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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

People may fancy that Mr. Gladstone has a rather hard time of it on certain occasions, and so he doubtless has, but his position is one of perfect peace and tranquillity in comparison with that of a French Prime Minister. Accounts of the resignation of M. Ferry at Paris a few days ago would seem to indicate that the life of a French Premier is not a happy one, for so inflammable is that people that a very small spark will cause them to flare up and burn furiously, and some object must be found on which to vent the flame of popular wrath. A cabinet minister's fall was never more ignominious and complete than that of M. Ferry, Not only was his resignation accepted on the spot, but loud demands were made for his life, Henri Rochefort declaring that he should be guillotined at once. And all this fuss took place because the French got whipped at Lang Sen the other day. One would think the French ought to be pretty well accustomed to being thrashed by this time, as the war in China has been more prolific of defeats than victories to the Gallic invaders, in spite of the fact that, according to the French press, every engagement resulted in victory for their troops. Popularity is but a transient matter anywhere, but verily there is no knowing at what hour and at what moment a French public official's popularity may vanish like the flame of a candle in a hurricane.

Whether England and Russia are to have a regular set-to in Afghanistan or not is just now doubtful, but everything seems to indicate that a collision must, sooner or later, take place, and if such be the case, the sooner the better, as certain other Powers which might wish to take a hand in, unfavorably to Britain, are just now fully employed with their own affairs and cannot spare time to interfere in the Eastern row. There has been a pretty good scrimmage already between the Russians and the Afghans at Penjdeh, in which the latter were defeated with the loss of five hundred men. As Britain is bound to protect the Ameer's interests against Russian aggression, it is extremely probable that war will follow this engagement. At present it seems difficult to tell who has been to blame for the collision between Afghans and Russians; the latter lay the blame on the former, and the Afghans retort by saying, "You're another." There can be no doubt, however, that the Czar would like to get hold of Penjdeh, and it is quite possible he may have already done so. The importance of this place arises from the following facts: It forms a kind of outwork to the local market town of Mervood, which lies about twenty miles south of it, higher up the river Murghab, which, flowing northwest from the Gtoor mountains to the oasis of Merv, 180 miles north of Herat, is the most direct approach to the latter place from the side of Russian Turkestan; Penjdeh completely commands this approach from its position on the left bank of the

stream. We may rest assured that the Russians would make a very slight provocation on the part of the Afghans a pretext for attacking them and getting hold of such a place as Penjdeh, and they have most probably been the aggressors in the conflict which has already occurred.

The British Government recently wanted a number of horses for cavalry purposes. Canadian breeders and farmers have horses which are admirably adapted for such purposes, and which they wished to sell. Indiana, U. S., has a number of inferior horses for sale. When Americans want to purchase good horses they send to Canada for them. The British Government wished for horses and bought them from Indiana. Well?

The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Chicago, alluded to in these columns last week, is still proving to his own unbounded satisfaction that Lord Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's poems, and that William was not much of a poet after all. Mr. Donnelly, it seems, has made a life-long study of the subject of cryptography, and he divulges the secret: an ingenious theory by which he claims to be able to establish incontrovertibly the authorship of the plays of Bacon. One thing is also incontrovertible, and that is that neither the sweet singer of Stratford-on-Avon nor his lordship can be called on to testify, or, if called on, it is very improbable that either will respond, and the Shakespeare-loving public will not easily allow their idol to be shattered by the iconoclastic Ignatius Donnelly. That gentleman certainly makes out a very good case, and his claim is made to appear more plausible by the fact that Bacon was an adept cryptographer. Space will not permit a full explanation of Mr. Donnelly's alleged wonderful discovery, but he asserts that the cypher which he professes to have discovered shows conclusively that Lord Bacon claims the authorship of the works ascribed to Shakespeare. Mr. Donnelly puts forward many, apparently convincing arguments in support of his theory, and all that can be said is that if it turns out that Mr. Shakespeare never wrote his own works he ought to be ashamed of himself for gulling the public for over 300 years, and people with low foreheads will take great comfort in learning that a gentleman with the magnificent towering brow universally believed to have been worn by Shakespeare, was only a kind of rhymester after all, who didn't know much.

The Rev. James Patterson is a Philadelphia clergyman, and his head seems to be level. He, doubtless, believes in the efficacy of prayer, but he does not appear to believe in praying to Heaven for things which will be furnished in the natural course of events without being prayed for. His opinion is that ministers of the gospel should be poor and humble like their Master. Speaking to a number of his parishioners this eminently sensible divine said:—"I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I

might be poor. I could trust Buttonwood-street Church for that!" If newspaper reporters are to be believed there are churches not a thousand miles out of Toronto that can be trusted to produce similar effects.

In the same way that a thief is supposed to be the most efficient person to catch another of his own species, so the Ameer of Afghanistan appears to be the sort of a gentleman to deal with the wily Russians. Both Afghans and Russians are about as treacherous and untrustworthy as any people on this earth, and are up to all sorts of tricks and dodges, but possibly England may just now put more confidence in the Ameer's professions of friendship than in the protestations of honorable intentions on the part of the subjects of the Czar, as he, doubtless, has a keen eye to British gold, a metal that ever rings with a most seductive chink in the ears of an Oriental. The Ameer certainly outwitted the Russian officers whom he discovered to be spies endeavoring to find out the nature of the relationship between India and Afghanistan, and who had accepted his hospitality. The wily Ameer had a series of letters of a most misleading nature prepared and placed in such a position as to lead those who found them to imagine that they were meant to be hidden, but where the Russians would be sure to come upon them. They did so immediately, and telegraphed their purport to St. Petersburg, thus leading the government most completely astray, and those officers now have the satisfaction of knowing how nicely that cunning Ameer has "done" them.

Last week a most alarming report reached us from the North-West to the effect that several tribes of American Indians had crossed the frontier and were taking the war path in conjunction with the Bloods, Piegiens and other Blackfoot Indians. Soon after the rumor began to circulate it was found to be utterly baseless. The *Globe*, in commenting on the false report, says: "What it indicates is that the people in the neighborhood of Calgary and Fort McLeod are losing faith in the quietness of the Blackfoot." With all respect to the *Globe*, this false report indicates no such thing, in our estimation, but it shows that a most able liar is loose somewhere who is doing his best to cause alarm; for what purpose is best known to himself.

"Our lads" of the Q. O. R. and Royal Grenadiers who have been sent off to the North-West are reported to have (to use a vulgar phrase) "toughed it out," well so far, and have surmounted the difficulties of the march, blizzards, sleeping in wet clothes and all the other disagreeables which go to prove "how merrily we live that soldiers be," with admirable pluck and fortitude. It is, we believe, a fact that the majority or at least a large percentage of these young fellows are either members of athletic associations, lacrosse clubs, &c., or are in a great measure ardent devotees of athleticism in some shape or form, and there can be but little doubt

that the stamina displayed in the trying marches to the North-West has been developed in the athletic sports in which our volunteers take so prominent a part. Such a fact is a strong argument in favor of a gymnasium for Toronto, a scheme to establish which has been on foot for some time but which has not met with the encouragement it deserves.

The massacre of eleven persons by Indians at Frog Lake is merely a taste of what these uncivilized red men are capable of when once they start on the war-path, and of what may happen on a very much larger scale before the troubles in the North-West are ended. There seems to be no doubt that such a massacre actually took place, but it is extremely hard to know what to believe about this rebellion when the papers on one political side are manifestly magnifying every unfavorable report, whilst those on the other say but little about the same report, or suppress it altogether. If the Indians immediately in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, which is about 40 miles from Frog Lake, are determined to continue their bloody work, then it looks very much as if Inspector Dickens and his small force of 25 Mounted Police, together with those few men, women and children who are cooped up in Fort Pitt, are in an extremely perilous position, unless speedy succor reaches them, for they will certainly be cut off should they attempt to retreat to Battleford, a distance of nearly a hundred miles. However, it is impossible to say what a day may bring forth, and there may be no further massacre after all, which is the best way to look at the matter.

It may be stated that the Inspector Dickens, whose name figures in the despatches from the North-West Territory, is said to be the youngest son of the eminent author, Charles Dickens. If this be true, and there is no reason for doubting the assertion, the gallant inspector has inherited but little of the genius and brilliancy of his gifted father, though he is said to be an excellent officer.

There appears to be every indication of a general Indian rising in support of Riel, and the danger to the more remote settlements cannot be over estimated. It is doubtful if the force now on its way to attack Riel is strong enough to affect anything, and the prospect is that the rebellion will not be quelled until a good deal of blood has been spilled.

In his last batch of foreign nominations, Mr. Cleveland has stuck to his policy hitherto pursued, of naming men whose selection is a surprise to both parties. There are certainly many obscure names in his list, and those which are known are not in any way noted. The South has a large share. A better way to show the magnanimity of the North toward the latter could hardly be devised than by sending them abroad as representatives of the Government they tried to destroy.

Truth's Contributors.

THE CANAL REBELLION OF 1838.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EYE WITNESS.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.
NO. 4.

Saturday morning, the 11th of November, 1838.—The preparation of batteaux and barges this morning at the village of Lachine was evidence of some important move to advance either on Chateauquay or Beauharnois. The men looked to their guns and accoutrements to be ready for any sudden call. These batteaux were used that night to cross to Caughnawaga, as stated in our last paper in TRUTH.

The bugle sound to muster was a daily call. At the muster this morning a demand was made for twenty-five volunteers to take charge of the steamer to the Cascades with the arms and clothing for the Glengarries. Every man in the ranks stepped forward to go. The requisite number was soon selected and marched on board—the writer among them.

During the previous few days news had reached us of the gallant affairs by the frontier volunteers at Lacolle and Odelltown. Stray reports had come that the American sympathizers were collecting in force at Ogdensburg to cross to Prescott, when they heard that the Glengarry Highlanders had left Upper Canada. The next week brought news how our Brookville and Prescott boys acquitted themselves so nobly at the battle of the Wind Mill Point, at Prescott. Several hundreds of lives were sacrificed in these different battles. Men of the present day know little of the sufferings and hardships endured by the volunteers of those days. Every man bore himself proudly as if the fate of the empire rested on his good old musket and his well-filled cartouche box!

All on board: it was a little puffing steamer, not much larger than one of these small tugs to be now seen on our canals during the summer. There were many anxious eyes cast after us and many good wishes expressed for our safe return. The reader will remember that it was on the previous Saturday that the steamer "Henry Brougham" was captured by the patriots, and our little steamer with its precious load of arms and clothing was just starting to pass over the same waters, with enemies everywhere around us.

This was our first sail on Lake St. Louis, in fact it was our first sail on a steamer. The water was smooth, without a ripple. The boys being up for a lark, having learned that the patriots had no cannon, "held a council of war," and ordered all the mattresses in the boat to be carried to the deck, with which they lined the side of the steamer facing the shore, as a protection from bullets, and then prevailed upon the captain to run close into the Beauharnois shore, just out of gun-shot reach. It was a mad prank! Had the patriots known the value of our cargo, and the weakness of the guard, they might—being 3,000 to 4,000 strong—have captured the whole of us. We passed within a mile of the town; the patriots were seen in hundreds on the shore. They remained silent spectators of our onward course, doubtless wondering who or what we were. Poor fellows! they were ignorant of our mission and of our weakness, and also of the fate which befel them before the dawn of the next morning!

In due course, just about dusk, we approached the cascades, slowly and cautiously steaming up to the old mill steamer

wharf. We did not know who were there; on nearing it we recognized the bonnets of the Glengarries. To our cheer theirs in response came. We then learned that a company of them had been left in charge of the village. It appears now nearly incredible that these men were there for three days without hearing a word from Lachine; communication was interrupted.

We learned from them that the Glengarries had been looking for us ever since the previous Thursday, and on that morning (Saturday) had crossed the St. Lawrence at Hungry Bay, above Coteau du lac, to march down on Beauharnois. The captain of the company would not receive the arms and clothing from us, his force being too small, he said, to protect them. We were therefore obliged to keep them on board.

Night closed in. It was clear and cold. Our position was not a very comfortable one. We had to keep a strict guard all night—no sleep. We were within some five miles of the patriot camp. What if they had known our position and had had pluck? In preparing to make ourselves comfortable for the night, fancy our surprise to find that we had left Lachine without laying in provisions of any kind, not even, as our old drill sergeant said, *having one ration of grog for him!* There was not a loaf of bread nor even a biscuit to be had in the village, the Glengarries had eaten them clean out. Some of us did not get a bite for thirty six hours, not till after our return to Lachine the next afternoon.

The little steamer's deck was our home that night, hungry but not cold, for we had plenty of firewood. Bye and bye, as darkness set in, our eyes were strained to catch any movement on the Beauharnois side of the St. Lawrence. Moving, flickering flashes were to be seen here and there on the opposite shore; what were these? It was soon discovered, or, at least, we believed these lights to indicate the line of march of the Glengarry men, nearly 2,000 strong. The flashes we attributed to the reflection of the moonlight on their guns.

Nigh on fifty years have come and gone since that eventful night when we paced the deck of our little steamer close by the old wharf at the Cascades. Let us try and picture our then dangerous position, which at the time and under the consequent excitement we did not seriously realize. Within some five miles of us was the chief patriot camp of about 4,000 men. They had it in their power, had they had courage, to capture our boat, cargo, and the whole of our little band of twenty-five! We ought not to have remained over night with our valuable cargo in so dangerous and exposed a position. We should have steamed back to Lachine.

As night grew on apace our gaze was constantly directed to the march of the Glengarries; at times their line of march would be lost to view by some curve or other obstruction of the road, thence emerging they marched steadily onward, in regular order, or apparently so to us, from our distant, midnight view point. The sight or scene was grand beyond description! Our knowledge that they were the Glengarries was gathered from the guard in the village, otherwise we would have put them down as a body of the patriots on some midnight expedition.

We passed a sleepless, anxious night, constantly on the watch. Nothing worthy of note occurred, except that a small boat twice appeared near us by the shore, with a couple of men in it. This gave us no concern at the time as they pretended to belong to the village.

After the dispersion of the patriot camp we learned, to our astonishment, that our position had been visited that night, and that an attack was planned and would have been made on us early on Sunday morning by a body of picked men from the patriot camp. The march of the Glengarry men and their arrival in the neighborhood of Beauharnois about midnight of Saturday diverted the attention of the patriots to matters nearer their own home and saved us from falling into their hands.

The return home and our visit to Beauharnois on Sunday morning will appear in our next.

UNDER THE FIGTREE;
OR, LIFE IN BARBADOS.—NO. 2.

BY REV. H. W. ATTWATER.

In the hope that my first paper respecting Barbados Island may have proved of sufficient interest to the readers of TRUTH to justify me in inflicting another, I venture upon a few notes on the social, as influenced by the religious life, of the natives. "Under the Figtree" is not intended to be suggestive of any comparison of the said natives with the one who originally merited an encomium from the highest source for his guilelessness; but in fact quite the reverse, as the figtree in this case is associated with a circumstance which has a prior date. The bearded figtree of Barbados is that from which it derives its name, given it by the Portuguese, and is said to be a tree of the same genus as that from which our first parents obtained the aprons, and the matting suspended from the branches, and formed of intertwined twigs, certainly would answer the purpose. The religion of the Island, regarded as a profession of adherence to some particular form, was divided at the last census amongst the following: Church of England, 151,000; Wesleyan, 13,000; Moravian, 5,000; Roman Catholic, 524; Jews, 23; and not stated nearly 1000.

All denominations rest on an equal basis in relation to Government support, which is in the ratio of their numerical status.

Notwithstanding the bitter hatred, and THE STRONG PREJUDICE existing in the Island against "color," the Government liberally provides the very best educational facilities and religious opportunities for the blacks, although, of course, the number of places of worship is out of proportion to the density of the population. As a consequence of this, where ordinary efforts are made by the clergy to promote the religious welfare of the people, the churches are crowded to excess, and applications, backed up by a tender of the requisite four shillings, are made in vain for eighteen inches of space in the church; whilst indifference, or apathy, the result of a settled conviction that the blacks are unworthy of attention, produce their natural results. The effects of education, and especially religious education, upon the Congo or Ponga mind, are various, and certainly embrace self-confidence. In his lowest state, the negro is, in his own estimation, the equal of the white; with intellect developed, where there is capacity for development, he becomes infinitely superior, and speaks of the "poor buccra" with contempt. In the educational institution, it is found that the intellectual power of the black (none of the best at any time) wanes early; whilst those who have an admixture of white blood—(no uncommon thing in Barbados)—excel their white brethren. Hence colored men are found in the ranks of the legal and other professions in the Island, one of them filling at present, with credit, the position of Attorney Gen-

eral. Socially, however, the line of demarcation is clearly drawn, and there is no intercourse between the whites and blacks, the former meeting the latter only in their counting houses on equal terms; but occasionally some erratic "buccra" violates the social code, (as in the case of two clerics) and incurs ostracism from society by hymeneal union with the colored or black people.

The religion of the negro does not depend upon the particular church, and no denomination can attribute the erratic tendencies of the members of other churches to the system under which they are trained, as is too frequently the case with the narrow-minded votaries of the multifarious religious systems of warring Christendom. This argument, if admitted, could be used with greater force against Christianity as a whole by atheists and infidels. Emotionalism is found about as safe a test of piety amongst the untutored Africans as it is when found at a modern camp-meeting or revival; as good a test, in fact, as is the being "a communicant," or "member of the church," etc., the expression in vogue amongst those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The religious negro will, as a general thing, on his way home from a participation in the means of grace, steal his neighbor's yams, or slaughter his pet ewe lamb, yet there are some amongst them whose morality is not inferior to that of any people, but they are rarely found, and one cannot expect much, perhaps, from a people just emancipated from slavery. The improvement in the moral condition of the negroes, indeed, would seem to be in the inverse ratio to the opportunities of improvement, as an aged Rural Dean and Rector informed me that when he took charge of his parish thirty years previously, he could safely appoint any member of his congregation to a position of trust in a parochial society, but that at the present time it would be difficult to find one. With all the religious advantages and educational facilities provided by the direction of beneficent Imperial authority for the amelioration of the condition of the manumitted slaves, there can be little doubt but that, if left to themselves,

THE NEGROES OF BARBADOS,

or any of the other islands, would be little better in a few years than the Haytian, whose human sacrifices, in preservation of their heathen superstitions, are well known to the authorities, though no steps are taken to prevent them. While "Obiah" retains the hold it has at present on the negro mind, all else in the domain of religious influence, must be subservient to it. The belief in, and practice of this superstition, are found in all the West Indian Islands, but perhaps may be seen in greatest perfection in Trinidad, as described by Kingaley. In Barbados, the operations of the Obiah doctors are limited, owing to the stringent measures adopted for its suppression. It is no uncommon thing, though, to find that the anxiety for the sacred ordinances is based upon the conviction that the influence of Obiah will thus be counteracted. Neither are cases rare in which a white-do negro, finding the three white heads in a triangular position before his door in the morning, together with a coffin of rusty nails, and feathers, at once experiences the pain, which, existing only in imagination, yet forbodes death, or some calamity, unless the gods be at once propitiated by a sacrifice of his crop of yams and sweet potatoes to the cupidity of the Obiah doctors. As the priest of Osiris was the termination of the worship, unknown to the Egyptian devotee, whose intellectuality

said to have repudiated a termination of the worship by the image, so the priest of Obiah is the termination of the offering of yams, the surrender of which at once relieves the pain. It will take another century, at least, to eradicate the debasing effects of slavery, and to root out the belief in Obiah, and ere that time has rolled by, a convulsion of nature, similar to that which originally destroyed a colony of Zephithe, to give us this tropical isle, may have again submerged it, and thus solved the problem which cholera and yellow fever are making clearer, viz., what is to be done with the surplus population of the island?

FROM WINNIPEG TO THE ROCKIES.

No. 3.

BY REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A.B.

Some of these youthful cities of the west are not equally favored with Calgary. One hundred miles west of it, nestling in as beautiful an opening in the mountains as thought could conceive of, is a new city which it was expected that mining operations would boom into notoriety, wealth and population. Our train was detained here, not by business, for nearly an hour. Looking around, I noticed a "Windsor," which, I may remark, is about the first equipment of every great future western city then other sign boards indicating a condition of great commercial progress. The buildings are all built of hewn logs. I asked a passing resident if there were one hundred houses in the place.

"Yes," he replied, "but there are only about six residents here now."

A boy interrupted, insisting that there were only five residents. I dared not take part in this grave question of population, for I should have insisted on a muster out of all the inhabitants that we might count them.

Pointing to a brick kiln, I asked if the clay there made good brick.

"Yes," the man replied, and proposed that I walk over and inspect them. As I did not wish to put up for 24 hours at the unoccupied "Windsor," I declined. Then he ran away and got a brick to show me, and with a sadness that would break an average heart, he said: "They are worth \$40 per 1,000 down at Calgary, but they will not fetch \$14 per 1,000 here." That kiln seemed the city's only available asset. I examined the brick, and noted that it was hard, yellowish, and would absorb water, and so pronounced it very good. Then, to my consternation, the resident told me I might keep it. This discouraged me entirely. The idea of putting that specimen brick in my satchel, and going over the Dominion booming the town on the strength of that one isolated fact, quite overcame me. But the man's eagerness shows how the promoters of town sites grasp at the last straw before sinking into the dark void of disappointed hopes. He assured me that in the spring the town would be overcrowded with people. It had been so in the last spring, why should it not be so in the next? The picture was saddening. Surely I ought to help such a case. I laid the brick on the platform of the car, but when a mile away, I grieve to say that, with a hardness of heart strangely in contrast with the earnestness of the owner of the brick, I kicked it off into the ditch.

Only a few months before one man had shown me a dozen or more

NUGGETS OF GOLD,

almost pure, from a mine near this quiet town. They varied in size from a pea to a hazel nut. Another had shown me a bar of

pure gold, taken out of the same mine, and refined, which a jeweller had valued at \$250. To me it was touching that neither of these persons had any mining stock to sell. "No, sir, it was all taken up; it was very scarce. It was too good a thing." Still, after a breath or two, he added that "he thought he might get just a few shares if they were wanted very badly."

Many interesting things engage the attention in this long journey.

THE RAILROAD

will not secure the usual compliment about a monument to engineering skill. Except a splendid iron bridge at Medicine Hat there is scarcely anything that suggests a tax on such skill. West of Moose Jaw the skill which directs a snake's trail would seem to have been the kind most in requisition. The track winds about as if it had been foreordained that it should never go through any obstacle that it could possibly go around. But for equipment and comfort it has all the qualities of the best roads on the continent.

Looking from the car window one frequently notices a grass grown track, resembling what farmers call an old, dead furrow. They are the old buffalo trails. Those who were familiar with the prairies a few years ago say that they have seen these paths when many hoofs had trodden them full of dust, and when, in long lines, these ancient proprietors of the soil were treading in single file through these thoroughfares to some favorite watering place. That race has now retreated from these feeding grounds. Great valleys once black with their crowding thousands are now forever forsaken by them. You walk in the silence left by a vanished race. Occasionally a grey wolf is startled from his hiding place, and with the gait of a sneaking coward flies away. The antelope still continues to make the country north of the C. P. R. track a summer resort.

Away out here one can discern the true vanguard of civilization. It is not the press, nor the telegraph, nor the plough, nor even the washerwoman; but it is

BILLIARDS.

This is the one crying necessity of life in a western town. I had rather sleep in the clean straw a farmer's boy spreads for the cattle, than in the beds offered by a leading hotel near the "end of the track;" but on entering, billiard and pool tables, equal in finish to those in Winnipeg hotels, were found ready to afford rest to the jaded travellers. In a town of six houses, if you are not particular as to what you will call a house—two were surmounted by a board signifying that every necessity could be met within by—billiards! Players tell me that this is not a gambler's game; that, being purely a game of skill, its charm lies in the artistic delight found in graceful and effective movement. The fascination is entirely different from that in a gambler's play. This is, of course, accepted, but it starts some questioning thoughts. A highly developed artistic taste, such as the people of these western towns display in their love for billiards, generally asks for artistic surroundings in all lines. It can appreciate an artistic bedstead, and the artistic feeling that attends lying upon a comfortable mattress. But this elevation of taste in the western hamlet seems to be confined almost entirely to billiards. No other artistic thing is held at a premium. It makes one solemn to think of civilizing the race by billiards!

Various opinions are given as to the efficiency of

THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW

in the North-West. Some very observing and sapient men denounce it in strong

terms. They say that they never want to drink when elsewhere; but as soon as they get out here they notice that the fact that they can't get any drink leads them to desire it with a consuming desire. Then with the next breath they will tell you there is more liquor drunk where this law prevails than in any other part of Canada—they see more drunkenness in a day than they ever saw anywhere else in a week. Of course there is just the faintest kind of inconsistency in their different statements, but that is nothing; it only helps you to understand their meaning. A few of the residents also imagine that licensed drink would improve general business.

I made careful enquiries of men in positions to speak intelligently, more particularly of officers in the Mounted Police. It is admitted that liquor is smuggled in, and that altogether too much enters legally on the Governor's permits; still the general testimony is that, beyond calculation, this prohibitory law promotes sobriety and attendant virtues. It is not a failure by any means. The quiet and good order of the many thrifty villages, are incalculably superior to other villages where the license system prevails. Though the law depends for its enforcement upon hands not in sympathy with it, yet this territory would take a long step down, if the license system were introduced. The people feel this. They have declared their judgment by petitions, signed by a vast majority of all the population, against the project of the North-West Council to allow the manufacture of beer.

"Some cities laud their wealth and age,
Some lands may boast the wars they wage,
This boasts a people brave and free,
And treasures buried in its soil;
A breadth expanding like the sea,
Where every acre passions toll—
The homes of millions on their way,
Whose hope begins a brighter day."

OUR NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

BY REV. JOSEPH WILD, D. D.

These are lively times among the nations; even our Dominion joining in the general uproar. In regard to the trouble in the North West, I do not think it will be as serious as some think. The cause of the disturbance seems a little difficult to get at. When the prairie sod is first turned over white clover appears; how or why one seems to know. So in like manner certain troubles and difficulties come to the surface in the settlement and growth of new countries. In this respect Canada has been no exception.

It has always been a hard task to adjust the general to the individual. Look, for instance, at the United States. It took them one hundred years to find out how to adjust the Central Government to the States, and both to the Territories. They labored long and patiently by legislation and compromise; yet they had many minor and one big rebellion. Even in the limited circle of a family the same principles are antagonistic. Boys from 15 to 21 years of age are very hard to manage. At that period they think they know everything, they take advice poorly and ill brook restraint. The father represents general government, and the son the local, or state.

Taking all in all, I consider that Canada has done well; the disturbances have been few and light in comparison to many others. We should remember that we are a mixed people, coming from many nations. Also, that being the case, we would very naturally have diverse views of social, political and religious questions. These things are in us, they were imported, we and our fathers brought them with us, and we should ever remember that, being imported, they are not

indigenous to Canada. The only way to deal with them is by compromise, or modification, or improvement; that is, assimilate them, and adapt them to Canada.

Religiously we have found a point of union. The state-church idea has passed away. In a religious sense we are all happy; our rights are secured; the general has manfully met the individual. Perhaps our Catholic friends are not wholly satisfied; they ought to be.

There are two things that we ought to now believe, and accept and live and abide by. The outside world ought to know them.

1. The first is that we are a part of Britain—that we are, in fact, Britain, when the Empire is spoken of. We are not French, nor German, nor Italian, nor any other nation, but British-Canadians. The British idea of the North-West is, as regards the laying out or surveying, that it be done systematically. In the survey carried out in the North-West all are dealt with squarely and honorably. The French half-breeds have a way of their own; they have a Frenchy idea about the shape of their lots. Their idea, however, is neither scientific nor British, hence they must yield. Their grievances in this respect cannot be met.

Britain won this country by battle-purchase—and we came in possession by occupation from Britain and purchase by money from the Hudson's Bay Company. The territories of the North-West belong to the whole Dominion, and when new provinces are formed it is expected that they will conform to, and be submissive to, the general government. In a responsible government like ours tyranny cannot long hold away, and people and provinces can have their honest rights and liberties.

When Manitoba was erected into a Province Indians, Half-breeds and other settlers were carefully attended to—in fact they were all generously dealt with. The Half Breeds of Manitoba, for instance, had granted to them one million four hundred thousand acres of land, and this grant simply means that each matured Half Breed got 400 acres, and two hundred and forty acres to each Half Breed child born before that time. Surely this was enough. But the majority of these Half Breeds made poor use of the land; most of them, in fact, sold out their land and claims, and moved on further north-west, outside of the Province of Manitoba, and in the new and unsurveyed Territory they became roaming squatters, again claiming homesteads of their own size and shape. This, very properly, the Dominion Government resisted. There were, doubtless, some few Half Breeds who never had had any homestead grant in Manitoba; these our Government were willing to deal with. But the great trouble has been to separate the honest from the dishonest claimants.

2. The second thing to remember is that Britain is a Protestant Empire; so when she is laying out new Provinces she must do so agreeably with the great and glorious principles of Protestantism. She must and will give all sects, denominations and churches fair play. Toleration to all, equalization for all, and tyrannization over none. And, also, she must not permit herself to be tyrannized over by any, not even by our Catholic friends. Political partizanship has felt the pressure from the Church, and to the Church's hurt and injury and injustice of the whole Dominion, they have too often yielded. On this point I am sorry to believe that neither Grits nor Tories are innocent.

This North-West question must be set-

tioned on principles that are just and fair to all parties. The commission, just appointed, I hope will do good work and true work. I am sorry Mr. W. P. R. Street, one of them, called on Archibishop Tache and received letters from him to Riel and others. For myself—and I think most of the country is with me—I do not want that this Archbishop should have anything to do with it. He had altogether too much to do with the former Rebellion. It is a noteworthy fact that the 10,000 Indians and Half Breeds under the Methodist missions are quiet; so with the other Protestant missions. But the Pagan Indians, and the Half Breeds and Indians under the Catholic authority are the ones in rebellion. There is a lesson for us in this state of things.

In the Bill of Rights put forward by Riel and others there are several points that look suspicious to me. The clause, for instance, that asks grants of lands for church and school purposes. I would like to ask: What church and what kind of schools? Perhaps another clause in this Bill of Rights may give me a cue; that the Dominion Government appropriate \$10,000 or more per year to furnish nuns as teachers. I do hope that the Commission and our Government will do nothing of the kind. Gifts in this direction are not satisfying but appetizing rather.

Well, we have now over 4,000 soldiers gone to settle this trouble. The policy of sending out a good and strong force is a wise one. For, I do not think Riel and the others will fight if they see the Government and country are in earnest. This rebellion, will seriously retard immigration and set the country back; but once over it will tend to consolidate the Dominion. The expression of loyalty from all parts is, in part, a good return for such a set back.

God bless our volunteers, and give peace and prosperity to the North-West.

NORTH-WEST DIFFICULTIES.

BY REV. EGERTON B. YOUNG.

It is not only humiliating to our pride, but very contrary to all our past record that we, of all the nationalities on this American continent, should actually be engaged in a war with the Indians and Half-Breeds. And so men, and women too, are justly asking, why these things should be; and how has it really come about? We, proudly thinking of our past records, still rub our eyes in wonder and amazement, and as we hear the martial tread of armed men, and witness the immense military preparations, and see the departure of the armed hosts towards the land of the setting sun, we stop in bewilderment, and say, is it possible that after all our boastings we have on hand an Indian war? And that, of all times, it should come now, for when these tribes were mighty and could muster their thousands of warriors, we, the subjects of the "Great Mother Across the Waters," were ever welcomed as the trusted brothers, and treated as honored guests in all the tribes, both north and south of the boundary line.

Some of us can vividly recall, with patriotic pride, how that when we were travelling in those western Territories, where float the stars and stripes, when passing through that section of country devastated by the Sioux Indian war of 1833, we were warned and entreated not to go on, as we were assured that our trail led through the regions where the savages still roamed, and that we would surely fall victims to the rapacity and cruelties of those terrible warriors who would certainly kill us all, and take possession of our splendid Can-

adian horses, and every thing else we owned.

Proud of our being British subjects, and of having in our possession a British flag, we straightened ourselves up, and through our spokesman and guide, the honored and still lamented late Rev. Geo. McDougall, said: "We have no fear or doubt but that, with our flag we can pass unharmed through any Indian tribe on the continent." And so it proved, as regarded these Sioux. In the most disturbed parts we hobbled our horses and turned them loose on the prairies as usual; we unrolled our camp beds and lay down and slept, and awoke in safety; we put out no guards or sentinels; we did not even dream of danger from Indians, for on that flag-staff, which was only a whip handle, was there not the flag of that nation which has ever dealt honorably and fairly with the Red men.

But this is all changed and there has been a rude awakening, and we are eagerly scanning our past records and asking what are the causes which have led to this present sad humiliating state of affairs, so contrary to the past and so alien to our inclinations and desires, for we still wish to keep faith with, and live in good fellowship with these Half-Breeds and Indians.

Politicians, in the warmth and zeal of their partizan prejudices, are striving to make "scape goats" and victims out of this one and that one, but while it is evident that some one has blundered, or been too slow, it is still an open question whether any particular individuals should have such vials of indignation poured upon them.

In an article like this, we cannot go into the subject very fully, but we can sum up the whole matter by saying that the cause of the whole trouble is the scarcity of food; or, as an interpreter tersely put it: when a band of Indians met one of the commissioners, and the chief had, with a great deal of pantomime and flourish, delivered what seemed to the great "paleface" a wonderful speech, he, the interpreter, merely said, "All his lingo is this, they are hungry and want grub."

This is the cause of the present humiliating state of affairs. They are hungry, and hungry people are dangerous and desperate.

We cannot disguise the fact, that although we have incorporated those vast regions into our Dominion, and have made treaties with the Indians, and issued script to the Half-Breeds, they are all very much worse off than they were a few years ago. The inroads of the white man, and his improved firearms, have very much lessened the Indians sources of game. Not many years ago the buffalo roamed over those boundless prairies in millions. They were literally "the cattle of a thousand hills." It is not very many years since they quenched their thirst in the Red River, for on its banks I have frequently picked up their whitened bones. Their flesh was a most nutritious meat, their sinews made the best of thread, their skins made warm clothing and bedding, and when from the hides the hair was scraped off, not only were the Indian tapes or wigwams on the plains made out of them, but also many useful and necessary articles of wearing apparel, such as moccasins, leggings, and hunting shirts.

The great yearly event in the life of the Half-Breed was the grand fall hunt of the buffalo. The crops in the Red River settlement and other places where they lived had been secured. The hot summer was over, and the beautiful autumn weather had come. All is excitement, and there is heard the din of preparation, and the rehearsal of past successes, and the boastful words of what will yet be done. Women and children,

with the necessary "outfits," are huddled into the rude yet capacious Red River carts. The men are mounted on their well tried horses, justly called "buffalo runners." In semi-military array, the long cavalcade, numbering hundreds of persons, sets out for those regions where the scouts report the buffalo are feeding. Every year since the wave of Anglo-Saxon civilization crossed the Mississippi, they have to go farther west to find the buffalo.

The expedition assumed the form of a military organization. There were captains and leaders, and rigid laws, which were sternly enforced. Every night the tents were pitched in a circle, and with the large carts and other things, the whole encampment was made into a perfect zareba of defence. All these precautions were necessary, for the Half-Breeds and many of the wild Indian tribes on the plains were never on the best of terms, and if one caught the other napping—well, somebody suffered.

Often hundreds of buffalo were slaughtered. These the women skinned and skillfully sliced into thin layers of meat. These were then sun and fire-dried. Thousands of pounds were brought back as dried meat, and many thousands more were made up into the far-famed pemmican. A great quantity of buffalo fat was also secured. This was used for candle making, and also various cooking purposes.

Probably in the next issue of TRUTH I will have more to say in regard to the former Indian buffalo hunts, and of the causes of the present troubles.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST — PAST AND PRESENT.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MISSIONARY.

NO. II.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WOOLSEY.

Our arrival in Selkirk, alias Red River Settlement, was, to me, an event long to be remembered, as I began to realize that I was indeed "a stranger in a strange land," though my colleague had been there previously, and, consequently, was quite at home. It was then that I could institute a comparison between a former residence, for ten years in that "vast emporium of the world, the city of London," England, but, in doing so, I became quite a cosmopolitan in regard to life in its varied phases. A travelling companion, of Scotch origin, Mr. James Ross, a gentleman of more than ordinary education, soon introduced us to the Rev. John Black, Presbyterian minister, who gave us a most hearty welcome, and regarded me as his guest during our stay. He soon after favored us with an interview with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, that distinguished prelate giving us the right hand of fellowship in a way and manner purely evangelical.

Our next interview was with Governor McTavish, to whom we presented letters of introduction from Canada. Our reception was the most gratifying, with the assurance that he would, as far as practicable, facilitate our journeyings to the regions beyond. Little did I then think that we had then entered upon a territory three millions of miles in extent, a considerable portion of which was in the hands of the Hon. the Hudson Bay Company, who, by virtue of a charter, granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and a body of adventurers, trading into Hudson Bay, had territorial possession, as well as absolute commercial right of such portions of the country as were drained by the Hudson Bay. Like privileges, commercially considered, were also possessed by a

license from the Imperial Government, renewable every twenty-one years, over such portions as were not drained by the aforesaid expanse of waters.

After a very agreeable stay in the Settlement, we crossed to the north shore of Lake Winnipeg, where we had a very hearty reception from the Chief Factor of Norway House. This was the principal depot of the Northern Department of the H. B. Co. A great number of trading boats used to arrive there, en route to York Factory, a distance of 500 miles—a most difficult traverse, as no less than 45 portages had to be crossed, involving considerable delay and expense. Rossville Mission being proximate we had a very delightful but brief sojourn with the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt and family. He was then Chairman of our entire mission work in that land. But the time for voyaging to Edmonton House, nearly 1,000 miles distant, arrived; and we, through the courtesy of Chief Factor Sinclair, became deck passengers. We soon reached the Grand Rapids, near Cedar Lake, when I found that all the merchandise, baggage, etc., had to be carried over a portage, three miles in extent, and that all the boats had, by herculean hands, to be drawn across the carrying place and then launched at the head of the rapids and re-loaded. Then began in reality the rowing or hauling up of the boats along the Saskatchewan River, involving considerable labor to the men employed; but as soon as we came to good tracking ground, the employees took their respective shoulder straps, secured each to a long rope fastened to the boat and then jumped overboard, waded to shore, and commenced to haul in right good earnest; but, as soon as we got to the end of the tracking ground, the men re-entered the boats and began to row most vigorously. This was repeated several times during the voyage, interspersed with occasional crossing of portages. All this seemed to me "passing strange."

Considerable variety stood connected with visiting Cumberland House, Carlton House, Fort Pitt and other places, prior to reaching Edmonton House. The mails were received with open arms, as only two deliveries were at the command of the residents of forts, etc., each year. Edmonton House was at length reached on the 26th of September, when an enthusiastic reception was given to the missionaries, Indians and whites apparently realizing that

"The noblest type of man is the Christian; The noblest type of the Christian, the Christian minister; And the noblest type of the Christian minister, the Christian missionary."

But I must close, though my friend, Mr. John N. Lake, having introduced your readers to the Buffalo region, I am half disposed to take a run. May do so some day.

*Kisiskatchewan ssepe, swift-running river.—It is the Cree designation and the meaning thereof.

A Boston Kindergarten for blind children received recently from an unknown person the liberal sum of ten thousand dollars.

A Washington correspondent says that Miss Cleveland thinks her brother will not be in favor of discharging women from the departments.

A gentleman lost a large sum of money recently at baccarat in one of the London clubs. He refused to pay the money, and was sued for it, and he won the suit. Poker is now quite popular in some of the London clubs, and in a few New York drawing-rooms.

The Dean of Westminster, speaking of the long period that had elapsed before Robert Burns was finally honored with a bust in Westminster Abbey, said that for a century and a half Chaucer lay unmarked and unhonored beneath the pavement of the Abbey, and that nearly as long a period went by before any record of Shakespeare found place on its historic walls.

The Poet's Page.

FIVE DOLLARS

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

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

THE AWARD.

The following little poem, entitled "After," selected and sent in by "E. W. E." Toronto, is considered to be entitled to the prize this week. The majority of poems sent in for competition are altogether too long. "After," besides being a very pretty little selection is just about the length we like poems to be. The full name and address must be furnished for publication by "E. W. E." before the money will be paid over. In all cases hereafter the sender's name and address must be attached to the poem sent in order to gain the attention of the editor.

-Selected.

After.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is gone,
After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;
After the storm the lull of waves;
Quiet words when the winds go by;
After the battle peaceful graves;

After the knell the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant tree;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping sweet repose.

After the burden the blissful mood;
After the fight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—'t is.

Canada's Pioneers.

BY DR. CURRIE.

Our fathers! Where are they? those heroes of old,
Whose brave hearts and strong arms were served
For the strife.

'Mid dangers, to battle with sufferings untold,
And warm with their "a-blood a nation to life?
They have gone from the scenes and the homes once
Their own.

Oft unwept, to their low narrow houses alone.

O brave pioneers, by whose hard handed toil
The primal forests were quickly removed,
And fields taught to yield up rich fruits from their soil,
Where'er the wild beasts and the fierce savage
Raved;

Strong of limb, stout of heart, bronzed with sunshine
And rain,
They have gone to their rest, but their labors
Remain.

Though their graves are unknown, and the marble
Speaks not
Of the deeds they achieved—there are monuments
Rared.

More lasting than marble—more noble than what
In the wake of the warrior too oft have appeared;
Out beautiful country, each broad acre and town,
Are memorials that tell of those men of renown.

Our arts and our science, our churches and schools
Our government, based on foundations of right;
Our high courts of justice, where equity rules,
Our nation an honor, unsmiled and bright,
Of the wisdom that guided our ancestors tell
When they founded this nation—may we build it
As well.

Kingston, Ont.

A Dinner and a Kiss.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her smoky kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"Here's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savour
Hid in his humble food.
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily studded away,
Sleeping at eight o'clock a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss,
It always our frugal dinner
Were seasoned with a kiss.

In Bohemia.

JOHN BOTTLE O'BRIEN.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of trade and state are won
By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book o' gold;
And each one bears a mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Asfame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last;
I'd rather fall in Bohemia than win in another land;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brazen-haired heir;
No gilded duellist native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's sons have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the history of soul soon learns to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast,
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and leech,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
Where a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep aloof,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the
Grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than any other land.

-For Truth.

The Woods are full of Them."

(Ye ancient saying.)

A BALLADE OF THE SPRING, 1885.

BY C. F. MULVANT, M. D.

The woods are full of weather-worn
Fallen fragment tree-trunks left forlorn
From last year's lumber harvest crop
Of pines with thunder-spliten top;
Of saplings that no leaves adorn;
Of bitter barrenness and thorn;
Of all things withered, trampled, torn—
Of fallen flower and broken prop
The woods are full.

And yet through boughs by winter shorn
Spring pulses wake this April morn;
And when the maple shoot we lay
The sweet sap trickles drop by drop;
And of her joys that none heed scorn,
The woods are full.

-For Truth.

Canada.

P. WILLMOT.

I love the land that gave me birth,
Tho' cold her north wind blows;
I love her ice bound winter lakes
I claim a kinship to the flakes
That form her virgin snows.

I've roved in many a southern clime
Where orange blossoms wave;
Where broad bananas fan the air;
Where flourishes the citron fair
Beside the azure wave.

I've lain beneath the myrtle's shade;
Beneath the vining palm;
Amid the oleander grove,
Where summer perfume ever rove,
With many a fragrant balm.

I've pulled the lucid, fragrant pine,
And culled pomegranates fair—
The sugar apple of the south,—
And dates—those conquerors of the drouth—
And cherimoyas rare.

I've seen beneath the crystal wave
The coral insect's home,
Bright flowers that with the rainbow vie,
And beautiful shells that scattered lie
Beneath the ocean's foam.

I've watched the molten tropic's sun
Go down beneath the sea—
Where Chimborazo cleaves the sky,
Abtaze with many a sunset dye
Reflected on our sea.

I've watched the ponderous sport of whales,
In southern seas at play;
I've watched the Chilian condor's flight
To towering crag; where first the light
Proclaims the dawning day.

I've seen the lightning flash from eyes
Where midnight shadows lie;
When Spain's proud daughter met my view
With locks that mock the raven's hue,
Whose pinions cleave the sky.

Bermuda's daughters too, I've seen,
Whose beauties Moore has sung;
And friendship's warm right hand I've met
I feel the tingling pulses yet—
From strangers roved among.

But over turns my heart to thee,
My bright Canadian home;
And dearest growth thy broad green lakes,
Thy silvery streams, thy woodland brakes,
With every step I roam.

The proud magnolia's bloom I love;
The myrtle's perfumed shades;
But, oh! how dear above them all,
A single crimson leaf that fall
By Huron's maple glade.

By Huron's sunny shores I've left
My dearest friends on earth;
May God's own mantle from above
Enfold them and the land I love—
The land that gave me birth.

-For Truth.

"Hold the Fort."

(Version in Medieval Latin—Mestre same as in the original)

BY C. F. MULVANT, M. D.

I.
Ecco surgit signum Regis,
Fesal militis!
Debellantis sola gregis
Lux et alma spes.

II.
"Arceus fortes occupato
Expectantes Me!"
Respondemus "Jesu, grato
Adjuvante To!"

III.
Ecco furor internorum,
Et Sathanus dux;
Sed agminibus nostrorum
Stat vexillum crux.

IV.
"Arceus fortes occupato
Expectantes Me!"
Respondemus "Jesu, grato,
Adjuvante To."

V.
Ecco fulget triumphalis
Regis purpura;
Regis talia mox regalis
Sit victoria.

VI.
"Arceus fortes occupato
Expectantes Me!"
Respondemus "Jesu, grato,
Adjuvante To!"

VII.
Pax illi perhoram truceam
Adest nostra spes;
Victor Christus est per Crucem
Fesal militis.

VIII.
"Arceus fortes occupato
Expectantes Me!"
Respondemus "Jesu, grato,
Adjuvante To!"

What did the Privates do?

Our dailies team with daring deeds,
And books are filled with fame,
Brass bands will play and cannons roar
In honor of the name
Of men who held commissions, and
Were honest, brave and true.
But still the question comes to me,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to guard the camp
When the fogs were hovering round?
Who dug the graves of comrades dear?
Who laid them in the ground?
Who sent the dying message home
To those he never knew?
If officers did all of this,
What did the privates do?

Who were the men to fill the place
Of comrades slain in strife?
Who were the men to risk their own
To save a comrade's life?
Who was it lived on salted pork
And bread too hard to chew?
If officers did this alone,
What did the privates do?

Who laid in pits on rainy nights
All eager for the fray
Who marched beneath a scorching sun
Through many a toilsome day?
Who paid the sutler double price,
And scanty rations drew?
If officers get all the praise,
Then, what did privates do?

All honor to the brave old boys
Who rallied at the call—
Without regard to name or rank
We honor one and all.
They're passing over one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone
To where the books will surely show
Just what the boys have done.

Church Bells.

SUPPLEMENTARY TO K. A. POPE'S "BELLS."

An attempt to complete the poem which Pope left incomplete.

BY EDWARD S. GOULD.

Hear the holy Sabbath bell's—
Christian bell!
What a world of consolation in their utterances
dwell!

They commemorate the day
When the "stone was rolled away
From the sepulchre," where lay
The Lord of Glory, slain for sin not His own;
There He burst the bands of death,
With Omnipotence's breath,
And majestically rose,
Triumphant o'er his foes,

To the right hand of God—Three in One—
Where He maketh intercession
For our manifold transgression,
Evermore.

Now the bells are loudly calling, bidding
every one repair
To the sanctuary, where
We may offer praise and prayer;

Their reverberating echoes through the circumam-
bient air,
Are rolling, rolling, rolling,
They are calling, calling, calling,
In tones that are consoling,
And in tones that are appalling—
To believers, consolation,
To the scorners, condemnation,
Evermore!

Still the bells are tolling, tolling,
And their echoing notes are rolling
Over vale and plain an 11 monastic,
Calling all men to the Fountain
Where life and peace and joy are flowing evermore
Evermore!

Now their tones grow louder, deeper,
They might wake the dulcetest sleeper
On this peaceful Sabbath morning,
With their word of solemn warning—
"Time! time! time!"

Their ponderous tongues reiterate, monotonously,
"Time!"
Time! time! time!

Till the ending of the hour ends the chime;
Then each swinging Titan knells,
As his music peals and swells,
From the tower wherein he dwells,
His dual monosyllable of "Time"

Whose monotonous cadences most fantastically
rhyme
To the rolling and the tolling / the bells.

-For Truth.

His Literary Wife.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

Yes, I'm an old time farmer, sir, it is a lonely life,
But in the passion of my youth I took a scribbled
wife;

I married her in spite of friends, it was my own
affair,
But I had faith my love for her would cure the ailment
air;

I soon found my mistake out, though, you'll under-
stand, I assure,
For half her nights and all her days were spent at
literature,

No matter what the work might be. Alister, it made
me gum,
That blot upon our happiness, the inkstain on the
thumb.

I couldn't begin to tell you the worry I've been
through—
It allus irritates old sores to open 'em anew.
"Children?" yes, we have two; they're girls, and
showed when they was small,

A very nice domestic, turtu and not like her at all.
And "Froxy" (named Euphrosyne) is eighteen come
next spring—

How she can bake, and darn and cook, yet like a
maiden sing.
"Maundy" was named for mother, she's sixteen, and
no neat,

You never find her stockings grow in holes about her
feet;
I don't know how they learned it, but then mother
had such skill,

And blood will tell in families, her thrill's remember-
ed still,
My wife! she's in New York just now; she stays
there half the year;
She says the "winters" isolate, and dreadful dreary
here.

And then she has Sorosis, or something of that kind,
(A sort of grange for women of a literary mind.)
And so the girls and I are left up in the mountains
here;

We're never lonesome, are we, I / we've health and
plenty cheer,
My girls get married? that won't be for many and
many a day;

They'll not leave father all alone, now he is old and
gray,
My life would be all darkness, without my girls was
here.

"What! are you crying, Froxy? why, what's the
matter dear?"
If anyone has hurted a hair of that bright head
He'll have to answer for it to me. What is it, sir, you
said?

You love her? little Froxy? I've loved her longest
though.
There's the whole world to choose from, leave my
ewe lamb and go.

We've always been together—child, do you love him,
too?
So queer you look, and blushing. Good God I believe
you do.

What sir? you are an editor, and loved her poems
first?
Euphrosyne writing poetry? ill luck has done its
worst
And now you've giv' up business and bought the
Price estate?
You're bound to have her seems to me, be it Pro-
vidence or fate.
Chateauquey Basin, P. Q.

IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom of the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Moments," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MADE DESPIMATE.

It was a typical New Zealand day. Not a flock of cloud floated across the Italian blue of the glorious sky. There was a strange stillness upon the earth; the delicious freshness of the air thrilled every nerve and swelled the heart, till one's whole being was ready to burst into a joyous song of praise and thankfulness.

The Southern Alps, crowned with everlasting snow, stood out with cold distinctness against the richer sky.

To the North the giant peaks of the Karkouras kissed the glowing heavens, then to drop and greet the soft Pacific. Snow-fed streams, like silver threads, ran through the valleys; here and there the verdant plains were dotted with homesteads; whilst over the whole magic picture of kingly forest and placid pasture-land, towering mountain and awful gorge, tempting lakes and pleasant hill-sides, was an inspiring light, that could be felt, but cannot be described.

On a pleasant "flat" (as a valley is called here), a moderate distance from Christchurch, stood the stunted home of an English settler. Oaks and maples and poplars were growing about it; much of the surrounding ground was dug up, waiting for the spring time to be sown with English grass seed. In all directions were luxuriant bushes of broom, planted plentifully to preserve the crops from that scourge of New Zealand—the south-west wind; at every turn the eye encountered fresh indications of thought and industry.

It was mid-winter, but the afternoon was beautifully warm. Within the house, a woman, dressed in a short lincey costume, sat by an open window. Near to her, but on the verandah, a man lolled lazily in a low cane, easy-chair, smoking, with apparently much enjoyment and freedom from care, a dark-coloured, chubby wooden pipe. Ere the night comes they will have to close the windows and light fires; for though the day is bright, and the sun has so much power, the darkness will bring a nipping frost, and the early morning show a frozen ground. The woman was short and rather thin. Her black hair lay smooth upon her head, and its deep darkness threw into strong contrast first the peculiarly broad, white parting which struck one as being her strongest feature; then her anxious, pallid face. Looking into this, it was impossible to miss traces of withered beauty; but as she sat with her thin, determined lips pressed closely together, and her hands so tightly clenched that her long, almond nails were forced into her flesh, there was nothing in her expression to win your sympathy. Her eyes were small, but marvelously full of fire; the faint lines running from her mouth told of suffering and suppressed passion. Her nose was pinched, and it had a curious habit of dilating as she sat outwardly calm, but inwardly wrestling with a consuming rage.

The man—tall, stont, broad-shouldered and florid—was her direct antithesis. His large eyes were blue and soft. Her wore his flaxen hair so long that it fell upon his shoulders. His appearance and his manner bespoke subdued geniality. Judging from his open, honest face, he could be nothing but a manly, free-hearted, straightforward fellow—a man who would scorn to do a dishonourable or a cruel action. He had only one bad feature—a thirty-looking, fishy mouth. This was, however, concealed from general observation by a silky moustache. His dress resembled an English gamekeeper's; and, as he sat in his verandah, this bright, still afternoon, slowly emitting clouds of smoke, he appeared to be an excellent specimen of good-natured content.

The faces of these two people—man and wife—were in strong contrast. Her's so full of passion, and so worn and weary; his beaming with a happiness born only surely of good deeds.

"So Gregory," said the woman, her nails pressing deeper into her palms as she spoke, "you mean to do this thing?"

He leisurely knocked the ash from his pipe, and turning his broad face towards her, said, in a curiously effeminate voice—

"Yes, my love, I am going to England."

The woman stamped her foot passionately. "Don't call me your love," she cried, in flat energetic tones. "Don't play the hypocrite indoors, as you are compelled to do out."

He raised his eyebrows, and with a pleasant smile repeated her words—

"Play the hypocrite! Surely, Rhode, you are jeating?"

Her nails were dyed crimson, and from her one hand a little blood trickled. "I could bear with an open scoundrel," she said, between her teeth, "but when I look into your handsome, lying face, and listen to your soft, false voice, I feel as though I should go mad—as though I could kill you, or kill myself, or both of us!"

Hard and bitter as her tone was, his quick ear detected the hint of a moan in her last words, and he smiled more complacently than before. When he replied, however, the smile had left his face, and he spoke drily—had he not been such a noble-looking fellow, we should have said mockingly—

"This climate, Rhode, evidently does not agree with you. A return to England will do you good."

"Do not speak to me of England!" she cried, starting from her seat and wildly pacing the room. "Never, never let me hear of England again!"

As she walked her agitation increased. Suddenly she stepped on to the verandah, and, with compressed lips, stood over her husband.

"Do you want to drive me mad?" she demanded, hoarsely.

He was cleaning the bowl of his pipe. Before he answered her, he carefully blew through the long amber mouthpiece. With great deliberation he freed the scraped bowl from the sodden tobacco at the bottom; then, placing the pipe in its leather case, and turning his broad, honest face to hers, he said quietly—

"I should be sorry, my darling, to drive you anywhere. You generally have your own way, and, as you appear to have made up your mind to it, I've no doubt that you'll go without any assistance from me."

He laughed pleasantly, rose with a languid yawn, and turned from the open air into the room. She sprang after him, and stood between him and the further door.

"You shall not go!" she declared, passionately, her face now flushed, but her voice strangely calm. "You shall not leave me until I have your answer—until, at least, we understand each other."

"My darling," he expostulated, in a soft, injured tone, that made her gnaw her lips, and quiver with passion, "I thought that I had answered you."

"Do not fool me, Gregory. Are you going to England?"

His gentle blue eyes met her steadily as he answered quietly and determinedly, "I am going to England, Rhode."

Her hands flew to the breast of his coat, and she held him firmly.

"When I look into your face," she cried, with fierce energy, "I wonder whether your evil heart ever realises its own baseness. Listen to me, Gregory Axon, and I will show you for the hundredth time your cruelty and your villainous. In an evil moment I met you, and loved you, as God help me, I could love you now. Every word you uttered I believed. No woman ever trusted man as I trusted you. Had an angel from heaven told me then that you were a heartless hypocrite—a living lie—I would not have listened. Even now, though I have had every proof of your treachery, Heaven knows it is hard to credit. Don't look at me like that. Don't smile upon me. Turn your eyes away from me, or I shall fancy that the old days have come again, when I was mad enough to think you loved me."

For a moment the woman paused. When she resumed, her voice was a little softer, and a wistful look had crept into her eyes. "You know," she said, "how I loved you—how, within a month of our marriage, I gave you all the money I had control over—"

"My darling—"

These two words broke down all her re-

straint. Her face grew almost livid with passion.

"Do not mock me," she cried, "with a show of love which I know so well cannot exist. Do anything say anything but that. I would rather hear you curse me, than you should try to trick my ear, with an echo of the empty words that won me, and once made my heart beat with so much joy."

Again she paused, and a tiny tear trickled down her cheek.

"I know what you would say," she went on. "You have said it many times before. 'I never asked you for the money.' Neither did you; but by a thousand petty deceptions and cunning exhibitions of love you so won my heart that I could not rest until I had made you independent of any chance caprice of my own. The day that my love prompted me to do this thing saw you with me: up. It was hard, hard—hard and very bitter to bear. From that day you were a husband only in name. Until you had spent the last halfpenny, until you were so surrounded by debts that it was dangerous for you to venture out, I scarcely ever saw you. Away from home, you were the popular, generous, kind, and moral George Axon. Not one who grasped your hand dreamt that you were slowly killing your wife at home."

"You are talking very wildly, Rhode," he said, gently—"very wildly indeed. You know that I would not injure you for the world."

"I know that were I lying dead at your feet this moment not one tear of sorrow would spring to your eyes; that with the least possible delay Mary Hope would be your wife."

He smiled reproachfully at her. Had you looked upon him you would have felt convinced that his wife was doing him a grievous wrong.

"When you were penniless, and in daily danger of the jail, you returned to me and charmed me—fool that I was—with a tale of your deep contrition and your revived love. Led astray by the fatal honesty of your face, and the persuasive softness of your voice, I believed that your penitence was sincere. From the income which fortunately uncle had settled upon me, I released you from your debts, forgave you your cruelty and neglect, strove to forget your faithlessness, and made an effort to banish the name of Mary Hope from my memory. I took you to my heart again, and the past was buried. Did I not do all this, George Axon? Did I not do it on one condition?"

"You thought, Rhode," he said gravely, "that New Zealand would be better for me than England, and that I might be more successful at farming than I have been in my other speculations—"

"Speculations!" she echoed scornfully. "And the result?" he went on quietly, "shows what an excellent little judge you were. I have succeeded."

"You have succeeded," she said, and so comes, all my misery. I told you that all should be forgotten and forgiven if you agreed to leave England—never return to it. You were penniless then, she went on, disdainfully, "and you eagerly accepted my terms. With my money you have made money here. Three short years, and you are a fairly rich man—rich enough to be independent of me—to tell me to my face that you are going to England—to break my heart—to kill me!"

She paused, and for a moment hid her hands.

Then, in a wild entreating voice, she cried—

"Do not do this thing, George. For your own sake, for the sake of your manhood, do not do this wild, cowardly thing. You have, I know, long since, ceased to care for me, to trouble about my agony; but for your own sake I implore you not to do this wicked thing."

Still he looked pleasantly upon the frenzied face beneath his own. He patted her gently on her shoulder, and said, in his softest voice—

"I am going to England, Rhode."

"You are going to that woman," she shrieked.

He smiled, and continuing to pat her, answered, "Perhaps to that woman."

Her pent-up passion burst its flood-gates. For a moment it seemed as though she would choke. Then she raised her clenched fist and struck him in the face. A ring upon her finger caught his forehead, and when her hand dropped and she stared aghast at what she had done, there was a clean deep cut upon it that bled profusely.

No words of anger escaped him. His face

grew a shade paler—his smile became harder. As he pressed the wound with his handkerchief, he said grimly, "If I do leave you this will be my justification in the eyes of the world."

"It will," she cried with bitter vehemence, "and the world will say that the good-natured, easy-tempered, George Axon did well to leave his passionate, dangerous wife. Not a living soul will credit my sufferings. No one would believe you capable of a systematic course of cowardly and heartless cruelty. How day by day you torture me and goad me to do some frightful crime. How you have crushed my heart, and made me reckless, despairing, mad!"

Still pressing the wound with his handkerchief, and with a return of the old mocking smile, he looked steadily at her, and slowly walked from the room.

As the door closed behind him she sank on a chair, and wringing her hands, cried piteously, "God help me!"

Left to herself, she sobbed with intense agony. Her body writhed in deep misery. Suddenly her cries ceased. She again stood hard and rigid, her tears burnt from her cheeks as by a great heat.

"I will not bear it," she declared through her clenched teeth. "I cannot again live through the shame of being deserted—better to be dead—a thousand times better. I had one living soul to sympathise with me—to believe me—it would be different. It is maddening to think how they all love him—how they pity him for being married to me—I who have loved him, and who would have given my life for him."

She paced the room with rapid strides, her mouth firmly set, and a strange wild light blazing in her eyes.

"I cannot live through it," she said presently in a hard voice, destitute of all emotion. I must die!"

She repeated these words three times, and stood cold and motionless. Presently she started, and with a look of terror on her face, cried—

"And leave him free—free to marry Mary Hope! No, no, no; if I die he must die, too!"

She returned to the chair, and with her elbows on her knees, and her sharp chin resting in her palms, she sat thinking for good half hour. Minute by minute her face grew more inflexible, her cheeks paler, the light in her eyes more fierce. Her lips were quite bloodless. When she rose and walked to the window a terrible thought had taken possession of her. Slowly, slowly, but with horrible distinctness, it had come upon her. It had subdued all other thoughts; it had made her its slave.

She would not, she could not live. Her heartless husband had calculated that this systematic cruelty would drive her to destroy herself. Should he triumph? Should her murderer hold his head high among his fellows, and be free to marry an infant's rival, while she lay unwept for in a suicidal grave? Oh never! If he drove her to take her own life, surely by the law of God he was her murderer? Why should he not suffer by the law of man a murderer's doom, and the mark be torn from his face, and the world see him in his true colours!

If she plunged a dagger into her heart, it would be his hand that really guided the weapon.

"To night when the men return," she said slowly, "I will do the deed. I will call the people in, and with my dying breath denounce him as my murderer. No one will believe me now. In death will be justified."

Poor distraught and suffering one! Years of contempt, mockery, and refined cruelty have driven you mad, and you know not what you do!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow space.

Not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always a child. If no use is made of the labor of past ages, the world must also remain in the infancy of knowledge.

In order to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider how far we may deserve the praises and approbation which the world bestows upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives, and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse.

Merry Moments.

INTRODUCTORY.

We rejoice to be able to announce that our Composition Machine is in full working order again and will, hereafter, grind out the due supply of prose and verse in proper proportions, and of the choicest class. The young man who tampered with it last week is known, but his name is for the present suppressed for the sake of his parents, who are strictly honest, and, consequently, extremely poor.

We beg to introduce to our appreciative readers' notice a most thrilling, pathetic, humorous, bathetic and touching melodramatic story entitled: "A Distressing Dilemma," which is strictly true, the incident having happened to the inspired editor of this Department in the days when we were young, Maggie, consequently the scene is laid in that land where he spent the halcyon days of youth.

Behold the tale:

A Distressing Dilemma.

Even at this distant day I can feel a blush suffuse my cheeks whenever I think of the incident I am about to relate.

Be it known, gentle reader, that I was once hopelessly in love, the object of my nineteen or twenty year old affections being a very pretty girl and the second of six sisters, who all resided at the little sea-side town where I was spending the long vacation with a "reading party"—so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for nothing was further from our thoughts than "reading"—that is, "studying." This, of course, all occurred in England, and if any one doubts my word, I'll point out the very cave where the distressing incident which I am about to mention took place, if he will pay my expenses to the spot.

I would state that I was very fond of bathing and also of exploring the many caves in the cliffs along the shore. Accordingly one morning I set off with the intention of having a good swim, and had stripped (there were no bathing machines) in a secluded spot just round a projecting bluff or promontory, at the end of which was the mouth of a large cave. Leaving my clothes on a high ledge in the cliff behind the bay where the highest tide could scarcely reach, I plunged into the water and swam several yards out to sea and then, turning, proceeded along the coast. As I was passing the promontory alluded to, some malignant fiend entered my brain and prompted me to go ashore and explore that cave. No sooner thought of than the idea was put into execution. I swam ashore and, seeing no one in sight, ran to the cave, whose mouth was only about fifteen feet from the water's edge, and, *in puris naturalibus*, proceeded to explore. The cave was very lofty, and apparently penetrated quite thirty feet into the cliff. At a distance of about ten feet from the entrance was a perpendicular wall of rock about five feet in height, in whose face a rude flight of steps had been cut; up these I sprang and found myself on a platform, quite level and running away back into the cave. At a distance of about nine feet from the edge of the platform was a well, cut down into the rock in that platform, perhaps five feet and a half deep and six feet in diameter; near the bottom and in the side of the well nearest the sea was a hole a foot or so in diameter. I jumped into this well and was wondering whatever it could have been made for when I heard voices—ye gods! feminine voices! and the owners were evidently coming into the cave. Escape was impossible! Crouching down in the well I listened in fear and trembling, hoping most devoutly that

the fair visitants would soon depart. Not so, however. Aha! I recognized one voice all too well; it was that of my adored Fanny Damsen, and all her five sisters were with her and heaven knows how many more charming females. Down I crouched in my well; I saw that the hole in the side went clear through to the wall of the platform in front, but it was too small to permit me to escape through it. There was nothing for it but to trust in fortune, but I was trusting to a broken reed.

"Maria," I heard my dear Fanny say, "I'll tell you what we'll do: we came out to picnic to-day and what do you say to pic-nicking in this cave? Now won't it be just splendid? The tide is coming in and we'll climb up on this platform where the water never goes and wait till it comes in and goes out again. Won't that be an adventure?"

"Splendid! splendid!" exclaimed all the boys in chorus, "that will be just splendid. Come on, girls, the tide is nearly up to the mouth of the cave now; we must decide soon or we shall have to stay here for some hours, whether we want to or not."

The tide! awful thought! my hair stood upright and my limbs trembled at the thought: the tide would rush through that hole in the side into the well, and what should I do? Concealment would be impossible, but, hoping against hope, I made myself as small as possible, and thrusting my legs into the side hole, sat in that position as low down in the well as I could get. I trusted that I might not be discovered, but oh! how futile was such a hope!

I heard the girls mount the steps and seat themselves on the platform near the edge, and then, my stars! what a chattering commenced. Talk about a flock of parrots or anything else! Tut, tut! nothing could compare with the way those tongues rattled. I heard my name mentioned, too, pretty freely, and some of the remarks about me were not at all flattering; some were.

So far all had gone well, but now the tide was creeping into that hole; no efforts of mine could keep the water out. I had absolutely nothing to stop the hole with but my head and that didn't fit, and I didn't care to drown that way. In slowed the water, steadily, stealthily, and as it rose, I did likewise, till in no very great while I was compelled to allow my head to appear above the brink of the well. The girls had their backs towards me, and I escaped immediate detection, but a little brute of a dog they had with them spied me out and set up a terrific barking at the apparition. I ducked down, but the water was fully three feet deep in the well and I was forced to appear above the platform once more.

"I wonder what Flossy's barking at," I heard Miss Jemima Simpson exclaim; "let's go and see;—Oh! o-o-o-o oh!" and such a series of yells, shrieks and squawlings as assailed my ears I never heard before or since. Miss Simpson caught sight of my head and naked shoulders and, pointing me out to the rest, gave her lungs full play in the most awful yells I ever heard.

There was no escape for the fair ones, however; if they had me a prisoner, the tide had them in the same fix. At length I ventured to address them:

"Ladies," I said, "I-I-it really isn't my fault—"

"Oh!" screamed Fanny—my Fanny—"if it isn't Mr. Thistleby," and she began to yell. "Yes, ladies," I went on, "it is Mr. Thistleby, but it is an accident. Ladies, if I stay in this hole I shall either drown or catch my death of cold and—"

"Then come out," suggested Miss Polly Bimbleton.

"But, ladies, I—that is—I'm not—you

know—I've—I've no clothes on. Ladies, I'm absolutely stark naked. Pity me, ladies, and throw me an umbrella or a parasol; then, I implore you, turn round with your faces to the side of the cave and I will dash past you and escape. Thank you," I said, as a parasol,—my Fanny's parasol—was thrown towards me. I grasped it and opening it, took a brief glance at the feminine assembly; they were facing the wall like so many convicts in a military prison. Now was my time. I drew myself out of the well and made a desperate dash for freedom. Like a meteor I darted across the intervening space and sprang with a loud whoop, parasol and all, into the water, and as I vanished round the corner of the promontory, my ears were assailed by a perfect torrent of feminine laughter from the cave which I had left.

I could not face dear Fanny Damsen again. I have her parasol yet.

The Rustic's Fate

(Air—"Excelsior.")

The shades of night were falling fast
As through King Street a youth there passed,
A youth who bore a rustic mien,
And in his locks were hayseeds seen.
Gee-whoa! Haw buck!

He passed along and made a stop
Before a tall blue-coated cop,
And asked him wherit would be best
For him to stay o'er-night and rest.
Gilt sup, that!

The peeler eyed the rustic well
And steered him to a fine hotel,
A modern, first-class hotel, re,
With gas and electricites.
(Rouse in House: see adv.)

Into the inn the hawbuck sped,
Demanding supper and a bed:
"Where is your baggage?" "None." "That so?"
Pay in advance or out you go.
Good scheme: heigho!

The rustic paid his fare and said,
"Shew me the room where is my bed."
The host the bell-boy led him to;
The spring was touched and up he flew.
Excelsior!

It was a gorgeous room, I ween,
Where modern capers all were seen:
Gas brackets and electric bells
And windows closed to keep in smells.
Faugh! Pah! Fore-paugh!

He viewed his room and went downstairs
To rid himself of hungry cares.
He cleared the table in a trice
And said "These city folks be nice,
I saw: gee-haw!"

He drank five cups of ten cent tea
And four of thirty cent coffee.
He ate three pies and stowed away
Far more than I should like to say.
Good appetite.

Then, having eaten all there was,
He said, "I'll go to bed becos
There's nothing else that I can dew."
So up the bolt once more he flew.
Excelsior!

He hauled him off his cow-hide boots
And then his best of home-spun suits.
His little rustic prayers he said;
Blew out the gas and went to bed.
Poof, puff! Snore, snore!

There in the morning cold and grey
In all his rural beauty lay
The poor young fellow in his bed:
Smiling and beautiful—but dead!
Snuffe, snuffe.

The crowner's quest was held because
'Twas right, and this the verdict was:
"We find his death has come to pass
Because he would blow out the gas."
Gee-haw! gee-whoa!
Excelsior!

Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow?
Who would fix forever the cloud-work of an
autumn sunset, or hang over him an ever-
lasting moonlight?

A grateful beast will stand upon record
against those that, in their property for-
get their friends that to their loss and haz-
ard stood by and succoured them in their
adversity.

Retribution is one of 'no grand principles
in the Divine administration of human
affairs. There is every where the workings
of the everlasting law of requitall. Man al-
ways gets as he gives.

Sympathy, without active energy, may
degenerate into weak sentimentalism; with-
out intelligence, it may produce much evil;
without sense of responsibility and duty,
it may be a mere self-indulgent impulse.

—For Truth.

Glints of Home Life.

Professor Lintner was right in advising the colonization of the "Coccinella," or lady-bug, as they find their natural food in the aphids that infest house plants, laying their eggs on the leaves, the larva when hatched devouring great numbers of the plant enemies.

At this time of the year they are often found, and if children are taught to take them to the house plants, they will be of benefit, and well repay a little close obser-
vation. I think all children are better for having a love of flowers turned to practical use in the care of them, and the influence is surely for good. Also, to learn the habits of insects, and the lesser living creatures that are about their homes, for they are born naturalists generally and fond of investigation.

The argus eyes of the children discover the advent of the crow and announce the arrival of a "whole flock." I have had ample evidence that this bird does a great deal of good at this season, eating larvae of insects that infest trees, and when the first furrows are turned, how eagerly they follow the farmer in search of grubs, going up close to the plow to obtain them.

We tried to-day the advice given in TRUTH regarding tar smoke, for the benefit of several members of our family suffering from severe colds and bronchial affections. There is no doubt it is a relief after the burning sensation goes out of the throat caused by the smoke that filled the house penetrating into every corner of it. The result was good, and they intended to continue it, and note the effect. I have firm faith in pine tar and the value of living among these trees, for, as Whittier sings:

"Our pines are trees of healing."

As the days grow warmer let the children breathe the out-door air as much as possible. Well wrapped up they will be better than if coddled beside the stove. But the feet must be dry particularly, and if the chest is weak a newspaper pinned over it, under the jacket, is a great protection.

And so gradually and serenely the seasons change, the sun rises and sets as ever, while news of "wars and rumors of wars" abound everywhere. Let us have faith and trust in our quiet homes, hoping for the best, and believing that the Guiding Hand rules the universe and "the Lord reigneth."

ANNIE L. JACK.

A Mother's Love

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brows, and plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars keep her out. You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed; the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you to her home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—T. J. RYAN.

Moderation may be considered as a tree of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

Temperance Department.

"RATIONAL TEMPERANCE."

Considerable interest has been drawn to the fact that it is proposed to establish a new "Rational Temperance Society" in Toronto, based on the idea that intemperance can be most effectually removed by pledging abstinence from distilled liquors only, and sanctioning the use of wine, beer and other malt liquors. The object will be also to encourage the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of distilled liquors, allowing the others to be vended under legal sanction as they now are.

Everybody would rejoice if the great social scourge of intemperance could be removed or lessened by this new organization, of which Prof. Goldwin Smith is the most distinguished advocate. Temperance societies, of whatever name, are but the expression of a burning desire to rid society of the gigantic evils of strong drink.

The principal objection raised against the new organization is that it is based upon an old theory which has been tried and failed many times, viz., that alcoholic liquors are productive of intemperance only when taken in the form of distilled spirits. This idea was completely exploded by the Duke of Wellington's Beer Bill of 1832, which resulted in such an increase of drunkenness in England that Lord Brougham made prompt and earnest efforts to get it repealed.

Apart from this, however, the new movement seems to lack that appreciation of the evils it proposes to remove, and that moral enthusiasm so essential to successful reform. When the leader of a crusade stands and calmly looks on through the big end of a telescope there can be little hope that he will ever conduct his followers into the actual field of battle. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that there "has been exaggeration on the subject. Drunkenness is not the source of all crime." What would have been thought of a society for the abolition of slavery, whose chief spokesman takes for his text, "Slavery is not the source of all crime." Any one who aspires to lead in a moral crusade need not exaggerate the evils, but if he commences by minimizing them he may at once retire.

Mr. Gladstone, who speaks only as an observer, not as a temperance reformer, says that "the evils of intemperance are greater than the combined evils of war, pestilence, and famine," and our Toronto police court does not say much for Mr. Smith's idea that we are reforming so fast under a whisky and beer rule that we need not make so much haste to be sober. Last Monday 60 cases of drunkenness were dealt with in the Toronto police court, and every day the magistrates have to deal with such cases.

Still no harm can be done by reviving interest in the question raised by the Rational Liberal Temperance Union. Truth will out.

A challenge has been published by Mr. W. Burgess, of Toronto, a representative total abstinence, to the leading spirits of the new movement which, if accepted, would tend to bring about a lively discussion on all the points of difference regarding the best methods of temperance work. The following are the propositions contained in the challenge:—

1. That total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages is not a mere expedient to be advised and encouraged for particular cases, but a natural, logical and scientific practice, applicable and adapted to the whole human family.
2. That total abstinence is in harmony with the highest degree of physical health, while the use of beer and other alcoholic beverages is among the most destructive of practices against human life and health.
3. That the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, including beer and modern wines, is not "a great industry," but a destroyer of wealth and produce, and inconsistent with national progress and prosperity.
4. That the liquor dealers and manufacturers have no claim upon the public purse for compensation.

It would certainly be a matter of great interest to have these questions fairly discussed, and much more likely to bring out the facts than a mere one-sided platform.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND COMPENSATION.

BY W. BURGESS, TORONTO.

I do not advocate that "no proposal is either just, proper or admissible unless supported by precedent." Any number of precedents do not justify the enactment of a wrong, and any particular right is no less a right because it has never been recognized before.

In my previous article in TRUTH I simply replied to those who claim compensation to the liquor factors on the ground of precedent that there is no such thing in history. The liquor traffic, whether viewed from the standpoint of its effects upon society, or its relation to the State, has no parallel.

The liquor dealers claim a precedent in the British vote to slave owners, and thus invite a comparison between their business and the infamous traffic in human life and blood. Even Mr. Hood, whose article recently appeared in these columns, after objecting to the theory of establishing a proposal by precedent, returns to the illustration. I claim that a British vote of twenty millions was a compromise between two causes of action. Either the Government must forcibly take possession of the slaves who had been regarded as property and traded as such, or they must pay for them in order to set them free. Parliament was divided on the question, but the Government decided to buy. Mr. Hood claims that this act of setting free men hitherto regarded as property, "at the same time extinguished the right of property-owners in that kind of property for all time to come." But if he will think a little he will see that British judgment and law did not rest upon the money paid. Had the Government simply paid for the existing slaves and left the matter there, human greed and villainy would have re-enslaved the purchased negroes. Law, to be effective, must rest upon a firmer basis than a mere respite or compromise with evil-doers. The law declares that there is no such thing as "a right" to hold human beings as property, and those of the slave-owners who were not satisfied to give up all claim to slaves as property on the bare payment for existing stock, had to yield—not, however, because of the twenty million vote, but because Parliament had declared the holding of slaves to be illegal. The righteousness of this judgment was not based upon the concession made to slave-owners. It was right to enact that men and women are not property. It would have been wrong not to enact it, even if every slave-owner had been ruined by the law.

If the liquor traffic is a right no amount of compensation can justify its prohibition; if it is wrong the question of compensation ought not to be considered as a condition of its prohibition.

Compensation for rights disturbed, for wrongs inflicted, for contracts broken, by any new law is already an accepted principle of British law. If, in order to effect a public good a citizen's property must be taken, the owner must be paid. If, in order to prohibition the State "seizes" the closing of the distillery, or the brewery, or to annul existing licence contracts, it will be necessary to pay for the property and compensate the license holders.

Mr. Hood is strangely at sea when he says that "Governments in issuing licences, instead of granting a right actually take that right away." In granting a license to sell liquor there is no question of "rights" involved. Government neither gives nor takes away, for no such thing as the right to sell liquor has existed for many generations. What does your correspondent mean by robbing "the seller of a liberty he possessed," etc. No one possesses the liberty to sell liquor. Those who do sell it do so by privilege or permit, under a rigid contract binding them as to time, place, hours of sale, and other conditions. All that the State

Act does is to stop the issue of these contracts, and as they are contracts in which limitation of time is an essential principle. If any wrong has been done it is in selling annual permits to certain men, and prohibiting other people from selling. But when the law says—you hotel-keepers, etc., must in future be placed on a level with the rest of the public, wherever is the injustice?

Mr. Hood falls into the practice of quoting precedents again when he talks of a tax upon gentlemen's carriages in England. The mistake is a common one. The carriage tax is no license to permit a man to ride. Anybody who can afford it may run a carriage in England, but he pays a tax upon it just as we pay a dog tax. There are not licenses to permit men to keep a carriage or a dog, but a tax upon the carriage or dog, which may be owned and kept by right and not by permission.

It is useless, however, to try to keep out of sight the great reason why the prohibition of the liquor traffic is in demand. There are evils which must be removed, whatever the cost to individuals or the nation, and without involving the questions of precedent and compensation.

If public safety demands it, a man's property may be justly destroyed. If, by the destruction of a house, we can prevent the ravages of fire over a town or city, universal judgment cries it right to do it. If carriage driving, or keeping dogs were a great source of social ruin and public danger, public opinion would demand their prohibition. If dogs were so inherently vicious that they were a pest and a constant danger to life, their restraints during dog-days would not satisfy the people, but the Government would put a fine upon the head of every dog, and exterminate them as they did the wolves.

The number of the slain by drink in Canada every year is variously estimated at from 5,000 to 7,000. Mr. Gladstone says of it that its evils are "greater than the combined evils of war, pestilence and famine."

Canadian citizens are beginning to realize that these evils are no occasional accident of the liquor traffic, but a certain natural consequence of its existence, as proved by history and experience. While we are pushing this traffic to its doom interested men cry—Hold!! Let the country first pay us for the machinery with which we have sown broadcast the seeds of a worse evil than "was pestilence or famine," and there are politicians and others who actually echo this cry. Out upon such trifling! While homes are destroyed and citizens are slain in thousands, men stand carelessly discussing the award to be given to those who have facilitated their ruin and grown rich upon the proceeds. As well might Parliament have held back the mounted police and volunteers, to discuss the question of compensating or rewarding Riel and his followers.

The fault is not that the country has given its ultimatum too soon to the liquor men, but too long have they been permitted to hold away, and experience proves that it is not notice they want, but toleration or permission to continue their nefarious work of ruin and social wreck. Twenty years ago the Dunkin Act was passed, and the liquor men refused to accept it as a notice to quit. Eight years ago the Scott Act was passed, and they fought it with every possible quibble and technical objection. The patience of the people is wearing out, and the tremendous majorities for the Scott Act are indications that the community is growing utterly weary of tampering with this king of all evils.

ENGLISH COFFEE HOUSES.—It is stated that there are now in England 202 incorporated Coffee House Companies, running 545 coffee houses. Besides these 562 more are being conducted by private individuals. All, or nearly all, of these are reported to be financially successful. There does not appear to be anything like the same necessity for coffee houses in Canada, as in nearly every city and large town there is an abundance of respectable eating restaurants conducted on temperance principles. So far our Canadian coffee houses have done but little more than supply cheap food.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

MORE PROGRESS.—During the last two weeks two new Good Templar lodges have been instituted in the western part of the

city of Toronto, and another has at least been projected in another part of the city. The result indicates real earnest work on the part of some of the well known members of the Order here.

On Thursday evening, 2nd inst., Queen City Lodge was instituted by Bro. W. J. Beckett, assisted by a number of the members from the different city lodges. The leading officers are: Bro. M. Wroe, W. C. T.; Edith Mathews, W. V.; E. S. Cuttle, W. S.; W. J. Beckett, L. D. There are 42 members. The new lodge meets Thursday evenings at Crocker's Hall, No. 700 Queen St. West.

On Friday evening, 10th inst., Railway Signal Lodge was instituted in the parlor of the Y. M. C. A. rooms at the west end, by Bro. Daniel Rose, assisted by nearly a score of the leading Toronto Templars, nearly every lodge being represented. Thirty charter members are reported. The meetings will be held on Wednesday evenings at Odd Fellows' Hall, Dundas St. Bro. W. R. Watson, L. D., 4 Adelaide St. W.; G. W. Whitley, W. C. T., 698 Queen St. W. Visitors will be heartily welcomed at both these new lodges.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. C. R., St. Mary's.—Thanks. We are well supplied with music of every description.

ELIZABETH WOOLLAVER, London, Hants Co., N.S.—Send six cents in stamps for brooch.

S. R., Hamilton.—Card received. You will be in no way affected by the matter alluded to.

C. A. Logan, Chicago.—You can best get the information you desire at any respectable book-binders.

E. R., Ottawa.—A person, already a prize winner, is entitled to compete again at any time, and as all prizes are impartially awarded, his chances are as good as any one else.

"HORSESHOE."—A mascotte is a fetich, a luck bringer. A mascotte may be a son or a sixpence, a wife or a button—in fact, anything which a person has associated with a lucky turn in his affairs.

S. B., Windsor.—The British navy consists of 246 vessels, of which sixty-one are armor-plated and twenty-three are frigates and corvettes. The Russian navy consists of 373 vessels, of which 111 are armor-plated.

T. C., Colborne.—The same person may send in answers more than once and try for the middle and consolation awards, as well as for the first. Numbers have done this. If you only want one copy of TRUTH have the extra one ordered to some friend.

"MOSES."—The letters O. K. have become the abbreviation for "all correct." The adoption of the letters is said to have been the result of a high official of the government spelling the words all correct "all korrekt." It is probably purely fanciful.

MERCHANT, Caledonia.—Yes; if a drummer persists in remaining in your store after you have told him to leave, you may pitch him on his neck and crop, if you are able. If, however, you are not very muscular, either select a poorly developed drummer for your first experiment or call your porter to assist you.

W. T. LUNDY, Brampton.—Thanks for your correction in re the doubling of the cent and so on, for 31 days, but if you had read TRUTH carefully you would have seen that we corrected the amount in the next number but one following that in which the calculation was given. However, we state once more that if a cent is doubled and then the two cents doubled again, and so on for a month, the result will be \$10,737,418.24. We have got twenty-four cents ourselves and in time hope to have the rest.

WALTER T. MASTIN, Dunedin.—Your poem was not considered to be entitled to the prize, and that's why it did not receive it. Though, as you say, it may have been highly recommended by ministers of the gospel, we do not consider the clergy, as a body, infallible judges of good poetry. The reason you have not received your "paltry butter-knife" (thanks) is probably because you have not sent a couple of paltry three-cent stamps to pay postage on it. We are sorry you are not going to send any more poetry, as we have only 1983 pieces on hand at present, sent in for competition.

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Our Young Folks

Montezuma Verses.

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

In a pretty green pea-pod
Lived four little peas,
Who always said "Thank you,"
And "Yes, if you please."

But one pea was naughty,
And cross, and a tease,
And frightened the four
Good little green peas.

They lay here one day,
Those five little peas,
When the naughty one said:
"I'm going to sneeze!"

"Oh!" "Oh!" and "Oh!" "Oh!"
Said four little peas:
"It's dreadful to think of!"
"Oh, don't, if you please!"

But he said: "Yes, I will,"
That most wicked of peas;
"I shall do what I wish to,
And you needn't tease."

The pod never saw
Such a very big sneeze;
It split and out tumbled
Five little green peas.

That day there was blowing
A very strong breeze,
And I never could learn
What became of the peas.

The Robin and the Chicken.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer looking chicken is
that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said
"No."
But asked in its turn if the robin could crow,
So the bird sought a tree, and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

By Nicholas for April.

Our Pets.

Some of the children may like to hear of
some of our pets. There is "Paso," the
handsomest tan and white colored dog in
the world, and just as knowing as he is
handsome. He was a baby of six weeks
old at Xmas—and such a mischief! We
could not leave him alone in a room for he
pulled and tore everything he could reach,
but now that he is older he does not seem
to be a better dog, for yesterday he got into
the stable and first brought out a brush and
then a whip on to the gallery to pull to
pieces at his leisure. Afterward he kept
the cat at bay for ten minutes. They both
stood looking at each other. At last the
cat sprang at Paso and frightened him so
that she got away into the stable. Paso
plays with and jumps on the little school
children and sometimes when they are walk-
ing tumbles them into the snow. They all
like him, for he is so playful. The next pet
is a tame white rat. It has pink eyes, ears
and tail, and runs about the room. When
called "Tortoise" it comes to search your
pocket for a cracker. At night we shut it
up in a box with round holes in the lid and
sides. My brother once owned three dogs
—Jack, a great big yellow one, Prinnie,
a little black and-tan, and Gip, a gray terrier.
The three dogs used to sit on their hind
legs in a row to be fed; Jack first, Prinnie
and then Gip. My brother used to cut each
dog a piece of meat; and as he threw it they
would open their mouths each in turn to
catch it. Some times he threw the meat to
the dogs out of their turn, but though they
opened their mouths they would not touch
it, but let it lie on the floor.

One day Jack had a cold so brother threw
him a piece of bread soaked in coal oil.
Poor Jack opened his mouth and the bread
got so far down his throat he had to swallow
it, but over after that Jack let his meat fall
on the floor to see if it was meat before he
would eat it. It was no use, Jack never
trusted anyone about meat again. But the
oil cured his cold.

Gip used to begin watching every after-
noon for her master, whom she never left

when he was at home, at 3 o'clock in the
afternoon, when the first train from town
could be seen coming. At 5 o'clock she
would go from the gallery to the gate, and
when the 6 o'clock train came in sight she
would run as fast as she could across the
fields to meet her master. At the stile,
which was a little way from the depot, Gip
always got frightened if anybody laughed at
her. One day my sister dressed her up in a
long white gown and a white cap with a
green ribbon band on it, and laid Gip on the
bed. She looked so like an old woman it
made us all laugh to see her, but poor Gip
was so frightened we never laughed again,
although my sister often dressed her up.

But the three dogs, who were like friends
to us, all died within a few weeks of each
other. Jack was kicked and hurt by a
horse while barking at him. This was
Jack's only bad trick, and we could not
break him of it. Prinnie died of old age,
and Gip was drowned in the St. Lawrence
River.

We once when very little children owned
a poll parrot which mother brought from
Havana, Cuba, for us. She used to sit in
the cherry trees and talk all day, and being
green like the leaves it was almost impos-
sible to see her. There was a black hen
with little chickens in the garden. One day
we heard the hen clucking and making a
great fuss, and when we looked we saw
Polly walking up the garden walk, calling
chuck, chuck, chuck, and all the little chick-
ens had left their mother and were running
after Polly, and she looked so proud and
would not let the poor old mother hen come
near her or the little chickens. One day
after a great many years Polly died and we
buried her in a little box in the garden and
put a little headstone under the cherry tree
to show where she was buried. We had a
goat, two nice cows and a very pretty horse,
who used to let a poor little white hen and
rooster in winter roost on her back all night
and keep their feet warm in her warm
blanket.

These are all true stories about our pets
and we often laugh at their remembered
tricks.

SOME OF THE BIGGEST THINGS ON EARTH.

The highest range of mountains are the
Himalayas, their mean elevation being esti-
mated at from 16,000 to 18,000 feet.

The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest
or Gaurisankar, of the Himalaya range, hav-
ing an elevation of 29,002 feet above the
sea level.

The most extensive park is Deer Park, in
the environs of Copenhagen, in Denmark.
The inclosure contains about 4,200 acres,
and is divided by a small river.

The largest city in the world is London.
Its population numbers 3,020,871 souls. New
York, with a population of about 1,250,000,
comes fifth in the list of great cities.

The largest suspension bridge would ap-
pear to be the one between New York and
Brooklyn. The length of the main span is
1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the
bridge, 5,939 feet.

The largest island in the world, which is
also regarded as a continent, is Australia.
It is 2,500 miles in length from east to west,
and measures 1,950 miles from north to
south. Its area is 2,984,287 square miles.

The biggest cavern is the Mammoth Cave,
in Edmondson County, Kentucky. It is
near Green River, six miles from Cape City,
and about twenty-eight miles from Bowling
Green. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocate-
petl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five
miles south-west of Puebla, Mexico. It is
17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a
crater three miles in circumference, and 1,-
000 feet deep.

The longest span of wire in the world is
used for a telegraph in India over the river
Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectanagram.
It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretch-
ed betw two hills, each of which is 1,-
200 feet high.

The largest university is Oxford, in Eng-
land, in the city of the same name, fifty-five
miles from London. It consists of twenty-
one colleges and five halls. Oxford was a
seat of learning as early as the time of Ed-
ward the Confessor. University College
claims to have been founded by Alfred.

The highest monolith is the Obelisk at
Karnak, in Egypt. Karnak is on the east
bank of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies

a part of the site of ancient Thebes. The
obelisk is ascribed to Hatshep, sister of Pha-
raoh Thothmes III., who reigned about 1,-
600 B. C. Its whole length is 122 feet, its
weight 400 tons. Its height, without po-
destal, is 108 feet 10 inches.

The longest tunnel in the world is that
of St. Gotthard, on the line of railroad bet-
ween Lucerne and Milan. The summit of
the tunnel is 930 feet below the surface at
Andermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak
of Castlehorn, of the St. Gotthard group.
The tunnel is 20½ feet wide, and 19 feet
10 inches from the floor to the crown of the
arched roof. It is 9½ miles long—7½ miles
longer than the Mont Cenis tunnel.

The biggest trees in the world are the
Mammoth Trees of California. One of a
grove in Triare County, according to mea-
urement made by members of the State Ge-
ological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet
high, 108 feet in circumference at base, and
76 at a point 12 feet above the ground.
Some of the trees are 376 feet high, and 34
feet in diameter. Some of the largest that
have been felled indicate an age of from
2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque
National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV.
It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pam-
phlets, 175,000 manuscripts, maps, and charts,
and 150,000 coins and medals. The collec-
tion of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, con-
tained in some 10,000 volumes. The por-
traits number about 400,000. The building
which contains these treasures is situated on
the Rue Richelieu. Its length is 540
feet, and its breadth 130 feet.—*The Chris-
tian Treasury.*

The largest bell in the world is the great
bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin.
Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68
feet, and its height more than 21 feet. In
its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and
its weight has been computed to be 443,772
pounds. It has never been hung, and was
probably cast on the spot where it now
stands. A piece of the bell is broken off.
The fracture is supposed to have been occa-
sioned by water having been thrown upon
it when heated by the building erected over
it being on fire.

Beasts of Prey.

BY FRANK BELLEVUE.

I do not suppose you know it; I never
did until I found it out. Mice are beasts of
prey. That they were carnivorous to the
extent of eating bacon and candles I was
well aware, but that they would catch and
eat live animals, as I said before, I never
knew it till I found out.

Now I am not quite sure that feeding on
bacon and candles makes an animal carni-
vorous. Let us see what the dictionaries
say. Webster defines *Carnivorous*: "Eat-
ing or feeding on flesh—an epithet applied
to animals which naturally seek flesh for
food, as the lion, tiger, dog, wolf, etc." Now
I will tell you how I found it out that
mice are carnivorous.

I was walking down a certain street in
an American city one Sunday morning,
when my attention was attracted to the
window of a crockery store, where two lit-
tle mice were running about among the
plates and dishes and tea-pots. They were
very small, but as round and plump as
plums. The window was filled with flies,
which were also plump and healthy, though
what they found in the empty dishes of a
crockery store to fatten on is more than I
can tell. Perhaps they lived on the custo-
mers during the week, or upon their im-
aginations, making believe sugar in the sugar
bowls, molasses in the syrup pitchers, and
gravy over everything. Presently one of
the little mice paused and eyed one of the
flies for an instant, and then made a pounce
upon it, just as a cat would have pounced
upon himself or his brother. Having se-
cured his prey he sat up on his haunches,
holding it in his front paws, just as a
squirrel does a nut, and munched it up.

I watched those mice for fully a quarter
of an hour, during all which time they kept
catching flies and eating them, until they
grew so terribly round and splotchy that it
became quite distressing. So I walked away,
fearing a catastrophe.

Another experience I had of the carnivor-

ous habits of the mouse. One evening while
walking in the woods I found a beautiful
black and gold butterfly clinging to the
trunk of a tree, and almost benumbed with
the cold. I carried it home to my room,
where the warmth soon revived it, and for
nearly a week it flew about in a very lively
and picturesque manner, until I began to get
quite fond of it.

One day I was lying on the bed with a
book in my hand, when quick as a flash a
mouse, which I had often noticed running
round among the legs of the chairs, made a
pounce upon the butterfly. The action was
so quick and unexpected that before I could
get up from the bed the mouse was gone,
and with it the body of my beautiful butter-
fly, leaving behind only its four wings, as
neatly cut off as though with a pair of scis-
sors.

Some Remarkable Cats.

A CAT PUTS OUT A FIRE.

The other evening, says Bob Hill, happen-
ed a most extraordinary thing. Taylor Mo-
Farland and family came to town to attend
the temperance meeting. They left the
house in sole possession of master Tom, a
favorite cat. On their return, as soon as
the doors were open, out rushes the cat into
the snow, where his motions excited such
interest that being examined his feet were
found to be blistered. Entering the house
the surroundings of the sitting-room seemed
to tell the story. A live coal had sparkled
out and set the carpet on fire; puss had
evidently clawed out the fire, for the carpet
was scratched to shreds for a considerable
distance about the spot burned, leaving
nothing but a center of ends charred and
frizzled. No other reasonable interpreta-
tion can be had, and all the circumstances
support the theory of puss's fidelity and
bravery. The family hold Master Tom in
high esteem.

A SHORT TAILED CAT.

Japanese cats have the shortest kind of
tails, or else none at all. Being deprived of
this usual play thing they are very solemn
pussies. An American once took one of
these tailless cats to San Francisco as a curi-
osity, and it utterly refused companionship
with the long-tailed feline specimens there;
but, finding a cat whose tail had been cut off
by accident, the two became friendly at
once.

A CAT THAT STOOD BY HIS FRIENDS

A gentleman well known here, gave to a
friend the following facts: His father
owned a tom cat and a dog, a firm friend-
ship existing between the two. His grand-
father, living a short distance away, also
owned a fine tom cat, and between the two
cats there also prevailed friendly relations.
But one day the grandfather's cat came
down and savagely pitched into the dog;
after a sharp fight the cat was getting the
better of the dog. The other cat had
watched the entire contest, but when he
saw that the dog was likely to get thor-
oughly whipped he rushed in, and the cat
and dog gave the other cat a most unmercif-
ul whale.

A Little Hero.

There are some interesting side points re-
lative to Funk's poor, starved babies, who
wandered away in the hills of Mohama Sun-
day morning, which have not previously
been published. They were not found
till Monday noon. A shepherd dog, which
was a household favorite, followed and
guarded them during the long, dark hours,
when the rain came unceasingly down. No
doubt the faithful creature protected them
from the many wild animals in the deep
woods.

But the heroic deed of the older child,
which the wires failed to correctly record,
remains to be added. He took his own
coat from his shivering body and put it on
his weaker brother, saving him from freez-
ing, while he endured, in a cotton shirt,
hour after hour, the keen blasts of that
mountain storm. Think of this from a child
but 6 years old, and let any who can say he
is not as much of a hero as any of the full-
grown Spartans of old, of whom the classics
so eloquently tell.

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 21.

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

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

CLIVE'S LENTEN WORK.

SELECTED FOR "TRUTH" BY REV. J. FORSYTHE, RECTOR HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, PEMBROKE, ONT.

Clive Morton was a cripple; he was lame, and also slightly deformed; but his face was beautiful, and its sweet expression revealed the pure and noble character within. All the luxuries that wealth could supply were his, and a fond father was always on the alert to discover new sources of happiness for him. Servants, horses, and carriages were hourly at his command; and on the first floor of the house, he had rooms furnished to his taste. Unable to enjoy the life that other boys led, he turned to books as his consolation, and, with the rare mind that often accompanies an infirm body, was far advanced in Classic and English literature. But often he wearied of his life, for he and his father lived alone, and his only companion was his tutor. As he drove out for his daily airing he longed more than ever to mingle actively with the busy throngs that surged up and down the crowded streets of the city.

One Sunday before Lent his Rector preached an able sermon upon Lenten Work. He urged his people not to be content with mere passive goodness during the solemn season, but to desire active religious work. "Do not forget," said he, "to decide what you will do, as well as what you will not do. For many who are eager to renounce worldly amusements neglect to fill the precious hours thus gained with charitable employments."

Clive meditated much upon this discourse, and longed to do more than merely to donate money from the large allowance given him by his father.

Shortly after this, when driving near the ferry, he saw several forlorn newboys evidently engaged in a fight, and two stalwart policemen putting an end to the row. It was not an unusual sight to Clive, but to-day a thought suddenly entered his mind, and ordering Sam to stop the horse, and open the door of the coupe, he called two miserable-looking little fellows, who were wiping off the drops of blood that were trickling down their faces, and bade them come to him. Clive bought all the papers the boys had, and asked them to get into the carriage with him. They would not have been afraid to jump on or off the car platforms, or hang on to any passing dray, but they were really afraid to enter that beautiful carriage. But Clive looked so kindly at them, that they concluded to accept his invitation. He questioned them as to the cause of the quarrel, and found that Jim Slocum had tried to beat Teddy; Tommy had interfered, and the result was that both Tommy and Teddy had got the worst of it. "We allers go together," said Tommy, "and shares everything, Teddy and me."

In answer to Clive's inquiry, they said they had no parents, and lived with a cross old man and a still crosser woman whom they called Uncle Billy and Aunt Hitty. Clive directed Sam to drive to the alley where the boys said they lived, and sent Tommy up the rickety stairs of the old tenement to tell Uncle Billy that a gentleman wanted them for several days. John went with him leaving Sam to hold the horse. Uncle Billy, who was half intoxicated, said he hoped he would never set eyes on the boys again, and taking from Tommy what he had earned for his papers, bade him begone.

Clive then drove to a clothing store, and going in with the boys, bought complete outfits for them, of plain but warm materials. The boys felt awkward and fidgety as they stood there in their rags. Ordering

the purchases sent up immediately, they again entered the carriage, and leaving Broadway, rolled up Madison Avenue and stopped before Clive's home.

Here John, always respectful, faintly remonstrated upon bringing these little beggars into the house. But Clive silenced him with a gesture of authority, and bade them follow him into the study. "Now John," said he, "take Tommy and Teddy to the bathroom, and let them have all that is necessary, and then we will try on the new suits."

The boys hardly knew the uses of the different garments brought them, but with the help of the unwilling John they were finally dressed. You would never have recognized these fresh, refined faces, as belonging to the boys that had haunted the street-cars and ferry-boats every day.

Clive led the way to the dining-room. Mrs. Best, the housekeeper, held her head very high when she heard of Mr. Clive's eccentric conduct, and even Mary tossed her head as she brought in the soup. Clive had lunched while the boys' toilets were being attended to, as he knew they would feel more embarrassed if obliged to sit down with him. Charging them to eat all they needed, he seated himself by the window and pretended to read, but in reality watched them. They drank their soup from their plates, ate with their knives, or took their food up in their hands. Poor Clive shuddered: Could he ever train them, he thought, even should his father consent to let him keep them. But his plans were formed, and he hoped his father would permit him to carry them out. That afternoon Clive showed them pictures, wound up his music-box for them, and played to them on a grand piano in the great drawing room. Fearing lest they should weary of the restraint, he sent them out in the back yard to play ball with John, while he watched them from the window. Poor little fellows, they knew but little of games, since for several years they had been participants in the struggle for bread.

Hearing his father come in, Clive went to meet him, and bringing him to the window where he could see the boys told him what he had done.

Mr. Morton was charitable, and he was religious, but he looked upon Clive's proceedings as rash in the extreme. Doubtless they were thieves, he said, unprincipled in every respect, and he felt that Clive had run a great risk in bringing them home. But Clive was eloquently persuasive and talked his father over to his side. His plan was to keep them through Lent, supporting them from his own allowance, and then, if he found them worthy to send them to some institution where he would pay for them.

Mr. Morton said that he would go himself to Uncle Billy and ascertain if possible something in regard to their parentage.

That evening Clive went with them to a room he had assigned for them, and tried to explain the necessity of prayer. At first they did not seem to comprehend him, but soon a look of intelligence came into Tommy's blue eyes, and he said, that he remembered a woman who never spoke cross to him, and who had taught him a prayer. "She might have been my mother," he cried, "I think she was, but it was awful long ago." "Try to remember it, Tommy," said Clive. Tommy leaned his head on his thin hands, and tried to think. How old he looked for his years!

"Mister," he said at length, "I ain't

thought on it for years, but I know now; and she told me allers to take care of my little brother, and that must be Teddy. I can say the prayer I think. It begins, 'Our Father, Which art in Heaven.'" Clive turned his head to hide the tears that rose to his eyes in spite of his efforts to prevent them. He well remembered his own sweet mother, and her saintly teachings.

Mr. Morton had gone immediately after dinner, with John and a policeman to the tenement-house, and learned from Uncle Billy all that he knew respecting the children. When he returned he placed upon Clive's study table a strong iron-box, and seating himself by the open grate-fire, related to his son the occurrences of the evening.

Not deeming it necessary to speak in the vernacular of Uncle Billy, Mr. Morton told in his own words the history of the new-boys as he had learned it.

About five years ago, a pretty but sickly woman with two little boys came to the tenement house, and occupied a room on the first floor. She brought with her a trunk and many nice dresses, but pawned or sold them one by one. When she had been there about six months she died suddenly of heart disease. Uncle Billy appropriated the trunk and what it contained, which he sold, and retained the money. He took the children, intending that they should help support him by begging then, and, as they grew older, by selling newspapers. After the mother's death Tommy had been found with an iron box, which, he said, she had told him always to keep. Billy confessed that he would have opened the box, and sold the contents, had he been able to do so, but the key had evidently been lost, and he was unable to pry open the cover. "I asked for the box," continued Mr. Morton, "and it was at length found with the dust of years accumulated upon it. I told him we had taken the boys and, therefore, must have the box, but would pay him what he asked for it. He agreed to give it up for fifty dollars, and promised to make no further claim upon the boys. And now, although it is rather late, perhaps, to satisfy our natural curiosity, we had better open the box. I succeeded in getting it unfastened at a locksmith's, but have not looked into it yet."

Clive lifted the cover; first came a delicate lace handkerchief, then papers and letters, a jewel-case, a ring-box, two miniatures, and a few other trinkets. The jewel-case contained a set of pearls, the ring-box a plain gold ring, with "Lilla and Thomas" engraved upon the inside. Among the papers was a marriage certificate, stating that "Thomas Gordon and Lilla Clarence were married in London, February 8, 1874." And, what was of great interest, a journal containing much of the history of the family.

It seemed that Lilla Clarence was the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman, and that she had eloped with an American by the name of Thomas Gordon. He had died in New York a few years after their marriage, and his young wife was left alone with her two boys. She lived quite comfortably for a year or two, but then by the failure of a bank where her money was invested she lost all. Putting her pride in her pocket, she humbly wrote her father, begging his forgiveness, and entreating for help. But the letter never reached its destination! Poor Mrs. Gordon grew heart-sick as the weeks went by and she received no answer from home. She thought that even her stern step-mother would forgive her, could she see her helplessness. At length she had been obliged to take a room in a common tenement, and, as she could not leave her boys to go out to work, tried to obtain sewing from some of the second-class shops. Proud and beautiful as she had been, it was no wonder that she refused to associate with the low creatures that swarmed around the doors of the house.

The last entry in this journal must have been written just previous to her death, for she writes: "To-morrow I will seek some lawyer, and, stating my case to him, will get him to write to my father, and beg him to take us home. For, if I was to die and leave my children here, what would become of them?"

But to-morrow never came for her on earth, and without any warning she had passed away, and her sad life was at an end.

It was nearly morning when Clive entered his bedroom, which adjoined his study, and tried to compose himself to sleep. For a young boy he had a great responsibility resting upon his shoulders. He understood

now why these boys had such delicate features, such refined expressions, and soft voices. Even their street education had not wholly obliterated the evidence of good breeding. It is true that they lacked all outward polish, but that was inevitable, considering where they had been for five years. It was deemed best by Mr. Morton not to tell the boys about the papers until news came from their grandfather. If he refused to acknowledge them, and had other heirs, then Clive would legally adopt them, although he was little more than a boy himself, being barely seventeen. The papers were put in the hands of a reliable lawyer the next day.

Ere many days elapsed, the boys began to adapt themselves to their new life, as only boys of good family could, for a low-born child would have chafed at the restraints of a home of culture. It is not to be supposed, however, that Tommy and Teddy were by any means perfect, but Clive's corrections were so gentle, and his treatment of them so kind, that they soon learned to love him; and it is always easy to teach, and easy to learn, when monitor and pupil both love each other.

While Clive was busy with his tutor, who had been absent for some weeks, the boys studied the tasks appointed them by their young teacher. They could not read much, and what they had learned had been acquired by studying the hand bills. It being Lent, Clive desired the boys to accompany him daily to Vespers, and instructed them in the teachings of the church.

He also tried to draw them out in regard to their parents, and showed them the iron box, the pearls, the ring, and the miniatures of their father and mother. Tommy seemed to remember them, and as time flew by many little incidents of his former life recurred to him.

In the meantime the lawyer had sent a full statement of facts to England. Eagerly Mr. Morton and Clive awaited the answer. It came, and was a letter of great importance. Mr. Clarence stated that he had not received his daughter's letters, and, on the contrary, had written her several times himself, but these also must have been lost. He declared himself anxious to receive the boys. His only son, a younger half-brother of Mrs. Gordon's, had died recently just after, his own mother's death. Thus little Tommy was the next heir.

By the death of an uncle, since his daughter's elopement with Mr. Gordon, Mr. Clarence had become a baronet; and so Tommy, the newsboy of a few weeks since, would in time become Sir Thomas Gordon! Mr. Clarence said furthermore that he would come himself in the spring, and take the boys to their future home in England.

The lawyer congratulated Clive on the good fortune that awaited his proteges, but advised him not to adopt all the street arabs of New York, as it was not probable that any others would turn out to be lords or dukes. Clive felt both glad and sorry at the news. Glad that he had rescued these boys from such a degrading life, and that he could give them to their lawful guardian, a now childless old man. Yet he felt sorry to give them up so soon, for he daily became more attached to both Tommy and Teddy.

But Clive's Lenten work was well done, and at Easter, by their own request, both boys received the holy Rite of Confirmation. Certificates of their baptism had been found with Mrs. Gordon's papers.

Soon after this Mr. Clarence arrived from England, and at the earnest request of Mr. Morton passed several weeks with them. And when he returned to England with the boys, it was with the promise that Mr. Morton and Clive should soon visit them in their own home. A promise which was fulfilled.

Several years elapsed, and then Clive went a second time to Europe, this time alone, for his beloved father had passed away, leaving him desolate indeed. Clive had made a will, in which he left a large sum to a "Home for Newsboys," and all the rest of his property to Teddy. For Tommy being the elder would succeed to his grandfather's title and estate.

Clive was delighted to see his boys again, now manly fellows, and busy with their studies; for Mr. Clarence could not bear to part with them to go to Eton, and so provided tutors for them, until they should be ready to go up to the University. The boys were shocked to see how thin poor Clive was, and they saw with Mr. Clarence that he must soon follow his father to the grave. But Clive was ready, and there was no

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place where he would rather die than here with his boys whom he loved so devotedly. The spring sun was shining in the windows of the Clarence mansion, and the birds sang gaily; but gentle Clive Morton lay dying. Tommy and Teddy knelt by his bedside, while with feeble voice he made his last request. "Boys, will you say once more my favorite prayer, which I taught you so long ago, for the shadows are falling, and it grows very dark."

In unison their sweet voices recited the following words:

"Lord, support me all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and my work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant me a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen, LORD JE-SUS Amen."

As they ceased speaking, the spirit of the saintly Clive took its flight to Paradise, and his work on earth was finished.

—For Truth.

AMONG THE CARIBBEE ISLANDS.

BY F. C. CARTER.

In giving the readers of TRUTH the following description, it does not include all the islands of the lesser Antilles, but only Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, Monserrat, Nevis and St. Christopher belonging to the English; Martinique to the French, and Saba to the Danes. The first thing that strikes the traveller on a visit to the above mentioned islands is their mountainous character, which is the cause of the scarcity of vehicles on them—except Barbadoes and the low lands bordering the coast of Martinique and St. Kitts, (St. Christopher.) The chief exports are sugar, lime-juice, cocoa nuts, oranges and other fruits. Monserrat is renowned for its lime-juice and shoo-footed ponies; Barbadoes for the best manufactured sugar and molasses; Dominica for its delicious oranges; St. Vincent for its mountainous character; St. Kitts for the largest Protestant church in the leeward islands; Martinique for its showy dress goods. Saba can hardly be called an island, being nothing else but a mountain jutting about 2,000 feet out of the sea, and its inhabitants are said to be the descendants of only two families. Roseau Town (Dominica) and Basse-Terre (St. Kitts) have public gardens, with well-kept walks, that at Roseau are very prettily situated on a slight eminence overlooking the sea. At St. Pierre (Martinique) is a fine botanical garden, also a Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is considered very large and magnificent. Barbadoes is the only one of the above islands that can boast of a railway system, and its capital (Bridgetown) is the only town in those islands that is illuminated by gas (both of which improvements have lately been introduced). Port Castries (St. Lucia) is a very small but safe harbor. Carlisle Bay, the harbor of Barbadoes, is very unsafe for vessels, it being open on the South and West, from which quarters the worst gales blow in these parts. The Harbor of St. Pierre is open on the west; that of Basseterre on the north and east. All the larger vessels receive their cargoes from barges alongside, the barges themselves being laden from wooded piers, as the water is too shallow to admit of vessels approaching the piers.

THE SCENERY.

The mountain scenery among these Islands is extremely beautiful, and is rendered more so on some of them by mountain lakes. One of these lakes, 5 miles from Roseau, and 4,000 feet above the sea, is truly worth visiting. The spots most attractive to the stranger, are the "Gullies," (a kind of ravine), but let him beware before entering one of them, for although from the top it seems enchanting, with the humming birds

darting hither and thither among the flowers, and the "coo-oo" of the turtle and ground doves make it very enticing, yet the descent is steep and hard, and the stranger, grasping the small shrubs for support will almost be maddened by the stinging sensation on his face and hands caused by the fine hairs of the Cowitch (Mucuna pruriens) which he has unconsciously touched. Perchance he has also disturbed a colony of wild bees or wasps (whose nest is generally attached to the branches of shrubs) and whose sting is anything but pleasant. Now truly brought to his senses, the traveler tries to make good his escape, but the treacherous ground yields beneath him, and he finds himself rolling to the bottom of the "gully," and even if he escapes the yellow needles of the prickly pear it is only to be landed in a thicket of horse nicker, from the claw-shaped thorns of which he finds it very difficult to extricate himself. He is by no means the only one that is scared, for his rapid descent has put to flight flocks of chattering monkeys and screeching parrots; great black snakes glide away in the grass, and hideous ground lizards (with forked tongues) scramble to places of shelter. If this is all the harm he receives he should be thankful.

THE CLIMATE.

Generally speaking it is very hot in the day among these islands, but at night the atmosphere is dampened by the falling dew. Low lying lands are particularly hot, and very unhealthy. The town of St. Pierre (Martinique) is situated at the foot of the mountains, which form a crescent around it and completely keep off the wind from the north, east and south, and when taken into consideration that the winds in these islands rarely blows from the West, one can imagine the closeness of the place, which, added to dirty streets and bad smells, makes this town very unhealthy. On the other hand the mountains of Dominica are about the healthiest part of the Leeward Islands, the thermometer being about 76° Fahr. at noon in March. In all the islands the interior (probably from its raised position) is much more healthy than the sea coast. Basseterre (St. Kitts) is a clean, tidy little town, and as healthy as can be expected from the lowness of its site.

THE INHABITANTS.

The inhabitants are whites, negroes, coolies and Caribs. The whites are the descendants of Scotch, English and French settlers; they form the upper classes of the population. The negro predominates in Barbadoes and Dominica, but is not so numerous on the other islands; they form the laboring class. Coolies are found on most of the islands except Barbadoes, Saba and Monserrat. In the mountainous interiors of Martinique and Dominica are still to be found the remnants of the once powerful tribe of Carib Indians, but will probably soon be extinct. There is also a mixed race of the above, such as Creoles, Coolies, Mulattos and Quadroons.

THE VOLCANOES.

The islands of Martinique and St. Vincent are of volcanic origin. The top of the "Soufriere" volcano (Martinique) can be seen from St. Pierre on a clear day. The natives attributed mysterious and supernatural qualities to a cry that is heard on the slopes of the "Soufriere," but which an English ornithologist discovered to be caused by a new and undescribed species of bird, now known as the Soufriere bird.

The high coiffures adopted for evening toilets are dressed with feathers, jewelled combs, diamond-headed pins, and strings of pearls.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 84.—AN ENIGMA.

In every crowd I can be soon,
I'm black, and white, and also green;
I'm purple, yellow, red and blue;
Before your eyes you see me, too.
I'm thick, I'm thin, I'm weak, I'm strong;
I'm light, I'm heavy, I'm short, I'm long.
I'm in the vale, I'm on the hill,
Where'er you look you see me still.
I'm hard, I'm soft, I'm cold, I'm hot;
You oft times cook me in a pot.
I walk, I run, I creep, I jump;
You often find me in a lump.
I stand erect full six feet high,
Yet on the ground you see me lie.
I'm large, I'm small, I'm great, I'm grand;
This moment I am in your hand.
I'm higher than the highest tree,
I'm deeper than the deepest sea.
I often do your mind engage;
Sometimes I put you in a rage,
Again I fill your heart with joy,
Your peace of mind I may destroy.
The ladies wear me on their backs,
And hang me up upon their racks.
Some men for me would lose their lives,
They love me better than their wives.
Say what am I, ye learned swains?
I'll give you total for your pains.

P. J. McCox.

NO. 85.—A PROPHET.

[Entered for prize.]

There is at present in the city of Hamilton a strange and wonderful prophet. He is not a wandering Jew, nor John the Baptist, nor the old Levite, as some may think, for before they were he was. The scriptures make mention of him. He knows not his parents. His voice is shrill and powerful—his beard is red. He goes barefooted, like a gray friar—he wears no hat—his coat is not knit, wove nor spun, it is neither hair, linen nor woollen, yet of a fine color. He cares not for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—he walks not with a staff nor sword, but marches boldly along in the face of his enemies. He would rather live in a barn than in a King's palace—he sleeps not in bed, but standing or sitting. He riseth from his slumbers by proclaiming the dawn of day is at hand. Doors and windows open at his prophecy. Both men and women who follow his example live to a good old age. He was with Noah in the ark. He's neither Grit nor Tory. He once preached a sermon which convinced a good man of his sins, and drew tears from his eyes. All persons who see him are convinced that he is no impostor.

M. E. S. L.

NO. 86.—CURTAILMENTS.

MONOMONIC.

1. I'm praised and wooed by many beaux;
Curtailed, my sound rings as it flows.
2. When whole, I mean a class, you know;
But, if curtailed, I am to throw.
3. I'm that that in which which you may excel;
Curtailed, now hold me long and well.
4. Unchanged, I'm but a bill of fare;
Curtailed, a wagon I declare.

CLEM V. W.

NO. 87.—A HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

A renowned monarch of a powerful nation; I was famed as a warrior, a statesman and an author. My father, although the son and grandson of private gentlemen, founded one of the most powerful and distinguished dynasties known in the annals of our country. I had twice as many wives as children; my children all became sovereigns, yet with them perished our dynasty. What was my name and title? How long did I reign? and who were my children?

MARY A. ACKW.

NO. 88.—AN ANAGRAM.

Upon the pavé the victim lay,
In agonizing strife;
His tortures made him sob and sigh,
Awcary of his life.

What ails the man? I cried aloud;
From many, answers came,
And the burden of each answer was,
"He tried E. Menill's rum."
P. A. "TRICK.

NO. 89.—A CONUNDRUM.

[Entered for Prize.]

What is the difference between the best and worst tid-bit sent in week by week to TRUTH?

ANGLO-CANADIAN.

NO. 90.—DECAPITATIONS.

When you determine what I am,
Behold me and a sign you'll see.
Ah! you have struck a vital part—
No sign of life is left in me.
Behold again and you restore
That which you took away—my life—
With powers greater than before
To engage in combat and in strife.
Now curtail me—you'll find it true
That I am opposite to you.

P. A. TRUCK.

FOR CONTRIBUTORS.

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

APRIL'S PRIZE.

Answers in competition for the month's prize should be forwarded within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzle answered.

ANSWERS.

- 72.—Parts.
- 73.—1. Malady, lad, may. 2. Decide, did, dee. 3. Twined, win, Ted. 4. Limited, mite, lid. 5. Nearest, ear, nest. 6. Bewilder, wild, beer.
- 74.—Aurora borealis.
- 75.—James, my son, be a man (James Myson Beaman).
- 76.—Presbyterian.
- 77.—The letter I.

Mixing Business.

There exists in London a gentleman who makes his whole income by mixing salads. A few minutes before the commencement of a dinner party he drives up in a hansom and proceeds to the mixing of the ingredients which are already prepared for him. In a short time the salad is finished, and, when placed on the table, is an incredible success. Such an ethereal dish seems as if it cannot have been made by hands, but rather as if it hovered between two hemispheres, partaking of both, while belonging to neither. The greater part of the materials are found for him; some he uses, some it seems good to reject; but it is surmised that he must bring with him some singular flavoring or mysterious herb which gives to the salad its magical flavor. Anyway, the salad is a success; the maker pockets a guinea fee, and flies off in another hansom—possibly to dream of inventing another salad. No one has ever seen the salad-maker at work. He demands perfect solitude for his artistic employment, and he has a preference for silence while it is going on. He has a bland, mysterious, and almost unctuous expression, which seems somehow to suggest a person who takes especial delight in the mixing of oil. He has a manner so quietly polite, so calm, and self-contained, as perfectly to baffle any inquiry which could be put to him as to his history or the secret of his trade. Were his hostess to be even as impetuous as the Princess in "Der Aera," he would get no information out of the salad-maker. The apostrophe, "Tell me quickly, what thy name and what thy country?" would meet with no response beyond an oily smile, a deprecatory bow, and a gentle shrug of the shoulders. In what country he discovered the secret of his salad, whether their is a secret at all, or whether the flavor lies in the faith of the partaker, where he lives when is at home, and what he does when he is not making salad—all these things are mysteries and will never be known during the lifetime of the salad-maker.

Tid-Bits.

GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

The publisher of TRUTH is determined to amuse and benefit his patrons as far as lies in his power. He cheerfully shares with them the profits of the publication of TRUTH.

Every week a prize of twenty dollars in gold will be given to the actual subscriber sending in for this page the best Tid-bit containing a moral, a pun, point, joke or parody, either original or selected. But it from any paper, copy it from any paper, copy it from any book, or coin it out of your head.

A single sentence, if pungent or pointed, will do, but don't let it much exceed thirty lines. Be sure and send with each fifty cts for two months' subscription to TRUTH. If not now a subscriber TRUTH will be sent regularly for that time; if already a subscriber your time will be extended. In any case you get the full worth of your investment in TRUTH itself.

The best of these Tid-bits will be published in this page every week and numbered, and every subscriber is invited to inform the publisher which number of the week is his or her favorite. The number receiving the largest vote will be awarded the premium. A printed form of coupon will be found in the last column of page 27 of this issue. Cut this out, fill up your favorite number and paste it on a post-card, or put it in an unsealed envelope and send to TRUTH office at once. It will only cost you one cent of postage in either case.

To prevent others than subscribers from voting the coupons only will count. You are invited to send in your vote. Also to send in your Tid-Bits and subscriptions. Please also invite your friends to try their skill. This page is the subscriber's page, and it ought to be the most interesting of all.

THE AWARD.

The majority of the votes sent in for tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 26th, was for Number 223, "Keeping His Word," selected, and sent by Annie Cunningham, Gordon P. O., Ont., to whom \$20 will be paid on application. Numbers 218, and 235 were a tie for the second highest number and Number 228 came but one behind.

The blank coupon will be found on the corner of second page of the cover. Every subscriber is invited to vote, sending here in good time.

The address of Miss Kate Watson, to whom the \$20 prize was paid for best tid-bit published in TRUTH of March 21st, is 33 Temperance St., Toronto.

(200)

Courage.

Knowing the right and true, Let the world say to you Worst it can: Answer despite the blame, 'Till not belie my name— 'I'll be a man."

Armed only with the right, Standing alone to fight Wrong, old as time; Holding up hands to God Over the rack and rod— O'er the crimson sod— That is sublime.

Messengers of old at will Parcelled the world; but still Crowns may be won; Yet there are piles to lift, Putting all I fear to flight, Shouting for truth and right, Who will mount on?

Gordon, Ont.

Mrs. S. A. CUTLER.

(201)

"Our Owl."

"If I had known in the morning, How weary all the day The words unaided would trouble my mind I said when you went away, I had been more careful, dearest, Nor give you needless pain; But see how 'our own' With look and tone We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening You may find me a bliss of peace, Yet it might be That never for me The pain of the heart should cease. How many go forth at morning That never come home at night; And hearts have been broken For harsh words spoken, That sorrow can never get right.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger, And smiles for the sensitive guest, But not for 'our own' The bitter tone, Though we love our own the best. Ah, lips with cruel impatience! Ah, brow that look of scorn! 'Twas a cruel tale Wove the night too late To undo the work of morn."

Colby, Wisconsin.

ALICE DAVIS.

(202)

A Lost Pearl.

I do not know where I lost it, For it slipped from a broken string. And far and away from my sight to-day It lies neglected thing.

Or worse, since it may be another Is wearing my pearl of price, And the gem that was mine, with its lustrant shine, May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it; It was just as the dawning burst Through the crystal-line bars of the lingering stars That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight, Perhaps when the moonbeams lay With delicate quiver o'er field and river, And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious Was that beautiful pearl, to me, Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross, I bore o'er land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it? I have lost what I could not lend, What I'll mourn while I live; for no art can give To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

North Sydney, C. B.

Mrs. PHILIP NISBET.

(203)

An Old Proverb.

Poultice, my darling, because it rains, And flowers drop and the rain is falling, And drops are blurring the window panes And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!

Crying and wishing the sky was clear, And roses again on the lattice twining! Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear, 'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay, And glad birds sing in the fair June weather, And summer is gathering night and day, Her golden chalice of sweets together; When blue seas answer the sky above, And bright stars follow the day's declining, Why, then 'tis no merit to smile, my love; 'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But this is the time the heart to test, When winter is near and the storms are howling, And the earth from under her frozen vest Looks up at the sad sky mute and scowling. The brave little spirit should rise to meet The master's gloom and the day's repining; And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet, 'Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

Weybridge, Vt., U. S.

EDGAR STRATFORD.

(204)

The Soul's Farewell to the Body.

So we must part forever. And although I long have bent my wings and tried to go I've from your narrow limits and control, Forth into space, the true home of the soul;

Yet now, yet now that hour is drawing near, I pause reluctant, finding you so dear. All joys await me in the realm of God; Must you, my comrade, moulder in the sod?

I was your captive, yet you were my slave; Your prisoner, yet obedient you gave To all my earliest wishes and commands, Now to the worm I leave those willing hands

That tolled for me, or held the book I read, Those feet that trod where'er I bade them tread, Those arms that clasped my dear ones, and the breast

On which one loved and loving heart found rest. Those lips thro' which my prayers to God have passed—

Those eyes that were the window of my prison. From these, all three, Death's angel bids me sever, Dear Comrade Body, fare you well for ever.

Hamilton, Ont.

LATRA PARKER.

(205)

Man's Mortality.

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the first order. The original was found in an Irish M.S. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of Diarmid, about the year 551, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and lords, held in the famous hall of Tara.]

Like a daisied rose you see, Or like a blossom on a tree; Or like the dainty flower in May, Or like the morning to the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade, Or like the gourd that Jonah made; Even such is man whose thread is spun, Drawn out and out, and so is done. The rose withers, the blossom blighteth, The flower fades, the morning blighteth, The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes, the man—be dies.

—Selected.

Like the grass that's newly sprung, Or like the tale that's new begun, Or like the bird that's here to-day, Or like the perched dove in May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of the swan; Even such is man, who lives by breath, Is here, now there, in life and death. The grass withers, the tale is ended, The bird is flown, the dove is caddled, The hour is short, the span not long, The hour is short, the span not long, The swan's dear death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook, Or in a glass much like a look, Or like the shuttle in weaver's hands, Or like the writing on the sand, Or like a thought, or like a dream, Or like the gliding of a stream; Even such is man, who lives by breath, Is here, now there, in life and death. The bubbles out, the look is forgot, The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot, The thought is past, the dream is gone, The water's glid, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow, Or like a swift course of water flow, Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb, Or like the spider's tender web, Or like a race, or like a goal, Or like the dealing of the dale; Even such is man, whose brittle state, Is always subject unto fate. The arrow shot, the flood soon spent, The time no time, the web soon rent, The race soon run, the goal soon won, The dale soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Lyn, Ont.

GR. M. BRACK.

(206)

An Odd Bit about Trees.

The "tree puzzle" that follows is one of the most logical puzzles now current:

- 1. What's the social tree, 2. And the dancing tree, 3. And the tree that is nearest the sea? 4. The dandelion tree, 5. And the kievale tree, 6. And the tree where ships may be? 7. What's the tall-tale tree, 8. And the traitor's tree, 9. And the tree that's the warmest clad? 10. The languishing tree, 11. The chronologist's tree, 12. And the tree that makes one sad? 13. What's the emulous tree, 14. The industrious tree, 15. And the tree that will never stand still? 16. The unhealthiest tree, 17. The Egyptian-plague tree, 18. And the tree neither up or down? 19. The contemptible tree, 20. The most yielding tree, 21. And the tree that bears a curse? 22. The reddish brown tree, 23. The reddish blue tree, 24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?

- 25. What is the tree That makes each townsman flee? 26. And what round itself doth entwine? 27. What's the housewife's tree, 28. And the fisherman's tree, 29. What by cockneys is turned into wine? 30. What's the tree that got up, 31. And the tree that was lazy, 32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth? 33. The tree that's immortal, 34. The tree that are not, 35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?

- 36. The tree in a bottle, 37. The tree in a fog, 38. And what each must become ere he's old? 39. The tree of the people, 40. The traveller's tree, 41. And the sad tree when school-masters hold? 42. What's the tree that has passed through Sery heat, 43. That half-given to doctor's when ill? 44. The tree that we offer to friends when we need, 45. And the tree we may use as a quill? 46. What's the tree that death will denight you, 47. And the tree that your wants will supply? 48. And the tree that to travel invites you, 49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

ANSWERS.

- 1. Pear, 2. Tea, 3. Hop, 4. Birch, 5. Spruce, 6. Yew, 7. Day, 8. March, 9. Judas, 10. Fir, 11. Pine, 12. Date, 13. Weeping-willow, 14. Ivy, 15. Spindle-tree, 16. Caper, 17. Sycamore, 18. Citron, 19. Woodbine, 20. Rroom, 21. Rosewood, 22. Vine, 23. Rose, 24. Sallow, 25. Aloe, 26. (Myrtle), 27. Arce-vita, 28. Dyrwood, 29. Southernwood, 30. Cork, 31. Sallow, 32. Elder, 33. Poplar, 34. Wayfaring-tree.

- 17. Locomot, 18. Plane, 19. Medlar, 20. India-rubber, 21. Sago Palm, 22. Fig, 23. Damson, 24. Chestnut, 25. Lilac, 26. Honeysuckle, 41. Birch, 42. Ash, 43. Coffee, 44. Palm, 45. Apran, 46. Deadly night-shade, 47. Breadfruit, 48. Orange, 49. Olive.

Merino, Colorado.

Mrs. A. McMILLAN.

(207)

"Coming."

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch," (MARK xiii. 37)

It may be in the evening: When the work of day is done, And you're time to sit in the twilight And watch the setting sun. When the long bright day dies slowly Over the sea,— And the hour grows quiet and holy With thoughts of me— When you hear the village children Passing along the street, Among the thumping footsteps May come the sound of Mr feet. Therefore I tell you "Watch!" Let the door be on the latch In your home— For it may be through the gloaming I WILL COME!

It may be in the midnight: When 'tis heavy on the land, And the black waves lying dumbly Along the sand; When the moonless night draws close, And the lights are out in the house; When the fire burns low and red, And the watch is ticking loudly Beside the bed:— Tho' you sleep tired on your couch, Still your heart must wake and watch In the dark room,— For it may be at midnight I WILL COME!

It may be at the cockcrow, When the night is dying slowly In the sky; And the sea looks calm and holy, Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun Which draweth a light: When the miles are on the valleys Shading the rivers chill And my morning star is fading, fading, Over the hill: Behold I say unto you "Watch!" Let the door be on the latch In your home— In the chill before the dawning I WILL COME!

It may be in the morning: When the sun is bright and strong, And the dew is glistening sharply Over the little lawn; When the waves are laughing loudly Along the shore: And the little birds are singing sweetly About the door: With the long day's work before you You are up with the sun, And the neighbors come in to talk a little Of all that must be done; But remember that I MAY BE the next To come in at the door, To call you from your busy work For evermore! As you work your heart must watch, For the door is on the latch In your room— And it may be in the morning I WILL COME!

So I am watching quietly Every day, Whenever the sun shines brightly I rise and say, "Surely it is the shining of His Face"— And look into the gates of His High Place Beyond the sea: For I know He is coming shortly To summon me— And when the shadow falls across the window Of the room: Where I am working my appointed task, I lift my head to watch the door and ask If He is come— And the spirit answers softly, In my room— "Only a few more shadows And He—HE COME!"

743 Queen St., Toronto. KATE WORTHINGTON.

[307]

Prompt Collections Made.

"I am a quiet, unostentatious man, and never harm nobody," said the intruder, moistening the palms of his hands and taking a firmer grip of the axe-helve; "but if you don't come down with seventeen dollars to soothe my located feelings, there will be trouble here in Toronto."

"Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" asked the terrified owner of the animal, who is one of the most timid men in Toronto.

"He was bitten just seventeen dollars worth," replied the intruder, swinging the weapon round his head.

"Here is your money," replied the owner of the dog.

The intruder put the money in his pocket

and was about to leave, when the owner of the dog remarked:

"I hope your son was not badly bitten?"

"Why, he ain't my son. I have not got any son."

"Whose son is he, then, and how did you come to demand money of me?"

"He is the son of a friend of mine, who owed me seventeen dollars, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were these dog bites on his son's body, and he turned them over to me for collection, and I have collected them."

"Well, I declare!"

"And, stranger," continued the man with the axe-handle, "if you or any of your family ever get bitten by a dog, and you want no damages collected promptly, from the owner of the dog, let me know, and I will do it twenty-five per cent. net, and furnish my own axe-handle."

Casarsa, Ont. SARA DRACON.

[303] —Selected.

The Mother and Her Dead Child.

With ceaseless sorrow, uncontrolled, the mother mourned her lot; she wept, and would not be consoled, because her child was not. She gazed upon its nursery floor, but there it did not play; the toys it loved, the clothes it wore, all void and vacant lay. Her house, her heart, were dark and drear, without their wonted light; the little star had left its sphere, that there had shone so bright. Her tears, at each returning thought, fell like the frequent rain; Time on its wing, no healing brought, and Wisdom spoke in vain. Even in the middle hours of night she sought no soft relief, but by the taper's misty light, sat nourishing her grief. 'Twas then a sight of solemn awe rose near her like a cloud: the image of her child she saw, wrapped in its little shroud! It sat within its favorite chair; it sat, and seemed to sigh; and turned upon its mother there a meek, imploring eye. "Oh, child! what brings that breathless form back from its place of rest? for well I know no life can warm again that livid breast. The grave is now your bed, my child; go, slumber there in peace!" "I cannot go," it answered mild, "until your sorrow ceases. I've tried to rest in that dark bed, but rest I cannot get; for always, with the tears you shed, my winding-sheet is wet. The drops, dear mother, trickle still into my coffin deep; it feels so comfortable and chill, I cannot go to sleep!" "Oh, child, those words, that touching look, my fortitude restore; I feel and own the bleat rebuke, and weep thy loss no more." She spoke, and dried her tears the while, and as her passion fell, the vision wore an angel smile, and looked a fond farewell!

Oxford Mills, Ont. DORA A. NORRON.

[309] —Selected.

Good Advice.

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as student at a veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked "if a broken winded horse were brought to him to cure what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owners to sell him as soon as possible."

Markham. H.H.S.

—Selected.

A Bad Blunder.

The respectable gentleman of the following anecdote was the victim of a slight misunderstanding, and probably he did not forget it. He went to the train one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat he went off to the bookstall and then returned to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was away the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prime old maid came in and took her place. Unaware of the important change inside, he hurriedly put his face up to the window and said, "One more kiss, sweet pet!" In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the passionate interjection, "Scat, you grey-headed wretch!" He scatted.

Bewdley, Ont. R. H. WRIGHT.

[310] —Selected.

A Smile.

Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but it is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son; a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel in paradise.

A. M. EVANS.

50 Charles-st., Hamilton, Ont.

[311] —Selected.

The True Gentleman's Portrait.

The following sketch is called "The Portrait of the True Gentleman." It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, England, written and framed, and hung over the mantel piece of a sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master and his own man. Virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest and happiness his reward. God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, and the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his house-keeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Piety his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven, and he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

93 Bay St., Hamilton. AGNES PEARSON.

[312] —Selected.

It Sounded Funny.

Scotch Highlanders have the habit when talking their English of interspersing the personal pronoun "he" when not required, such as "The king he has come." Often in consequence a sentence is rendered extremely ludicrous. A gentleman says he lately listened to the Rev. Mr. —, who began his discourse thus:

"My friends you will find my text in the first epistle general of Peter, fifth chapter and eight verse.

"The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

Now, my brethren, for our instruction I have divided my text into four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain who the devil he was? Secondly, we shall enquire into his geographical position, namely, where the devil he was going? Thirdly, who the devil he was seeking? And fourthly, and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never yet been solved, what the devil he was "roaring about."

Lansing, Ont. S. SHEPHERD.

[313] —Selected.

How a Cute Mother Got the Best of Her Little Angel.

Two Dallas ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:

"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."

"I have cured it of bawling."

"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"

"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely new plan."

"What is it?"

"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses, and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little darling picks them off again. The little angel's mind is thus so completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."

Belleville, Ont. LIZZIE JONES.

[314] —Selected.

The Author's Compliments.

When Mr. Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being gained. This Mr. Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back." Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her around the delighted suitor read these words. "With the author's compliments."

CLARA CLIFF.

Sullivan, Grey Co., Ont.

[315] —Selected.

On the Instructor.

A sharp boy at a commercial college had addressed a letter to a firm as "Gents."

"You mustn't do that," said the instructor.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Because 'Gents' is vulgar. Don't you know that invitations to negro balls are always addressed that way?"

"Well, no; I never got one," replied the boy, with such significance that the instructor blushed and hurried on to the next desk.

MISS JANE MARTIN.

Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, Que.

[316] —Selected.

The Modern Shakespeare.

"What, ho! Andromeda!"

"Judged by the tone Jehu of thy voice, methinks, Henrico, 'twere the tallyho."

"Whereat I tally one for thy sweet wit.

But list thee, seraphim. Hast heard the news that late hath tattled of Beatrice Marcia?"

"Merival! the choir? What of her?

If thou hast news that villifies the jade, then feed me, my boy, the very dregs of it."

"She hath betrothed her to the Count Persimmons."

"What! he that owns the peanut mart below, and daily sops the shekels of the just in change for pop-corn, taffy, and the like?"

"The same, Andromeda, the very similar!"

"What, ho? And she? Nay, nay, it cannot be! Plutonian furles crush it! the bird! For will she not to fair Italia hie and ride gondolas i' the market place, sit for portrait to Sir-Michael Angelo; swap garlic with the fragrant Genoese, and homeward come with voice with foreign timbre so venerated that she may sell her ditties by the quaver, and count her Ducats as we count her faults?"

"Go to, thou jealous jabberer, go to! Thy fears do make but corpses of thy wits. There do be ways of circumventing ill, if this thine Iliad of woes should come. I have an uncle, girl."

"As wondrous news as if thou'dst told me thou'dst a father once!"

"But what thee, wench! 'Tis a man of gold, this goodly uncle that I tell thee of, and death hath even now a mortgage on the same. Thine own Henrico is the coming heir, and when, on tongue of joy, doth come the tidings of his dear demise, then will us twain across the waters speed and purchase this Italia that thou speakst—"

"But, good Henrico—"

"Nay! withhold me not, for iron is not stronger than me will. Each jot and tittle of this fabled land I will secure me with me uncle's gold—Florence, Lombardy, Sicily, and Rome, with all their piles of oro and bric-a-brac, shall be but ours and only ours, me love; and this Persimmons and his cackling mate will meet their doom in Cerro's limpid tide, or forced to live in circumstance as lean as is the tower to Pisa consecrate."

"Now do the gods venge me soul with peace, sweet comforter, and I do swim in dreams of Paradise."

Ottawa, Ont. JULIA GORDON.

[317] —Selected.

Women and Decoration.

A California writer says: "A woman looks first to decoration; a man to comfort. It is a woman's privilege to adorn herself in a fantastic garb to please the eye of man—and outrage the eye of woman. I can fancy Adam when he was turned out of the garden of Eden looking for a cabbage leaf to lay awkwardly on his head to keep the sun off. I can picture Eve making a wreath of flowers to ornament her hair and leaving the necessary comfortable leaf-covering for her comely shoulders until the last. Adam, with his cabbage-leaf, probably went to sleep, until Eve woke him up to ask if "that wasn't pretty." The taste for adornment is as deep as nature and as ineradicable. But why should the ladies of San Francisco fix themselves up in such a mixture of dress arrangement that one wonders whether God made the woman or she made herself? No man is ever respected who wears anything loud in color or garish. Simplicity is the feature of man's dress; but complicity describes the woman's. She is merely an accomplice in the matter.

Barrie, Ont. MRS. C. O. ANDERSON.

[318] —Selected.

The Fun Was as Bad as the Disease.

"Doctor," he said, "I am suffering from that most dreaded of all diseases—cancer, and as I heard so much about your wonderful cures, I come to you, doctor, as a last hope. Oh, doctor, do not tell me there is no hope, for life is sweet. I will give all I have to hear the sweet words, 'I can cure you.'" and the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, gazed at the doctor's face, anxiously awaiting the reply. Falling to get an answer, he, in a tremulous voice, repeated the question, "Oh, doctor, can you cure me?" In a voice of emotion the doctor answered, "I cancer."

Hamilton, Ont. L. M. DAVIDS.

[319] —Selected.

Only Talk.

A week after a celebrated stranger had visited our Sunday School the superintendent, in his closing remarks, asked if any of the children could remember anything the visitor had said. After quite a pause, a little five year-old, golden-haired girl, stood up and said: "If you please thir, he talked, and he talked, and he talked, and we all thought ath how he wath going to thay thomething, and he talked, and he talked and he told uth ath how he loved uth and thaid nothing."

Montreal. MRS. BENN.

[320] —Selected.

A Girl Should Learn:

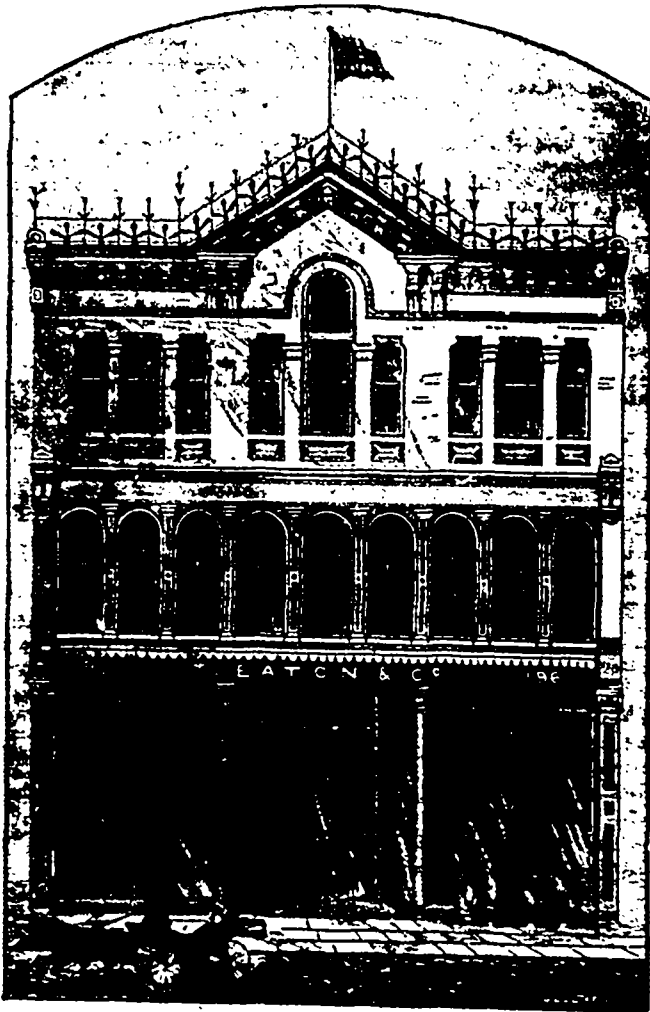
To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To mind the baby.
To avoid idleness.
To be self-reliant.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy.
To be above gossiping.
To humor a cross man.
To control her temper.
To take care of the sick.
To make home happy.
To sweep down cobwebs.
To marry a man for his worth.
To be a help-mate to a husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To see a mouse without screaming.
To read some books besides novels.
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
To wear shoes that won't cramp her feet.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.
To keep clear of flash literature, by reading TRUTH.

Markham, Ont. MRS. A. FORSTER.

T. EATON & CO.

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VELVET CARPETS are being sold some, but not the same value or wear as Brussels. TAPESTRY CARPETS in immense variety; a big selection (say ten to twenty patterns each) to every price. Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 60c., 70c.

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Allegro. Pla.

Music by T. JONES.
Author of Songs, "Marchioness," "Love at Home," &c.

Soprano.
Alto. *p* Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to Me, *f* Suf-fer the lit-tle chil-dren to

Tenor *p*

Bass.

come un-to Me, *ff* to come un-to Me, And for-bid them not, and for-bid them not, *p* For of such

is the king-dom of God, For of such is the king-dom of God. Ver-i-ly, I say un-to

Ver-i-ly, I

you, ver-i-ly, I say un-to you, Who so-ev-er shall not re-ceive the king-dom of God, Who-so-

say un-to you,

-ev-er shall not re-ceive the king-dom of God, as a lit-tle child, as a lit-tle child,

Ho shall not en-ter there-in. Ho shall not en-ter there-in. A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.

Health Department.

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

Beds and Bedding.

BY THE EDITOR.

If people would pay more attention to the situation, style and clothing of their beds, a great number of them would probably feel much better than they do at present. Though the modern bed is, certainly, a vast improvement on the old-fashioned, four-post, heavily draped monstrosities so much in favor with our great-grandmothers, it is still found wanting in many of the essentials to good health. Probably the fault does not lie so much in the bedstead itself as in the position in which it is placed, and the large amount of unnecessary coverings that are piled upon it. In the first place a bedstead should be so placed that air may circulate freely all around and underneath it. The practise of shoving the bed close up to the wall is an abomination, a snare and a delusion. As far as the popular belief concerning the placing of the bed with the head and foot pointing north and south with the view of obtaining a current of electricity through the body of the sleeper is concerned we can only say that for those who believe they derive benefit from such a position it is an excellent plan to adopt it: such a position can do no harm at any rate, but we opine that it is much more important to have the bed clear, by a couple of feet, at least, of the wall and out of a draught, though the bedroom window should be open a few inches both at the top and bottom. The bedstead should also stand quite eighteen inches from the floor.

The bed covering is a most important item to comfort and health. A soft feather bed in which the victim sinks like a stone in a lump of soft dough is a horrible contrivance, and when to this are added too many blankets or quilts, no one need look for real refreshing sleep in such an arrangement. In our opinion the harder the mattress the better, and the less covering for the body conducive to actual comfort the sounder the sleep.

Next as to the position of the head whilst sleeping: This is in a great measure a matter of taste, though it is, perhaps, needless to remark that the head should never be lower than the body.

The bare thought of what we consider, in this country, a comfortable bed, would send a resident of a tropical clime nearly into a fever; the reality would certainly do so, and on the other hand we are somewhat puzzled to conceive how a European, accustomed to the conventional bed-gear of a temperate climate, can ever obtain sound sleep on the very hardest kind of a mattress on which is spread a cool cane or grass mat, and with no other kind of covering than a light linen garment and pair of pyjamas or mosquito drawers, and yet, so easily do we conform to custom and learn to do in Rome as the Romans do, a native of a cold climate when transplanted to a tropical one learns in a very brief time to regard the sleeping arrangements of the latter as "the correct thing," and to look back with a shudder to the feather-beds, blankets and heavy quilts of his native land.

The writer has enjoyed the soundest and most refreshing slumber that ever fell to his lot in a bedstead formed of freshly cut spruce boughs, with a saddle for a pillow

and no other covering than a couple of blankets, and with the starry vault of the empyrean for a ceiling, though certainly this is no reason why everybody should adopt the same method of courting the drowsy god. The great essentials to sound sleep are good digestion, a clear conscience, and pure air, and if a person has not these, his wooings of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," are likely to prove in vain.

Pure air in the sleeping room is of the most vital importance: don't let any old molly-coddle tell you that it is injurious to breathe night-air; you breathe impure night-air with your window closed, at any rate; with your window opened you breathe night-air, of course, but it is very much purer than that which passes over and over again through your lungs in an unventilated room, till it becomes actually poisonous. As long as people persist in almost hermetically sealing their sleeping apartments before retiring to rest, so long will they continue to wake in the mornings with sick-headaches, dull, aching pains about the eyes, dirty tongues and impaired appetites.

Not long ago night-caps were almost universally worn, and a man who cawed their use was considered a crank. Nowadays we rather feel inclined to look upon the wearers of those articles as the cranks. The old-fangled idea that a person would catch his death of cold in sleeping without a nightcap has taken flight, and the sooner people rid themselves of the notion that open bedroom windows are injurious the better.

In conclusion let us impress upon our readers the extreme desirability of throwing off all garments worn during the day upon retiring to rest. The practise of sleeping in the day clothes is a prevalent and most obnoxious one, and has, probably, produced more sickness than some people can form any idea of.

Care of the Feet.

Persons, the circulation of whose blood is weak, are likely to have cold feet, and feet that are almost constantly cold tend to congestion of the internal organs. Such persons should take vigorous exercise in the open air. The blood vessels of their feet become narrowed, thus perpetuating and increasing the difficulty. For this reason it is well frequently to soak the feet at night in warm water. This counteracts the tendency to congestion, enlarges the vessels, and helps permanently to relieve the feet of their special tendency to coldness.

Persons who are troubled with chapped feet should soak them, before retiring, in water as hot as can be borne, using ammonia or soap freely. Then having dried them with much friction, rub them with glycerine mixed with an equal quantity of carbolic acid, the latter two per cent. strong. The next night, and for a few nights if necessary, rub them again with glycerine, or with melted mutton or beef tallow. This process repeated from time to time will keep most feet soft and healthy.

Feet that perspire profusely, and emit a bad odor, should be often washed—perhaps every night. After they have been washed, a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid should be applied. In such cases the stockings should be changed daily. Boots should be worn with inner soles. These can be taken out daily and dipped in a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid, and then dried before being used again. The bad odor is due to microscopic organisms. The acid kills them.

Boots and shoes should be fitted to the shape of the foot. No pressure should be allowed to come against the joint of the great toe. The slightest pressure may inflame it, and send an under blood supply to it; and thus the joint will become enlarged—in other words grow out. This is a sad deformity. It always tends to increase in

size and is often painful. Besides, the lateral pressure may develop a whole crop of corns, not only on the opposite side and toes, but on the sole of the foot. It is much easier to prevent corns than to cure them.

Our readers are all familiar with the fact that there is a perpetual flow of air from the colder parts of a room—including door and window cracks—to the hot stove or register, the light, heated air rising toward the ceiling, and the heavy, cold air rushing in beneath to fill the vacuum. Now the ankles and heels feel the effect of this, being near the floor and ordinarily less protected than the rest of the person. Hence those sometimes result painful inflammations of the muscles and joints of the heel, especially in persons who are feeble, or those who have rheumatic tendencies. The remedy is to guard them with extra clothing, occasionally taking pains to give them a thorough heating.—*Youths' Companion*.

Disease's Caused by Disordered Emotional Faculties.

The emotions are fruitful sources of disease. Even those that are most useful and honorable may, by their abnormal exercise, bring their possessor to the verge of insanity. For often they cause him to cross the border-line. For instance, most persons admit that cleanliness is a virtue which every one should possess. It is, perhaps, at first sight difficult for us to perceive how an individual can have the love of personal cleanliness in excess; and yet that emotion may grow, little by little, to such a degree as to constitute a veritable form of mental derangement.

This is almost necessarily a disease of advanced civilization. Savages can know nothing of it, for cleanliness is not one of their virtues. Doubtless it will become more common, but as yet only a few cases have been described. The first was observed by myself a few years ago. I named the affliction "mysophobia," "the fear of contamination," from two Greek words *mosos*, deilement, contamination, and *phobos*, fear.

The lady whose case I am going to describe had always been remarkable among her friends for her strict ideas of cleanliness, but nothing approaching mental aberration had been observed till a short time before I made her acquaintance.

She consulted me for what she feared was incipient insanity. She was quiet and orderly in her behavior, and so far as her friends' testimony went, entirely sane except on the one point of fear of contamination.

This was exhibited by mental distress and the practice of repeatedly washing her hands, without there being any obvious cause for so doing. Generally she washed them over a hundred times a day, and on one occasion, from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, by the actual count of her maid, one hundred and eighty-two times.—[W. A. HAMMOND, M. D.]

USEFUL HEALTH HINTS.

No better "tonic" can be found than simple food, pure air, the light of the sun, with a "conscience void of offense toward God and man." These are more accessible and cheaper than patent nostrums, having no disastrous reactions.

A wet cloth, in case of weak and inflamed eyes, worn over them at night, slightly covered with a dry cloth, will do much to reduce the inflammation. Never rub inflamed eyes, as that may irritate them all the more. Never use any harsh or poisonous "eye-wash."

Do not allow yourself to long remain with cold and wet feet. It may require some little time when you are very busy, but you will save time by needed attention, if not a fit of sickness. It may be that exercise may ward off such a cold, but it will pay to make a change, selecting the warmest hose.

It is far safer to rest for a few minutes, or an hour, if need be, than to take ardent spirits, tea, coffee, or any stimulant, to give you such an artificial strength—or, activity, rather—that you may be able to go on with your work, soon to be succeeded by a reaction, a permanent loss of power, if not sickness.

The Ear.

The internal ear is an exceedingly delicate and complicated organ, and is therefore specially susceptible to disturbing influences. Hence earaches; abscesses of the ear; thickening of the drum, rendering one hard of hearing; bursting of the drum, causing deafness; and gatherings within the ear of solid plugs of wax. The close connection of the ear with the brain very often results in an extension of an inflammation from the former to the latter. Ear troubles begin early. The child is inclined to put small things into it—such as beans, coffee kernels, pebbles, etc. These, if they have been un-noticed, irritate and inflame and may become sources of most serious mischief. Older persons are hardly wiser who pick their ears with pins. The ear-wax should be let alone—except in cases when removed by an expert physician. It is needed where it is, to prevent the ingress of small insects and dust. It commonly takes care of itself. The bather too often does himself serious mischief by allowing water to enter the ear. Thousands of bad cases occur yearly from this cause. In winter, the steady blowing of a strong current of air upon the ear is dangerous. It is not always easy to avoid such a current, and it would be well, when likely to be exposed, to wear in the external ear a pledget of cotton. A little care may save from excruciating pain and permanent harm.

Remedies for Nose-Bleed.

Here are two of the best remedies for this very common and sometimes dangerous affection:—

1. Have the patient raise both arms above the head. This will cause contraction of the blood-vessels in the arms, and simultaneously in the mucous lining of the nasal cavity. In mild cases, this remedy will uniformly succeed with promptness. A dry handkerchief should be held at the nose in the meantime.

2.—Administer a nasal douche of a hot solution of common salt. Dissolve a table-spoonful of salt in a quart of water at a temperature of 130°, and administer with a fountain syringe, inserting the nozzle of the syringe in the nostril which does not bleed, and allowing it to run out at the other.

MEDICAL QUERIES.

Notice.—Persons wishing to have medical questions answered in these pages should address their correspondence to the "Editor, Health Department of TRUTH." If this is not done their questions will not be attended to.

Persons sending us questions to be answered will confer a great favor by stating their age and general habits.

JAMES L. asks: "Can you tell me any speedy cure for cancer?" ANS.—Wish we knew one: if we did we fancy we should have a bonanza.

KATIE L., Toronto.—If you saw the advertisement you refer to in TRUTH, that should be sufficient guarantee that the article advertised is what it claims to be. As far as we know the Solvenc is all right.

"CITY WATER" would like to know what is a good thing to purify drinking water. ANS.—A small piece of alum dropped into a pail of water will have the desired effect in a great measure, though the city water of Toronto is almost past purification at times. Filter it carefully.

K. M. S. M., Toronto, writes:—That he is sorely troubled with an accumulation of phlegm in the throat which prevents him from singing and speaking, and he wishes for a remedy. ANS.—He will, probably, find Wyeth's chloramine pastilles as good as anything he can get.

W. B. A., Parkdale, says: "I am a great sufferer from sick-headache; have a bad taste in my mouth in the morning; a dull pain in my eyes when I turn them about, and the whites of my eyes are yellowish; my tongue is furry. What ails me?" ANS.—You are bilious, probably. If you drink too much beer, drop it. Take plenty of open air exercise; eat moderately; no pastry; and take a couple of Sir Astley Cooper's pills every other night for a week. Then let us know how you are.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Well, so I did—often," says Vera, with the gayest little laugh imaginable. "You put it on with a tiny brush—so," rubbing the tip of one slender finger across her lashes. "The countess showed me how to do it; but it didn't become me."

"Oh, Vera!" says poor Doris; but every one is laughing by this time: so awkwardness is at an end, and finally Doris laughs too.

"I am certain Miss Costello is right," says Brabazon. "I said there was something unreal about Mrs. Smythe."

"Man, to man so oft unjust, is always so to woman," says Mrs. Costello, with a sneer. Though secretly glad to hear the beauty reviled, she cannot refrain from a slap at the reviler.

"Quite true," says Dicky Browne, with a sympathetic glance at Mrs. Costello, meant to convey to her how deeply he deplores Brabazon's scurrilous tendencies. That good woman, catching the glance, is so enraptured with it that she instantly makes a violent (if surreptitious) blow at him with her stick. This mark of her favor, however, unfortunately falls short of its mark, owing to a timely dodge on the part of Mr. Browne.

"She's in her most charming mood today," he says, totally unabashed, to Kit, who has been a delighted spectator of this little by-play. "She's excelling herself. I had no idea she was so full of fun. Had you?"

"No," says Kit, who is quite pink with suppressed laughter. "But it is impossible to know any one. I have been equally taken in by you. The clever way you avoided that stick convinces me your proper line of business is pantomime: you would make such a harlequin!"

"I'll think of it," says Dicky, as though rather agreeably struck by the suggestion than otherwise. "But what an aim she has got, and what an eye! And, at her age, what astonishing vigor! Another moment, and my brains would have been on the hearth-rug! She certainly is very playful!"

"I don't think they would have done the hearth-rug much harm," says Miss Beresford, alluding to his brains. "They would probably have passed unnoticed." With this she very wisely beats a retreat to where the others are still warmly debating the merits and demerits of the past evening.

"Well, I know I had quite a lovely time, at all events," she says, gayly.

"So we could see for ourselves," says Brian, in a low voice, meant for her ear alone. "Love and a cough," say the Spaniards, "cannot be hidden." Your—cough—betrayed you."

"Oh, Brian!" whispers she, in return, blushing "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue," and glad in her heart because of his words. Do they not in some mysterious manner make her feel that at least she has her brother-in-law on her side and on Neil's?

"Where is your ancient Ceresus?" asks Dicky Browne, finding himself close to Vera. "Who?" she asks, with prettish vagueness, a little expectant smile upon her lips.

"Why, Sir Watkyn."

"Oh! Sir Watkyn! Oh, yes! I didn't know a bit what you meant. Isn't he nice? Isn't he sweet?"—a gleam of childish enthusiasm lighting up her lovely eyes.

For once Mr. Browne finds himself without a word. To describe him in his own elegant phraseology, he feels himself at this moment "distinctly staggered." Does she mean it? Can she? Is she very young, or very stupid, or very—the other thing?

"Very nice, particularly sweet," he says, at last, with a gravity worthy of imitation.

"But why did you say ancient?" asks Vera, running a ring idly up and down her third finger. "He is not so a together old, is he?"

"By no means. No man is altogether anything. There are always extenuating circumstances. Some old men have young hearts, some—young clothes. Sir Watkyn's clothes are positively juvenile. Therefore he can't be 'altogether old.' His coat redeems him, not to mention the—er—other things, which are absolutely in their infancy. I dare say he will come to the bib and tucker style in time. Tell you a capital name for him: 'The Ancient and Modern,'—eh? He comprises both, like the Hymns."

"A charming name," says Vera, merrily.

"Why here he comes! Shall we ask him how he likes it?"

She makes a step forward.

"Oh, no!" entreats Dicky, in an imploring tone, following her. "He—he mightn't see the joke, you know."

"Yes, he will: he's sure to. No one could fail to see it," says Vera, pleasantly. Then she escapes from him, and goes straight up to Sir Watkyn (who has shambled into the room), with the evident determination of laying before him Mr. Browne's small joke, leaving the latter rooted to the spot, with the cold sweat of horror upon his brow.

Now she has reached the old beau, and has laid her hand in playful fashion upon his arm.

"Sir Watkyn," she says, in a clear sweet voice that rings through the room—whereupon Dicky sends up an urgent prayer that the ground may open beneath his feet and swallow him up. Another moment, and—

"Sir Watkyn, what penalty shall we inflict upon you for depriving us so long of your society?" says Vera, with a saucy smile darted into the old man's eyes.

Dicky, with a sigh of relief, falls backward and sinks into a chair. No, she will not betray him this time. "But it was a near shave," mutters he to himself, with all due solemnity. He is indeed so thoroughly overcome by the nearness of his "shave" that he does not hear the door open or the announcement of Lord Dundeady's arrival.

The marquis has indeed just crossed the threshold, with a face as long as your arm.

"What a grave face, my lord!" says Clontarf, jestingly, going up to him.

"Ah! how good of you to come!" says Doris, with a little flush of pleasure, laying her fingers softly upon his arm. "I hardly hoped you would."

"Nay, my dear, I am always glad to find myself where you are," says the marquis, with an old-fashioned gallantry that savors of new-born affection: indeed, a strange deep liking, that verges upon something warmer, has arisen between Doris and this worldly old man.

"Bad news, Donat," he says, turning to his son, while still holding Doris's hand.

"Nothing can be worse. The Moonlighters have been at it again. I have been with Madam O'Connor, and it is only too true that her steward was last night most brutally murdered."

"Not Sullivan?" asks Doris, faintly.

"Yes—Sullivan."

"And last night!" says Monica, turning very pale. "Last night, whilst we were dancing! Oh, it is horrible!"

"It is scandalous!" says Donat, vehemently. "The sin of this and all other agrarian murders be on the soul of that man who has dared to undertake the governance of our land without understanding it!"

"We have indeed fallen upon evil days," says Lord Dundeady.

"Ay, croaker, bird of ill omen!" calls out a harsh strident voice from the chimney-corner. The words proceed from Mrs. Costello, but, as Mr. Burke and Brian are providentially seized with a severe fit of coughing as they are uttered, they go unheard—

By all but Mr. Browne. He, having by this time quite recovered from his late shock, is now once again ready for action. Finding himself in a position open to Mrs. Costello's view, he raises his brows and his hands, and, by many ghastly pantomimic contortions of his features, gives her to understand that her opinion is his, upon this as upon all other matters.

Worthy as his amiable advances doubtless are, they are treated by Mrs. Costello with silent contempt. This may be accounted for in two ways: one, that he has taken up his stand at a prudent distance from the all-powerful stick; the other, that her eyes are fixed unblinkingly upon the unconscious marquis.

"There will be a most frightful case of assault and battery here in about two minutes," says Mr. Browne, in a low tone, to Brian Desmond. "Look at her"—stealthily indicating Mrs. Costello: "there is malice in her very nose."

"There is color, anyhow," says Brian. "It couldn't be much redder if it tried. I shouldn't wonder if it burst into a blaze."

"All of her will do that shortly, you

mark my words," says Dicky. "In two minutes she will have either apoplexy or the marquis; and I wouldn't mind laying odds it is the marquis. Shouldn't he be warned or forcibly removed—eh? I think I shall go away. To be called as a witness in this case would be most repugnant to my feelings; and, besides, the sight of a mangled corpse does not afford me the unlimited satisfaction it does others."

"It was the most uncalled-for murder," the marquis is saying, in a horrified tone. "But really they appear to me to have come to that pitch that they don't care who it is, so long as they are murdering somebody. They say we shall have a most iniquitous winter; and I believe it."

"It can't be worse than last."

"It can, in that it may come more immediately home to us. I get a good deal of private information from Moriarty—my managing man, you know, Donat—a very impossible person, who will wear hobnailed boots, though I have argued with him most ably on the matter, and with a voice like a railway-whistle. An excellent creature nevertheless, and—"

"Bah!" repeats Mrs. Costello, loudly and unexpectedly, at this moment, giving way at last to a long-suppressed burst of hostility.

Apprehension of the direct description reduces every one to silence.

"I beg your pardon," murmurs the poor marquis (who perhaps hardly realizes the situation), in tones of the most courteous deference. "You were saying—"

"Bah!" repeats Mrs. Costello, even louder and with greater hostility than before.

"Ah! Quite so, quite so," says the marquis, haughtily. He is too well seasoned to permit himself actual defeat, but he saves his position only by a smile and a retreat.

"Yes! really Moriarty is invaluable," he goes on, blandly, as though nothing at all out of the commonest run of good manners has taken place. "But his accounts of how things are going on are very uncomfortable. Invaluable people are always uncomfortable, my dear Donat. They are a sort of moral medicine—nasty, but indispensable. He assures me we shall have a most disturbed winter. He tells me, too," turning to Desmond, "that your uncle has been making himself rather unpopular of late. I was sorry to hear that."

"He has been doing only his duty," says Brian, with a shrug.

"Yes, yes, of course. But I think I should do a little less duty, or I should do it a little differently just now," says the marquis, cautiously withdrawing his glass from his right eye to squeeze it into his left.

"Oh, dad! What a sentiment!" says Donat, laying his hand on his father's shoulder and breaking into an amused laugh.

"I would preach moderation," says the marquis, looking unpleasantly around him. "These Irish peasants are capable of most unpleasant deeds. They are a rough people—a desperate people—a people who have not learned how to think. In fact," says the marquis, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "they should never have been! They are a gigantic mistake!"

"What a comfort it is you can't reform the universe!" says Mrs. Costello, leaning forward to confront him, with a mocking smile. "If you had your way, you know, you would never have been; and what a loss that would be to us all! You are one of these 'desperate people,' aren't you? You are Irish, hey? No, Doris! I will not be silenced. I will speak," declares the old beldame, who is now in a humor to make life hideous to her neighbors. "He is abusing his own land, the craven! and I will not sit by and make no sign. I tell you, they are a kindly people, a loyal people, whose only fault is that they are too easily led by demagogues, who rouse evil passions in their impulsive breasts. This vile government has made them what they are, and yet that worthless woman Victoria will not rise to stay its hand."

"Dear me! bless me!" says the marquis in a low voice. "What a flow of—er—strong language! Why, those Parnellite fellows would sink into nothingness beside her! She is a wonderful woman, certainly."

Then, finding Doris looking shocked and distressed, he laughs and pats her hand softly. "There is nothing becomes a beautiful face so well as a smile," he says. "I should like to see one on yours. I cannot find that there is any reason why it should be without one. Tea!"—to Vera, who is holding out to him the daintiest little cup and saucer in the world, upon the daintiest

palm. "No, thank you. It is one of my greatest trials that I am obliged to abstain from tea. But my nerves—my nerves!"

He lifts his brows, and looks so tenderly regretful that all the women are quite sorry for him. Fancy being forbidden one's tea! Poor, poor man!

An ominous snort from the fireplace, however, convinces the terrified public that there is one person, at all events, who has closed her heart to pity.

"You will come to the billiard room before leaving? I want to ask you a question or two," says Clontarf, hurriedly, with a view to checking a repetition of the snort—with a further view also of supplying his father with a substitute for the tea, that, though stronger, has, oddly enough, never been known to affect his nervous system in any way.

"Certainly," says the marquis, amiably, seeing through the "question or two" in no time, and rather glad of the chance offered of getting away from his *bete noir* in the chimney-corner.

One by one, indeed, all the men melt into nothingness; even Dicky Browne—having eaten most of the sugar, and fought a free fight with Vera over the last piece of cake—disappears too.

"I am afraid the country is getting into a very disturbed state," says Doris, nervously. "And we used to pride ourselves on the fact of its being the quietest part of Ireland. This last murder is horrible. I suppose they have all gone" (meaning the men) "to talk it over in the billiard-room."

"I should think they have all gone to have a brandy and soda," says Vera, demurely, biting her cake with all the air of a decided little gourmand, as she is.

Perhaps she is right. But Doris is right too. A very grave discussion about the state of the country generally takes place in the billiard-room. So daring have the outrages become of late that no man feels his life to be his own, and not a morning dawns without bringing in its train fresh tidings of crimes committed overnight—of cattle maimed and hay-ricks burned, of houses fired, of terrified women, and men, overpowered by numbers, being forced upon their bended knees, and under pain of death compelled to swear disloyal oaths and enroll their names upon the bloody scroll of murderers. To work for any man proscribed by the Land League means death, or a reduction to direst poverty by the destruction of the delinquent's miserable property—meaning, in the case of a laborer, his one pig, or his sheep, or perhaps only a few laying hens.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Music and Drama.

Mr. E. A. McDowell, whose reputation as a successful manager is well-known, appeared at the Grand last week in the immensely funny comedy of "The Private Secretary." At every presentation of the piece the audience was large, seats in some instances being difficult to procure. The company which Mr. McDowell has with him is first-class in every respect, there being no weak point in the whole cast. The piece itself is a rich bit of genuine and elevating wit, abounding with ludicrous situations and sparkling dialogue.

The first three nights of this week "Alvin Joslin," held the boards at the Grand, and the air in the vicinity is still redolent of clover and new mown hay. "Alvin" seems to be losing none of his old time histrionic power, and it is certain he has lost none of his popularity. Minnie Palmer appears the balance of the week.

The Arne-Walker Co. closed a week's engagement at Montford's Museum on Saturday, the repertoire embraced "East Lynne" and "The Two Orphans." The company is a good one, and the performances given were of a high order, and decidedly successful. This week Davis and Manning's absurdities.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's appearance at the concert in the Pavillon on Friday evening, after a six years' absence, was greeted with a large and fashionable audience. Miss Kellogg retains much of her old-time vocal powers, and her singing was much appreciated. Miss Agnes Huntington's efforts secured for her a reception, which must have been very flattering, though in every way deserved. Her voice, in power and compass, is simply marvellous, and the different numbers which she rendered during the event showed her to be a cantatrice of more than ordinary gifts.

LINGERIE.

Decorations for neck and sleeves of plain and dressy costumes hardly change as often as gowns themselves, though the change is as important, for many a toilette can be redeemed from plainness by the addition of fancy garniture around the wrists and neck. For morning wear, whether indoors or out, plain, round linen collars are preferred, with a gold or silver button. With tailor-made dresses a "dicky" is sometimes worn, finished with a gentleman's scarf and pin. Folds of silk muslin or etamine are worn at any time. These have been described before in this journal. Espagnole lace can be worn slightly gathered, or Irish point as straight turn-over collars and cuffs. Collars and cuffs of gold lace are rich-looking with dark silk or velvet basques. The collars and cuffs of velvet, embroidered in beads are worn without any white if the complexion can endure the test; otherwise folds are placed inside.

A pretty fashion consists of placing a rosette on the left of the collar, of velvet or satin ribbon, in bright red or gold color. Silk scarfs are fastened around the neck in folds, and tied sailor fashion in front or clasped with a pin and brought down like a plastron to the waist, where they are confined again. Figure No. 36 represents two of these scarfs. One is of blue satin, brocaded on the ends with red and gold figures; the other of pink satin, with a band of lace over a shirred ruffle of satin edged with lace. Figure No. 29 shows a quaint garniture of brocaded or shot Surah, made into a sailor collar, with shirred scarfs on the ends that form a V-neck, and clasp with a golden arrow at the waist line. The scarfs edged with gold cord, and disks of the same, are placed upon the collar. Figure No. 31 illustrates one of the stylish collars that are applied to any dress. The design is of garnet Ottoman ribbon, faced with the same and interlined with crinoline. The front edges are rounded and finished with a cording of chenille, gold and red; the ribbon is formed in a graceful bow, apparently caught by several loops of gold cord.

Jabots of lace are worn with folds or lace in the neck. One similar to Figure No. 33 can easily be made at home with two yards of ribbon and three yards and a half of lace. The lace is arranged in cascades, as illustrated, and a coquetish bow of satin ribbon, dotted with gold, is fastened on the left. Since girdles and corsets have returned to us, the so-called "corselet fichu" (represented in figure No. 34) has made its appearance, and forms a handsome finish to a round waist. The design can easily be followed from our illustration, as we do not issue a pattern of it. The corselet, bow, belt, half-collar and neck bow are of velvet, with straight scarfs of embroidered gauze sewed to the collar and again to the top of the corselet. The scarfs are slipped over the head and the belt fastened under the bow. Figure No. 32 shows a group of mourning handkerchiefs from 25 cents to \$1 in price.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtues.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder, as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do and do it with the energy of a man.

That person has the greatest honor and purest morals who is ready to pardon all mistakes in other people as if he himself offended daily, and at the same time so vigorously abstains from all appearance of evil as if he forgave nobody.



FIG. 30.



FIG. 29.



FIG. 33.

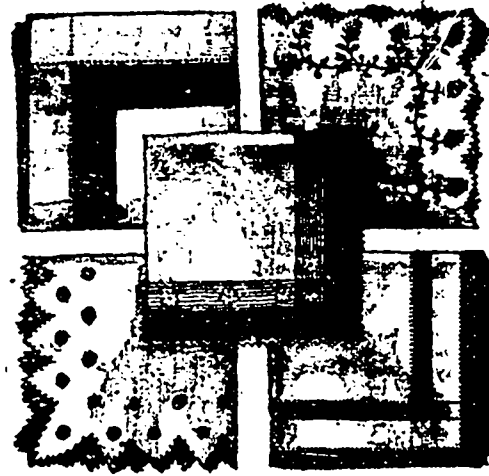


FIG. 32.



FIG. 34.



FIG. 31.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

Many of the details of childish costumes are copied from those of their "sisters, cousins and aunts." For instance, velvet collars, cuffs, vests, and cincture belts are worn similarly to those on grown-up people's dresses. Combinations of plain and figured wool, velvet and wool, lace and silk, are equally fashionable for their toilettes, and many of the accessories are of one mind, as the plastron, paniers, pointed apron, revers or bretelles on waist, flat bows of satin ribbon, ornamental buttons, and clasps at the neck and just before the waist line. The brocades used for misses and children are always of small figures, though they may be as bright as possible.

Brown and gray cashmeres are made with a plain skirt having two bands of velvet and a tiny back drapery. Long cutaway of striped wool and velvet, or velvet and satin with a short pleated back, high collar and cincture belt of plain velvet; Moliere of pink Surah. Dark green is very popular for children's wear. A gilt skirt of light and dark green stripes has a washer-woman apron (turned half way up the front) and sash drapery of dark green over the edge of a woolen Jersey waist; pleated plastron of the woolen goods, collar and cuffs of velvet matching the darker color. A serviceable design for any woolen material has a box-pleated skirt and a plain, tight-fitting blouse. A Moliere of self-colored Surah droops below the waist, and on either side is fastened a sash of the goods that is knotted, not tied, in the back; wide collar,

square in the back and pointed in front; edge of sleeves, collar and skirt may be finished with several rows of braid.

A one-piece dress is in gabrielle shape, with the back cut off below the waist line and the requisite length furnished by triple box-pleats, having a wide stripe of plaid between them. The front is in Breton fashion, with tabs of plaid on each side pointed toward the front; tabs also on sleeves running up and around the collar. A striped brown and red costume has a side-pleated skirt and a close-fitting blouse fastened at the neck, then opens to show a brown velvet front, which extends to the skirt edge and is caught together below the waist with a bow of satin ribbon; basques are added, with a frock-coat seam, but diverge in front and are laid in postillion pleats in the back. Cross-barred woollens are worn for underskirts and Moliere, with the remainder of the costume of plain material.

Stripes look well on small children, and can be worn even of gayer tints than the plain goods. One in babadere (crosswise) stripes of beige and red has a pleated skirt edged with a three-inch band of red velvet; tight-fitting blouse, buttoned in front; sailor-collar, cuffs and bretelles, back and front, of red velvet, ending in a bow below the waist in the back over the knotted ends of the apron-draped sash of the goods. Beige straw hat trimmed with red velvet, and beige gloves. A beige-colored cloth sacque can be added on very cool days, with finishings of red velvet. A girl of ten years can wear dark colored woollens, made with a skirt of wide pleats, cutaway jacket with

back in fine extension pleats, loose plastron in three box-pleats and draped sash of the same goods, having a tiny figure of some bright, contrasting color. The Russian blouse is the fashionable rage in Paris for small children.

Tiny attendants at weddings wear Mother Hubbard dresses of Surah or fine white fabrics, with two tucks in the lower part above a wide flounce of lace or fine embroidery. Yoke and cuffs to match the flounce; wide sash around the waist and tied in the back; white hose, slippers, silk mits, and braided hair tied with cream ribbons. Embroidered dresses, with the flounce formed of the trimming, have yoke and cuffs also of the embroidery; seams of the material are sewed in the side seams, tied in the back, and the ends scalloped like the edge of the flounce, yoke and cuffs.

Jerseys are still favorite garments for children of all ages. One of dark blue is buttoned in the back, has a skirt of the cashmere of three ruffles edged with plaid; the joining is hidden by a sash of plaid; collar, cuffs and revers to the sash also of the bright Scotch plaid. A gay, little suit of striped cream and red has a cutaway sacque cut in points on the edge and bound with red Surah; a plain, full skirt is likewise cut in points and falls over a ruffle of the Surah that is sewed on the lining; collar, cuffs and apron-draped sash are finished in the same manner, the sash fastening over the half-fitting jacket-blouse; the Moliere is of Surah, dropping over the apron, and confined by a belt from the side seams that buckles in front.

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Girls of from six to ten years wear plain suits of flannel or cheviot, made with a close-fitting blouse, double-breasted, and buttoning straight down the left side with small bone buttons; the skirt is sewed on so as to form an erect heading, and decorated with a row of wide woolen braid like that on the collar and cuffs. An outside wrap of the same material is shaped like a double-breasted sacque, with extension pleats in the back. This is also braid-trimmed, and the sailor collar of the dress pulled over the neck.

School aprons of cross-barred muslin or linen have a yoke waist back and front, sewed to a belt of embroidery, and a flounce falling beneath that is also edged with trimming like the neck and yoke. Finer aprons are trimmed with torchon lace, and tied up on the shoulders with ribbon bows.

Children just walking can have little sacque coats of blue, garnet or cream flannel, scalloped, with a design in each half circle, around the lower edge, sleeves and collar, with self-colored linen floss, which cleans or dyes much better than silk. They are lined with farmer's satin and fastened with pearl buttons, forming inexpensive garments, provided the embroidery can be done at home. Little bonnets of Surah are made of the same color, with a bow of satin ribbon at the top, ties, and an inside ruching of lace around the face.

Women's Noses, Hair, and Bonnets.

Before deciding as to the arrangement of the hair, the nose should be carefully interrogated. If that feature be Roman, or what a learned author describes as "cogitative"—i. e., long and curved inward toward the point—the hair should be somewhat pronounced in its arrangement. It should be rather massive, or else the large nose will, by force of contrast, make the head look meagre. If the nose be Greek, an approach, carefully guarded from being too realistic to the classic knot, may be ventured upon. The varieties of the Anglo-Saxon nose, some of them quite childish in their want of decision and firmness of outline, are too numerous to be specially commented upon, but should be treated variously, according as they approach the aquiline, the Greek, or the snub varieties. This last requires a rather coquettish arrangement of the hair. Madonna bands assort badly with a snub nose. So does the Venetian coiffure, which has been such a favorite among our æsthetic phalanx for some years. A "little head running over with curls" best suits the snub "tip-tilted like a flower;" and sensible women who perforce wear turned-up noses will carefully abstain from following the height and depth of fashionable coiffures, but remain faithful to the quasi simplicity that goes so well with the infantile formation of their noses.

All Owing to Her Hat.

In the blunder here related, there were two persons mortified, but the hat-wearer deserved it more than "the other man." The incident took place recently at a church service in a large city.

One of the church-wardens was observed to cast uneasy glances towards an individual wearing a sailor jacket and cap of seafaring and jaunty appearance, which latter surmounted a clean-shaven face and closely cut hair. After a little while he approached the sailor laddie, and whispered audibly,—

"Can't you take off your hat? Is there any reason why you can't take off your hat?"

By the discomfited look of the questioner as he returned to his seat, and the appearance of the rest of the costume as the wearer of the hat walked out of church at the conclusion of the service, it was evident that the whispered reply was, "I am a girl!"

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

BOILED ONIONS.—Clear off top and tail; skin and cook fifteen minutes in boiling fresh water; salt slightly and boil until tender all through; drain, butter well, and pepper and salt.

LEMON PIES.—One pint of sweet milk, one quarter of a pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar and seven eggs. The juice-pulp and grated yellow of three lemons; bake only with one crust.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Take some cold chicken, chop fine and season to the taste; make a batter of milk, eggs, flour and a little salt; stir in the chicken and fry brown in hot lard. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One and one-half cups of corn meal, one cup of rye meal, one cup of molasses, one pint of milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt (oven full.) Steam five hours and bake half an hour.

A NICE GINGER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, five small cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and the same of cinnamon. Drop from a spoon and bake quickly.

CHICKEN HASH.—This is a nice way to serve for breakfast any chicken or turkey left over from dinner. Mince, but not very fine, and to a cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cup of milk, enough minced onions to flavor, with salt and pepper to the taste. Stew until done and serve on toast.

IRISH STEW.—Take some chops from loin of mutton, place them in stewpan in alternate layers of sliced potatoes and chops; and turnips and onions cut into pieces, pour in nearly quart of cold water; cover stewpan closely, let it stew gently till vegetables are ready to mash and greater part of gravy is absorbed; then place in a dish; serve it up hot.

ROAST OF MUTTON.—Put a little salt and water into dripping-pan, baste joint for short time with it, then use gravy from meat itself, basting every ten minutes. Serve with gravy poured round it. The wether leg of mutton, if too large, can be divided, and knuckle boiled. By placing a paste of flour and water over part cut off, to keep in gravy, it can be roasted, by which means two roast dinners can be had from one joint.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Cut the chicken up and stew until well done; then make a thickening of cream or rich milk and sifted flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Have ready baked a pair of short-cakes made as for pie-crust, but rolled thin and cut in squares. Lay the crusts on a dish, and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. Many prefer light soda biscuit instead of pie-crust, but both are nice.

POTATO ROLLS.—Boil six good sized potatoes with their jackets on; take them out with a skimmer, drain and squeeze with a towel to insure being dry; then remove the skin, mash them perfectly free from lumps, add a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of three eggs and a pint of sweet milk. When cool beat in a teaspoonful of yeast. Put in just enough flour to make a stiff dough. When this rises, make into small cakes. Let them rise the same as biscuit and bake a delicate brown.

A Wrinkle.

An English authority on cooking gives the following as the proper way of boiling eggs:—Put the eggs into a saucepan, cover them with boiling water and let them stand for about ten minutes where the water will keep hot, but not boiling. The proper temperature will be 150°. When they are opened the white will be of a soft jelly-like consistency, and the yolk soft, but not liquid. It will, in fact, be uniformly cooked, no part of the white appearing raw, as is ordinarily the case in soft boiled eggs, but all soft and tender, and yet coagulated.

He that swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

The cloth dresses composed of a blue skirt worn with a red jacket and red toque, made popular by English women last autumn on "the Lakes," is fashionable in Paris as a skating costume and an excursion suit.

The Princess of Wales.

The Princess of Wales is adored by the English conservatives and radicals alike, writes a correspondent, and it was a lucky day, indeed, for the heir apparent when he took the sweet and high-minded daughter of the king of Denmark to wife. Her popularity is rivaled only by that of Mr. Gladstone, and it is even greater than his, for London is hers, heart and soul, as well as the provinces. To look at this pretty and girlish woman no one would imagine that she was forty years of age, and the mother of several children, including two great boys, one of whom has just attained his majority. Although H. R. H. holds herself so well that, when seated in her carriage or in the box of a theatre, she seems a tall woman, yet in reality she is *petite*. The princess dresses her hair rather high, and wears high heels. She is always attired to perfection, and usually in white or black in the evening, and in very quiet colors during the day; but her costume at night, however simple, is set off by the most magnificent jewels, so that she literally "blazes like a jeweled sun." Her royal highness is somewhat deaf, but not seriously so. The present writer has seen her many times in public, and has always been impressed with the grace and delicacy of her type of beauty, and the unaffected goodness that seems to surround her like an atmosphere. The princess is always cheered to the echo and fairly mobbed by the enthusiastic public. I have seen her seated in the royal coach, returning in state from Buckingham palace to Marlborough house, preceded by out-riders, a diadem on her fair brow, and gorgeously attired; again, at a garden party, accompanied by her little daughter clinging to the skirts of her gown, as she walked along between the ranks of ladies courtesying, and men with their heads uncovered; again, driving in Hyde park late in the afternoon with the little princesses, or sailing out to the royal yacht anchored off the Isle of Wight, the ribbons of her sun-hat fluttering in the fresh breeze, her dress a simple blue serge, and, still again, selling roses for charity at the fête held in the Horticultural society's grounds in South Kensington. The princess is a familiar, but always an isolated, figure in English daily life.

Beautifulizing the Aged.

A dilapidated old looking-glass was recently made very pretty and ornamental in the following manner. The glass was a large old-fashioned one, with vaneered mahogany frame and divided by a small veneered barmear the upper portion of the glass. The frame and glass were thoroughly cleaned and dried, and the frame and bar given a coat or two of the diamond paint known as "artists' black," and when dry an ivy vine in bronze paint was painted in stencil around the frame and across the bar, shaded with the gold paint. The veins of the leaves were traced with a fine camel's hair brush with the silver paint. The stencils for this work were made from three or four leaves in different sizes taken from a natural vine of English ivy, outlined on a stiff paste-board and cut out, and the vine or stem of vine was traced with a medium sized camel's hair brush without the aid of a pattern. The ornamental part of the frame having been completed the glass was laid flat on a large table and a perforated paper pattern, such as is used for embroidery purposes, stretched tightly across the upper portion of the glass, the bottom of the pattern being brought close to the upper edge of the dividing bar, so that the grasses, etc., of which it was composed, seemed to grow from beneath it. The pattern was powdered on with a pounce, then traced lightly over with a camel's hair brush dipped in oil paint. The design represented swamp grasses and golden-rod. The grasses were traced in outline with two or three shades of olive green and brown in oil paints, mixed with a little varnish. The golden-rod was painted with the diamond paint in bronze and gold, and the effect was that of a miniature pond or sheet of water surrounded by grasses and wild flowers, and the novelty and beauty of it all can be more easily imagined than described. Many old picture frames and smaller glasses might be treated to advantage in the same way, and the work is comparatively easy.

Household Hints.

To clean bottles, cut a new potato into small pieces and put them into the bottle along with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake all well together in the bottle till every mark is removed and rinse with clear water. This, says an exchange, will remove green marks of vegetation or other discolorations. Hard-crusted bottles may be cleaned off by rinsing with water and small shot.

It is said that the following is a perfect cure for corns: Dissolve a little pearl—a few worthless pearl buttons will do—in the juice of a lemon; this will occupy a few days, when a creamy ointment will be produced. Moisten a piece of rag with this and apply it to the corn for a few mornings, and surprising results will soon follow.

A correspondent gives the following as an instant remedy for toothache: Procure a small piece of zinc and a bit of silver, any silver coin will do; place the zinc on one side of the affected gum and the silver on the other. By bringing the edges together, the small current of electricity generated will immediately and painlessly stop the toothache.

To paint windows in imitation of stained glass, first draw a design on paper, then paint it and affix it to the outside of the pane with a little gum. Then paint the inside over the design with varnished colors. In this way the same design may be used as often as desired, and the most brilliant hues may be obtained, as the colors are transparent and cannot be distinguished from stained glass. Use a separate brush for every color, and never use for any other until it has been well washed with oil of turpentine. The coloring must not be too thick, and can be tempered with a small quantity of oil of turpentine. Paint the lighter colors on the lighter parts of the design first, and then the darker shades on the shaded parts. The glass should then be placed in a warm, dry place for a few days. If the glass is in the window-sash, keep the windows shut, as no dust must get on the work.

How to Raise "Slips."

Take care that the slip is made from the young or green shoot; stick it about an inch deep in a plate or saucer filled with wet, fresh-water sand; and take care that the sand in the saucer is kept wet by adding a little water to it each day until the slips show the small roots. The saucer holding the slips should be placed in some sunny window.

The slips will begin to show the little roots in from two to three weeks after being put in saucers. They should then be potted in little pots about two inches deep, which the gardeners call thumb-pots. The slips should be potted in rich, soft mould, which can be procured from any florist. Good garden earth will also do, only it must not be wet and sticky. If it can only be got in very wet condition, dry stove-ashes may be mixed with it.

When the slips are to be potted, first fill the little flower-pot full of earth, then with the fore-finger make a hole in the centre big enough to put the roots in. Gently press the earth all around the roots, making it level and smooth on the top; then with a watering pot sprinkle slightly the slips, now plants. Every other day they will require watering until they begin to put little white roots to the edge of the pot, which can be seen by giving the pot a tap on the table, and turning the contents out just like jelly from a glass. After the soil in the little pots gets filled with roots, which will be in four or five weeks from the time the slips were placed in them it will be well to transplant into pots three or four inches deep. By May the slips that were put in the saucers to root in February or March will have made plants large enough to set out in the open garden.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Every part of the soul, if it comes to any largeness or any strength, goes through discipline—the withholding and the imposition of things desired.

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GEM RING.—Thos. S. Wallace, Clayton, Adams Co., Ill.

BROOCH.—Mrs. A. Brown, Little River, N. S.; Margaret Cockburn, 109 Britannia, Montreal; Mary S. Gricerson, Dundas.

DOZEN SILVER SPOONS.—Mrs. W. Stirling, 253 Gray St., London, O.; Bella Patrick, Rockton; Sarah E. Stitson, Bouck's Hill; Mrs. H. M. McLaren, London, O.

CRUET STAND.—Mrs. J. W. Windealt, 519 St. James St., Montreal.

TORONTO PAST AND PRESENT.—T. J. Lacey, W. Caledonia, Queen's Co., N. S.; Martha Elliott, Cootchill.

BUTTERKNIFE.—Eliz. J. Alexander, 205 Brunswick Ave., Toronto; Maggie Craig, Clinton; G. Y. Iveson, Glen Ross; Rev. W. H. Buckler, Deloraine, Man.; John Fielden, Gaspereaux, Kings Co., N. S.; Geo. Nowlode, Yorkton; Bella McVern, Toronto; E. F. Lincoln, Oak Grove.

\$43,535.00

A NEW PLAN.

FINE CITY RESIDENCE GIVEN AWAY

FOR ONE DOLLAR ONLY.

"TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 14.

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

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

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

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

You can compete any number of times in this competition. Send one dollar now, don't delay, with answers to these questions, and you will stand a good chance among the SECOND and THIRD, and more particularly for the GREAT MIDDLE reward, the residence, as the advertisement has been out some time.

Then send one dollar, say one month hence, and another in competition for the Consolation Rewards, and among the lot you are almost certain to strike something well worth having, perhaps even a prize for each dollar sent.

Of course your answers to the Bible questions must be correct to secure any reward. Don't lose an hour now in sending off the first dollar. Read the full particulars. For each dollar sent your term of subscription will be extended four months.

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

A GOOD GUARANTEE. Reader, you need not have any misgivings about this offer. Mr. Wilson has been in business for nine years as a publisher, and has honorably met every engagement and fulfilled all promises.

Though money has been actually lost on this scheme, in order to carry it out squarely, yet he is not dissatisfied with the result, as TRUTH has been splendidly established and his own business reputation well built up.

This will, however, positively be the last competition this year, and perhaps altogether, so don't lose the present opportunity of securing a valuable prize with TRUTH. A good guarantee for the future now lies in the fact that the publisher cannot now afford to do otherwise than honorably carry out his promises, as to fail at all would forfeit the result of the efforts of nearly a whole business life time.

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

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

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto 1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs..... 800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 600
14 to 18. Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-cases or open-face watches..... 540
20 to 21. Eleven solid gold silver hunting-cases or open-face watches..... 230
31 to 70. Forty-five nickel silver case watches of good movements..... 400
71. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
72 to 200. One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs..... 780
501 to 600. Three hundred fine solid rolled gold brooches, newest designs..... 900
501. Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 50

- SECOND REWARDS.
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....\$200
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent grand square pianos.....1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs..... 600
8 to 15. Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 750
16 to 24. Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches..... 1,770
29 to 40. Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets..... 730
41 to 70. Thirty gentlemen's solid gold silver hunting case watches..... 900
71 to 92. Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings 100. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
101 to 131. Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant designs..... 825
136 to 200. One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 850
306 to 324. Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 510
510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine butter knives..... 500
716. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

- THIRD REWARDS.
1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood square pianos.....\$1,520
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold, beautifully engraved watches..... 400
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
18 to 23. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopedia (10 vols. to set)..... 200
24 to 33. Nine solid gold silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 300
34. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
40 to 80. Fifty-one solid gold gem rings..... 600
91 to 121. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
122 to 200. Eighty-one half-dozen solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes, well-bound, Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 450
401. One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

THE GREAT MIDDLE REWARD OF THE WHOLE COMPETITION.

"TRUTH" VILLA,

a fine, well-situated dwelling house, on a good residence street in the City of Toronto. Street and number, plan of the house and all particulars will be given in TRUTH in the course of a few weeks. The house is semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, front and back stairs, and all modern conveniences. The winner must consent to allow the name "Truth Villa" to remain on the house, as a memento of the enterprise of TRUTH.

- FOURTH REWARDS.
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine upright pianos, by Mason & Hirsch, Toronto..... 1,500
5 and 6. Two fine-toned, 10-stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm..... 500
7, 8 and 9. Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services..... 200
10 to 18. Six gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 600
19 to 20. Five ladies' solid gold watches..... 450
21 to 29. Nine renowned sewing machines 50. Ten Dollars in Gold..... 10
31 to 40. Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-cases or open-faced, coin-silver watches..... 300

- 41 to 50. Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 200
51 to 100. Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons..... 400
101 to 310. One hundred thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries..... 300
311 to 510. Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper..... 60
511. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
FIFTH REWARDS.
1. One hundred dollars in Gold Coin..... \$100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos..... 2,100
10 to 20. Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches..... 1,000
21 to 32. Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services..... 1,400
51 to 70. Thirty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns..... 2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopedia..... 2,000
111 to 132. Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid gold silver hunting case or open face watches..... 600
133. Two hundred dollars in gold..... 200
134. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
135 to 152. Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches..... 540
153 to 250. One hundred and eighty-eight half-dozen sets of heavy silver plated Tea Spoons..... 900
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty volumes of a most fascinating novel, (bound in paper)..... 100

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

- CONSOLATION REWARDS.
1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin... \$200
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 150
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-cases watches..... 800
19 to 23. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
30 to 31. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 415
91 to 150. Sixty-half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 200
151. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
152 to 190. One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Olographs..... 400
191 to 201. One hundred and eleven volumes of a most fascinating novel, by a celebrated author..... 50

METHOD OF MAKING AWARDS.

As fast as the answers come to hand they are carefully numbered in the order they are received, and at the close of the competition (Sept. 30th) the letters will be divided into SIX EQUAL QUANTITIES, and to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, including the consolation rewards, will be given the residence referred to above. Then to the sender of the first correct answers up to number 501 in the FIRST REWARDS, and up to number 710 in the SECOND REWARDS, and up to number 401 in the THIRD REWARDS, and up to 511 in the FOURTH REWARDS, and up to 600 in the FIFTH REWARDS, and up to 401 in the SIXTH and last, or CONSOLATION REWARDS, will be given the prizes as stated in each of the lists. Fifteen days only will be allowed after date of closing for answers in competition for consolation rewards to reach TRUTH Office from distant points.

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

HOW TO SEND.

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

This competition is advertised only in Canada, and Canadians therefore have a better opportunity than residents of other countries. The rewards, however, are distributed over the whole term of the competition that anyone, living anywhere, may be successful.

TRUTH is a 28 page weekly magazine, well printed and carefully edited. A full page of newest music each week, two or three fascinating serial and one or two stories, Post's Page, Young Folks, Health, Temperance, and Ladies' Fashion Department Illustrated. In the contributors' pages may be found during the

course lead... M.A. S. D. Fincl... J. J. many... In which publ... selec... gentl... Shor... the... extra... publ... para... this... Y... for well good above possi... case dred read wou fine FRA... Tor... T... BI... T... the... the... Six... 2... Lin... Ric... Ori... Ont... Ma... 206... H... Job... Tor... St... St... Jan... bar... 15... 42... 21... M... 21... M... Y... 23... 22... tr... N... H... M... W... Ri... Ar... Gr... W... H... Fr... W... M... 23... E... M... N... P... G... M... M... S... 21... 21... ca... 3... H... G... V... 1

course of the year articles from most of the leading and representative men of Canada...

In addition to the Bible competitions which are from time to time offered, the publisher also gives every week the following valuable prizes...

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF. You are sure to get TRUTH for four months for the dollar sent, and that alone is well worth the money.

THE WINNERS. -IN- OUR GREAT BIBLE COMPETITION, NUMBER 13.

MIDDLE REWARDS. The persons named below have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the rewards named:-

- SILVER PLATED TEA SPOONS.-(CONTINUED.) 200, John W. Britten, conductor G. T. R., Lindsay, Ont.; 201, William Robinson, Richmond Hill, Ont.; 202, Maggie Sparling, Orillia, Ont.; 203, Janie Murray, Whitby, Ont.; 204, Cora Mattice, Portage La Prairie, Man.; 205, Lizzie Lattimer, Burford, Ont.; 206, Joseph Ramer, Ringwood, Ont.; 207, H. B. Lyning, Brantford, Ont.; 208 Mrs. John Stinson, 215 and 217 King St. E., Toronto; 209, John Billingshurst, 76 Hope St., City; 210, Mrs. J. Godson, 506, Church St., City; 211, W. J. Gore, West Toronto Junction; 212, William Mills, 115 Markham St., City; 213, William Monkhouse, 15 Harbord St., City; 214, H. P. Henning, 42 Dovercourt Road, Toronto; 215, Miss M. O. Golsion, 508 Church St., Toronto; 216, J. R. Common, Angelica, N. York; 217, C. F. Gale, Portage, Wisconsin; 218, Mrs. Mary E. Veitch, Morristown, N. York; 219, L. B. Tilton, Dudley sta., Ohio; 220, I. J. La Prentiss, New Brighton, Pa.; 221, Allie Doyle, 183 Charlotte Ave., Detroit, Mich.; 222, Christina Clausen, 192 North Curtis St., Chicago, Ill.; 223, C. D. Herrmann, 115 West 47 St., Chicago; 224, M. C. Brooks, Monroe, Wisconsin; 225, F. W. Drake, Lawrenceville, N. York; 226, Richard Runciman, Sandwich, Ill.; 227, Anna McMinns, Rensselaer, N. Y.; 228, Geo. W. Terris, Sandy Hill, N. Y.; 229, Walter Trayman, Barre Centre, N. Y.; 230, H. Mory, New Westminister, B. C.; 231, James Huson, 31 Mount St., Stratford, Ont.; 232, Frank R. Whitsett, Cobourg, Ont.; 233, Wellington Ogden, Fort Hope, Ont.; 234, Maggie Wagner, Dickinson Landing, Ont.; 235, Mark H. Ellis, Moonfield, Ont.; 236, Emma Brodie, Straham P. O., Dakota; 237, Mrs. Armanda Andrews, Lisbon, Ont.; 238, Nettie Munns, 101 Winnipeg Ave., St. Pauls, Minn.; 239, Stephen D. Avery, Griffin's Mills, N. Y.; 240, Agnes Fraser, Moksaworth P. O., Ont.; 241, Minatta T. H. Mandle, Komptville, Ontario; 242, Mrs. Solder, 10 Water Street, Toronto City; 243, John Knott, Pembroke, Ontario; 244, Mrs. Thos. Rombrodt, 311 West Chicago Ave., Chicago; 245, N. W. Bunker, 127 324 Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 246, A. S. Helm, 188 North Carpenter St., Chicago; 247, John Grindel, 25 N. State St., Chicago; 248, Louis Wegner, 434 West Erie St., Chicago; 249 Mrs. S. J. Clydale, Norwood P. O., Ont.;

- 250, Miss Maggie C. Mattice, Portage La Prairie, Man.; 251, D. P. Leroy, Peterboro', Ont.; 252, Jas. Marnie, "Marringhurst", Man.; 253, George Barclay, Cartwright P. O., Ont.; 254, Samuel Appleby, Paris P. O., Ont.; 255, Miss Engina McDonald, Hamilton, Ont.; 256, Ennio Stokes, Welland P. O., Ont.; 257, Miss M. E. Trons, Hopville, Ont.; 258, Ella T. Wyatt, Brooklyn, Ont.; 259, Mrs. George Newton, 97 Ann St., Toronto; 260, W. E. Taylor, 16 Clyde St., Toronto; 261, Frederick E. Llowollyn, care of Marshall Field & Co., State and Washington Sts., Chicago, Ill.; 262, Mrs. M. J. Brown, 87 E. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 263, James F. Glover, Daily News, 123 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 264, Frank J. Wilson, care of Marshall Field & Co., State and Washington Sts., Chicago, Ill.; 265, John Laurinson 304 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.; 266, Thomas W. Coates, 80 35th St., Chicago, Ill.; 267, Mrs. Hattie A. Maitton, 417 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; 268, C. A. McCamber, 569 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.; 269, Robert F. Winslow, 419 Irving Place, Chicago; 270, Mrs. J. Bodmer, 432, E. Davidson St., Chicago; 271, Arthur W. Roland, Belleville, Ont.; 272, Mrs. A. L. Fyfe, 292 N. Clark St., Chicago; 273, Mrs. J. H. Sacksteder, East Randolph, N. Y.; 274, Mr. M. E. Kimzey, Prairie Co., Oregon; 275, Walter S. Coleman, Gardner, Mass.; 276, Grace Daniels, Beverly, W. T.; 277, R. L. Hare, Westkill, N. Y.; 278, R. D. McCarthy, Omaha, Neb.; 279, J. A. Cleveland, Alma, N. B.; 280, J. H. Noonan, St. Johns, Nfld.; 281, Julius M. Woodworth, Lacolle, P. Q.; 282, Mrs. A. C. Hutton, Woodlands; 283, Mrs. Helen Wilson, Irving Park, Ill.; 284, C. H. Stanton, 33 Davenport Road, Toronto; 285, Edward Curran, Sobrigit, Ont.; 286, Mrs. J. Edgar, 12 Shuter St. City; 287, Jane Day, 2 Beverly House, Belmont St.; 288, John McDonald, Cornwall, Ont.; 289, Edward Boyd, Tiverton, Ont.; 290, B. Davis, 4011 State St., Chicago, Ill.; 291, Mrs. A. M. Kemp, Gravenhurst, Ont.; 292, J. McPherson, Beeton, Ont.; 293, John W. Reist, Herdsburg, Ont.; 294, Silas Borden, Fall River, Mass.; 295, Mrs. C. Elgie, Dawn Mills, Ont.; 296, Wm. Lenze, Plover, Ont.; 297, Emma Coulter, Thomasburg, Ont.; 298, John Black, Moundsville, W. Va.; 299, Daniel McAllum, Jerrets Corners, Ont.; 300, Mrs. J. Ross, East Branch, N. Sar.; 301, Lorne Arkley, Millfield, Que.; 302, Chas. Casselman, Huntsville, Ont.; 303, Thos. Amundson, 296 13th Place, Chicago, Ill.; 304, R. C. Silk, Sheldburne, Ont.; 305, I. J. Coda, Customs Dept. Ottawa; 306, D. R. McPherson, Faversham, Ont.; 307, Daniel Snider, Edgely, Ont.; 308, David Tracy, Green Bank, Ont.; 309, Miss H. D. Keller, Chippawa, Ont.; 310, Mabro Porter, Phelpsston, Ont.; 311, Juli Autie, North Stockholm, N. Y.; 312, Lydia Robinson, Redins, Tenn.; 313, E. Chapin, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; 314, Mrs. Thos. Stevenson, Rivers-town, Ont.; 315, Geo. Fountner, Morewood, Ont.; 316, Mrs. Martel, 61 Bellevue Ave., City; 317, Allie Baker, 1081 Yonge St., City; 318, Lillian Curtis, Racine, Ohio; 319, Elizabeth Moor, Big Hollow, N. Y.; 320, Geo. Mills, Litchfield, Mich.; 321, Mrs. W. Sewell, Hinsdale, Ill.; 322, Mrs. H. N. Jodge, Monticello, Iowa; 323, Henry Dresser, 199 Spring St., Portland, Maine; 324, Mary McKinnis, Oak Bridge, Ohio; 325, Wm. Dobson, Yatic, Ct.; 326, A. B. Knight, Otter River, Mass.; 327, Isabella Campbell, New Brighton, N. Y.; 328, A. Knox, Trenton, Ont.; 329, Lillian Hutchin-son, Bowmanville, Ont.; 330, S. M. Cleo-land, Thorold, Ont.; 331, Anna Fitzsimons, Clinton, Ont.; 332, Mrs. McPherson, Woodstock, Ont.; 333, W. Summers, 50 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont.; 334, John Smith Lachine Rapids, Que.; 335, Mrs. Nettie Briggs, Cumax, Iowa; 336, C. Hamarback, Chesterton, Indiana; 337, Mrs. H. P. Cownorthwaite Cornwall P. E. Island; 338, James Treedy, Plympton Man.; 339, Mrs. Lilly Keirstead, Collins, N.B.; 340, Mrs. P. W. Hall, Mount Tran-quill, Que.; 341, Timothy Clark, Brooks-bury, Que.; 342, Ella Ryckman, Lunley, Ont.; 343, Maggie Quin, Berkeley Ont.; 344, Mrs. Jno. Boden, Midland City, Ont.; 345, Mrs. M. Ashby, Waupoose, Ont.; 346, Jno. A. McArthur, Daart, Ont.; 347, Ade-laido Ferguson, Sydney, C. Breton; 348, Jno. Prescott, Rutherford, Ontario; 350, James H. Morvyn, Allan Park, Ontario. 351 to 600 - Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design - 351, Miss Lora E. Martin, Hastings Centre, New York; 352, John E. Dickerson, Whricksville, Ohio; 353, Dr. T. Holbrook, Seneca Falls, Ont.; 354, Jennie J. Morse,

- Roby's Corner, N. H.; 355, Janet A. Robert-son, Cartwright, Man.; 356, Geo. Duck, Prince Albert, N.W.T.; 467, Miss E. A. Isaac, Maple Ridge, B.C.; 358, Mrs. A. Maitland, Rutherford, Man.; 359, Charles P. Wilcox, Rutherford, Man.; 360, Jacob B. Hoover, Mongolla, Ont.; 361, Peter Rose, Houdrick, Ont.; 362, Mrs. Margaret, C. Muirhead, Ont.; 363, Dr. M. S. Wado, Savorias Ferry, B.C.; 364, Robt. McQuade, box 39, Onemeco, Ont.; 365, Mrs. J. W. Driver, Nelson, Man.; 366, Mrs. Wm. W. Hollidsy, Midland, Ont.; 367, Mrs. F. O. White, St. Thomas, Ont.; 368, Mrs. R. K. Flooter, Chatham, Ont.; 369, Fred. Kleist, Walkerton, Ont.; 370, Mrs. Alex. Hewson, Paris, Ont.; 371, Mrs. H. Faust, Blenheim, Ont.; 372, Edmund Troyer, Hensall, Ont.; 373, John McArthur, "Banker," Heusall, Ont.; 374, Sarah F. Shaw, Sharpsville, In-diana; 375, G. E. Maddock, Watford, Ont.; 376, Mrs. Ella Sudworth, Ingersoll, Ont.; 377, Elsi Bogardus, Montrose, Ont.; 378, Harrio G. Hawk, Pullman, Ill.; 379, Maggie A. Jones, Granville, Ohio; 380, Peter S. Goldsmith, Belleville, Ont.; 381, E. De La Hooke, 366 Queen st west, City; 382, Mrs. H. Cameron, Farmersville, Ont.; 383, Mrs. Lule Hare, Rochester, N. Y.; 384, W. G. Hughes, Arthur, Ont.; 385, Alex. McIvor, McIvor P. O., Ont.; 386, Maggie Peters, Fisherville, Ont.; 387, Jane Miller, Kelvin, Ont.; 388, Maggie McInnes, Carwell, Ont.; 389, Wm. M. Ames, Cranbrook, Ont.; 390, S. Jane Hen-derson, Bervie, Ont.; 391, Geo. M. Van Dusen, Cressy, Ont.; 392, Mrs. Richard Bunt, Nissouri, Ont.; 393, Jennie Logan, Florence, Ont.; 394, D. Kemp, Forest, Ont.; 395, James Gander, Merriton, Ont.; 396, Alexander Laird, Gorrie, Ont.; 397, Levi Vansickle, Delhi, Ont.; 398, Mrs. Chas. White, Drayton, Ont.; 399, Emma Haydon, Brampton, Ont.; 400, Henry Oldurshaw, St. Marys, Ont.; 401, Daniel Lin'say, Walkerton, Ont.; 402, David Lindsay, Walkerton, Ont.; 403, Maggie Fraser, Harrisburg, Ont.; 404, Maggie Porteous, Ingersoll, Ont.; 405, Henry Har-vey, Carleton Place, Ont.

Can Deafness be Cured?

Mr. John Clark, of Milldridge, Ont., de-clares it can, and that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the remedy that cured him. It is also a specific for all inflammation and pain.

Some of the latest dressing gowns are simple robes of muslin, Sarah, or veiling, with elbow sleeves trimmed with wide lace ruffles, and lace to match in the neck.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action, are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physi-cians, prominent clergymen, and many of our best citizens.

Tucked skirts, the tucks overlapping on the other, sometimes in clusters, graduated, seem to be taking the place of flounces.

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dys-pepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Velvet and moire combined make a very rich frock, especially when tinsel pas-samenteries to match the color of the dress are used as trimmings

Mrs Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured. There are base imitations of this medicine for sale; so that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

A small bow of bright-colored ribbon plaed a little on one side of the high collar, sometimes directly on top, is the latest caprice for the hair.

Furred tongue and impure breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

Exchange Department.

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

"Fancy Work Recreations," the most complete book of its kind. Plain rules for knitting and crocheting everything, also a chapter on other kinds of fancy work. Fully illustrated, 350 pages. Price \$2 per copy. Agents wanted everywhere, for particulars and circulars address Buckeye Pub. Co., Minneapo-lis, Minnesota. If you do not act as agent send \$2 to the publisher for a copy for your own use.

A few good books, magazines, etc., a pair of B. & L. ice club skates, for a porcupine, possum, or prairie-dog. F. SNOOK, 204 Third St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Seven picture advertisement cards, for every clean piece of satin, plush, silk, or velvet. FLORENCE NEZ LANS, Box 646, Lindsay, Ont., Can.

A receipt for arcedial soap, the best in use, and full instructions for polishing shells for every 3 fine tubulars sent mo. S. A. HOWES, Battle Creek, Mich.

Two pieces of gray green rock, one having a perfect flint and the other a perfect in white, for a pocket fruit-knife and nut pick combined. HALL F. HOZE, North Fairfield, Maine.

An Excelsior printing-press (chase 5 by 7 1/2 inches inside). In good order, for job type. Please send proof of type and state its condition. The press has a good 6-inch roller. A. D. BAWAR, Lyndon, Cal-doula Co., Vt.

A telegraph key and sounder in fair condition and a good violin (without a bow), for the best offer of a watch, printing-press, or marble lamp of equal value. M. SMITH, Beaches Corner, Greeno Co., N. Y.

Send ten cents in silver for unabridged catalogue of premium bearing gold, silver nickel, and copper coins, and specimen copies of the good story papers. ANDREW STRANS, Bangor, Maine.

200 acres in Awarauth Township, Dufferin County, to exchange for small farm, or desirable town or vil-lage property. Write for full particulars, and give description of your property. WILLIAM GRAY, Box 110, Orangeville, Ont.

Would exchange gent's hunting-cased watch, cost \$30.00; Napoleon revolver, cost \$10, bedoungue, al-most new, cost \$15.00, for phaeton or covered buggy. Phaeton with children's seat in front. D. GALLOWAY, 101 Church St., Toronto.

Wanted, a book of quotations from best authors, entitled "Many thoughts on many things," by Henry Southgall. Must be in good condition. Will either buy or exchange. Address Nora Laugher, 238 Church St., Toronto.

For sale or exchange, 1 volume of Tennyson's poems, complete, 750 pages, handsomely bound. 2 rubber printing outfits with type-holders, pads, ink, tweezers, and all complete, one with plain type, the other with old English. Price \$1.25 each. Also one gas-burner, new, can be used on a common lamp, with printed directions for using, price 75c; for best offer in two weeks. Accepted offers answered. JOSEPH SAMSON, JR., Shanty Bay, Ont., Can.

OUR NEW STORY.

Lovers of a tale of which thrilling situa-tions, a well worked out plot and admirable descriptive passages form a part, will be gratified by the perusal of the story com-menced in this number of TRUTH, entitled "In an Evil Moment," by Mr. Harry Blyth, editor of the Glasgow Chief, and another of a large number of stories which have been most flatteringly received on the other side of the Atlantic. The scene of "In an Evil Moment" is laid in New Zealand, descriptions of which country abound in the work, and cannot fail to prove most interesting. Ad-vance sheets of this story have received most flattering press notices in England and Scotland, and we have great pleasure in publishing it for the first time in the pages of TRUTH, feeling confident that it will meet with that appreciation from our read-ers to which it is entitled.

Who Wants to Swap?

Attention is called to the "Exchange Department" of this journal, which must prove a most valuable medium for those having articles they wish to exchange in which to make known their wishes. Large numbers of our subscribers and others have already availed themselves of this depart-ment as a means of announcing their wants, and it is evidently a very popular one. Sub-scribers have the privilege of making use of the Exchange Department free, whilst of others the small fee of twenty-five cents is required for inserting each announcement

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing those trouble-some excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI:

AS CHRONICLED BY HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED.)

Then I come back and set down again, and says:

"Don't you holler. Just set still, and take it like a man. I got to tell the truth, and you want to brace up, Miss Mary, because it's a bad kind, and going to be hard to take, but there ain't no help for it. These uncles of yours ain't no uncles at all; they're a couple of frauds—regular dead-beats. There, now we're over the worst of it—you can stand the rest middling easy."

It jolted her up like everything, of course; but I was over the shot water now, so I went right along, her eyes a-blazing higher and higher all the time, and told her every blame thing, from where we first struck that young fool going up to the steamboat, clear through to where she flung herself onto the king's breast at the front door and he kissed her sixteen or seventeen times. And then up she jumps, with her face afire like sunset, and says:

"The brute! Come—don't waste a minute—not a second—we'll have them tarred and feathered, and flung in the river!"

Says I:

"Cert'nly. But do you mean before you go to Mr. Lothrop's, or—"

"Oh," she says, "what am I thinking about!" she says, and set right down again. "Don't mind what I said—please don't—you won't, now, will you?"—laying her silky hand on mine in that kind of a way that I said I would die first. "I never thought, I was so stirred up," she says. "Now go on, and I won't do so any more. You tell me what to do, and whatever you say, I'll do it."

"Well," I says, "it's a rough gang, them three frauds, and I'm fixed so I got to travel with them a while longer, whether I want to or not—I druther not tell you why—and if you was to blow on them this town would get me out of their claws, and I'd be all right; but there'd be another person that you don't know about who'd be in big trouble. Well, we got to save him, hain't we? Of course. Well, then, we won't blow on them."

Saying them words put a good idea in my head. I see how may be I could get me and Jim rid of the frauds; get them jailed here, and then leave. But I didn't want to run the raft in daytime, without anybody to answer questions but me; so I didn't want the plan to begin working till pretty late to-night, I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, I'll tell you what we'll do—and you won't have to stay at Mr. Lothrop's so long, nuther. How fur is it?"

"A little short of four miles—right out in the country, back here."

"Well, that'll answer. Now you go along out there, and lay low till nine or half-past to-night, and then get them to fetch you home again—tell them you've thought of something. If you get here before eleven, put a candle in this window, and if I don't turn up, wait till eleven; and then if I don't turn up, it means I'm gone, and out of the way, and safe. Then you come out and spread the news around, and get these beats jailed."

"Good," she says. "I'll do it."

"And if it just happens so that I don't get away, but get took up along with them, you must up and say I told you the whole thing beforehand, and you must stand by me all you can."

"Stand by you! indeed I will. They shan't touch a hair of your head!" she says.

"If I get away, I shan't be here," I says, "to prove these rascalions ain't your uncles, and I couldn't do it if I was here. I could swear that they was beats and bummers, that's all; though that's worth something. Well, there's others can do that better than what I can—and they're people that ain't going to be doubted as quick as I'd be. I'll tell you how to find them. Gimme a pencil and a piece of paper. There—*Royal, Nonesuch, Bricksville.*" Put it away, and don't lose it. When the court wants to find out something about these two, let them send up to Bricksville and say they've got the men that played the 'Royal Nonesuch,' and ask for some witnesses. Why, you'll have that entire town down here before you can hardly wink, Miss Mary; and they'll come a-biling, too."

I judged we had got everything fixed about right now; so I says:

"Just let the auction go right along, and don't worry. Nobody don't have to pay for the things they buy till a whole day after the auction, on accounts of the short notice, and they ain't going out of this till they get that money; and the way we've fixed it, the sale ain't going to count, and they ain't going to get no money. It's just like the way it was with the niggers—it war't no sale, and the niggers will be back before long. Why, the can't collect the money for the niggers yet—they're in the worst kind of a fix, Miss Mary."

"Well," she says, "I'll run down to breakfast now, and then I'll start straight for Mr. Lothrop's."

"Decid, that ain't the ticket, Miss Mary Jane," I says, "by no manner of means; go before breakfast. Do you reckon you can go and face your uncles, when they come to kiss you good-morning, and never—"

"There, there, don't! Yes, I'll go before breakfast—I'll be glad to. And leave my sisters with them?"

"Yes—never mind about them. They've got to stand it yet awhile. They might suspicion something if all of you was to go. I don't want you to tell them, nor your sisters, nor nobody in town. If a neighbor was to ask how is you—uncles this morning, your face would tell something. No; you go right along, Miss Mary Jane, and I'll fix it with all of them. I'll tell Miss Susan to give your love to your uncles and say you've went away for a few hours for to get a little rest and change, or to see a friend, and you'll be back to-night or early in the morning."

"Gone to see a friend is all right, but I won't have love given to them."

"Well, then, it shan't be." It was well enough to tell her so. Then I says: "There's one more thing—that bag of money."

"Well, they've got that; and it makes me feel pretty silly to think how they got it."

"No, you're out there. They hain't got it."

"Why, who's got it?"

"I wished I knowed, but I don't. I had it, because I stole it from them; and I stole it to give to you; and I know where I hid it, but I'm afraid it ain't there no more. I'm awful sorry, Miss Mary Jane, but I'm just as sorry as I can be; but I done the best I could; I did honest. I come nigh getting caught, and I had to shove it into the first place I come to, and run—and it warn't a good place."

"Oh, stop blaming yourself—it's too bad to do it, and I won't allow it; you couldn't help it—it warn't your fault. Where did you hide it?"

I didn't want to set her to thinking about her trouble again, so for a minute I didn't say nothing—then I says:

"I'd rather not tell you where I put it, Miss Mary Jane, if you don't mind letting me off; but I'll write it for you on a piece of paper, and you can read it along the road to Mr. Lothrop's, if you want to. Do you reckon that'll do?"

"Oh, yes."

So I wrote: "I put it in the coffin. It was in there when you was crying there, away in the night. I was behind the door, and I was mighty sorry for you, Miss Mary Jane."

It made my eyes water a little to remember her crying there all by herself in the night, and them devils laying there right under her own roof, shamming her and robbing her; and when I folded it up and give it to her, I see the water come into her eyes, too; and she shook me by the hand, hard, and says:

"Good-by. I'm going to do everything just as you've told me; and if I don't ever see you again, I shan't ever forget you, and I'll think of you many and many a time, and I'll pray for you, too!"—and she was gone.

Pray for me! I reckoned if she knowed me she'd take a job that was more nearer her size. But I bet she done it, just the same—she was just that kind. She had the grit to pray for Judas, if she took the notion—there warn't no back-down to her, I judge. You may say what you want to, but in my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it

ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty—and goodness, too—she lays over them all. I hain't ever seen her since that time that I see her go out of that door; no, I hain't ever seen her since, but I reckon I've thought of her a many and a many a million times, and of her saying she would pray for me; and if ever I'd thought it would do any good for me to pray for her, blamed if I wouldn't 'a' done it or bust.

Well, Miss Mary Jane she lit out the back way, I reckon; because nobody see her go. When I struck Susan and the bare lip I says: "What's the name of them people over on t'other side of the river that you all goes to see sometimes?"

They says: "There's several; but it's the Proctors mainly."

"That's the name," I says; "I most forgot it. Well, Miss Mary Jane she told me to tell you she's gone over there in a dreadful hurry—one of them's sick."

"Which one?"

"I don't know; leastways I kinder forgot; but I think it's—"

"Sakes alive, I hope it ain't Hanner?"

"I'm sorry to say it," I says, "but Hanner's the very one."

"Aly goodness—and she so well only last week! Is she took bad?"

"It ain't no name for it. They set up with her all night, Miss Mary Jane said, and they don't think she'll last many hours."

"Only think of that, now! What's the matter with her?"

I couldn't think of anything reasonable, right off that way, so I says:

"Mumps."

"Mumps your granny! They don't set up with people that's got the mumps."

"They don't, don't they? You better bet they do with these mumps. These mumps is different. It's a new kind, Miss Mary Jane said."

"How's it a new kind?"

"Because it's mixed up with other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, measles, and whooping-cough and erysipelas, and consumption, and yaller janders, and brain fever, and I don't know what all."

"My land! And they call it the mumps?"

"That's what Miss Mary Jane said."

"Well, what in the nation do they call it the mumps for?"

"Why, because it is the mumps. That's what it starts with."

"Well, ther' ain't no sense in it. A body might stomp his toe, and take pison, and fall down the well, and break his neck, and bust his brains out, and somebody come along and ask what killed him, and some numakull up and say, 'Why, he stumped his toe.' Would ther' be any sense in that?"

No. And ther' ain't no sense in this, nuther. Is it ketching?"

"Is it ketching? Why, how you talk. Is a narrow ketching?—in the dark?"

"Well, it's awful, I think," says the bare lip: "I'll go to Uncle Harvey and—"

"Oh, yes," I says, "I would. Of course I would. I wouldn't lose no time."

"Well, why wouldn't you?"

"Just look at it a minute, and may be you can see. Hain't your uncles obliged to get along home to England as fast as they can? And do you reckon they'd be mean enough to go off and leave you to go all that journey by yourselves? You know they'll wait for you. So far, so good. Your uncle Harvey's a preacher, ain't he? Very well, then; is a preacher going to deceive a steamboat clerk—is he going to deceive a ship clerk—so as to get them to let Miss Mary Jane go aboard? Now you know he ain't."

What will he do, then? Why, he'll say, 'It's a great pity, but my church matters has got to get along the best way they can; for my niece has been exposed to the dreadful pluriusnum mumps, and so it's my bounden duty to set down here and wait the three months it takes to show on her if she's got it.' But never mind, if you think it's best to tell your uncle Harvey—"

"Shucks, and stay fooling around here, when we could all be having good times in England, whilst we was waiting to find out whether Mary Jane's got it or not? Why, you talk like a muggins."

"Well, anyway, may be you better tell some of the neighbors."

"Listen at that, now. You do beat all for nature's stupidity. Can't you see that they'd go and tell? Ther' ain't no way but just to not tell anybody at all."

"Well, may be you're right—yes, I judge you are right."

"But I reckon we out to tell Uncl

Harvey she's gone out awhile, anyway, so he won't be uneasy about her!"

"Yes, Miss Mary Jane she wanted you to do that. She says, 'Tell them to give Uncle Harvey and William my love and a kiss, and say I've run over the river to see Mr. — Mr. — what is the name of that rich family your uncle Peter used to think so much of?—I mean the one that—'"

"Why, you must mean the Aphthorps, ain't it?"

"Of course. Bother them kind of names! A body can't ever seem to remember them, half the time, somehow. Yes, she said, say she has run over for to ask the Aphthorps to be sure and come to the auction and buy this house, because she allowed her uncle Peter would rather they had it than anybody else; and she's going to stick to them till they say they'll come, and then, if she ain't too tired, she's coming home; and if she is, she'll be home in the morning, anyway. She said, don't say nothing about the Proctors, but only about the Aphthorps—which'll be perfectly true, because she is going there to speak about their buying the house; I know it, because she told me so herself."

"All right," they said, and cleared out to lay for their uncles, and give them the love and the kisses, and tell them the message.

Everything was all right now. The girls wouldn't say nothing because they wanted to go to England; and the king and the duke would rather Mary Jane was off working for the auction than around in reach of Dr. Robinson. I felt very good. I judged I had done it pretty neat; I reckoned Tom Sawyer couldn't 'a' done it no neater himself. Of course he would 'a' thrown more style into it; but I can't do that very handy, not being brung up to it.

Well, they held the auction in the public square, along towards the end of the afternoon, and it strung along, and strung along; and the old man he was on hand and looking his level pisoned, up there alongside of the auctioneer, and chipping in a little Scripture now and then, or a little goody-goody saying of some kind; and the duke he was around goo-gooing for sympathy all he knowed how, and just spreading himself generally.

But by and by the thing dragged through, and everything was sold—everything but a little old trifling lot in the graveyard; so they'd got to work that off. I never see such a giraffe as the king was for wanting to swallow everything. Well, whilst they was at it, a steamboat landed, and in about two minutes up comes a crowd a-whooping and yelling and laughing and carrying on.

They was fetching a very nice looking old gentleman along, and a nice-looking younger one, with his right arm in a sling. And my souls how the people yelled, and laughed, and kept it up!—*February Century.*

The Transient Young Man.

"Girls," says an esteemed contemporary, "beware of the transient young man. He is slick tongued perhaps and well dressed, but one good farmer boy or mechanic whom you know thoroughly and don't know any serious ill about is worth a dozen of him." This is sound advice. The transient young man is full of awful possibilities. Take him in and you may entertain an angel unaware, but there is also a chance that he will turn out to have escaped from somewhere. It is safest, especially if he threatens to stay, to make him feel the necessity of thoroughly accounting for himself. Make him explain why he did not stay at home, and see if he did not leave his last place because he was found out. In the eyes of the community in which he has lived from birth a young frog is more or less of a tad pole. His friends are slow to recognize that he has lost his tail and has two hind legs and a bass voice. But the stranger whose first appearance is made in all the glory of the adult batrachian has no traditions to outgrow. No one ever saw him with a tail, and few people believe that he ever had one. He has that advantage over the native. It is not a fair one, and he should not be allowed to profit by it.

The responsibilities of life are gauged not by what we are but by what we may become. The man who has ventured only to the limits of his conscious force has only reached the threshold of possible attainments.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$100
2.—A Three grand upright rosewood piano 1,650
3.—A 7 and 8. Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, 310
4, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
20 to 25.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
26 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches..... 400
31.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
32 to 35.—One hundred and twenty-nine half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons..... 780
36 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) fiction, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
51.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

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

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 3 and 5.—Three elegant rosewood upright pianos.....\$1,520
4, 6, 8 and 7.—Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 500
9, 10, 11 and 11.—Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 482
12 to 17.—Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 540
18 to 23.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
24 to 28.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 300
29.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
30 to 35.—Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
36 to 41.—Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 450
42 to 50.—Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver plated tea spoons..... 415
51 to 100.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 450
101.—One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Gold..... 150

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

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins.....\$ 200
2. A 2 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,600
3. A 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
4 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces..... 300
11 to 14.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 600
15 to 23.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 590
24 to 30.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 442
31 to 100.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 380
101.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
102 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine elegant rolled gold brooches..... 560
201 to 400.—One hundred and ten volumes of most fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 60

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

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

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE.

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

Queer Trades.

The division of labor is one of the great secrets of modern civilization. In a primitive state of society the number of trades is small. One man is a shoemaker, and he makes shoes. But where the business is conducted on a large scale, and shoes are made cheaply, one man is a "laster," another a "heeler," and so on. From the time the leather is cut, until the shoe is ready to be packed in a box for shipment, a dozen men or more may have had some part in the manufacture.

The improvements and inventions of the time are constantly adding new trades. There are hundreds of men in the country whose sole occupation it is to climb telegraph poles and repair the wires. Every new invention adds one or more trades to those which give employment to men. Civilization first creates and then destroys trades. To take an example that is rather remarkable, let us notice the case of the London "dust-women." It is a high state of civilization which demands the removal to one place of the dust and ashes made by a community. A certain proportion of housekeepers are wasteful and unthrifty. This makes it worth while for men and women to sift the ashes which are removed from each house, and collect the old paper and other salable material that has been thrown away. Finally, some man buys all the dust and ashes by contract, and introduces machinery to sift it. Such is the history of the dust business in London. A few years ago the scavengers numbered thousands in London. Now they are but a few hundreds, and the number is diminishing.

In the cotton-manufacturing towns of England there is a class of men known as "knockers-up." The hour for beginning work in the factories is quite early, and these men are paid to arouse the operatives. Armed with a long pole having pieces of wire at the end, they go along the street and rattle the wires against the windows of their customers. They receive two pence a week from each customer, and as some of them have as many as a hundred people to awaken every morning, they earn in this way almost five dollars a week each!

Just now the factories are running on short time, and the operatives do not need to be awakened. So the business depression has destroyed this industry.

Home Items and Topics.

"—All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around with Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people—Methodist Clergyman.

—Ask any good doctor if Hop Bitters are not the best family medicine on earth!!!

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters.—Ed. Oswego Sun.

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

—"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay troubles incident thereto."

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop-bitters on retiring.

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

Buttons are features on spring costumes

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

Buttons are artistic in design and finish this season.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—I will send a Recipe, free to any person desiring the same, that has cured hundreds of cases of drunkenness. It can be given in a cup of tea, coffee, or even in the drunkard's much-loved whiskey, and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Enclose stamp for particulars. Address M. V. LUNON, 128 State street, Albany, N. Y.

Lace frocks will be worn more than ever this summer.

Well to Remember.

A stitch in time saves nine. Serious results oft follow a neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.

The carved handles and tops of coaching parasols are things of fine art.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discoverer and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

The passions are the winds which urge our vessel forward, and reason is the pilot which steers it; the vessel could not advance without the winds, and without the pilot it would be lost.

There are a few men who really make the best of circumstances. Most of us are far less happy than we might be if we had learned the divine art of wringing the last drop of good out of everything.

Consumption Cured

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

Cutaway short jackets of various designs are seen on many dreary street corners.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effective Mother Graves' Worm Killer. Nothing equals it. Procure at once.

The bow of ribbon on the side instead of the front is a favor of

Forcible coughs are steadily increasing. It cures coughs, colds and all lung complaints; is pleasant to take and always reliable.

Scarfs in Oriental colors and designs, illuminated with gold designs, illuminated with gold thread, form the trimmings of many hats and bonnets.

Perfect soundness of body and mind is possible only with pure blood. Leading medicine authorities of all civilized countries endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Ashes of roses is again in favor, and many changeable silks are shot with rose warp and ash gray wool.

Waterloo News.

Walter Linton, of Waterloo, writes that Hagyard's Yellow Oil has done great good in his family, his wife being cured of Callosae lumps that other medicines failed to remove, he also states that a neighbor was promptly relieved of Rheumatism by the same remedy.

Brown, beige, dull blue, ashes of roses cream white, taupe, and tan or coachman's colors are in favor for tailor-made suits.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the oil."

The cabbage leaf for a bonnet crown with a brim of maiden hair fern is one of the high novelties this season.

The Secret Out.

The secret of success of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts upon the bowels, the liver, the kidneys, the skin and the blood; removing obstructions and imparting health and vigor.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time becomes, when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system. This medicine promotes a free and easy expectoration, subdues the cough, heals the diseased parts, and exerts the most wonderful influence in curing consumption, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. If parents wish to save the lives of their children, and themselves from much anxiety, trouble and expense, let them procure a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and whenever a child has taken cold, has a cough or hoarseness, giving the Syrup according to directions.

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