlemen. They are made of all kinds of cloth.

Copper-red is a favorite color for the crepe de chene and silk Jersey waists that are worn with skirts of white wool or of black lace over satin.

Belts can be worn with all waists. They are narrow or wide, according to taste. Deep belts are not suitable for women with short waists.

Corduroy jackets are to be worn, as well as many short cloth ones, trimmed with astrachan, a favorite trimming also for cloth dresses.

It is gratifying to learn that corsets are undergoing a change. They are made shorter in the waist and allow more room for the hips.

The short chenille-trimmed dolmans, which were so popularly worn last Spring, will be fashionable again this Fall for both young and elderly ladies.

Waistcoats with embroidered pocket flaps appear in some of the new jackets. This furnishes an easy method for disposing of small scraps of embroidery.

Fine braiding is now applied to many of the cloth and other woollen dresses, and even to silk. Most of the woollen dresses are made up on woollen foundations.

A revival emanating from the highest quarters is that of the locket or pendant worn at the throat with open dresses— one of the few ornaments suitable and becoming to all ages.

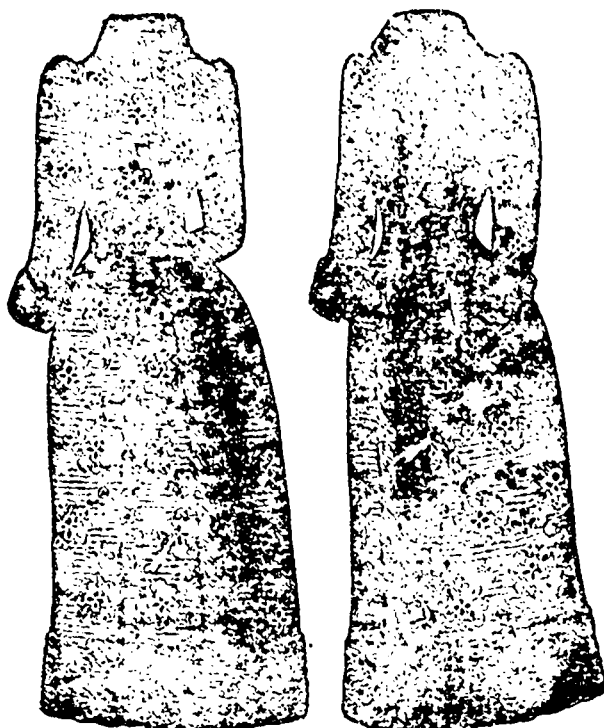
Fur bands will be extensively used in trimming the new velvet costumes. Silver-pointed black beaver is the most expensive of these, and is the fashionable substitute for seal.

The fashionable frock for little girls is called "Gretchen," and has a perfectly plain tight fitting waist. A square or a triangle of velvet is let in at the throat, and the sash may be of velvet. The skirt has no trimming except tucks.

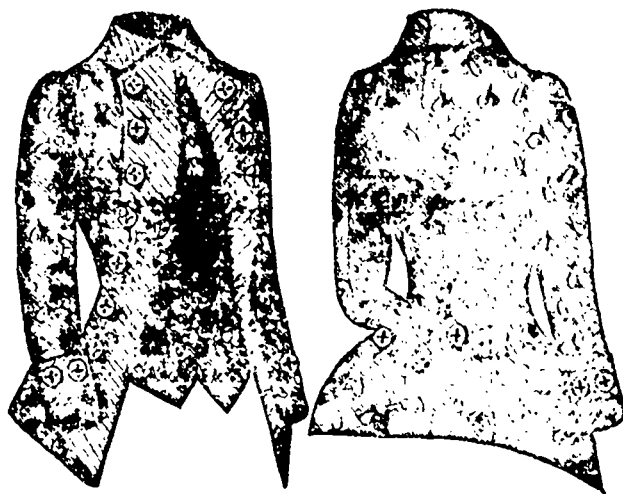
Astrakhan borders many of the new tailor-made jackets. They are made short, and dark Neapolitan red cloth is in much request for them, but the choice of this color renders it necessary to select only such costumes and bonnets as may properly be worn in conjunction, unless, of course, the wardrobe admits of many changes.

Plain and shaded stripes and plaids in vanishing effects are the prevailing style in autumn woollens, tweeds, chevots, serges, flannels, and foules showing these features in fawn, dark-red, quiet shades of blue, unobtrusive green, and even a little yellow beautifully blended together, the brighter tones subdued by the more sober.

To meet the demand for big bonnets, the English milliners have brought out a large calèche-like poke, which the wearers of the small bonnets have dubbed the "Salvation" bonnet. The "Salvation" bonnet is said to be favored by ladies of a serious and dignified countenance, no



3130 Ladies' Coat. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.



3134 Ladies' Jacket. 7 Sizes. 30 to 42 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents.



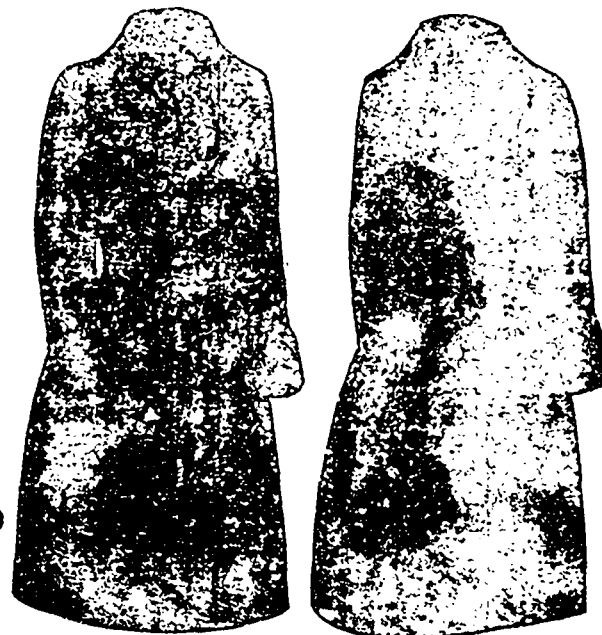
3119 Dolls' Skirt, Chemise and Drawers. 3 Sizes. Suitable for dolls 16, 18, 25 inches in length. Price, 15 cents.



3123 Dolls' Coat and Dress. 3 Sizes. Suitable for dolls 16, 18, 25 inches in length. Price, 15 cents.



3128 Ladies' Wrapper. 7 Sizes. 30 to 42 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.



3129 Ladies' Seal or Plush Sacque. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches. Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents.

longer young, even though retaining their beauty.

A description of one of Worth's latest to be worn at a wedding: The skirt is to be of black and gold striped velvet, perfectly plain, save for the little ruffling of plain velvet round the edge. The bodice and tunic are to be made of plain black velvet, the former opening over a waistcoat of Persian embroidery, in hieroglyphics of black on gold. The collar and cuffs are to match.

Gray and black are no longer considered the only regulation travelling colors. Gray, unless of a fine, expensive material, quickly looks cowdy, as one good shower will wrinkle and shrink its surface, and

black has an ineradicable propensity to betray travel stains. Fawn, beige, or biscuit-colored nun's cloth, relieved with crimson, is very pretty and usually becoming when thus brightened.

Dress.

The woman who is always well and neatly dressed is able to exercise a greater influence for good than one who is the reverse. The well-dressed woman is more attractive to the eye, and the eye is one of the main avenues to the heart. Other things being equal, her influence is more potent than her neighbour's, whose reputation of dressing "just as it happens" at home in some indefinable way casts a

shade over whatever virtue she may possess. A woman neatly dressed is ready for emergencies. The chance caller and the unexpected guest find her ready to receive them. But perhaps the greatest necessity for looking well at home exists in the home itself. To the members of our own family-circle we owe the first duty. A tidy well-arranged home is very inviting to a tired man, and the charm is heightened if she who presides over the home is neat and tidy also. And perhaps some who are ever studying the subject of how to keep the boys at home in the evening would find the problem half solved if they gave a proper amount of attention to home-dress.

Health Department.

Injuries of the Heart.

The heart forces the blood into the lungs when it receives oxygen, or in other words, is aerified, and thence drives the current throughout the system to supply every part with nourishment, and in return remove all impurities.

The heart is placed in the left side. This is so in the vast majority of cases. But there are those who have their hearts on the right instead of the left side of the thorax.

I remember seeing, a number of years ago, a man about forty years of age, with his heart situated on the right side. He said he had noticed this curious phenomenon ever since the age of four. He suffered no inconvenience nor disease from the condition. He was at the time suffering from some disease of the chest, but that was not at all due to the strange situation of his heart. Sometimes disease of the chest will thrust the heart to one side; but in such cases we do not at present intend to speak.

The heart is an involuntary muscle. By involuntary I mean something over which we have no control. The breath or respiration is both voluntary and involuntary. We can cause it to stop, but only for a short time. In the case of the heart, however, we can not check its action. For it beats night and day, month after month and year after year, from birth to old age and death, without resting at all, and when it does rest but for a moment, or is irregular in its action, we consider it diseased.

Now, curiously enough, we have one or two exceptions to the above statement. A well-authenticated case of this anomaly is that of a colonel who died not long ago in England. He possessed the power of stopping the action of the heart and the beating of the pulse at pleasure. Lying down for a short time and composing himself, he would, to all appearance, become like a dead person. His heart would stop beating; his pulse cease at the wrist; a pallor overspread his countenance; and the most vigorous and thorough examination of his physicians could not detect the least presence of life. After a while, perhaps half an hour, he would recover and walk away as well as before the experiment. I think this gentleman finally died of some heart disease.

Among other things in connection with the heart, may be mentioned its injuries; and these, strangely enough, are not always so fatal as it is generally supposed.

Soldiers wounded in the heart, in battle, or other persons injured by sharp instruments, do not always die immediately. Sometimes hours, days, months and years elapse before death occurs; and again, the wounded may entirely recover. I shall give below a few remarkable but well-authenticated cases of wounds of the heart. A man who was wounded in the heart by a bullet lived forty eight hours. In this case hemorrhage was gradual and slow. A curious case is that of a man surviving for twenty days with a skewer in his heart. A surgeon gives us the account of a boy who lived five weeks after being wounded in the heart; another of a soldier who lived eleven days with a bullet imbedded in the fleshy substance of the heart; and another, six years, of a person who lived with a wound, and died from a disease not at all connected with the injury of the heart.

Even after the heart has been pierced by sharp instruments, recovery has taken place, or death has been delayed for some time. A person died of some obscure disease of the heart under which he had labored for three months. At his death a pin was found sticking in his heart, wherein it must have been for that length of time.

Let us now turn to the consideration of another accident to which the heart is occasionally liable; that is, rupture or the breaking of the heart. A "broken heart" is generally regarded, except in cases of

previous disease, as but existing in the imagination of poets and sentimentals. In these cases we can easily conceive how a diseased or weak heart may be ruptured by any undue emotion of the mind, such as fear, joy, grief or other excitement which overstrains an already debilitated organ. But it is very doubtful whether a healthy human heart was ever actually "broken." Some surgeons are so positive in respect to this point that they consider it a physical impossibility, while others of equal authority declare that such accidents have occasionally happened, being due to the violent contraction of the heart under excessive emotions of the mind.

If all cases of death by supposed broken heart were carefully examined, we might perhaps clear up this curious and interesting subject.—[Youth's Companion.

Eating Before Sleeping.

The notion is widely prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This came from the severe denunciation of "late suppers" contained in nearly all the old popular works on diet. But it was the midnight debauch that was the object of attack, and even here it was less the gluttony than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their apprehensions. A man may induce apoplexy by gorging himself with the food at any hour of the day.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which chew the cud have their own provision for a late meal just before dropping off to their night slumbers.

Man can train himself to that habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will awaken it, and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of ministering in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach.

It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of this mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

The waste of human life by the neglect of the lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully than it usually is if this simple rule was not systematically violated.—[David M. Stone in Journal of Commerce.

Bronchitis.

Bronchus literally means the windpipe. But (with its plural bronchi) it denotes not only the windpipe, but also all the branching passages through which air is conveyed to the air-cells at their numerous terminations. These bronchial tubes are lined—except the very finest portions—with a membrane whose office it is to secrete a thin fluid, mucus, whereby their walls are kept moist and soft.

Bronchitis is an inflammation of this mucous membrane. It is common everywhere. Generally its seat is large tubes,

most often the portion external to the lungs. Occasionally its seat is the small tubes, when, especially in the case of children and the aged, it is apt to be speedily fatal.

In its acute form it commonly originates in a cold which affects the nasal passages, and then travels downward, giving rise to a dry cough, and causing a sense of tightness, and a feeling of soreness in the chest. This lasts a few days, and constitutes the first stage. Then the expectoration, instead of being transparent and scanty, becomes thick, yellow (or greenish) and more abundant. The soreness ceases, and the person feels greatly relieved.

The disease is self-limiting, and terminates in recovery within ten or twelve days on an average. As a rule, it tends neither to pneumonia nor to consumption. The liability to it connects with some unknown condition of the atmosphere. Its most frequent exciting cause is a chill of some part of the body. A dose of salts, a light diet, and, if the attack is severe, keeping in a warm bed a few days are all the treatment needed.

If the acute attacks are frequently repeated, and the general health is low, they may result in chronic bronchitis—a much more serious ailment. The latter is most common in old age. It inclines to persist for years, and in aged, for life. Its characteristic is frequent fits of coughing, and an expectoration more or less abundant. If the smaller tubes are affected, the matter expectorated is more solid and tenacious, and is raised with much difficulty. The appetite may remain good (though it is often otherwise), and there may be no marked loss of flesh. It does not increase his liability to consumption, but, says Flint, "perhaps the reverse."

In treating it, the leading object should be to invigorate the general health. To this end tonic remedies may be used, while the diet should be generous, and the life be spent as much as possible out of doors.

Some Health Fallacies.

A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* thinks that the health of the people would be brought up to a better condition if they were educated out of the following fallacies:

The idea that cold baths are healthy in winter and dangerous in mid-summer.

That rain-water is more wholesome than "hard" water.

That bed-rooms must be heated in cold weather.

That the misery of everlasting scrubbing and soap-suds vapors is compensated by the comfort of the lucid intervals.

That a sick room must be kept hermetically closed.

That it pays to save foul air for the sake of its warmth.

That "draughts" are morbid agencies.

That catarrhs are due to low temperature.

That even in mid-summer children must be sent to bed at sunset, when the air begins to be pleasant.

That an after-dinner nap can do any harm.

That the sanitary conditions of the air can be improved by the fector of carbolic acid.

That there is any benefit in swallowing jugful of nauseous sulphur water

That rest after dinner can be shortened with impunity.

That out-door recreation is a waste of time.

That athletic sports brutalize the character.

That a normal human being requires any other stimulant than exercise and fresh air.

That any plan of study can justify the custom of stunting children in sleep.

That the torpor of narcotism is preferable to insomnia.

That the suppression of harmless recreations will fail to begot vice and hypocrisy.

That stimulation is identical with invigoration.

That fashion has a right to enforce the wearing of woollen clothes in the dog days.

The Stomach and Affection.

It has long been a popular popular belief that a watcher with a full stomach was comparatively safe in the sick room, and that one exposed to infection with an empty stomach was in great danger of taking it. These views, the results of accumulated experience, are substantially true.

Science accepts and explains them. As we have had occasion repeatedly to say, many infectious diseases are due to bacteria (microscopic plants), received into the system with the breath, food, or drink.

Cholera is found to be due to a kind of bacteria, one of whose characteristics is that they penetrate deeply into the coats of the intestine, thus doubtless producing more destructive disorganization and being not so easily reached with remedies. The bacteria can be readily destroyed by various acids, provided they can be reached.

Now, when these diseases are prevailing, thousands of persons may take the bacteria into their systems with entire safety. What is the explanation? It is that suggested above. A vigorous stomach, in a state of activity, digests them as freely as it does larger vegetables. The gastric juice itself is acid, and is thus destructive to their life. Hence, since an empty stomach does not secrete gastric juice, it allows the bacteria to pass unharmed to the alkaline portion of the intestine.

Disease Germs

It requires a first-class microscope to find bacteria—and, dissecting scientists claim, a first-class imagination also. Bacteria are alleged to be germs of disease, and the German doctor who discovered them has been called as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind of this generation. A Philadelphia doctor now claims that he has invented a trap in which he can capture these infinitesimal germs as flies are caught in a flytrap. This curious contrivance is the invention of Dr. W. H. Webb, of North Sixteenth street, who has upon many occasions in the dead hours of the night tested it in the streets, and has captured enough of these deadly germs to show that we breathe anything but a healthy atmosphere. He recently obtained permission from the Mayor to set his trap in the gallery of a crowded hall, and the result was appalling. He declines to explain the details of his invention in advance of the publication of an article upon the subject, which he is writing for a medical journal. As soon as this appears he purposes to send specimen traps to prominent European and American scientists, so that the value of his discovery may be fully tested.—[Philadelphia Record.

There is in Jerusalem a class of Jews who engage in no industry or professional calling, but devote themselves to the performance of religious ceremonies and to the study of the Talmud, it being regarded by them—as it is not regarded among European Jews—as a final authority. They are maintained by contributions from Europe, Asia, and Africa, and receive support in proportion to the size of their families, their knowledge of the Talmud, and their general standing as Chachams. They have reached the number of 15,000 souls, as specially devout and worthy of admiration. They come from Russia, Poland, Austro-Hungary, Germany, Holland, and Spain, and from various provinces in the Turkish empire.

Ladies' Department.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Soups.—The hand that can make good soup unfailingly, has arrived at a stage in the culinary art not reached by any except a good cook. Therefore, when our house-wife can succeed in having her soups, not sometimes, but always perfect, she need never fear in venturing among the other branches of cookery, because the very knowledge and tact necessary in the one case will be sure to guide her unerringly in the others.

To ordinary cooks the preparation of a soup is a mystery they don't seem to have the desire or ability to understand. Yet, when properly made, there is nothing more palatable and wholesome. Among the well-to-do portion of every community, it forms a very important part of the dinner, and there is every reason why it should not be so generally discarded, as it is, by the poorer classes, for it is not only nourishing, but can be made to constitute a large portion of their diet, with quite as much, if not more, economy than is possible in the use of other dishes.

We will now give a few hints for the benefit of our readers and follow them up with a game stock recipe.

Every utensil used in the cooking should be scrupulously clean. The saucepan covers should be looked after, and their rims, and even handles, not neglected.

Watch your fire, and should there be the least smoke, always remove your saucepan to a safe distance when you have occasion to lift the lid.

The meat should be lean; and used as soon after killing as possible.

Avoid purchasing a piece of meat that would require any washing before going into the pot.

Do not put the bones in until they are first pounded into small pieces.

If your meat and bones are fresh—that is, uncooked—they should be put into cold water. On the other hand when they have been previously fried, or browned, boiling water, only, is the proper thing, and this should be added a little at a time.

Make your soup the day before it is wanted. Let it stand till cold, and then remove all the fat that has risen to the surface.

Beware of a hot fire. Simmering is the life, as boiling is the death of any good soup.

If your soup is to contain vegetables, let these be boiled a little while in separate water before adding them.

In seasoning, bear in mind that it is much safer to have too little than too much. A precaution especially needful when you are adding the salt.

Do not add cream or milk without first boiling them separately, and straining them. And when added they should be boiling hot.

Whenever an egg is to be added, do not put it directly with the body of the soup; put a little of the latter in a cup, and after allowing it to cool for a minute, mix the egg thoroughly with it, and then pour it into the soup, a little at a time, stirring it while adding.

Keep your soups always in stoneware or china, and, when stirring or skimming them, use a wooden spoon.

GAME STOCK.—This stock may be made from the remains of any roast game you may have left over, or from an old bird whose years, perhaps, may have saved him from any other destiny. But whatever game is used should be first roasted, or partially roasted, in order the better to bring out the ozmazomic flavor. Then take some thin slices of lean ham and place a layer of these in the bottom of a well-buttered saucepan. Cut the game, or the remains, into small pieces and lay these upon the top of the ham. Now dissolve in one pint of boiling water two teaspoonsful of Johnston's Fluid beef. Pour this over the contents of the saucepan until they are nearly covered, and

then set the pan where the liquor may boil briskly. When done to a glaze, remove to one side and let it simmer until it colors. Then add as much more of the Fluid beef solution as it will stand, together with some sliced onions, carrots, and turnips, chopped celery, a few cloves, and salt to taste. Allow the contents to simmer very gently until done; then strain and set aside until wanted.

For a hastily prepared soup we think our readers will be entirely satisfied with the following recipe:

A 2 ounce can of Johnston's Fluid Beef; 1½ pints of water; 2 tablespoonsful of stewed tomatoes; 1 teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire sauce; 1 egg; pepper and salt to taste. Have the water boiling hot and dissolve the Fluid Beef in it, adding the stewed tomatoes. Set these ingredients upon the fire where they may cook gently for ten minutes; after which remove and strain, and again place them on the fire adding the Worcestershire sauce and seasoning with salt and pepper. Now take out a little of the soup in a cup or bowl, and allow it to stand for a moment or two, so that it may heat without cooking the egg, which you are now to beat up and stir in with it. Now slowly pour the contents of the cup into the soup, stirring constantly. The result will be a rich, creamy soup, and the quantity sufficient for six persons.—*[The Caterer.]*

STEWED STEAK AND CUCUMBER.—This delicious dish, says a contemporary, is prepared in the usual way of stewing a steak; but all the vegetables employed should be in a somewhat less proportion than usual. When nearly done, add a liberal allowance of cucumber, pared and sliced; simmer for ten minutes, then put in two or three pickled onions and serve. Cucumber may be added to stewed chops and all similar dishes, but other vegetables should be used in a somewhat less proportion at the same time, that the special and always acceptable flavor of the cucumber may not be obliterated.

TOMATO CONSERVE.—Take sound tomatoes, remove the green part, and cut them up into small pieces; stew them with an onion or two according to quantity, a bay-leaf, a few cloves, whole pepper, and salt. Let them boil until quite done, stirring all the time. Drain off the watery part, and rub the pulp through a fine sieve. Boil up the water strained from the puree, and reduce it to half, add it to the pulp, and put it into wide-necked bottles; cork them tightly with very good corks, and tie down the corks. Put them into a saucepan with cold water to reach to the neck of the bottles, and lay between them to keep them from knocking; cover the saucepan, and, from the time the water boils, boil for half an hour, adding more water as it evaporates. Take out the bottles, and, when cold, cover the corks with bottle-wax, and keep in a cool dry place.

LEG OF MUTTON.—If the novice would become acquainted with the flavor of garlic, let him begin with a leg of mutton, with a small clove inserted into the knuckle before splitting, and have the joint served up with white haricot beans. The latter so seldom appear on English tables that it is necessary to mention that they must be soaked at least twenty-four hours before cooking; and even then they will be "unnegotiable" if the water be hard. It is therefore better to put a little carbonate of soda into the water.

Feminine Fastness.

The author of the "Heir of Redcliffe," Miss Yonge, writes thus plainly concerning the association of women and tobacco: "I know I shall offend many of my readers by saying that I think men have done much to lower the tone of refinement in women, in making them submit to smoking. Forty or fifty years ago the gentleman I know best (officers in the army, some of them) would have no more thought of accustoming their wives, daughters, or sisters, to the smell of smoke than they would to the atmosphere

of a public house. They would have thought that something of the woman's grace was lost by treating her with the disregard thus implied, and that they failed in respect to her sex. Most gentlemen were of this mind; they seldom smoked themselves, and when their sons took up the practice, forbade it in the house, and were much displeased if they saw it done before their daughters. Girls, however, are apt to take the side of their brothers when they think them deprived of a harmless pleasure. Fun did something, and so did the pleasure and honor of being with a brother, and the young men themselves viewed the parental dislike as old fogyism, the feminine distaste as simple fidget and selfishness. I have even seen it argued that smoking is no more selfish than tea drinking—as if tea poisoned the sweet air around it, or left fumes in rooms and clothes. I do not say the sisters were always wrong. It is better to put self aside, than to drive away and lose, a brother's confidence; but I do say that the whole tone between man and woman is lower than it was in those days, and that the habitual self-indulgence in a free-and-easy custom, hardly respectful, cannot but have assisted in this.

And as to the custom creeping in, of girls enjoying cigarettes—a thing begun in fastness and fun, and excused by the customs of foreigners—it is one of the readiest ways of unsexing themselves, and losing all the reverence due to womanhood; which reverence is a greater benefit to man than even to woman.

After this I need hardly say what I think of the practice of going and sitting with men in their smoking-room. We may say we are at home with them and can trust them. I hope we can, but to follow them into their own particular haunts is not fit for any woman or girl, and if she does it in thoughtlessness at first, she will either have to draw back or will have the true charm and grace of her sex spoilt. It is not a boon companion that a man wants, it is something to call out his higher feelings of respect and honor.

Feeling at Home.

To make a person feel "at home," in the best sense of the words, is almost becoming a lost art.

People, even busy people, have leisure now and again for a little social communion, for a party, a "hop," or a bit of a jaunt. This is the time for the practice of that crowning art of tact—making everybody feel comfortable.

You go into an ordinary drawing-room, and the hostess trips up with a pretty little stereotyped smile, and a delightful trifle of gush, and you shake hands, speak of the weather, and are dismissed as someone else approaches. Then you notice the same little stereotyped smile, the same bit of gush, the same sentences from first to last, and wonder if people are ever deceived by the mockery.

But a woman with anything like real tact will make every one of her guests feel that he or she is really welcome—will, in fact, force the visitors to feel at home, and consequently altogether at ease and happy.

At a mixed party or a picnic where a number of strangers are gathered together, the good fairy who can make suitable introductions is doing more to promote the enjoyment of those present than might at first sight be supposed.

Here there is a shy young man—and shy young men are not so very rare, after all—and yonder is a disconsolate maiden, escortless and pining for a little attention. To bring the two together makes another happy pair, and so on all through the list of guests.

The organizer of a party, indoors or outdoors, in being able to make people feel at home, must have the eye of a general. He must dash in and divide ill-assorted groups, bring like and like together, generally preside, like some benign influence, over the whole of the gathering.

But this must be done as unobtrusively as possible. A noisy, fussy, bustling host or hostess is a noisy, bustling fussy nuisance. True art conceals art; and the art of making people feel as if they had never met such pleasant acquaintances before is an art which is all the greater an art if the means which affect the miracle are studiously hidden behind a mask of quiet ease.

How They do it.

So-called respectable people would hesitate considerably before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too soon. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

Out on the bias—The guillotine.

Mr. T. O. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

Burglarious ditty—Oft in the stoaly night.

Young Men! Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The corset has come to stay.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horsecars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Light infantry—Torch bearers.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the same now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh—*Montreal Star.*

A tea-totaller—The tea merchants' accountant.

Pale, Woebegone Invalids suffering from poverty of the blood, bilious sufferers and those whose circulation is depraved, should use without delay Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the celebrated blood purifier, which stimulates digestion, increases the nutritive properties of the blood, and expels impurities from the system.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 2.

The following story originally appeared in the pages of the now defunct, "The Continent" magazine, among a series of stories whose authorship was to be guessed at. The sender, Mr. P. Mason, Washington Heights, New York City, can obtain the Gold Hunting Case Stem Winding Watch offered as prize, on forwarding twenty-five cents for postage and registration.

HE WAS NEVER KNOWN TO SMILE.

The nurse said it could not live long. Two of them came and looked at it. Trim, rather pretty young women in striped seersucker dresses, white aprons and muslin caps. Trained nurses both of them, and persons of sense and education as belittled their high calling. The thing was a shadow—at least they called it a shadow of a child. Pinched, thin, bloodless and miserable.

"Inanition."

"Temperature too low."

"Wants a mother, you mean."

The nurse who said this took up the poor bit of humanity from its crib, and held it in her arms against her own virgin breast as if to warm it back to its miserable life.

Born in a hospital, and its mother gone on her journey to the Far Country. Its father unknown and unknowing of mother or child. It seemed best and kindest to let it die rather than to warm to life such a faint spark of vitality:

"Will it pay to save?"

"Hush!" said the other nurse, who still held the child in her arms. "You never can tell. It may inherit talent, and it were a pity to waste that. Besides, it is a child and has its rights."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was thinking of the tremendous difficulty of the case. The child will be dead before three in the morning unless it can get warm and be nourished."

They looked round the ward, now dark and quiet. The little lamp by the bedside seemed to make the rows of white beds, the bare walls and black windows only more dull, more dreary and forlorn.

"Call the doctor. I'd rather not take the responsibility."

What can a man do? It needs a mother. Besides, the doctor has been excused, and left that idiot in glasses in his place."

"Call him then. The man is young"

"And full of queer notions."

"Good. Even a notion may be of value in this case."

The young man came, sleepily rubbing his eyes as if just from a stolen nap. He put on his glasses and stooped over the bed where the mite had been laid. Then he looked at the two women in a queer, half-amused way, and said:

"Parents known?"

The elder nurse shook her head, and the young one ventured the opinion that it could not live long.

"All right; I'll take the responsibility. I finished the machine. Bring me a gallon of boiling water. I'll go for the apparatus at once."

With that he walked rapidly away between the rows of beds.

"A hot bath! I told you he was a fool."

"It's our duty to obey. The child's life is not in my hands. Stay you here while I get the hot water for this medical lunatic. There's no consolation—the little thing will die clean."

In a few moments the young man returned, bringing what seemed to be a packing box. It was of wood, two feet eight inches long by two feet four inches wide and deep. He placed it upon a table by the bed and said:

"Half a minute—I must get the lamp."

The nurse had returned with the can of hot water, and stood staring at the box.

"Well, of all the crazy notions!—I wonder where the hospital is going to with such imbeciles at the head of the children's ward!"

Just then the young man returned with a small lamp, a tin funnel, and a thermometer. He then took off the top of the box, and showed two sheets of glass placed one over the other, and with with an air-space between them. He touched a handle at one end, and drew out what seemed to be a drawer in the box.

"Fold up a blanket and lay it in that, and put the child upon it. That's the cradle. Now for the hot water."

While one woman prepared the drawer as a bed for the child and laid it in it, the young man put the funnel in a hole in the box and poured the hot water into it. The water disappeared somewhere within the box, and then he thrust the thermometer into the opening where the drawer had been taken out. The mercury quickly rose to something over eighty, and there appeared to hesitate.

"That will do. It is nearly warm enough. Give me the cradle." He took it, child and all, and pushed it into the box. The thermometer was still in the box, and both the child and the glass could be plainly seen through the cover of the apparatus.

"What a horrible idea!" said the younger nurse, aloud. "It's only an incubator—an egg-hatching machine."

"Couvreuse, you mean," said the young man; "French for mechanical nurse. If the fowls of the air have an artificial mother, why not the human chicken? I've patented the notion. The box is double, and is lined with mattresses filled with sawdust to retain the heat. I'll light the incubator lamp to keep up a gentle circulation of the water. The temperature must be maintained at exactly 86 Fahr."

"It will not suffocate?"

The young man smiled and tapped on the lower part of the box, where there appeared to be a row of holes.

"The air enters below the water reservoir, and is heated before it reaches the child, and finally escapes at the top. You can go to bed, if you wish. I'll sit up and watch the case."

The two women leaned over the box and gazed thoughtfully at the human chicken, peacefully sleeping in the embrace of its sawdust mother.

"It seems to sleep better."

"Yes; it's getting warm."

"Perhaps it will live through the night."

The young man seemed to be pained.

"All it wanted was a mother. I know my mother would work. It has many great improvements over the French mother, all covered by my patents."

"I dare say it's better than a real mother," said the younger nurse, with just a shade of sarcasm.

"Yes. It cannot talk, and—and—well, it's generally more amenable to the laws of scientific nursing."

The nurse chewed the end of her cap-stem in a meditative way.

"It certainly looks better already, but think of its feelings. What is home with such a mother?"

The young man bent fondly over his pet invention and gazed upon the child asleep in its strange cradle.

"Temperature rising too fast," he soliloquized. "The lamp must be turned down a trifle."

"It's a great pity your mother cannot feed the child."

"That is a defect, I admit. The cradle must be withdrawn when the child is to feed. I have plans already drawn for a method of supplying food to the child without taking it out of the *couvreuse*."

"How soon will it be hatched?"

The young man felt hurt. Plainly the women had no faith in his mother. He must watch it, or they would neglect the machine; let the child die, and then say it was the fault of his mechanical nurse. He would heroically sit up all night and tend the machine. If the child died it was important to know why, to correct the defects in the new mother, and if it lived and thrived his machine should have the credit.

"Yes, my dear. Edward always was a strange child. He was brought up with the others as one of the family, and yet from the day I found him till now that he is a man grown, he has had this persistent melancholy. I declare I believe the child never once laughed in his life, and even now, like the clam celebrated in the poem, 'he is never known to smile.'"

"It was in an asylum you found him?"

"Yes. We don't often speak of it now, but you ought to know about it."

She gave this with a little emphasis, and beamed in a motherly way upon the lovely girl who sat beside her.

"I have nothing to conceal, my dear Mrs. Stevens. I have known Edward for eight months, and always respected him. When, in his slow, and rather solemn manner, he said he loved me I was actually shocked. Then I saw more of him, and finally accepted him. He told me, himself, at the very first, that he was an orphan, born in an asylum."

"The Hospital for Infants and Respectable Indigent Mothers," replied Mrs. Stevens. "He was born and reared there, till, by accident, I found him and took him home. Poor Emily—she was my elder sister by several years—married a graceless scamp, and moved to the city, and had no end of trouble, and at last died and left the poor boy to the tender mercies of a hospital."

"Practically he never had a mother. It is no wonder that he is so melancholy."

"Yes. Brought up by artificial means they said—by hard, I suppose, they meant. The doctor said it was a peculiar case."

"Who was he, this doctor?"

"Why, don't you know? The celebrated Dr. Smith."

"Not mother's pet physician?"

"Certainly."

"Then I shall see him at once. This brooding melancholy must be cured before I can ever marry him. I couldn't put on my wedding dress with any kind of comfort if I thought he was never again to smile. Something must be done to rouse him—to make him more cheerful, more human. He's good, and gentlemanly, and all that; but so sad, so sad and gloomy."

Mrs. Stevens snook her head doubtfully, as if to say it was all in vain.

The venerable physician sat in his luxurious office, meditating on the vanity of earthly ambition. When he was young, he had hopes, desires, and noble aims. Now that he was old he was content with his carriage, his wealthy patients, and comfortable practice. His regular office hour was nearly over, and he was waiting perhaps impatiently, for the bell to call him to dinner. In his callow days, he could sit up all night, and go without food, to watch a new experiment in science. Now his dinner was the most important event in the day. Such can be the decay of a noble ambition. A patient was announced,

She came bustling in, lively, vivacious,

full of fresh, young life, that broke into touches of natural merriment. Clearly not a very sickly person. She seemed an antidote for sadness—a soothing balm for blighted ambition—and the old man was truly glad to see her.

"Miss Vivacia! Is this you? Oharmed to have you come into my den. Lights the old place up. How is the mother?"

"Mother is perfectly well' thank you doctor. She does not know I have come to you, and I want to see you very much—particular case of my own."

The doctor stood smiling and pleased before the lovely Vivacia, and wondered what on earth could be the matter.

"It's not for myself. I'm never ill. It's a—a—well, a friend of mine—very sad case—deep-seated melancholy. Never laughs, never even smiles."

"Not even in your presence? Must be a bad case, indeed."

"It is, sir, deeply affecting, too. A man grown, and, as his aunt says, a man never known to smile; and he is to be my husband."

"So? He will recover soon. You are his best prescription."

"You do not understand, sir. It is a strange story. He was born in a hospital, and, as they said, brought up artificially—though I don't know what they mean by that. He was always sad, and grave, and—oh, I'doctor, do help me. I am going to be his wife, and I shall certainly die of the blues if I live alone with him, and I shall die if I don't."

A shade of deep sadness overspread the old physician's face. He sat down, and for a moment was absorbed in reflection.

"What hospital was it?"

"The Hospital for Infants and Respectable—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the doctor arose abruptly, and said:

"I knew it. I knew it. It's the same case. It is strange how time takes its revenges. I know all about that case. The man was brought up by my patent mechanical nurse."

"What?"

"His young head was pillowed on unfeeling sawdust."

"What do you mean?"

"His life was saved by my patent *couvreuse*, but, as the nurse predicted at the time, his natural affections, which should have gone out to a mother, met only an irresponsible incubator, and this is the result. It is not strange that, as the poet has so well expressed it, 'he is never known to smile.'"

"What?"

He did not seem to heed her.

"Something must be done; yet I know not what."

"I don't understand a single word you say, though I suppose it is very dreadful."

"Yes, miss. It is, indeed, dreadful that any child should have been thus blighted."

"Tell me what to do. Will he never get over it? Won't he outgrow it? Cannot you give me a prescription?"

"Hush child! Let me think."

A solemn hush filled the room. The physician's mind ran back to that fatal night in the hospital. Miss Vivacia began to secretly wish she was not engaged to so very undesirable a person. There must be some horrible mystery about that hospital. Her lover was, perhaps, the victim of some scientific experiment too awful to describe.

Just then the dinner-bell rang, and the aged physician rose with alacrity, and said:

"You must excuse me now, Miss Vivacia. I'll consider your case, and send you a prescription by my boy in the course of the afternoon."

Miss Vivacia considered herself dismissed, and went home, and waited as best she could the expected message.

It came in about two hours. She tore open the envelope, and found only a few lines in pencil.

"The patient must be born again, or he cannot be saved."

She threw the note on the floor in mingled misery and vexation. What did he mean by such cruel nonsense? After a while, she felt better, dried her tears, and repaired to Mrs. Stevens' mansion, and there laid the note and the whole story before that motherly person.

"That's clear, sensible advice."

"It's rubbish!"

"Not at all. He means that Edward must be a boy again. He must learn to say with the poet, 'Turn backward, oh, time, in thy flight, and make me a boy again,' and so on. I declare I did not know Dr. Smith know so much about children."

"Where is Edward now?"

"He has not come home yet; detained at the office. Leave it all to me. I'll get him a rattle and some other playthings, and he shall be a boy again. You see he is a disappointed child. He lost all the joys of babyhood in that dreadful incubator. The doctor means he should begin all over again as far back as possible. Poor dear little thing! What a frightful loss, to have no babyhood. You'll help me, dear?"

"Yes," said Vivacia, "I'll try."

"You will never succeed if you are so gloomy about it. Do you think any baby would ever smile to see such a cloudy face as yours?"

"I'll do anything, Mrs. Stevens, to help cure dear Edward, but to treat him as a child is just a little silly."

"It's not. It's good medical advice by one of our best physicians. Now run right up into the nursery and look in the top drawer of the old bureau and you'll find Katy's playthings. Hurry, before Edward comes."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Then I'll go myself. I've been a mother, and I know just what to do in such a case."

With that she went hastily out of the room. Miss Vivacia sat sadly thinking of the poor child's blighted babyhood, and inwardly raging against her friend for thinking that her intended husband could ever be pleased with a toy. Just at that instant the door opened, and the lover solemnly entered the room. She sprang gladly up to meet him, with light laughter and lively affection contending for room on her tongue. He took her hand soberly, and said:

"Good-evening, Vivacia. It has been a fine day. Sorry to be so late to-night, and pleased to find you here."

"Well,—you don't look it. Why don't you smile, or laugh, or look pleasant?"

"Can a man laugh to order? I don't see anything to laugh at. As for this overlasting smile so many people wear, it reminds me of that Cheshire cat who, I am told, gradually faded away and left only a grin behind. It's an absurd story, and I don't see how any one could believe such awful nonsense."

"Why, it's very funny. For my part, I think it perfectly delicious. I read the book through twice, and laughed till I cried."

"What a paradox! How could you do both?"

"My love," cried Vivacia, in desperation, "were you ever guilty of laughing?"

"Not knowingly. I never could see anything to laugh at."

"Then it's time you did. The trouble is, you were a disappointed child. You never had any fun. Sit down, and I'll try to make up the loss to you."

He calmly sat down by her side on the sofa, and she, nervous to her duty, by mingled love and despair, took his hand in hers, and counting off his fingers sang in an excellent alto voice:

"This little pig went to market,
And this little pig stayed at home, etc.

He gazed fondly upon her, but said not a word till the song was finished.

"Where could you have learned such rubbish?"

"Oh! here's a string. Let's play cat's-adle."

With that she pulled a string from Mrs. Stevens' work basket, and taking

both his hands in hers, began to wind it round his fingers.

"This is the way. Hold up its little finger-wingers, and let mother play cat's-adle."

He suffered her to twist the twine round his fingers, but paid no attention, being absorbed in grave reflection on the last and most solemn phase of the falling market.

"Perhaps it would rather play peek-a-boo wizz muzzer. Peek-a-boo! I see him!"

Just at this moment Mrs. Stevens returned, bearing a ragged doll and a child's rattle. She instantly grasped the situation, and came to Miss Vivacia's aid. Swinging the rattle before the young man's face, she cried:

"See the pretty rattle go roundy-poundy!"

"Peek-a-hoo! Mother see him!"

"See pretty dolly. Dolly play with baby!"

A look of pained astonishment came into the young man's face, and tears, perhaps of joy, shone in his manly eyes.

"Oh!" cried Vivacia, as she put her arm round his neck and drew his head upon her shoulder.

"Oh! come to its own muzzer."

"Yes; come to muzzer while aunty sings to it:

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye."

"There, take the rattle and play with it."

Suddenly the young man rose, pushed his intended's arm rather rudely away, and said, in a pained and serious way:

"I don't know what you women mean, but if there ever were two stark, staring maniacs escaped from an asylum, you are the pair. I'll bid you good-night. I'm going to Wednesday evening lecture to hear Mr. Dessicator on Isaiah. Good-night."

"Edward, how can you be so rude? I was trying my best to help you."

"Then help somebody else. I have no desire to marry a lunatic, even if I live with one."

With that he was gone.

A whole year rolled away. Of course, they were married in due time. Mrs. Stevens had an earnest talk with her nephew on his implied threat of a broken engagement, and he, like a serious-minded young man, confessed he could never understand women, and would really marry one in due season. He went solemnly through the ceremony, and every one said it was a very sad wedding. The bride tried to smile, but she was already in the gloomy shadow of her husband's serious life. For a whole year she never smiled, and then it seemed there was ample occasion for smiles. The grave and solemn father was not at home when the stranger arrived. Dr. Smith had been called, and he resolved to make one more desperate effort to repair the sad damage caused by his heartless and irresponsible, though patent mother.

"He's come," said the nurse.

"Let me take the baby," said the doctor. "It is a serious experiment, full of the greatest scientific interests. The father's baby-hood was blighted."

"I know," said the nurse. "I heard of it and of your prescription—'Und less the child is born again it cannot be saved.'"

"Yes," said the doctor, absently, "I believe that was it. Hush! here comes the poor man."

He entered, and paused at the door with a look of deep anxiety. Then he advanced to the doctor and looked at the child on the old man's arm. The baby seemed, in a red and watery way, to smile about the eyes.

And the father smiled in return.

The father gazed curiously, wondering, at it; a painful spasm seemed to affect the muscles of his face, the corners of his mouth were drawn upward, and he smiled in return.

"Thank heaven!" said the doctor and the nurse.

"Thank heaven!" came faintly from the next room.

And the baby nearly strangled himself in an effort to join in the general joy.

Till-Bits.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—One of the old customs that is gradually dying out is that of asking a blessing on food. We can all remember the indistinct but solemn remarks that accompanied each meal in our youthful days, when none of the children—not even the baby in the high chair—dared to smile. Leaving out the emot-ions of thankfulness and gratitude the custom was supposed to represent, it was good discipline for giddy-pated youth. The irreverent youngster of to-day could hardly be made to comprehend the necessity of sitting absolutely still and preserving decorous silence over his plate. Appropos of which comes a good story from a family circle in Louisville, where the habit is still observed. Each small boy in a lot of six being required to say the blessing in rotation. One of these recently fell into disgrace. It was his turn to say grace, but it was transferred to his younger brother, who devoutly said: "Lord bless the food prepared for us (all except Sterling) and receive our thanks (all except Sterling). Amen."

Two centuries ago not one person in a thousand, probably, wore stockings, and now scarcely one person in a thousand is without them. The honor of inventing the first stocking machine belongs to William Lee, an English clergyman, who made a pair of hose, by the frame, in the presence of King James I. But such was the prejudice of those times that his invention was frowned upon and he went to France. Here he met with no better success and died in Paris, in great poverty, of a broken heart. His machine, however, won its way, and it was in general use for two and one-half centuries. It is now superseded by a beautiful piece of mechanism, called the circular hosiery machine. One girl attending upon its revolutions can produce material in a single day for two hundred and forty pairs of stockings.

The *Progress Medical* describes two new Oriental poisons, both of which cause death by arresting the heart's action. One of them comes from Borneo, and is an arrow poison. Almost all that scientists yet know of it lies in the number of unfortunate dogs they have destroyed suddenly with it. Of the other poison it is stated that an animal of medium size, wounded with an arrow whose point had been imbued with it, would make one bound and fall back dead. Even an elephant will succumb to its effects, after running half a mile or so. The composition of the poison is not yet known, as it is kept secret by the Mois, from whom a specimen was obtained by a subterfuge. The substance is said to be innocuous when taken into the stomach.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—"Well, good-bye, my darling," he said, as the train started; "write me every day or two," and stooping, he kissed her fondly, and, lifting his hat, jumped from the car. A middle-aged lady, who occupied the seat just in front, and who had been an interested listener to this affectionate parting, turned her head and remarked pleasantly: "Bride, I suppose?" "Oh, not all," was the polite response. "I have been married several years." "Is it possible," the lady returned in astonishment. "And that was your husband who just left, was it not?" "Oh, no, indeed; that was my brother."

There is a story told of an eminent judge, still living, though retired from the bench, which illustrates the importance of a voluntary confession better than the most elaborate argument. A prisoner tried before him for larceny had admitted his guilt when apprehended, but

at the trial was defended with great pertinacity by able counsel. "Gentlemen," said the judge to the jury, "the prisoner says he is guilty. His counsel says he is not. You must decide between them." Then, after a pause, he added, "There is just one thing to remember, gentlemen. The prisoner was there, and his counsel wasn't."

In Japan they have no nonsensical prudery. Men and women bath together, and a man does not scruple to introduce his friend of his own sex to his wife or daughter as all staid vestures in the water. Properly interpreted this shows that a Japanese husband has more confidence in his wife and more in his friend than a Celtic, Teuton, or Anglo-Saxon has yet developed. If the confidence is warranted by the want of results, this absence of prudery is a decided step toward a higher civilization.

EASY TO PLEASE ON TOMBSTONES.—A countryman in search of a headstone for his mother's grave pitched upon one the stonecutters had prepared for another person. "I like this one," he said. "But," said the other, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut upon it; it wouldn't do for your mother." "Oh, yes it would," said the countryman. "She couldn't read." And besides," he continued, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers!"

CONVINCING HISTORICAL PROOF.—Debator on the affirmative. "And now in conclusive confirmation of the physical degeneration of man, I pint to dis yeah history, which sez in Reblutionary times our forefadders w' dere har in cues, sumpfin like Chinezers; but I ax yo' whar now 'days yo' find a niggah of hez wool long 'nuff to be cued. I tell yo', teller-citizens, do day am comin' when yo' hez to scalp a niggah to find his har."

Dr. Bird, once a physician in Edinburgh, was in the habit of taking a long walk at an early hour every morning. On one occasion he met a friend a man of extremely slender and wiry appearance who greeted him boisterously with, "Ha! good morning. This is in deed the early bird?" The response came, accompanied by a moaning smile: "And it would seem I have caught the worm."

Lady (with pet pug). "Oh, Doctor, what is the matter with my little Nero? He won't eat, he won't sleep. He sits there moaning—" Doctor. "There, there, my dear madam, compose your self." Lady. "I wonder if it can be the measles, little Charley is upstairs very sick with them, you know."

How very neatly a child may sometimes get out of a scrape is shown by the story of a little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his auntie, and who, on being asked at dinner if he had not been hoping himself secretly to jam, said quietly, "please, auntie, pa never lows me to talk at meals!"

THE APOLOGA FOR IT.—"Isn't it a lovely day?" "Delightful. I feel magnificent." "So do I. I never felt better in my life." "Let's take a drink." * * * "This is awful weather." "Awful?" "Makes me feel miserable." "Yes, it gives me the blues." "Let's take a drink."

Just like mamma (rather a starter for fond parent who is taking small child out to tea). Small girl, "Oh! you haven't got my pinafore."—P.A. "I can't help that dear; we're late already." Small girl: "Oh, dear me, it's sickening! You never can wait a minute."

LUNARY PALLOE.—She looked at the waning moon and remarked "How pale it is." "It ought to look pale," he replied, with the air of a man thoroughly conversant with his subject. "It has been full for several nights."

After her grandmother had given her a good scolding, a little mischief was overheard to say to herself "Somebody is cross in this room; 'tain't me, and 'tain't dolly, and 'tain't kitty. I wonder who it is!"

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 24 pages, issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—15 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 40 cents per line; three months, \$1 per line; six months, \$1.75 cents per line; twelve months, \$3 per line.

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

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

Discontinuance.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

The Date against your name on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

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

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

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 100 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates—40 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.50 per line; three months, \$4.25 per line; six months, \$6 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES.

MONTREAL, QUE.—No. 102 St. James St. C. H. SCOTT, Manager.

WINNIPEG, MAN.—No. 320 Main St. WILSON Bros., Managers.

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

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for typing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson.

Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

Notice to Prize Winners.

Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows:—organs \$5, sewing machines \$2, guns and tea services \$1.50; cake baskets and cruet, 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, 12 cents; brooches and butter knives, 6 cents.

With Satisfaction

Polson's Nervine, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nervine is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nervine is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

\$50,000.00!

—THE—

GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION

NUMBER 13.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions:—\$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos.....1,650
5, and 7. Three fine toned Cabinet Organs.....750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....850
16 to 23. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....1,170
24 to 29. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces....750
30 to 39. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Gold silver Hunting Case Watches.....900
40 to 49. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches.....670
50 to 59. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern.....525
60 to 69. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons.....520
70 to 79. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems.....510
80 to 89. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives.....260

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

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

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- Number one. A fine stylish Trotting horse and Carriage.....\$1,600
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos by a celebrated maker.....2,100
6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker.....1,000
10 to 21. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....1,000
22 to 31. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....1,000
32 to 39. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services.....1,450
40 to 49. Thirty Double-barrel English Twist breech-loading shot Guns.....2,750
50 to 59. Forty sets (10 sets to a set) complete Chamber's Encyclopedia.....2,000
60 to 69. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches.....650
70 to 79. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches.....510
80 to 89. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy silver Plated Tea Spoons.....900
90 to 99. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design.....1,500
100 to 109. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems.....865
110 to 119. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives.....310

After these will follow the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is the last correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this, your letter must be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition which is February fifteenth, (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 100 to 109. Three elegant Rosewood and Pianos.....\$1,540
110 to 119. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....400
120 to 129. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches.....400
130 to 139. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services.....400
140 to 149. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopedia (10 vols. to set).....500
150 to 159. Ten Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case or Open Face Watches.....300
160 to 169. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches.....1,000
170 to 179. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design.....450
180 to 189. Eighty-nine dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons.....415
190 to 199. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound.....450

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issue of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, we are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and

popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

Address, S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor TRUTH, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. - - Toronto, Canada.

THE WINNERS.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

NO. 12.

CLOSED NOVEMBER 7TH.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Is infant spoken of in the Bible? Ans. Yes—1st Samuel 15th chap. 3rd verse.
2. Are boys referred to in the Bible? Ans. Yes—Genesis 25th chapter 27th verse.
3. Where is man first made mention of in the Bible? Ans. Genes's 1st chap. 26th verse.
INFANT and BOYS are referred to in several other places as well, and any other reference is equally correct.

The following list of persons have answered all the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards in the order numbered.

One, two and three.—Three Rosewood square pianos. 1. T. C. Smith, Montreal, Que.; 2. Grace L. Laidlaw, Hamilton; 3. Gerie Simcoe, St. Catharines. Four, five and six.—Three Cabinet Organs. Four, Louisa Dixon, Brantford; 5. Jennie A. Doan, Sonca St. Buffalo, N. Y.; 6. T. A. Sardin, Fort St., Detroit, Mich. Seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven.—Five gentlemen's gold hunting case or open face watches. Seven, George A. Smith, Windsor, P. O.; 8. Sara Beers, Belleville, Ont.; 9. D. S. Dartmoor, Montreal, Que.; 10. J. S. Donly, Quebec City, Que.; 11. Minnie R. Warren, Halifax, N. S. Twelve, 13, 14, 15 and 16.—Five quadruple silver plate tea services of six pieces. Twelve, Mamie Marr, Halifax, N. S.; 13. Mary Logan, St. John, N. B.; 14. F. F. Kerigan, Detroit, Mich.; 15. Mrs. W. R. Carleton, Detroit, Mich.; 16. A. M. Crosby, Moncton, N. B. Seventeen, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22.—Six Ladies' gold hunting case watches. Seventeen, J. D. Kent, St. Thomas; 18. A. Reunie, Pt. St. Charles; 19. D. R. Rennie, Montreal, Que.; 20. F. Summers, Amprior, P. O.; 21. Martha Korr, Lancaster; 22. Annie Richards, Port Huron; 23 to 31.—Nine beautiful quadruple plate silver tea, coffee, or hot water urns:—23. H. Winters, 380 King-st., London; 24. Dorothy Warren, London East; 25. M. Dunham, St. Catharines; 26. George Dunham, St. Catharines; 27. Fanny Dunstan, Hamilton; 28. A. R. Loach, Whitby; 29. Rev. Thos. Fox, Huntsville, Muskoka; 30. F. D. White, Bowmanville; 31. D. M. Jones, Bowmanville. 32 to 49.—Eighteen Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches:—32. Mrs. W. Marshall, Whitby; 33. A. T. Lister, Whitby P. O.; 34. James Sinclair, tailor, Yonge-st., city; 35. H. G. George, Toronto P. O.; 36. L. C. Darling, do.; 37. F. S. Darling, do.; 38. James Stanton, Yonge-st., city; 39. A. Orton, Brantford; 40. M. M. Davids, Hamilton; 41. J. J. Eastwood, Buffalo, N. Y.; 42. F. Smith, Coburg; 43. M. Leslie, Norway; 44. D. Johnston, Bealsmond; 45. F. R. Hood, Toronto

Alligator Hunters.

The men who hunt alligators for their hides and teeth are now reaping a rich harvest. The hunters receive \$1 apiece for all hides four feet long and upward. Two young men killed fifty alligators in one week recently in this neighborhood. They begin hunting as soon as it becomes thoroughly dark. Their hunting-outfit consists of a bull's-eye lantern, in camp language called a "look-um-up," a double barreled shot-gun, or "kill-em-sure," and a hatchet, with which they split the alligator's skull, to which they give the very impressive name of "dynamite." The man who is to do the shooting for the night fastens the lantern to his forehead, and takes his place in the bow of the small boat. His partner paddles the boat along the stream, while the man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout for alligators' eyes, which under favorable circumstances, he can "shine" with his lantern at a distance of two hundred yards. As soon as they discover a pair of eyes they paddle cautiously up to within a couple of feet of the alligator's head and discharge a load of buckshot into it. As soon as the shot is fired the paddler catches the alligator by the jaws, which he holds together with one hand while he cleaves the skull open with his hatchet.

Sometimes the alligator retain considerable power of action. When such is the case it is rather exciting work getting them into the boat. Sometimes very large alligators turn the boat over. If an alligator is not handled at once after being wounded, he sinks to the bottom and is lost.

I asked one of the hunters, who has killed more than one thousand alligators, what was the size of the largest one he ever killed, and he told me 13 1/2 feet long. He said his father killed one on the St. John's river 17 1/2 feet long, the head of which, when placed in a flour barrel, projected two inches over the top. He sold it to a museum for \$65.—[Florida Correspondence.

Few are the remedies whose beneficial qualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and increased from year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most valuable remedial properties, are yet so simple in their compound, and so easy to take, as the Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman of Toronto. This article is prepared from the pure Sulphate of Quinine, combined with fine Sherry Wine, and choice aromatics, which relieves the Quinine of its bitter taste, and does not impair in the least degree the efficacy of its action upon the patient; while small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, increase muscular force, and invigorate the tone of the nervous system, and thus, by the general vigor which it imparts, creates an appetite, which gives to the stomach tone and energy, and fortifies the system against all infectious diseases. Ask for Northrop and Lyman's Quinine Wine, sold by all druggists.

The Rev. Watty Dunlop, the humorist minister of Dumfries, had frequent practical jokes played upon him, but the perpetrators rarely got the better of him. On one occasion some idle and mischievous youths waited for him as he passed through a churchyard, dressed as a ghost, in hopes of frightening him, but Watty's cool acquiescence speedily upset the plan. "Well, Maister Ghies," said he, "is this a general rising, or are ye just taking a saunter frae yer own grave by yersel?"

Headache is caused by disordered stomach, nervous irritation and poor circulation. Whatever may be its cause, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best remedy.

Capt. Renard and Krebs have made a balloon voyage from Mendon to Belcourt and return, alighting at the point from which they started. The aeronauts steered the balloon successfully.

"I Have Suffered."

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

Bitters. I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

"In this great and"

Valuable medicine:

Anyone! ** wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, Kidney

Complaint

"And nervous debility. I have just"

Returned

"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more

Good!

Than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely

"Emaciated!!!"

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!"

And hardly a day passes but what I am

complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! L. Wickliffe Jackson

—Wilmington Del.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on his white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Fire damp has caused an explosion in a colliery at Wasmes and twenty persons have been killed.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

The body of an unknown man was picked up about seven miles north of Goderich recently, with nothing on but a pair of boots and the collar of his coat. The body was properly buried.

N. McRae, Wybridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises."

An English Protestant nobleman of high rank and large possessions will shortly join the Roman Catholic church.

Miss F. Milloy, Erin, tried in vain for two years to cure bilious headache, poor circulation, and other chronic ills. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her.

The Fall River, Mass., mills have decided to shut down for another week, beginning on Monday.

STARCKMENT.—Washes and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture

The despatch from New York announcing the result of the presidential election reached Lima in two minutes.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

The news of Cleveland's election has given much satisfaction in London. Vienna papers say his election is a triumph of honesty over jobbery.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor polly to be so far from a drug store without it.

The colored people of Kingston are excited over a recent refusal to admit two colored girls into a temperance lodge, and intend holding a meeting to discuss the question.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Assouan advices state there has been a break down in the transport service on the Nile, which threatens to retard the advance of the expedition from Wady Halfa until January.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

The Crouch murder case, at Jackson, Mich., in which Joseph Allen of Hamilton is implicated, is coming up again. The names of thirty new witnesses have been added to the list.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Stitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased at the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Turin bread is said to be the latest rival to Vienna bread.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Mule meat is a favorite dish in Paris and brings high prices.

What it makes me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

"Lady Medicals" is the phrase employed by some of the English journals to describe woman doctors.

Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes me laugh when others sigh No tears can 'or bedw mine eye It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

A valuable picture by Leonardo da Vinci is said to have been discovered at Berlin. It represents the Resurrection.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

KIDNEY-CURE. DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. Why? Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time. Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints. IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILLS, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby CLEANSING the BLOOD restoring the normal power to throw off disease. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED. PRICE, 21. EITHER OR BOTH SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Try one and be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sold cheap by Dairy Dealers for 11/2.

[ESTABLISHED 1833.] GEO. BOOTH & SON, HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTERS! Grainers, Paper-Hangers, Glaziers, Kalsominers, &c. Lincn Window-Shades, Warehouse Tinting. 21 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS, The King of Remedies, Cures Scrofula, Scald-Head, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Canker, Liver Complaint, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, and Female Weakness. They are a specific in these troubles and never fail if faithfully used. Send for pamphlet. Price 25c.; 5 for \$1. D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist Toronto.

JAS. HICKEY, Merchant Tailor & Clothier, 290 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Misses Rutherford, DEALER IN FASHIONABLE Millinery and Fancy Goods, DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING. A fresh supply of Laces and Spring Goods just arrived. Orders promptly attended to. 286 1/2 YONGE ST., TORONTO

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS. THE LIGHT RUNNING New Home Sewing Machine! It is the simplest, easiest operated, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine. Every machine warranted for five (5) years. FOR SALE BY C. GENTLEMAN, 545 Queen Street West, AGENT FOR TORONTO AND VICINITY.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine. Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Night Sweats, Barrenness, Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and restores surprising tone and vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs in either sex. With each order of Twelve packages accompanied with five dollars, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Pamphlet sent free by mail to any address. Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50 cents per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of money, by addressing Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

WM. BERRY, Orderless & Cavalier and Contractor, RESIDENCE—121 Linsley-street, 8 Victoria-street, Toronto. Night soil removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates.

British Federation.

There is no other government in the world that is so "extended" as is that of Great Britain. The United Kingdom—England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland—covers an area of only one hundred and twenty-one thousand square miles, a little more than the area of New England and New York, and its population is thirty-five and a quarter millions.

Its colonies cover almost eight million square miles, and have a combined population of more than two hundred millions. These colonies are on every continent and in almost every sea. England's oldest colony is that of Newfoundland, which was acquired in 1583; her youngest is the island of Cyprus, over which she extended sovereignty in 1878.

Large as these figures seem, our view of them is somewhat modified when we learn that the total population of all the British colonies, excluding the Indian Empire, was, according to the census of 1881, only 15,259,724. Thus, Great Britain and all its colonies, British India excepted, do not contain as many inhabitants as there are within the United States.

The governments of these colonies are of three kinds: first, by the crown, that is, by absolute rule, the people having no part in the government. This is the system for India, and indeed for most of the colonies in number. The whole colonial population under this species of government is almost two hundred and two millions.

The next class of governments is that of representative institutions. The people choose legislatures and make laws; but the home government may veto these laws, and it retains full control over all public officers. This is the form of government for Ceylon, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and other colonies, having a total population of a little less than four millions.

Finally, there is the system of responsible government, which is allowed to Canada, Newfoundland, the Cape Colony and Australia only, with a combined population of eight and one-half millions.

The several provinces which now constitute the Dominion of Canada were formerly independent of each other. They were united by an act of Parliament passed in 1867. The Dominion is sometimes called a federation, or an association of allied States. It is more than that; it is almost a true union.

Now there is a strong movement in favor of a similar federation of all the governments of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. There are some difficulties in the way of this scheme which no one has yet been able to surmount.

Beyond this there is a much larger project. It is proposed to make a federation of the British Empire. The details have been worked out by no statesmen as yet; but the plan involves a political, or a commercial, union, perhaps both, of the home government and the whole or a part of the colonies.

The idea is a grand one, but in carrying it out there will be immense difficulties. For England would hardly care to give up the absolute power which, in spite of representative governments, she holds over her colonies; and Canada or Australia would apparently gain little or nothing by sharing with each other the government which each now possesses, independent of any other power than England.

If, however, any way can be found to accomplish the desired result, it will attach the colonies to the mother country more strongly than ever, and make of Great Britain a much more powerful country than she now is.

HIS SMALL CROP.—"Good morning, Murphy. Are those your children?" "Yes, sor; that is my small potato crop, sor!" "Why do you say that?" "Because, sor, they are all little Murphies!" Then the boss set up the candies for the gossoons.

From Death's Door.

M. M. Devereaux of Iona, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says "I had no action of the Kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney Wort. In four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All Druggists keep Kidney-Wort which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

The question of allowing religious exercises in schools supported in whole or in part by the state has reached India. It is proposed that attendance on such exercises be made optional. The missionaries of all denominations propose to decline the aid of the state in any of their schools that religious exercises may become a big part of education.

Bile is nature's true Cathartic. Regulate the Liver to secrete pure Bile and you will obtain regularity of the Bowels and make healthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters will do this.

There has been a terrible outbreak of trichinosis in St. Andreasberg, a little town in the Hartz mountains, the centre of the canary bird business.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Oakville, was cured of Dyspepsia and oft-recurring bilious attacks by that unfailing liver regulator Burdock Blood Bitters.

"What makes your horse go so slow?" asked a tourist one day, in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtic Jehu. "It is out of respect to the baytiful san-ory, yer honor; he wants ye to see it all. And thin he's an intelligent baste, and appreciates good company, and wants to kape the like o' ye in beloved ould Ireland as long as he can."

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

The Belleville Board of Trade have appointed a committee to interview the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific railroad authorities with the view of securing improved railway facilities for their city.

"It sells well and gives more general satisfaction than any blood purifier we keep," says S. Perrin, druggist, Lindsay, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

The liberal students of Belgium have offered the honorary presidency of their corporation to Victor Hugo, who has accepted it.

Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horses had the Epizootic with the very best results. Do not be persuaded to take any other Oil in place of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man; and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

THE SIMPLE AND PERFECT DYES. Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as Diamond Dyes. Far better and cheaper than any other dye. 10c. Druggists sell them. Sample Card for 2c. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

There were 18,928,000 bushels of grain used the past year in the production of spirits.

Cleanse the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Blood, and tone up the debilitated system. You can accomplish both measures in the most easy and natural manner by Burdock Blood Bitters.

A tramp stopped at a house the other day, and asked for something to eat. "Which do you like best?" asked the hired girl, "Steak or chop?" The tramp hesitated a moment and then replied, "Chop." "Step right this way," said the hired girl. "Here's the axe, and there's the wood-pile."

HARRISON MILLARD'S

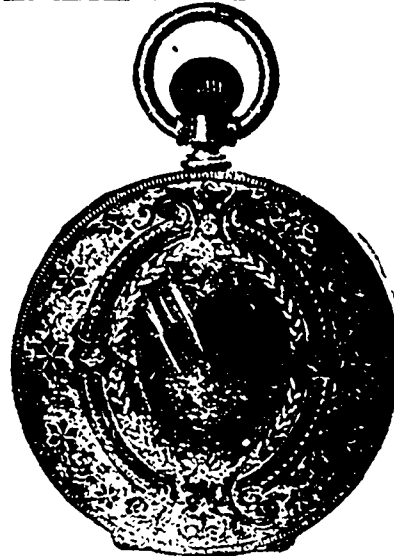
FIFTY-THREE SONGS, PRICE ONLY \$1.00!

T. OLAKTON,

197 Yonge street, Toronto.

DEALER IN

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSIC



50 PER CENT. REDUCTION
On Old Catalogue Prices.

Gent's 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$25.

Ladies' 14k. Gold Watch reduced to \$20.

Gent's Key Wind, Jeweled, Cut Expansion Balance, in Solid 3oz. Coin Silver Case, Hunting or Open Face, reduced to \$8.

Gent's Patent Lever, Jewelled, Cut Expansion Balance, Solid Coin Silver Cases, reduced to \$7.

Men's size, Heavy, Useful, Cheap Watches, Hunting Case, Key Wind, White Metal silvered, \$4.50; Yellow Metal, Gilded, \$4.50.

Nickle, stem wind, Open Face, \$4.50.

Sent by Mail, Prepaid; Safe Delivery Guaranteed.

Chas. Stark,

22 Church Street, Toronto, Near King, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in every description of Fine Arms, Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, silverware, &c.

Send address for our 120-page Catalogue, containing over 500 illustrations of all the latest and most elegant designs.

COLLARS AND CUFFS 25c. PER DOZEN PIECES.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY, R. F. SWART.

CHAS. CLUTHE, Esq., March 26th, 1881.

118 King St. West, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—The result of the instrument you adjusted on my child some six months ago, is pronounced by every person having seen the fact a miracle (the foot, as you know, was a club foot from birth). The process did not make my wife any trouble, and the child never complained. That little simple instrument you made, Mr. Clutche, is really more valuable than ten times its weight in gold. No person can distinguish any difference between the feet now, and any person having children with club feet I would cheerfully recommend to go to the real master of mechanical ideas, which was the means to relieve my mind for life to have a crippled child.



Every Yours Thankfully,
L. ROHM,
22 Liberty St., Hamilton.

LADIES

—REQUIRING—

BERLIN WOOL

AND

FANCY GOODS

for the Christmas season will do well to enquire our prices before purchasing. We keep the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

of Wools in the city, all of the VERY-BEST QUALITY.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

Berlin Wools all colors, 12 1/2 cents per oz.
Shetland Wools all colors, 12 cents per oz.
Andalusian Wools, all colors, 12 cents per oz.
Ice Wools, all colors, 12 cents per ounce.
Tinsel, best quality, very thick, 12 cents per ball.
Woolen Java Canvas, all colors, 50 cents per yard.

We have constantly on hand at lowest prices a full line of articles necessary to this business, letter orders receive prompt attention. Can send goods to any part of Canada. Write for our price list and save 25 per cent.

A Trial Solicited.

HENRY DAVIS

DIRECT IMPORTER,

223 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.) LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 78, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on.

Of all investments, none can rank for profitability with those of a well spent life which is duplicated and reduplicated in other well spent lives.

'Fralty, thy Name is Woman.'

That she is frail, often in body, 'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis a pity. And pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Dr. Pierce's 'Favorable Prescription' is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in woman, or female weaknesses or derangements.

Miss Tucker, a Texas girl, followed her lover 3,000 miles and married him. She must have been Tuckered out.

Wrecked Manhood

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials.

A. P. 203

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont. ONE HUNDRED ACRES-TOWNSHIP ELDON.

WANTED.

Active rushing men wanted to wholesale my famous tea to consumers. Salary from \$600 to \$2000 per year.

HAND STAMPS METAL RUBBER Stamps of every description, Seal, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto Exhibition. Agents wanted.

FREE By return mail. Full description. Moody's new Tailor system of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY Toronto, Ont.

YOUNG MARRIED persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending for several particulars of this address.

E. E. KNOTT'S Speculator's Mart. All kinds of real estate sold or conveyed on Commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at low rates of interest.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use.

Burton's All Healing TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP! The best in the world for all diseases of the Skin, on Hair or Head.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. TRANSPARENT CARBOLIC ACID AND GLYCERINE Is the best in the market.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships. Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL BOYS and GIRLS

(both large and small) Can make money for Christmas by selling our Cards to Friends and Neighbors everywhere.

Our Card Packages for this season are ready. The assortment is larger and the quality of the cards finer than any previous year.

No. 1. For 25 cents we will mail you 25 beautiful small sized cards, worth from 3 to 5 cents each.

No. 2. For 50 cents we will mail you above, with the addition of four handsome fringed cards.

No. 3. For 50 cents we will mail you 25 beautiful medium size cards worth from 5 to 10 cents each.

No. 4. For \$1.00 we will mail you same as No. 3, with six elegant medium size fringed cards.

No. 5. For \$1.00 we will mail you 25 large size cards worth from 10 to 15 cents each.

No. 6. For \$2.00 we will mail you the same as No. 5, and six very handsome large size fringed cards.

No. 7. For \$3.00 we will mail you 100 same kind of cards as No. 5.

Fringed Cards, Hand-Painted Cards Ivory and Ivorying Cards and other novelties at 10, 15, 25, 50, 75 cents, and \$1.00 each, which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages.

Birthday Card Packages, excepting for Nos. 1 and 2, put up and mailed same as the Christmas Cards; or if so desired they can be assorted Christmas and Birthday Cards, mailed the same day as order received.

H. WILLIAMS, SLATE AND FELT ROOFER. Manufacturer and Dealer in Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Ensliding Paper, Carpet Felt, etc., at lowest prices.

F. H. DIXON & CO Manufacturers of Star, River LEATHER BELTING, 79 King Street, East, Toronto

GUNS RAWBONE & CO. PRACTICAL GUN MAKERS have again resumed business, and want to hear from all their old customers.

W. & P. P. CURRIE & Co 109 Grey Nun Street, Montreal. Importers of Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Pure Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, Cans (Caj), Manufacturers of Beasomer Steel Sofa, Chair & Bed Springs.

Dominion Line of Steamships. Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months.

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. Toronto, Oct. 11; Vancouver, Nov. 1; Montreal, Oct. 18; Sarnia, Nov. 8; Montreal, Oct. 25; Brooklyn, Nov. 15.

WORKSOPRE CATTLE FEEDER. FOR fattening and bringing into condition, Horses, Cows, Calves, Sheep and Pigs. The WORKSOPRE CATTLE FEEDER is used and recommended by first class breeders.

HUGH MILLER and Co., AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTS, 137 King St East, Toronto. For Sale by Druggists everywhere.

\$1,500—SPLENDID CHANCE FOR RIGHT man—cutlery and fancy business store and (lot) for sale; exclusive umbrella repairing tradof district. Apply O. CHANDLER, Ottawa, Ont.

Printing Press For Sale. Hoe Drum Cylinder in first-class working order for sale cheap, size of Bed 27 1/2 x 33. Also a Sanbourn Hook-trimmer as good as new.

A. R. WILLIAMS, DEALER IN MACHINERY, ENGINES, IRON TOOLS, SAW-MILLS, BOILERS, WOOD TOOLS, SHINGLE MILLS, BELTING, BAND SAWS, LATH MILLS.

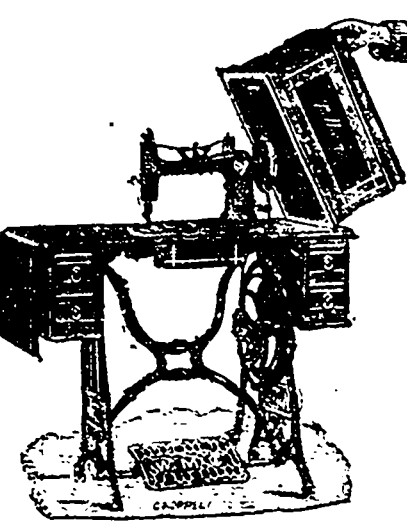
Compound Oxygen. Cures Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Chronic Sore Throat, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Nervous Exhaustion, etc., etc.

RUPTURE EGAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS, with a Spiral Spring; the best ever invented. Took ten years to perfect. Cures every child, 8 out of 10 adults.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritious, together with the stimulating, properties of beef, and the only one which has the power to supply nourishment for brain, and bone, and muscle.



THE NEW WILLIAMS



GURNEY'S STOVES!

THE BEST NORTH-WEST, GRAND DUCHESS. WOOD COOK. COAL AND WOOD COOK. COUNTLESS BASE BURNER, WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN. FOR SALE BY STOVE DEALERS HERE.

TEN ACRES.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED, adjoining the corporation of the Town of Oshawa. The land slopes gently towards the South and is one of the best situations in Canada for fruit raising.



THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER. Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.

AGENTS WANTED. C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE, 218 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritious, together with the stimulating, properties of beef, and the only one which has the power to supply nourishment for brain, and bone, and muscle.

THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the Sewing Machine of the Period. It is Light and Easy to run. Silent and Rapid in movement. Plain and Simple to Learn. It is strong, durable, and well built, of the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.

\$20,000.00.

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

During the year ending with September last, the proprietor of the LADIES' JOURNAL has given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to his subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Piano, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, no fraud. We can positively testify to the fairness of the matter ourselves, as we know everything is carried out exactly as promised. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire to compete, we give the plan in detail.

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. We will give the Bible questions that require to be answered first:

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Where are sorrows first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are cattles first mentioned in the Bible?

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay; the sooner you answer them the better. Here you have the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of the first correct answer to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of second correct answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins \$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated maker \$ 600
3 and 4. Two Grand Square Pianos \$ 1,200
5 and 6. Two Fine Grand, 19 Stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated maker \$ 800
7, 8 and 9. Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services, six pieces and One Five-Teacup Tea Service \$ 300
10 to 12. Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Hunting and Shot-putting Genuino Elgin Watches \$ 600
13 to 15. Five Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting and Shot-putting Genuino Elgin Watches \$ 150
16 to 18. Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines \$ 800
19 to 20. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting and Shot-putting, Gold Silver Watches \$ 300
21 to 23. Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant designs \$ 200
24 to 26. Fifty Dixen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons \$ 400
27 to 29. One Hundred and Thirty Beautiful Bound Volumes of Keegan's Poems \$ 200
30 to 32. One Hundred and Ninety Well-bound Volumes of Wood's Cyclopaedia Library Edition \$ 570

Then follows a series of middle rewards which will be given in this way: At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these middle rewards. To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards are enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold \$ 750
2, 3, 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker \$ 1,800

- 5. Grand 7. The Fine-tuned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker \$ 750
6, 7, 8 and 9. Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-winding Watches \$ 400
10 to 12. Six elegant quadruple plate Hunting and Shot-putting Genuino Elgin Watches \$ 300
13 to 15. Ten Gentlemen's Solid Gold Hunting and Shot-putting Genuino Elgin Watches \$ 600
16 to 18. Twenty elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns \$ 200
19 to 21. Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains \$ 100
22 to 24. Thirty Quadruple Plate Gold Stands \$ 300
25 to 27. One Hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches \$ 500
28 to 30. Three Hundred and Forty-three Beautiful Bound Volumes, Shakespeare's Poems \$ 1,000

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 one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins \$ 500
2, 3 and 4. Three Fine Grand Square Pianos \$ 1,800
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker \$ 750
8 to 10. Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services \$ 300
11 to 13. Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting and Shot-putting Genuino Elgin Watches \$ 400
14 to 16. Seven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns \$ 200
17 to 19. Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns \$ 420
20 to 22. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons \$ 240
23 to 25. One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches \$ 400
26 to 28. One hundred and ten fine silver plated outer knives or sugar spoons \$ 110

This altogether forms one of the most attractive and reasonable plans we have ever seen. The aim of the proprietor of the Ladies' Journal is of course to increase his circulation. In fact, he says so, but adds that he also hopes to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly states that this part of the plan is not his sole aim, and goes on to explain that he has lost so much money by dishonest agents, and has spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter he has decided to give all these things direct to subscribers, for answering these Bible questions. Aside from the rewards offered you are sure to be pleased with your half dollar investment, as the Ladies' Journal consists of twenty pages of the choicest reading matter, and contains the sum and substance of many of the high priced fashion papers and magazines published in the States, and all for the low price of half a dollar, or one year's subscription. It also contains two pages of the newest music, short and social stories, household hints, Fashion articles by the best authorities, finely illustrated. In short, it is about the best monthly publication we know of anywhere for fifty cents, and is as good as money at a dollar. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the Journal. The competition remains open only till fifteenth February next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either on the day of closing, (15th February) or anytime between now and then, it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly now, and you may doubtless secure one of the first rewards. If you answer anytime between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. At all events we most heartily recommend, and trust many of our readers will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of securing at once an excellent publication and a possibility of a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. The address is Editor of the Ladies' Journal, Toronto,

Canada. Don't delay attending to this but do it now, and you'll not regret it, you may depend.

FREE

Full Description of silver Gown of dress sent to YOU EVERY month in garment to 65 perfect without the use of paper or pattern—can be learned by a young girl without a teacher from the well-illustrated and Instructions GIVEN FREE. Send six 3c stamps for two sample letters guaranteed to be shipped to you on receipt of postal for description FROM MOODY, 105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Rev. J. Edgar, M.D.

Eclectic Physician, CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. 62 Isabella Street, Toronto.

FUN AND MYSTERY.

SENDERS AMUSEMENT FOR ONLY 33 CTS. Have you seen it! The great collection of over Games, Cards, Tricks, Puzzles, Songs etc. offered for anything like the money. AMUSEMENT FOR A WHOLE SEASON, for the old or young. Our NEW BUDGET contains the following: Hullo's Conjuring Pack; The Mystic Oracle; Guide to Fiction; 10 new Evening Games; Set of "Hold to Light Cards"; 1 Set Colored Chromo Cards; the Star Puzzle; 5 Ways to Get Rich; the "12" Puzzle; 6 Beautiful Face Memorabilia; Language of Jewels and Flowers; 10180 pictures for Autograph Albums; 11 Popular Songs with Music; 13 New Tricks in Magic; Pack of Fun and Comic Cards; 1 Chinese Block Puzzle; the Roman Cross Puzzle; Great \$5 Prize Puzzle; 18-1 Transformation Pictures, change color right before your eyes, and Games of Fortune. ALL FOR 33 CENTS, in One or Two Cent Postage stamps. By mail postpaid. Two Packages for FIFTY CENTS, five for ONE DOLLAR. Send at once, and get the greatest bargain ever offered. Return this with order to avoid mistake, JAS. LEE & CO. Montreal P. Q.

D. F. TOLCHARD, GROCER.

Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. All kinds of fresh fruit in season.

NOTE THE ADDRESS, Corner of Yonge and St. Mary's Sts. TORONTO

ROBERTSON BROTHERS CARPENTERS, &c.

Jobbing of all kinds executed on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices.

202 Queen Street E., Toronto PILES IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED.

and the worst case eventually cured by the use of

THE MEDICAL PILE REMEDY

Sent by post, with complete instructions, on receipt of \$1. HUGH MILLER & Co., 127 King Street East, Toronto

WM. BARBER & BRO. Papermakers, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

News, Book and Fine Papers. JOHN R. BARBER.



LADIES! If you want to buy a One Style in Latest Fashion, Wave, Switch, or any other style, send three of our Little Letters and I will send you any style or color by return mail. If you have nice long hair, send me a lock and I will send you a lock of the same color and length in return. Address: A. DORRICK, WINDY, Paris Hair Works, 115 King St. E., Toronto, Ont. Circular 1151 on application.

MADILL & HOAR. Dispensing Chemist. 25 BLOOR STREET, TORONTO.

Welch

Trowern,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Jewellery Manufacturers, Diamond Setters,

Dealers in good time-keeping

WATCHES,

and who have gained a reputation as honest and reliable dealers,

will advertise in these columns next week.

Store and Factory

171 YONGE ST.

East Side,

2nd Door South of Queen

THE "IMPERIAL SHIRT"

IS THE MOST PERFECT FITTING IN CANADA.

ORDER AND TRY OUR

WHITE DRESS, FLANNEL
OF FRENCH CAMBRIC.
FINE WINTER UNDERWEAR, BOARDS, COLLARS, GLOVES,
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.
COOPER'S, 109 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

BEST QUALITY

COAL AND WOOD - - LOWEST PRICES.

OFFICES—20 King St., W., 413 Yonge St.; 536 Queen St., W.; Yard Cor. Esplanade and Princess Sts.; Yard, Niagara and Donro; Yard, Fuel Association Esplanade St., near Berkeley.

ELLIAS ROGERS & CO.

Miners and Shippers, Wholesalers and Retailers

BENNETT & WRIGHT,

BANIMARY FINISHING,
HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING,
GAS FIXTURES,
SVER MEDAL for Best Sanitary Water Closets.
BRONZE MEDAL for Hot Water and Steam Heating Apparatus.
FIRST PRIZE for Gas Fixtures.
FIRST PRIZE for Hot Water Work.
FIRST PRIZE for Gas Fixtures Work.
FIRST PRIZE for Hot Water Work.
awarded by the Industrial Exhibition.

BENNETT & WRIGHT

Have fitted up some of the principal buildings in Toronto and neighborhood with Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, in addition to private residences, as follows:—

THE "ARCADE,"

Toronto General Hospital, Horticultural Gardens, 2051 Home, Wycliffe College, Osgoode Hall, Ursuline House, Baptist College, Loretto Abbey, Homewood Retreat, Quebec, Houses of Refuge, Newmarket, Court House, etc., Whiteby Post Office, Windsor; Middleard Mad. School, Berlin.

Bennett & Wright,
Queen Street, East, Toronto.

J. JAMES

French and English Slang
1000 WORDS, 10 CENTS
1000 WORDS, 10 CENTS
1000 WORDS, 10 CENTS

Black Feathers cleaned, dyed, and Curled.
Black Gloves cleaned and dyed black. Gentle
Black Cloth cleaned, dyed and Re-dyed
Black Linen cleaned of every description Clean
Black Linen dyed, Carpets, Upholstery
Black Linen dyed, Carpets, Upholstery
Black Linen dyed, Carpets, Upholstery

LOVE

CHARLES FIELD GENERAL MACHINIST

Manufacturer of Acme Blowers for Ovens and Forges, also Foot Presses, Skates, Grinders, Conveyors, etc. 115c. 1/2 inch. 115 QUEEN ST. EAST TORONTO.

Small Profits and Quick Returns

JAS. HARRIS

Groceries, Provisions & Fruits

By strict attention to business, and keeping nothing but first-class stock, customers may rely on getting the choicest goods in the market at the lowest prices. Orders called for and promptly delivered. 130 Queen St. E., Toronto

COAL & WOOD.

At Lowest Market Prices, for Prompt Delivery
Best Beech and Maple \$1.45 per Cubic
Best and Maple, Oak and Spruce 1.35
Best Large Slabs, dry 1.20
Best Pine, dry 1.10
Slabs, by Car Load 1.00
Best Pine, by Car Load, Best Quality 1.45
Best Bright Pine for house use, by car load 1.25

All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Club and Society Prices, for prompt delivery.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

Office & Yard Cor. Bathurst & Richmond.
Wm. McGILL & CO.

JOHN HALL, SON, M.D.,

HOMOEOPATHIST, M.O.P.S.
OFFICE AT THE OLD BUILDING,
55 RICHMOND STREET, EAST.
Office Hours—8 to 12 a.m., and 2 to 5 p.m.,
Sunday, 11 to 6 p.m. Also in the evening at
Montclair, Eastview, from 7 to 9.

Vatson, Thorne & Smellie, 115 Queen St. East, Toronto.

A. B. FLINT

—IS GIVING—

10 PER CENT.

OFF ALL HIS

NEW STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS

109 KING ST. E.

3rd Door East of Church.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Plain and

OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES

And Spring Rollers for Draperies, etc.

No. 417 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

H. DEVINE

BURGERS

All kinds of French and English Burgers, etc.

115 QUEEN STREET EAST TORONTO.

Godard & Rigle



95 & 97 YONGE ST

TORONTO

The Auxiliary Publishing Co.

We have advertising space reserved in our beautiful and one of the best weekly papers in Canada, published in towns and villages. The total circulation of these papers is 240,000 copies per week. Rates very low. Send us a card what you wish to advertise and we will promptly return you an estimate of the cost for one week or one year's insertion in our paper. Our list is valuable for almost every kind of advertising, such as "Search for Sale," "Business Notices," specialties of all kinds, merchandise of every sort; in fact, anything which goes either direct or indirect to the consumer. Address:

S. FRANK WILSON,

Proprietor Auxiliary Publishing Co.,
95 & 97 Adelaide St., W., Toronto

TORONTO

Silver Plate Co.

WORKS AND SHOWROOMS

410 TO 430 KING ST., W.

We Repair and Replate Silverware and make it as attractive as when first made.

TEA SETS, SPECIES,

CASTERS, BAKERS, BUTTER
DISHES, ETC.

Thornton Silver Plate Co.,

MRS. MALLORY

SKIRT IMPROVERS

Perfect Fitting Corset Makers, etc. in general, and alterations, etc. "BONNET SYSTEM" AGENCY, 220 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

VAUX & GOSLAND,

MACHINEERS & ENGINEERS

All kinds of machinery, light, repairing, moved and set up. Patents, hydraulic and steam, always on hand. Engines and saws, with a specialty.
55 Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.

STENOGRAPHY

I. O'NEILL & CO.

ENGRAVERS & DIE SINKERS,
7 Adelaide Street, East, Toronto

CALEBONIAN LAUNDRY.

MRS. BOSS, 154 Richmond St., West.

Washers of all descriptions including Electric Collets, Corsettes, etc. Re-ordering Equal in excellence to New York at reasonable prices.

HENRY HOAD,

FAMILY BUTCHER

Cor. Bloor & Lippincott Sts.,

opposite Calverton Army Barracks.

Dealer in all kinds of fresh and salt meats, at lowest prices. Give him a call. Orders called or daily.

CHAS. WATSON

Marble Works

Removal of 30 Adelaide St., last week

REMOVED TO DEER PARK

adjoining Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

R. SHEPPARD & SON,

MARBLE, GRANITE & STONE WORKS,
Monuments, Headstones, &c.
as made and furnished to order.

151 QUEEN ST., WEST, TORONTO