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# TRUTH

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TORONTO,

CANADA

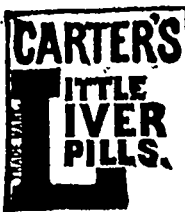


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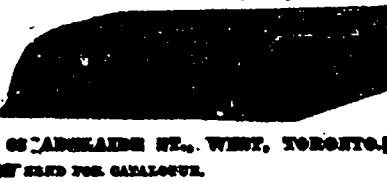
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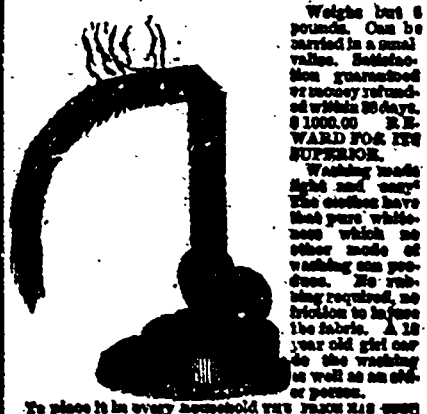
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NEW SERIES—VOL. V. NO. 249.

## DRAWING NEAR.

The date for the distribution of rewards in our great final competition is rapidly approaching. Hundreds have embraced the opportunity offered to become participators in this last great allotment of magnificent gifts. The particulars of this competition will be found on page 22, together with a list of a few of the prizes offered. One dollar will secure you a four months' subscription to TRUTH, with the more than possible chance of getting one of the awards offered, and also the privilege of entering the competition for TRUTH Villa, the beautiful Toronto residence. If you do not embrace this opportunity now you will forever regret the ill-luck which caused you to neglect entering as a competitor in this liberal offer of TRUTH publisher.

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

After this week, and until further notice, we shall discontinue all money prizes in the several departments of TRUTH.

An effort is being made to erect a magnificent bronze statue in memory of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D., the founder of the excellent common school system in Ontario. Already forty thousand dollars have been subscribed for the purpose, but it is estimated that at least sixty thousand will be needed to carry out the present design. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. W. S. Leo, of Toronto. Contributions will be thankfully received. Probably no man worked more earnestly for his country than did the late Dr. Ryerson, and probably, to no man is the country so deeply indebted for the high average of intelligence among the people. Dr. Ryerson was an able controversialist and dealt out many a hard blow to those who crossed his path but now that he is gone few care to call into question the purity of his purpose, or the success of his educational efforts.

Monday of last week was a Roman Catholic Saints' day of some kind, and consequently a holiday in the Province of Quebec. The House of Commons did not meet that day in consequence. Wednesday following was Dominion Day, and consequently a legal holiday, but the House of Commons went on with its usual business all the same. TRUTH may not be as well posted as it should be regarding the holiday business in connection with Parliament, but on the face of it there is the appearance of both sides trying again to show due deference to the French support. So much of that kind of thing has been practised that people are growing sick of it. On a recent occasion Grip represented Sir John and Mr. Blake as both prostrating themselves before the French voter and asking him to kindly step on them. Most people felt that Grip had pretty well caught the spirit of the party leaders. So long as the English-speaking Canadians persist in quarreling among themselves and always dividing about evenly, so long will the united French minority hold the balance of power and so long will it be favored.

Henry Ward Beecher is now an old man, having passed his threescore and ten years. He appears to be living long enough to modify all the views of his earlier ministerial life. His last modification is in regard to tobacco using. He has been a strong anti-tobacco man, and once held that the use of tobacco would lead to rum and ruin to the soul. He now says from Plymouth pulpit that he does not think so any more. Not long ago he announced his modification of all his old views about theatre-going, and for the rest of his life he intends to go whenever he can. It is some time since he modified on total abstinence, and on eternal punishment, and several other of his earlier views. At the rate things are going he promises to live long enough to modify about all the views of any marked importance he ever held regarding social and moral reforms. Whether his congregation goes on modifying as fast as the pastor, TRUTH is not informed.

An honest attempt is being made in the United States to protect the laborer as well as the manufacturer, and it remains to be seen how far such an effort may prove successful. For years past the manufacturers' products have been protected by a high tariff. One strong plea in favor of such a policy was that manufacturers and laborers in America should not be compelled to compete against the "pauper laborers of Europe." That policy, however, did not prevent the pauper laborers from immigrating to America and glutting the labor market here. In order to meet that difficulty a law was enacted last year in the interest of the laborers, making it a penal offence to bring laborers to the United States under contract, or to assist in the payment of the passage of such. This, of course, was levelled at the manufacturers, the employers of labor. The Nation, of a recent issue, states that ten Irish girls were under detention at Castle Garden, New York, because they came under contract to work for somebody who advanced them money to assist in paying their passage. Of course that is one of the legitimate fruits of such a law. Bartholdi's grand statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" on its lofty pedestal at the entrance of New York Harbor, would be an interesting object to these Irish girls. If they are to be sent back to their native land under the provisions of the existing law they ought to be shown the site, at least, of the great statue on their way out.

According to recent amendments to the postage law in the United States, which went into force on the 1st inst. a single postage letter may weigh one ounce instead of half an ounce, as formerly. It is high time that a similar amendment should be made in Canada. An ounce is a light weight for a letter anyway, and to make a less weight a dividing line always creates a good deal of trouble and confusion. Our letter postage is three cents against two cents among our neighbors, but in Canada newspapers are carried post free while they are charged one cent per pound across the line. In view of the fact that the post office, as well as every other department, ought to be self-sustaining, as far as practicable, it would be

just as well to deliberate pretty well regarding the matter before letter postage is reduced here, though TRUTH can see no valid reason why the weight of single Canadian letters may not be increased at once.

The very loose laws in many of the American States regarding divorce are surely producing their deplorable results in regard to an equally loose state of things regarding the marriage relation. Last week an Illinois woman of nineteen years was married for the fourth time, and the second time to the same husband. All of the men she has married are now living, and one of them, at least, has one or two other living wives. What are the possibilities of numerous husbands to an enterprising young woman like that, under such marriage and divorce laws, time alone will tell. There seems to be something unbecoming in the people of Illinois inciting a crusade against polygamy in Utah when such a state of things exists at home. It is evident enough that people enter into matrimony very lightly when they know that divorces can be procured on such slight pretences. In some States the annual proportion of divorces to marriage has been as high as one third. Hundreds of people are being yearly re-married to those from whom they were previously divorced. Matters appear to be growing from bad to worse. In the interests of society there ought to be a movement against divorce as well as against polygamy in the Great Republic, or society must begin to fall to pieces.

Spurgeon, the great London preacher, has just been creating quite a sensation by writing a very strong article over his own signature in regard to the abominable sins of men in high places in England. A prominent judge died a year or so ago in a house of prostitution in London, but the matter was pretty well smothered up. Spurgeon boldly intimates that a good many other men who have attained to places of position and honor are, morally, just as filthy and degraded. London of old, he believes, saw no greater moral iniquities among its leading men than does London of to-day. Such startling assertions from a man like Spurgeon are enough to stir the nation. Is it possible that in the reign of the pure Victoria so much rottenness exists immediately under the polished surface? Possibly, in the light of to-day, such iniquities are much more clearly set forth than ever before. The old-fashioned practice of saying nothing about the private sins of a public man is, happily, becoming discarded both in England and Canada, and it is well for the interests of morality that such is the case.

Amicable arrangements have been made for the continuance of the fishery treaty between the United States and Canada until the end of the year, so that the serious confusion of breaking it off in the very midst of the busy fishing season has been averted. It begins to look probable that the present Washington Government will show a disposition to enter into a new treaty on favorable terms, and also into a general reciprocity treaty with Canada. It has been long sup-

posed that a Democrat Government at Washington would be favorable to more liberal trade relations with Canada. We shall soon have the opportunity of seeing if such is the case. How long a high commercial alliance will shall be maintained between the two countries is a matter of a great deal of importance to all classes of the people.

It is to be feared that a great deal of serious trouble may yet come to us in consequence of the persistent interfering of Dominion officials in Provincial political affairs, and vice versa. Surely the party wire pullers at Ottawa, or at the respective Provincial capitals, have quite enough to do in the management of their own affairs to well occupy their attention without bringing about entangling complications by outside interference. In connection with the recent West Algoma Provincial elections the Dominion Premier is reported to have written the local candidate a letter, to be used for election purposes, in which were the following significant sentences:—"It seems to me if the people of Algoma West only understood the eminent services you can render them as their representative they will elect you by a handsome majority." Of course that was hawked about as a very significant wink that some eminent services could be done via Ottawa by electing a man for the Toronto Legislature. The worst of it is that the Grits are just about as great sinners in these matters, and they are not in a position to first cast a stone at an offender caught in the act. During the recent Provincial elections a whole lot of political missionaries sallied forth from their places in the Commons to help manipulate affairs in the various counties, and they were pretty evenly divided between the two sides of the House. The people would consult their own interests if they sent off such intruders with a very significant hint that they would be thought more of if they attended to their own legitimate affairs.

Great Britain has now a Tory government again, and time will soon tell what national changes may be brought about in consequence. It is quite possible that the members of the new Government will not find it convenient to carry out in other many of the schemes advocated in opposition. If the country is to have "a spirited policy" regarding foreign affairs, according to the old-time ideas, the chances are, even yet, of a war with Russia, and another Egyptian campaign. Irish affairs may be managed in an entirely different spirit. Probably few prime ministers ever tried more earnestly to avert war than did Mr. Gladstone. Probably that was one source of his weakness with a large body of the people. "British pluck" is something the nation evidently delights to glory in, and the numbers are not a few who are desirous of thrashing anybody who may happen to stand in the way, as an evidence of real pluck. The better thinking men of the nation are dreading war far more than their ancestors did, but whether the lovers of peace or the lovers of glory remains to be seen. The political history of England for 1885 will be one of great interest.

## Truth's Contributors.

### LIFE IN MEXICO.

(Truth Special Correspondence.)

All Mexican haciendas are much alike as to general features, whether the owner reckons his possessions by hundreds of square miles or *por sitio ganado mayor*. The main building is always an immense structure of stone or equally durable plastered adobe—neither farm nor country-house, according to our ideas, but with a character peculiar to itself. It resembles a fort more than anything else to be found at the north, with bastions and ramparts like the domain of a baron of old, its corner towers and loop-holes for guns having been built with an eye to revolutionary sieges and the frequent raids of *ladrones*.

The wealthy proprietor seldom lives upon his estate, but gives it over to the care of an administrator, who in turn lets it to sub-administrators, who each have their clerks and secretaries to superintend the overseers—and so on down through the social gamut to the peons who "superintend" the pigs. As may be imagined, there is

#### NOT MUCH THRIFT

in this complex system, for when every ear of corn and gallon of pulque must pass through so many hands, it naturally follows that most of the profits are absorbed before those of the owner are reached.

Most of these fort-like houses have the appearance of barracks, being curtainless and carpetless, with brick floors, barred windows, whitewashed walls, numberless empty rooms scantily furnished with wooden benches, pine tables, and iron bedsteads, put up only when wanted, while the adjacent kitchens, servants' quarters, bakery, outhouses, enormous granaries and stables, and the outlying huts of the peasantry form a city within the ramparts.

Every hacienda, whether rich or poor, has its own church, of more or less magnificence—which to the curiosity-hunter is a perfect treasure-trove of charming ugliness. Each private sanctuary possesses as many yellow-legged and blue-haired saints as the grand cathedral in the city of Mexico, candles are constantly burning upon its altar, and native offerings of fruits and grains are piled around the Holy Family to insure a blessing upon the crops—for the peons are devoutly pious and superstitious to a degree.

In those exceptional instances where the millionaire owners live upon their estates, their immediate families sometimes number enough to populate a village. This is partially due to the prevalence of

#### AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

which obliges gentlemen to provide for all their destitute female kinsfolk, and to shield them from contact with the world. When a Mexican lady is widowed, a family council is held, her male relatives and those of her late husband charging themselves with the education of her sons and the care of herself and daughters. Though the widow and her grown-up girls may be accomplished as well as poor, nobody dreams of the possibility of their doing anything toward up-ording themselves, and the proffered aid is accepted quite as a matter of course and an hereditary right. Even if the widowed mother is wealthy, she cannot be independent. Custom, which rules with iron hand, prescribes that the entire charge of her property and the education of her children be delegated to male relatives, and—unless she is really an aged woman—she must reside with her kindred. So thoroughly are Mexican gentlemen imbued

with the idea of womanly helplessness that they do not regard the care of any number of bereaved families as an unjust burden; but on the contrary, when a man marries he virtually contracts to befriend all the female kith and kin of his lady-love and to provide for them if need be. This knightly courtesy makes matrimony a serious matter, and perhaps accounts for the multitude of eligible bachelors with which Mexico abounds; but, badinage apart, it is a beautiful custom, and a strong proof of the innate chivalry of Mexican gentlemen is found in the fact that the estates of widows and orphans are invariably administered with honesty.

Another cause for filling these hacienda communities with as many people as can be gathered together, is the

#### UNUTTERABLE LONELINESS

of their situation, the family being isolated from the world as much as was Robinson Crusoe on his island. No events occur from without to disturb the dull monotony of life—unless it be an occasional raid by robbers or revolutionists; absolutely nothing to break the eternal stillness of the surrounding solitude, except the occasional footstep of some wandering Indian—the debased descendant of that proud Aztec race, who are now "hewers of wood and drawers of water," where once they reigned as monarchs. Most of the lonesome *haciendados* have few books, never any daily mails or frequent newspapers, and no manner of amusement except such as they can create for themselves.

Thus life is similar to that of people on board a ship at sea, there being no escape from one another's companionship till the harbor is reached—the principal difference being that the voyage of the hacienda community ends only at the "undiscovered country." Happily they are an exceedingly affectionate and even-tempered race, for a family quarrel under these circumstances would be unbearable—without even the advantage possessed by those ancient citizens of Tenochtitlan, who built their homes upon the floating gardens of the great salt lake, Texcoco, and when the neighborhood became distasteful, could paddle away with their entire estate.

It is easy to understand how, in such a situation, visitors at the hacienda are welcomed as a boon direct from heaven. In former times there were no inns in Mexico, and to-day they are few outside the great cities; hence persons travelling from place to place, with the retinue of armed attendants which personal safety requires, are obliged to depend upon the hospitality of the *haciendados* for nightly stopping-places. So generally is this expected that the proprietors always set apart a generous sum in the provision for annual expenditures, to be used by their administrators in the

#### ENTERTAINMENT OF CHANCE GUESTS,

be they rich or poor, friends or strangers. Many are the delightful acquaintanceships formed by these accidental meetings, and sometimes the halt, intended only for a night, lengthens into weeks, and paves the way for future returns for the sole purpose of visiting. Numerous are the romances begun in this manner, between wandering knights and imprisoned maidens, of which the end is matrimony, with the usual sequel, "They lived happily forever after."

When a troop of friends invades some lonely hacienda,—then great indeed is the rejoicing! Not only is the fatted calf slaughtered for the occasion, but frequently the finest bull the estate affords is also sacrificed upon the altar of hospitality, in the

#### A PRIVATE BULL FIGHT,

for the delectation of any who may wish to be thus diverted. The court-yard in the centre of the square of buildings is transformed into a temporary *plaza de toros*; professional *metadors* and *picadors* are sent for, and word goes to all the adjacent hamlets that a free show is about to transpire—such as is dearest to the *Mestizo* heart. At the appointed hour a crowd is collected, whose surprising numbers—considering the apparently empty country lying all around—incline one to believe that the mythological sowing of the dragon's teeth, from which came an army, has been repeated. With that graceful hospitality which is the direct heritage of this gentle race from their Moorish progenitors, all are welcome to come in and make merry with the lords of the land.

A bull-fight costs no more than a fashionable ball, although the best *torro* on the place is slain. The pay of professional fighters is about the same that skilled musicians would require for rendering dance-music, the slaughtered animal serves as the loaves and fishes to feed the multitude, and the national sport stirs the blood and affords that excitement for which their stagnant lives are longing. After the *metadors*, in spangled doublets and satin knee-breeches, have distinguished themselves and delighted the rabble, by tormenting the beast to rampant fury and then dexterously killing him with one thrust with a slender rapin straight through the lungs, the carcass is given to the mob—who proceed to roast it whole, having previously built a big fire in a hole dug in the ground. Then, while their betters in the social scale are feasting on more dainty viands in the main hall of the mansion, all the waiters and stragglers enjoy

#### A GRAND BARBECUE

under the open sky, decked out with tortillas, *frejoles* and pulque from the generous supply of the hacienda.

On the evening following a bull-fight, an impromptu ball is always expected to come off in the same "ancestral hall" where the dinner was served—which the servants have made haste to decorate with green branches and garlands of flowers, till it looks like an immense arbor. The whole motley multitude of the bull-fight graces the festive scene, those who cannot gain entrance being fain to content themselves by crowding around the doors and windows. The peons, wrapped in their blankets and squatted upon the floor—their distended stomachs having been astonished by the rare luxury of a "square meal"—are too placidly happy for speech, beyond an occasional *viva!* The administrators and agents of the hacienda, with all their numerous assistants, the bespangled heroes of the *plaza de toros*, servants, peasantry from all the surrounding country, even the priest of the establishment is present, and each lends a willing hand—or foot—for the general good. The *haciendado*, with his family and guests, occupy one end of the vast apartment, in the role of audience to their numerous entertainers. While at the bottom of the hall the peasantry are whirling themselves dizzy in the top-like evolutions of the Mexican "mazy," the peons and house-servants execute dances peculiar to their class interspersed with quaint folk-songs; after each performance they make the most respectful salaams to the patrician circle, and entreat them to accept grateful thanks for the honor of their attention. Anon half a dozen dusky troubadours, with fife, guitars and curious instruments of reeds, come to the front, and after due obeisance to the aristocrats, beg the privilege of singing,

Among the hundreds of folk-songs, all equally meaningless, one of the best begins as follows:

"Aforrada de mi vida!  
Como estas? Como te va?  
Como has pasado la noche?  
No has tenido novidad?"

"Aforrada means *living*, a rather singular *nom de tendresse*, doubtless signifying something soft and well-wadded. The literal translation is:

"Living of my life!  
How are you? How do you do?  
How have you passed the night?  
Hast you met with nothing new?"

The next verse of the ingenious ballad goes on to state:

"From Guadalupe fighting,  
With the soldiers I came on;  
My well-lined sweet syrup,  
I came to see you alone."

About ninety-seven more stanzas, all equally brilliant, belong to this effusion, but none more touching than the "Sweet Syrup" passage above quoted.

A favorite song which the lower classes are constantly singing—on the streets, in the pulque-shops, everywhere—is of "Las bonitas señoritas de Guadalupe," (the Pretty Girls of Guadalupe) who are considered the handsomest women in the Republic. Apropos of this partiality, I read the other day in a Guadalupe paper that it has been found impracticable to establish telephones in that city because society is so scandalously lewd there that business questions cannot be asked without obscene words being wired in reply!

#### A COMMON DANCE

is called *Los Manos*, in which the dancer claps his hands and sings an accompaniment to his feet, meanwhile making himself little—a la John McCullough as Richard III.—and thereby eliciting great applause. The chorus runs:

"Oh, how pretty are the dwarfs, the  
Little ones, the Mexicans!  
Out comes the handsome one, out  
Comes the ugly one, out comes the  
Dwarf in his jacket of skin!"

Toward midnight the hilarity is at its height—*bandangos*, *zapateros* and other plebeian dances for the parvenues, and the swift waltz or slow, dreamy *Habanera* for the patricians. All join in the exercise—the bull-fighters perhaps *bandangoing* to my lady's maid, the professional priest tripping a light fantastic toe with the prettiest *señorita* in the room, and the lord of the manor whirling like a top with a young *rauchera*. But never for a moment is there any forgetfulness of caste in this apparent mingling of social elements, or the least bridging of that bottomless gulf forever fixed between servant and master. The scene reminds one of Christmas festivities in our own South during days of slavery, or of older times when serfs sat at the table with their superiors, but "below the salt."

After the evening gaities are ended, our personal troubles nightly began in the solitude of our chamber.

#### AS EDEN HAD ITS SERPENT,

so all these Mexican paradises are infested with a thousand creeping and crawling creatures, many of which are dangerous. How often have Betsy and I sighed for suits of battle armor, as we ensconced ourselves between the blankets—having first shaken scorpions, etc., out of them and chased centipedes or tarantulas from under our pillows; afterwards trying vainly to woo "tired nature's sweet restorer," with visions of enormous things crawling up the bed-posts or spinning downward from the walls—dancing before our weary eyes! The most common of these pests are the *acarans*—scorpions. They are in the wall, between the bricks of the floor, hiding within your garments. Turn up a corner of the rug or table-cloth, and you disturb an interesting family of them; they flop out of your shoes

in the morning, meander among your toilet articles, in short everything you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken"—for their business end, which holds the deadly sting, is ready to fly up with inconceivable rapidity at an instant's warning. The most common variety herabout are from two to three inches long—the yellowish-brown variety, which are said to be more poisonous even than the black ones of Durangy, that the Government has offered a reward (so much *per tail*) for killing. Their sting is generally fatal to a child, and varies in the severity of its effect in adults according to the state of the sufferer's blood. Some have recovered after remaining for hours in convulsions, foaming at the mouth and with stomach swelled as in dropsy. Others by prompt treatment do not suffer much. The favorite remedies are boiled elk, galicum, ammonia and brandy, taken in sufficient quantities to stupefy the patient. It is said that scorpions have the poor taste to prefer dark persons to fair ones, and that their sting is most to be apprehended at midday. The Indians eat them, after extracting the skin—a delightful morceau, perhaps, as clams, crabs, frogs, snails, and other delicacies of civilization; but your scribe begs to be excused from rendering other hear say evidence.

FANNIE B. WARD.

### THE BOOK-SHELF.

BY REV. JAMES A. R. DICKSON, D. D.

There is in the home no sight we like better to look upon than the little row of books on the short shelf in the sitting-room or the kitchen. It is always a peculiarly interesting sight. It is exceedingly attractive, drawing us like a magnet, to learn what it contains. And when we stand before it, gazing reverently upon the volumes gathered together there, we are full of solemn feeling, and our mind is moved with far-reaching thoughts. These books, boardless or ill-bound, clad in old musty snuff-brown tattered coats, looking out on us through the dimmed eyes of old titles that once gleamed with gold, saluting us with uncovered heads and graceful bow, few of them standing upright; these books bespeak the character of the home; its spiritual hungerings; its serious or humorous bent; its intellectual preferences; its dominant conceptions of life, here and hereafter. They give us the key to the moral affinities of the dwellers in the home, and they discover to us their moral aspirations. They reveal the nature of the inner life of those who prize them and preserve them. The fact that they are there, tells us that they are read; if they were not, they would not be honored with a place, nor kept with any care. These books are among the most potent agencies in the home, shedding light or gathering darkness, according to their character. For the children they are the windows through which they look out upon the great world that lies about them, which they have not yet seen, nor made acquaintance with; they are the fountains of waters at which they slake their early intellectual thirst; they are the gardens of flowers bearing some of the sweet fragrance of the world of beauty outside their hungry senses; they are avenues of old ancestral oaks, which cast a cool shade that they may walk with delight and refreshment; they are new heavens, opening out to them larger and more glorious prospects than their narrow life offers. No marvel, then, that they often turn aside to the book-shelf to look into the enchanted ground that lies beyond the path in which they tread! No

marvel that the volumes are worn, and coverless, and bound with queer cords and thongs! They are household gods. Presences that are venerated and valued. Powers that penetrate their life with light and gird them with strength, and enable their existence with high considerations—"thoughts that wander through eternity." They have delighted and informed the parents, and they abide still to charm and mould the children. They are there with their counsel and encouragement and inspiration to carry on their work. And who can tell what a book may do? It is "a life," as Milton called it, that breathes its spirit into the souls of men. It freely imparts itself to every corner capable of receiving. It withholds from none save those who willingly refuse the benefit it is able to bestow. Were the history of one book written, how full of story and adventure it would be! how it would thrill with war-passages where it had to fight its way, and in which it gained the day in a noble conquest! how it would amaze us by its strange encounters and its mighty enchantments! how it would reveal to us the weird and woeful condition of the minds it dealt with! how it would charm us with its willing and patient service to every man, irrespective of creed or color, knowledge or ignorance, wealth or poverty. As William Cowper sings,

"Books are not seldom talismans and spells."

A very fine story is told to the effect that while yet a boy Abraham Lincoln read all the books in his father's house, which were not many; and he also borrowed of the neighbors every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book he had not read he would go miles to get it. Among other books he borrowed of a man named Crawford, was "Weem's Life of Washington." Reading it with the greatest eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft of the cabin, and read on till his nubbin of tallow candle was burned out; then he placed the book between the logs of the cabin that it might be at hand as soon as it was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and as he had no money to pay for it he offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future President of the United States pulled corn for three days and thus became owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labor well invested. He read over and over again the graphic and enthusiastic sketch of Washington's career, and no boy ever turned over the pages of Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales" with more intense delight than Lincoln read of the exploits and adventures and virtues of this American hero. Following his plow in breaking in the prairie he pondered over the story of Washington and longed to imitate him. How he realized his longing the whole world knows. The impulse which a good book gives is a mighty formative force. It determines many things in the life. It fixes the choice of all that may enter into it, and the rejection of all that is to be excluded from it. It gives it not infrequently a grand unity of purpose. Or, at least, it lays a foundation on which a superstructure may be erected. Dr. Benjamin Franklin tells us in his brief but intensely interesting and instructive autobiography, how he loved books and profited by them. He says: "From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I laid out

in books all the little money I could procure. I was particularly pleased with accounts of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection, in small separate volumes. These I afterwards sold in order to buy an historical collection by R. Burson, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of books of practical and polemical theology. I read the greatest part of them. I have since often regretted, that at a time when I had so great a thirst for knowledge, more eligible books had not fallen into my hands, as it was then a point decided, that I should not be educated for the Church. There was also among my father's books, Plutarch's Lives, in which I read continually, and I still regard as advantageously employed the time I devoted to them. I found, besides, a work of Defoe's, entitled 'An Essay on Projects,' from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life." That is a clear and pleasing testimony to the value of the book-shelf in the home. Let a desire of reading arise or be awakened and how it grows. Dr. Samuel Johnson informs us in his "Lives of the Poets," that Shenstone learned to read of an old dame, whom his poem of "The School-mistress," has delivered to posterity; and soon received such delight from books that he was always calling for fresh entertainment, and expected that when any of his family went to market, a new book should be brought to him, which, when it came, was in fondness carried to his bed and laid by him. George Eliot, or rather Mary Ann Evans, whose "Works," and whose "Life in her Letters" are before the world now for judgment, favorable or adverse, was from her early days a voracious reader. The first book she read was published in 1822, entitled "The Linnet's Life," which she kept all her days. It bears this inscription, "This little book is the first present I ever remember having received from my father. Let any one who thinks of me with some tenderness after I am dead take care of this book for my sake. It made me very happy when I held it in my little hands, and read it over and over again, and thought the pictures beautiful, especially the one where the linnet is feeding her young." "Esop's Fables" was a book which opened new worlds to her imagination. It totally absorbed her and gave her passionate delight. She had to laugh till the tears ran down her face in recalling her infantine enjoyment of the humor in the fable of Mercury and the Statue Seller. "The Pilgrim's Progress," also, and "Rasselas" had a large share of her affections. Having so few books at this time, she read these again and again till she knew them by heart. What a pity it was that she came under the malign influence of a bad book, "Bennet's Enquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity," which unsettled her faith, and thrust her from the ground of the true Evangelical, upon that of the doubter, if not firm disbeliever of the Christian Revelation, thereby changing the whole current of her thoughts and the character of her life. How everlastingly savoury would her books have been, had the sweet picky of her early days been preserved! Lacking in a large measure this salt, they are like beautiful flowers that are dead, whose fragrance is corrupt as the breath of death, especially the later ones. Her own life can be felt in them and read through them. The two books, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," which John Bunyan's wife brought with her to his lowly home, and which her father

had left her when he died, were not a bad dowry. They had much to do with his after life. They gave his wife a text from which to preach many a sermon on her father's excellencies of character, his correcting of vices in his neighbors, and his strict and holy life, which had some good effects.

We are not able to estimate the power for good or evil of the little row of volumes on the book-shelf. They lead out the thoughts, and educate the mind as they will, by forming a taste in keeping with their own character. Sir Alexander Hall informed Coleridge that he was drawn to the navy, in childhood, by the pictures which "The Ancient Mariner" left on his mind. Dr. Adam Clarke tells us that he learned more of his duty to God, his neighbor and himself from "Robinson Crusoe," than from all the books, except the Bible, that were known to him in his youth. And these recollections never forsook him, and this story of Defoe's was put into the hands of his children as soon as they were able to read. Ah! a first book has some of the sweetness of a first love! Its glory fills the soul, and it never on irely fades from it. This thought may lead us to serious reflection. Books become companions, and they demand an overgrowing fellowship in sympathy with themselves. Edward Gibbon, the historian, who speaks of his early and invincible love of reading, which he would not exchange for the treasures of India, also says: "From my early youth I aspired to the character of an historian."

How careful the parents should be of all that finds a place on the book-shelf! These presences abide, and act constantly. They should therefore be chosen books, pure in thought, beautiful in style, rich in imagination, such as may enoble the purpose and the life. A bad book on the shelf, one that ridicules religion, or speaks slightly of holy things, or contemptuously of moral distinctions or the duties of life, is more dangerous in the home than any loathsome deadly disease. The silent volume dealt with the thoughts, becomes food for thought, gives rise to purposes and shapes the life. It should therefore be a good book. The story of a good man's life, or of a noble people, or of a glorious enterprise. Something that will excite and call forth the best in the nature of the child or youth. Whatever the book be, let it be good. The very choicest books are attainable everywhere to-day, for a few cents, so that there is no excuse for a lack of intellectual food in the home. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the love of reading grows with the rapidly increasing means of satisfying it. We sometimes fear that the rising generation is turning away from the culture of the mind, unless it is demanded for professional duties. We desire a book-loving people, that is, an intelligent people; and consequently we would urge parents to preserve and prize the time-honored book-shelf, for it, like the saintly Leighton, preaches for eternity.

### A RECENT VISIT TO THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.  
No. 11.

"There is a land, a spot of earth supremely blest!  
That land our country, and that spot our home."  
Sacred and dear memories will ever cluster and cling around the home of our youth. That home may have been humble, but it is ever dear to the wanderer. It may have been an English cottage, an obscure corner in some Highland glen, a lonely cabin in Erin's Green Isle, or some bright New England farm house. The words "Home, sweet home," strike a chord and find response, perhaps a silent one, in the hardest heart.

These words have called forth tears of true tribute from every wanderer or exile as he dwells or has dwelt upon the scenes and the home of his early days.

It is now creeping on to fifty years since we first left the home of our youth. That home is delightfully situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, two miles above the Lachine Rapids, and nearly opposite the old Indian town of Carignan, being the very spot on which the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle stands, as pictured in our articles 9 and 10 in TRUTH.

During the lovely month of May, 1885, we paid a visit to the old home. How changed was all around! Not one of kith, kindred, or of name to be found there. Not one of the many playmates of our youth. They are all gone! The greater number of them have been gathered to their fathers. Others of them have found other homes. We felt as a stranger—a desolate stranger—at the home and amid the very scenes of our youth.

We stood beneath the same clear, blue sky, unchanged! Such as gladdened our young days. We trod the very same ground as of old; but, nevertheless, a great change had been wrought! This was the old home in which grandsire, grandame, father and mother lived, labored and died! This was the home where sisters and brothers were born and grew up side by side; but now "their graves or their homes are severed far and wide." The living remnant of them have been driven from their home by hard oppressor, by wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

We sought the old garden, where the pear, the plum, and the cherry of old France were choicest of fruit, but nothing remains to mark where a garden had been, a green sod now covers the whole spot. Even the old hawthorn, which stood at the foot of the garden with its seats beneath the shade where, fifty years ago, we studied our lessons or pondered over some favorite author, has succumbed to age or fallen beneath the leveller's axe.

We sought the old seat by the road side at the corner of the old stone wall. Nothing remains to mark the spot except the two supporting stones. This old seat was the summer evening resort of old and young, "For talking age and whispering lover, made." Many a tale of the old time, Scotch or Canadian, was told and retold on that old seat. It was the family out-door seat.

Old men now living, who were brought up in the country will, on reading this, recall just such another seat close by the homes of their early youth. And, perchance, they may repeople those dear old seats with faces from the dead! with forms which are ever present in their memories! Wander where we may, voices from the dead will ever ring in our ears, rejoicing the heart or, maybe, filling it with deep sorrow in dwelling upon the wrongs and the ravages of time.

This is where the old orchard stood, partly enclosed by a stone wall; over 500 trees were standing there 50 years ago. Not a score of them now remain. They were of the choicest kinds from Old France, some of them were planted in the days of Champlain by the early Jesuit Fathers and added to by La Salle and his successors. This old orchard was long known as the oldest in Canada. A feeling of deepest sadness crept over us as we paced, in solemn silence, the old orchard ground. We could mark the spot where this and that old tree stood, bearing tempting but not forbidden fruit.

This simple sketch of a visit to an old Canadian home may meet the eye of many a grey-haired wanderer whose early home is,

perhaps, thousands of miles away, and may awaken in him "Ties that stretch beyond the deep, and love that scorns the lapse of time."

This is a true picture of many an old home. What home is there without its tale of sorrow, by which families have been wronged, ruined and scattered to the four winds of heaven? The wrong-door in this particular case is to be pitied! Mark him well as he walks the public path. Go mark his downcast eyes—his haggard face and his forced, unearthly smile! "He ever bears about a silent court of justice in his breast. Himself the judge and jury, and himself the prisoner at the bar, over condemned."

This old home is not only dear to the writer as being his birthplace, but it will ever be held sacred by Canadians as the home of the most noted character in Canadian history. This was the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle, as described in our articles 9 and 10 in TRUTH.

#### HOW THE GOVERNMENT WILL FARE AFTER RIEL.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

I am one of those who have the greatest admiration for the soundness, the solidity, and the clearness of Mr. Blake's intellectual parts. But once more I have to confess a feeling of disappointment at his utter lack of tact. When the country was at the highest pitch of excitement respecting the North-West insurrection, Sir John Macdonald introduced his Franchise Bill, the measure, to use a pet illustration of his own, being calculated to act as a red herring to divert the Opposition from the more important scent. And members of the Opposition said: "This may be a very clever dodge; but Sir John has outwitted himself. Under pretext of fighting this iniquitous measure, we shall keep Parliament together till the moment comes to strike a blow at the Government for its impotent and mischievous policy in the North-West." And many who stand aloof from "sides" replied: "Yes, you are right. The Opposition has Sir John this time." Well, the fight about the Franchise went on at Ottawa while a few bands of Indians and a couple of score of ragged Halfbreeds were killing and maiming our young men in the prairie bush.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blake kept pretty much out of the House, and was understood all the while to be compacting a charge to fix into the Government at the very first opportunity. Some people, who are becoming somewhat sick of the monotony of Tory Government, went to conspicuous Liberals and offered suggestions respecting the manner in which the case against the ministry should be handled. The said conspicuous members readily and cordially agreed that the proposals were good; "but," they added, "this matter is in Mr. Blake's hands, and we have every faith that he will carry it through right."

But Mr. Blake is not in the habit of carrying "through right" anything that calls for an exercise of diplomatic skill. The universe "is run by reason and mathematics," but it takes a good deal more than reason and mathematics to procure the smooth, efficient, and harmonious working of the law, that "resolves the earth a sphere, and guides the planets in their course." Unfortunately for the Opposition, and for the principles which they advocate, Mr. Blake looks not at tact or finesse, without which the most brilliant statesman is a mere political hewer of wood and drawer of water, but upon the regulation,

the systematic, or, better still, the lawyer's mode of presenting the case. Every step proposed against the Government takes the form of a magnificent brief. It is always regarded as a splendid sort of political fireworks; but it never hurts anybody.

After long and painful cogitation, Mr. Blake came out of his cell, and in a magnificent speech inferentially arraigned the Government for mismanagement and malfeasance in the North-West. But the effect was neither a motion of want of confidence, nor a direct charge against the Government. It was simply a round of magnificent blank cartridges fired into the faces of the holders of ministerial benches. "Great Caesar, what is Mr. Blake at now?" some spectators asked. "Wait a little and you will see," was the reply. "He is feeling his way. This is a sort of preliminary fusillade. But the wary old political fox, Sir John, insisted that it was not a feeler, or a fusillade, or anything of the sort. He declared Mr. Blake to be a man who had something to say, but who was afraid to say it, because his case was not a strong one. The Tories all accepted Sir John's version, and I very much regret to say that a great many persons who wavered between the Grit and Tory lines were impressed much as the majority in the House of Commons was impressed. The truth is that in this blank assault upon the Government Mr. Blake very much resembled a general who goes out with powder-guns, and tom-toms, and wooden spears before the enemy's fortifications; makes a flourish there and then returns, after he has been raked fore and aft by the enemy's fire. It would be no argument for good generalship if the officer were to say: "Oh, that was merely a preliminary affair. The greatest is behind." The public, in spite of bias, was craving for a hostile declaration when Mr. Blake spoke. They wanted a square meal, and he gave them a magnificent service, without any viands in the dishes.

The session is drawing to a close, the unfortunate event in the North-West is ended and Mr. Blake is preparing to go home. Everyone must now ask of the Opposition: *Quis furor est O Ciors?* Wherefore all this delay and oratory, if the matter is to end like this? Clearly, once again Mr. Blake has leant upon the usage of the constitutional lawyer, and once again has found it a rotten stick. The House will meet again next winter, and there will be arraignments and want of confidence motions upon the hearsay evidence of the summer and autumn. Sir John will characterize the evidence as fraud and falsehood, and his followers will say: "Yea, so it is, Sir John." A suggestion has been offered to Mr. Blake as to how information could be obtained, but, wedded to legal form, he has shut his ear. It is a pity that so up right, so able, so honorable a man should choose political expiation for himself and his party in deference to a theory and a system that has been over and over again proven unfortunate and wrong. It is because of my sympathy with Mr. Blake, and my regard for him as the purest, and—intellectually—the ablest statesman in this country, that I write as I have done in this letter.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

A smooth sea can never make a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

#### GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

The writer of this column of household talks solicits from the lady reader any correspondence that may be of mutual benefit. If "in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom" it is well, by an interchange of thought, to show our often dearly-bought experiences. I was quite amused one day lately when attending a kitchen garden lesson given by Miss Huntington, of New York, in which she sought to train little girls in the mysteries of housekeeping. The minor details seemed so simple to a number of experienced housekeepers who were on-lookers, and we smiled quite superior to these childish teachings. But in speaking of new iron pots, she remarked, "You must boil a handful of hay or grass in it first, if you would have it sweet and clean for use." The lady who sat nearest me said with a touch of respect for a new idea, "I never knew that, did you?" Curiously enough it had been one of the useful items on Marion Harland's calendar for that day, but I had learned it in the early years of my housekeeping. It showed plainly, however, that it is possible to learn something from every one we meet, if we are only on the lookout to do so. This department of all others should be of service to the readers of this fresh and original weekly, and while questions will be answered as far as possible, the aim will be to help those who alter by the way, to strengthen weak hands, and to give each other "glints of home life." Correspondence to be addressed to Mrs. ANNIE L. JACK, Hillside, Chateauguay Basin, Province of Quebec.

#### An Angel's Touch

Rough natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the San Francisco *News-Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and ain't had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was fast asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickel in a tight grip between thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said:

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother wants bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades:

"Just look there—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on the face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out:

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it."

When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said:

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.

The Post'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 Post'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 touching poem, sent by Miss Mary McNeil, St. Thomas, Ont., has been awarded the prize for this week.

Guilty or not Guilty.

She stood at the bar of justice, A creature wan and wild, In form too small for a woman, In features too old for a child; For a look so worn and pathetic, Was stamped on her pale young face, It seemed long years of suffering Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge as he eyed her, With kindly look, yet keen. "Is 'Mary McGuire, if you please, sir." "And your age?" "I am turned fifteen." "Well, Mary," and then from a paper He slowly and gravely read: "You're charged here, I am sorry to say it, With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender, And I hope that you can show The charge to be false. Now, tell me, Are you guilty of this, or no?" A passionate burst of weeping Was at first the sole reply, "But she dried her eyes in a moment, And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir; My father and mother are dead, And my little brothers and sisters Were hungry and asked me for bread. At first I earned it for them By working hard all day, But some low times were hard, sir, And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment, The weather was bitter cold, The young ones cried and shivered— (Little Johnny's but four years old)— So what was I to do, sir? I am guilty, but do not condemn, I took—oh, was it stealing?— The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room— Gray bearded and thoughtless youth— Knew as he looked upon her, That the prison spoke the truth. Out from their pockets came kerchiefs, Out from their eyes sprang tears, And out from old faded wallets, Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study— The strangest you ever saw, And he cleared his throat and murmured Something about the law; For one so learned in such matters— So wise in dealing with men, He seemed on a single question, Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered, When at last these words they heard "The sentence of this young prisoner Is, for the present, deferred." And no one blamed him or wondered, When he went to her and smiled, And tenderly led from the court room Mary, the "guilty" child.

St. Thomas, Ont. MISS MARY MCNEIL.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire The gray-haired dame and aged sire, Dreaming of days gone by; The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek, They both had thoughts they could not speak, And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described Three little chairs placed side by side Against the sitting-room wall; Old-fashioned enough as there they stood— Their seats of flag and their frames of wood, With their backs so high and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head, And with trembling voice he gently said: "Mother, these empty chairs, They bring us such sad thoughts to-night, We'll put them forever out of sight In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, not yet, For I look at them, and I forget That the children are away; The boys come back, and our Mary, too, With her apron on of checkered blue, And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from the billows deep; Willie wakens from his battle field sleep To say good-night to me; Mary's a wife and mother no more, But a tired child whose playtime is o'er, And comes to rest at my knee.

"So, let them stand there, though empty now, And every time when alone we bow At the father's throne to pray, We'll ask to meet the children above, In our fav'our home of rest and love, Where no child goes away."

East Gloucester, Mass. MISS EVA NILES.

Say a Kind Word When You Can.

What were life without some one to cheer us With a word or a smile on our way; A friend who is faithfully near us, And needs not what others may say; The bravest of spirits have often Half failed in the race that they ran, For a kind word lifts the hardships to soften; So say a kind word when you can.

Each one of us owns to some falling, Though some may have more than the rest; There's no good in heedlessly railing Against those who are striving their best. Remember, a word spoke complaining May blight every effort and plan; A kind word would help in attaining; So say a kind word when you can.

Oh! say a kind word, then, whenever 'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad; But chiefly—forget it, oh! never— To one who is hopeless and sad. There's no word so easy in saying, So begin, if you have not begun; Oh! I never in life be delaying To say a kind word when you can.

A Cry from an Indian Wife.

My Forest Brave, my Red skin love—farewell; We may not meet to-morrow—who can tell What mightyills befall our little band, Or what you'll suffer from the white man's hand? Here is your knife. I thought 'twas sheathed for aye, No roaming bison calls for to-day; No hide of prairie cattle will it maim— The plains are bare—it seeks a nobler game; 'Twill drink the life-blood of a soldier host. Go—live and strike—no matter what the cost. Yet stay. Revolt not at the Union Jack, Nor take revenge upon this strippling pack Of white faced warriors, marching west to quell Our fallen tribe that rises to rebel. They all are young, and beautiful, and good; Curse to the war that spills their harmless blood. Curse to the fate that brought them from the east To be our chiefs—to make our nation least That breathes the air of this vast continent. Still, their new council is well meant. They but for get we Indians owned the land From ocean unto ocean; that they stand Upon a soil that centuries ago Was our sole kingdom, and our right alone. Wreathing the country from their hapless braves, Giving what they gave us—but wars, and graves. Then go, and strike for liberty and life, And bring back honour to your Indian wife. Your wife? Ah, what of that—who cares for me? Who pities my poor love and agony? What white-robed priest prays for your safety here As prayer is said for every volunteer That swells the ranks that Canada sends out? Who prays for victory for the Indian scout Who prays for our poor nation lying low? None—therefore take your tomahawk and go. My heart may break and burn unto its core, Yet I am strong to bid you go to war. But stay. My heart is not the only one That grieves the loss of husband and of son Think of the mothers o'er the inland seas; Think of the pale-faced maiden on her knees; One pleads her God to guard some sweet-faced child That marched on toward the North-West wild. The other prays to shield her youth from harm, To strengthen his young, proud uplifted arm. Ah, how her white face quivers thus to think Your tomahawk his life's best blood will drink. She never thinks of my wild, aching breast, Nor dreams of your dark face and eagle crest Endangered by a thousand rifts balls. My heart the target—my warrior falls. O I coward self—I hesitate no more. Go forth—and win the glories of the war.

O I heart o'ertraught—O I nation lying low— God, and fair Canada have willed it so. Ploton, Ont. PERCY WHEKLOCK.

"Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

Old England's sons are English yet, Old England's heart is strong; And still she wears the coronet, Afame with sword and song. As in their pride our fathers died, If need be, so will we; And wield we still, galasny who will, The sceptre of the sea. England, stand fast! let heart and hand be steady; Be thy first word thy last—Ready, aye ready!

Some say we've made of trade our king, Some say our blood is cold; That from our lips no longer ring The trumpet notes of old. With gibe and jeer they gather near The sleeping lion's den; O Toulon fair, O Alas beware Of these "shopkeeping" men. England, stand fast! let heart and hand be steady; Be thy first word thy last—Ready, aye ready!

We've Raleigh's still for Raleigh's part, We've Nelsons yet unknown; The pulses of the lion-heart Beat on through Wellington. Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old— Strong foe and steadfast friend; And still unto thy motto true, Dofy not, but defend! England, stand fast! let heart and hand be steady; Be thy first word thy last—Ready, aye ready!

Faint not, nor fall, ye sons of those The bravest born of men; Our nearest friends may be our foes When turns the wheel again. The while we pray, in Heaven's good day, The reign of saints may come, Until the dawn, with weapons drawn, We wait the tuck of drum! England, stand fast! let heart and hand be steady; Be thy first word thy last—Ready, aye ready! Martingham, Que. M. HIGGINSON.

He Doeth All Things Well.

I remember how I loved her, when a little guileless child, I saw her in the cradle as she looked on me and smiled, My cup of happiness was full, my joy no tongue can tell, And I blessed the Glorious Giver, He doeth all things well.

Months passed. That bud of promise was unfolded hour by hour; I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower, So beautiful it well might grace the bower where angels dwell, And wait its fragrance to His throne, who doeth all things well.

Years passed, that little sister was as dear as life to me, And woke in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry. I worshipped an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell, Forgetful of the praise of Him, who doeth all things well.

Here's was the beautiful star that round my pathway shone, Amid the darkness vale of tears, through which we journey on, Its radiance obscured the light, which round His throne doth dwell, And I wandered far away from Him, who doeth all things well.

That star went down in beauty; but it shineth sweetly now, In a bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's brow; She bowed to the Destroyer, who shafts nose may reel, But we know, for God hath told us, He doeth all things well.

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed, Of my deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me she was dead, And oh! that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel— God gave, He took, He will restore; He doeth all things well!

—For Truth.

Legend of the River Clouds.

BY HARRIET ANN WILKINS.

Once in far-off ancient times, Odin went through many olimes; Sons and daughters walked with him, Tracked the shadowy forests dim All the day and all the night Till they reached the long-sought height, Where the Rainbow Bridge is spanned, Only guide to Life's best land.

Odin unto Helmdale came,— "Warder of the mystic flame, I am Odin, open thy gate, As loudly we watch and wait. We must drink of Urda's stream, Life immortal is no dream; Let my children, one and all, Drink, and fear not Death's cold thrall."

Helmdale then the bolts unbent, "Hold," cried he, "the youngest first" So they passed on, one by one, Till Ving-Thor, the eldest son, Placed his foot upon the track, Then the Warder drew him back. "Ving, the strong, the brave, the free, Rainbow Bridge is not for thee."

Then Ving's fair brow, flushed with wrath— "Why am I forbid this path? Why dost thou keep back from me Draughts of immortality?" "Ving, I know thee, look aside At the river clouds so wide, Kramp and Ermp can lead on to Where Life's waters flow for you."

Then a flash of passion flew From Ving's eyes of azure hue, And in a muttered wrath he said, "Why must I thus bow my head To the storm, and cloud, and night? Lose each scene of love and light, Lose sweet Allin, loved and fair, For she cannot follow there."

Odin spoke: "My son of strength, Linger not for thou art length, Shall the founts of Urda gain, Then what matter cross or pain." Ving turned from the rainbow shrouds, Plunged deep in the river clouds; Yet he felt his feet had hold Down beneath the waters cold.

Through the dashing of the spray Softly gleamed the moon's bright ray, And so, oft to his surprise, Flashed sweet Allin's loving eye. When he seemed almost a wreck, Her soft arms were round his neck; When Hope's fires were smouldering low, Her warm lips were on his brow.

Ving, the mighty, held his way, Basting with the storm and spray; Learning Kramp and Ermp 'ed on, Where the horse of old have gone. And Ving-Thor, the kind, the strong, Found that he was chosen long First of Odin's sons to drink At th' immortal river's brink.

Thus the legend: brother dear, Is thy path 'mid waters drear? For thy feet no rainbow arch? Through the river clouds thy march? Learn to suffer and be strong, Heaven will help the right ere long. Kramp and Ermp shall lead thee, too, Where Life's waters flow for you. 64 Main St., Hamilton.

—For Truth

The Lily and the Sunbeam.

BY MRS. W. Y. BRUNTON.

Where the clear lake revealed its silvery crest, While moonbeams glittered o'er its azure breast, A graceful lily reared her fragile head, Breathing sweet odours from her mossy bed; Her petals leaves drooped o'er the starlit wave, Seeming to woo the trembling beam it gave, But never could the placid lake's cold kiss, Thrill the bright lily queen with thoughts of bliss, Nor could the fragrant breeze one sigh impart, Whose gentle waft might move her frozen heart. On her white breast she drew drops seemed to shine, Like gifts of homage laid at beauty's shrine. But who would linger o'er this weary life, 'Mid all its many scenes of pain and strife, Without one gleam of love, one cherished form, To feed the thoughts, and cling to 'mid the storm, Thus, tho' the virgin lily blossomed alone While suitors gathered round her moonlit throne, Still, she had dreamed of some ascending tie, Some soft mysterious link of sympathy. The sunbeam, glided the gilded wave, A sea-god bursting from his ocean cave; Proudly he flung his rays o'er hill and vale, The fading stars retired, all dim and pale; One wand'ring sunbeam sought the lily's bower, Kissed the petals of the stately flower, Glowing with light and beauty from above, He warmed her frozen heart to life and love. And now no longer pensive and awake, The lily drooped upon the glassy lake, But fondly turning where the sunbeam lay; Her fragrant soul seemed mingled with the ray, When, lo! a threatening storm rose wild and high, Dark lurid clouds obscured the radiant sky, The sudden tempest sweeping o'er the vale, Bore desolation in the howling gale; The faithful lily, shattered by the fray, Still sought with wistful glance the fleeting ray, That faint and misty, scarcely pierced the cloud, Whose savour vapour strove its light to shroud, 'Till the rude whirlwind quenched the flickering beam.

Like the last faint remembrance of a dream, Then the bruised lily breathed one sorrowing sigh, Closed her crushed leaves and bowed herself to die. 'E'en so with woman, 'midst affliction's storm, Her love still lingers round the cherished form; In joy and sunshine, misery and grief, Her smile revives, her hand still gives relief, And when death's angel summons him away To brighter regions of everlasting day, Then, like the lily, when the beam grew dim, She bows her head, and meekly dies for him.

—For Truth

In the Street.

MRS. M. A. MAITLAND, STRATFORD, ONT.

She was swinging on a railing, Iron railing in "The Square," And she sucked the mellow orange With a gusto that was rare; When a greedy little Arab With a keen and business eye, Spied the treat and heard the sucking As he passed the maiden by.

Then his eyes grew wide and wider, And his thin lips spread apart, As he watched her draw the nectar From the pulpy yellow heart; And he stuffed in his brogans To a nearer, choicer spot, Where he looked the very picture Of the puppy in "Too Hot!"

All unconscious of her watcher Swung the maiden to and fro; Sucked and swung in idle languor, Till she started a cough below; Then she heard in blue-eyed wonder As she heard the gamin say— "Hain't got nuthin' scrumptious, Heeter, And my mammy's dead to-day!"

Quick, she bounded to the pavement, And, without a single quail, Trust her precious shrunken treasure In his little dirty palm; On the curbstone then together Sat the pair in silence down, While Miss Heeter searched the pocket In her thin and tattered gown.

From its depths came pippin parings— Quite a goodly little store, Half a biscuit, and a bull's-eye, That had service seen before; Then her grimy face grew radiant As she passed her gifts to Joe, And the hungry orphan Arab For a time forgot his woe.

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## IN AN EVIL MOMENT.

BY HARRY BLYTH.

Author of "A Wily Woman," "The Bloom o' the Heather," "When the Clock Stopped," "Magic Moments," etc.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## SEARCHING.

The confusion created by Mr. Barr's excited inquiries brought Gregory from his spirit bottle, and Tom Westall from his bed.

"You have had some hand in this," the young surgeon exclaimed, in his rash, impetuous way, addressing Gregory; "but if you have injured one hair of her head your life shall answer for it."

Lily's disappearance had confounded and astonished Gregory, but he turned coldly towards Tom, and said with a sneer:

"Probably Mr. Westall is better acquainted with the young lady's whereabouts than it suits him to say."

"Gregory," said Walter, in that weak, hopeless, helpless tone of his, "has been with me the whole evening. It is some hours since my daughter left us together."

Walter spoke in Gregory's defence, but he had no intention of supporting Gregory's accusation. Confused though he was by the mystery of Lily's flight, he realised distinctly that it was more than improbable that either of these two men had ought to do with it.

It is doubtful whether Tom heard him. Almost before he had finished the passionate threat addressed to Gregory, he was excitedly hurrying over the room, and examining with feverish haste every little article belonging to the one he loved so dearly.

"Why," he cried suddenly, and with intense relief, "there's the dress she wore this evening, and there's her bonnet; she must be in the house. She cannot have left it; and see, there's her cloak."

It had not occurred to Tom that a young lady in Lily's position would have more than one bonnet, and several walking costumes. There was no one there who could speak with any exactness as to the extent of Miss Barr's wardrobe—except the housemaid. And she displayed a knowledge so minute as to be suspicious.

After a careful examination of drawers and cupboards, she declared that the two bonnets and the one hat which her young mistress possessed were all in their usual places; that not one of her dresses had been taken from the room; and that if Lily had really left the building, she had gone without cloak, jacket, or shawl.

Then they echoed Tom's words, and declared that "she must be in the house." Again they searched the premises and the thickly-wooded garden that ran nearly round the pleasant villa. Half an hour later they returned to the dining-room, baffled, despondent, mystified.

They had left her home and ventured into the dark, dark night without covering for their head or dress to shield her shoulders, or to cover her petticoats. Those who knew her, they all there did, cried in their hearts that it was impossible, and yet the evidence before them declared the impossible to be a fact.

Had she been removed by force? This could hardly be, for no hint of a struggle had reached any of their ears, and there were no signs that the house had been surreptitiously entered. Besides it was only a box of a place, and no conscious person could be forcibly removed from it without the struggle arousing the inmates.

Difficult and heartrending as it was to believe that she had gone from them of her own free will, they all realized that there was no other reasonable explanation of her mysterious and direful disappearance.

"It's an extraordinary altogether," said Gregory, bothered and sadly troubled. "I cannot make it out at all. However," he added, with a yawn, "I suppose there's nothing to be done to-night. We must wait and see what the morning brings."

Recent luxury had increased Mr. Axon's natural laziness until he had become a complete slave to it. Unless she were to die before her marriage, Lily's departure would mean a loss to him, for Mr. Barr's means would be reduced. It would be better for Gregory were she to marry Tom than to vanish from them altogether. In the former case it was more than certain she would always help her father when he needed her

aid; in the latter who could tell what might happen?

So, we repeat, unless she were dead; unless it were certain that she would die before Tom found her, her disappearance was a most serious thing for Gregory. And yet, though far from being free from agitation, he was perhaps the most calm one there, and certainly the most eager for bed.

"Nothing to be done!" Tom cried, throwing upon Gregory a look of bitterest contempt. "There is everything to be done. Do you think I can tamely wait while she may be in danger? I'll know no sleep till I find her."

He spoke with considerable heat, and as he spoke he tore, rather than took, his great coat from the hall pegs and crushed his hat upon his head.

They followed his quick step. The two servants regarded his manner and his words with evident approbation; Gregory made an effort to throw off his own weariness and lack of energy. Poor Walter sarr as usual wrung his hands and looked appealingly from face to face.

"I've heard, sir," said the smart housemaid diffidently, "of young people walking in their sleep—"

"Of course," Tom vehemently exclaimed; "what fools we all are not to have thought of it before. The poor girl has had an attack of somnambulism—that explains everything."

Almost before he had finished speaking he had opened the front door; in another minute he was walking as quick as his legs would carry him towards the end of the street that ran into the main thoroughfare.

They all clustered on the doorstep and strove to peer through the darkness and follow his movements. Not one of them accompanied him. Walter was dazed and stupefied; Axon declared, with the air of a martyr, that it was obviously his duty to stay and protect the house—he did not explain what special danger threatened it that night—and the servants were, of course, useless to Tom.

Mr. Axon agreed that the somnambulist theory was a very reasonable one.

"It would explain everything as Mr. Westall had said," he declared, with more cheerfulness than the occasion warranted. "People in that state often went out with very little on them. Still, it was very extraordinary, and very sad."

Tom had a particular reason for turning to the left when he rushed from them. To the right the street ended in a large, white, stone house, which stood across the street, surrounded by a broad belt of dark shrubs. There was no thoroughfare at all that way, for the garden at the back of the house ran down to the silent, murky waters of the Regent's Canal.

The other way, as we have already indicated, led into a wide and comparatively busy thoroughfare. In the centre stood an elegant iron pillar decorated with gold, and bearing three brilliant gas lamps. One of these seemed to have been placed for the purpose of illuminating the short street in which Walter had taken his house, pavements and gardens on both sides for nearly half-way down were quite light.

Underneath this central lamp might be found, any night after eleven, and any morning before six, a retailer of hot baked potatoes. He was a sharp, quick-eyed old man. Some years before he had received from the Home Office a reward for giving certain information that ultimately led to the capture of a gang of notorious criminals. This bounty had stimulated his natural keenness to such a degree that he now thought more of watching people than of his more legitimate business. This fact was pretty generally known in the neighborhood; the old man was garrulous, and most of the gentlemen living round about had, at some time, had a conversation with him.

To this man Tom ran with all possible speed. If Lily had passed by that way, he felt certain that this aged amateur detective must have seen her. She had left at the old man's quietest time; when his customer

were few, and he had very little to interrupt his watching.

"No, sir," was the potato merchant's answer, showing Tom a wizened face, and two discoloured, angry teeth. "She aint passed this way, that I'll swear."

"She had no bonnet on, and no dress, Tom continued excitedly. "Are you quite sure she mightn't have passed you when you were serving a customer?"

"A customer!" the old man repeated contemptuously, with a short, snappy laugh; "dy'r think I ever look at my customers? He grinned horribly, and his teeth glistened. "No, no, sir, that would be no good at all. No wrong 'uns—thieves, I mean, sir, and such like—come to me. Ever since I broke up the Wolf's gang they've all had too much respect for me to patronise this shop, or to let me slap eyes upon 'em. They call me 'Silas the Slop,' and I'm proud of the name. Look at my customers? When I'm serving a customer my eyes are sharpest on the road. I've known some of 'em give a lad a penny to come and buy tatties, thinking they'd get past me unobserved while I was serving—but no, sir, they can't do it. I'm up to every move o' theirs. Not a wrong 'un can pass this emporium without me seeing 'em!"

"But—" "You're a going to say that the young lady aint one of that sort. Of course, I know it. But I watches 'em all, good or bad, straight or crooked, and as sure as the stars in heaven are shining down upon us, Miss Barr aint passed here to-night."

"You know her name!" cried Tom in an amazement even his anxiety could not control, "and yet you are only here late at night."

The old man's eyes glittered. He watched Tom's astonishment with obvious pride. Then in a lower, more confidential voice he said:

"There aint a soul living round this bit of neighborhood that I don't know—their names—their habits—everything. Ah," he added with much inward unction, "you'd wonder—that you would—you'd wonder." After a pause, during which Tom looked wildly all around him, the old man added, "You may take my word for it, the lady aint passed this way."

"If Silas says so, you may lay it right, sir," said a voice by their side. Tom turned and saw that a policeman was standing by him.

"And their is no other way to get out of that road," Silas went on, oracularly, not noticing the interruption. "The walls on the backs of them houses on each side are too high for a young girl—leastways a young lady—to climb; and at the other end—at the other end—Ah! at the other end the garden runs down to the canal."

"The canal?" Tom echoed in dismay. "I pray to God that she has not walked into that," and he bounded towards it, followed by the policeman. Old Silas kept his post by the side of his "emporium;" he was satisfied in his own mind that if he deserted it for only a few minutes, all the thieves and rogues in the metropolis would immediately pomenade the pavement in front of it.

Ere the young surgeon had succeeded in entering the grounds belonging to the house at the bottom, he had briefly explained to the policeman the cause of his excitement.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I don't see how she could have very well got through here. Both the gates are locked and the railings are high. If she's got into that garden at all she must have climbed over."

She must have left the road either at this end or the other," Tom declared impatiently, in an agony of fear. "Besides," he added, "how do we know how long these gates have been locked?"

By this time another policeman had joined them, and very soon they had roused one of the servants of the house.

The gates had been locked for some hours—long before it was possible for Lily to have left her house. Nevertheless they searched the grounds carefully more than once; and they examined the banks of the canal for some distance in both directions. No sign or trace of her could they discover.

It was arranged that as soon as day broke the canal should be dragged. All that night, and far into the next, Tom continued his weary search; tramping the streets, visiting police-stations, questioning those whose calling took them about the London highways at night, and still no news of Lily. The mystery which surrounded her disappearance increased his anxiety and his grief. Even the detectives had such faith in old Silas

as to believe that she could not have passed him unperceived; and those who dragged the canal were quite sure that her poor body was not there. Perplexed and beaten—not yet conquered though, for he would devote his life to the unravelling of this heart-rending enigma—Tom was the prey to the most distressing emotions that ever feasted upon the human soul. Sometimes he thought that he had gone a little mad; strangers, who observed his wild look, and his unceasing agitation, considered him very far gone indeed. But Tom had not lost his reason—unless to be in the world, but not of it; to be possessed by one overwhelming grief, one over-owering purpose, be insanity. He was keen and vigilant, and full of energy in all plans for the discovery of his dear love.

A few days had greatly changed him. His impetuosity had changed to irritability, his joyous moods never came now.

On the fifth day after Lily's disappearance he received tidings of her from her father's solicitor that blanched his hair a snowier white, and almost drove hope from his heart.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## STRANGE NEWS.

Rewards had been offered for the recovery of Lily; bills upon the walls and advertisements in the newspapers described her appearance, and the date on which she had vanished, yet, notwithstanding this publicity, Mr. Wicks—Walter's solicitor—heard nothing of the matter until some days afterwards. It was curious, too, that they had not gone to him in their trouble, but it happened in this way. One of the detectives whom Tom consulted advised him to employ a sharp firm of lawyers, and supplied him with the name of one that was, he declared, the "best in London." Walter, in his agitated, helpless state, forgot all about his own legal adviser; and Mr. Wicks' name was not likely, under the circumstances, to occur to Tom.

"Good gracious me!" cried Mr. Wicks, when some one pointed out the advertisement to him; "disappeared has she? Well who would have thought it? Just five days ago, and this is the first I've heard of it. Wonderful!"

Mr. Wicks was a fussy, fidgety, little man, with a scared look and a bluish complexion. He called his solitary clerk to him, and in his quick, nervous way demanded the reason why the advertisement had not been shown him earlier. The dilapidated clerk had the best of answers; he had not seen it himself. Then Mr. Wicks wanted to know where the deuce his eyes were—the man looked furtively round the room as though he had dropped them somewhere—and what the devil he did for his money; to which last question the fellow was obviously puzzled to reply.

"Come," Mr. Wicks went on, "don't stand there as if you'd got a month to do a day's work in. Fetch me my hat and coat. I'll go to Mr. Barr's house at once." With much haste and excitement Mr. Wicks arranged his papers upon his desk preparatory to shutting and locking it up.

When he was ready to start, the clerk placed his finger on the advertisement, and said abruptly:

"Did you see that?"

"What?"

Mr. Wicks adjusted his eyeglass and read the concluding lines of the announcement to which his familiar pointed:

"Information to be given to Inspector Jennings, F.C. Scotland yard, or to Messrs. Shriver, Picer, and Stabbs, Craig's-court, W. C."

Mr. Wicks let the paper fall and looked at his clerk; the clerk took a prodigious pinch of snuff and looked at his employer.

"Shriver, Picer, and Stabbs," the little lawyer repeated. "Very good, very good indeed; and that's my reward for studying Mr. Walter Barr's eccentricities all these years. Marl, take off my coat; hang up my hat; place my umbrella in the stand."

"I thought so," said Marl. "Shriver, Picer, and Stabbs," he continued in a tone of withering contempt; "it's the best joke I've heard for many a day."

Mr. Wicks resumed his seat at his desk and wrote a short note.

"Marl, can you spare half an hour or so?"

"Might," answered Marl, doubtfully.

"Take a cab to Mr. Barr's house—here's the address; give him this letter, and bring him back with you."

Marl nodded his head and shuffled from the room. An hour later, Tom Westall burst into it, crying impetuously:



"You have news of her, Mr. Wicks?" Tom's abruptness and excitement evidently discomposed the lawyer. He waved his hand as though to enjoin calmness. "Pray be seated," he said, with a precision that maddened Tom.

"If you have any news—" Tom commenced.

Again the hand was raised warningly, appealingly. "May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Westall, I am a surgeon, Miss Barr is engaged to me."

Tom spoke so rapidly that his words appeared to be all uttered with one effort, which left him breathless and panting.

The legal gentleman inclined his head. "Mr. Barr has spoken to me about you," he said.

"Yes, yes," Tom went on impatiently and quickly; "he's far too ill to come down himself to-day. I am here in his place, any news you may have—"

"All in good time, my dear air—all in good time." He spoke with provoking coldness. "It appears from this," placing his finger upon the unlucky advertisement, "that Mr. Barr has not thought it well to consult me in this matter."

Tom reddened. He understood now the lawyer's distant manner, and he realized his own mistake in not placing an affair of such delicacy in the hands of Lily's own solicitor.

"I'm afraid," he said, a little confusedly, "that the mistake—the fault is entirely mine. In the anxiety, and the fear of the moment, I rather lost my head. I forgot all about you. I went to the first office I was recommended to. Mr. Barr had nothing to do with the matter at all. He has not been capable of attending to any business."

"Oh, it is of not the slightest consequence," Mr. Wick assumed an air of supreme indifference. "Indeed," he went on, "it is quit as well you acted as you did. We don't care about being mixed up with these police cases. Now Shriver, Percer, and Stabbs do. It has been said that Mr. Stabbs can't breathe outside a police-court, and I dare say it's true."

"I assure you—" Tom commenced.

"Don't mention it," Wicks interrupted him. After a pause he confessed: "Still I am very glad to hear that it was none of Mr. Barr's doings. And you being a doctor it was just what might have been expected."

Tom bit his lip, and again begged the lawyer to relieve him of the anxiety under which he laboured.

"You are aware, Mr. Wicks commenced, "that the young lady in question has a considerable sum in her own right?"

Tom looked surprised. "I knew that she had some money," he said.

"A considerable sum," the lawyer repeated, "and over this money I was, by Mr. Barr's request, appointed guardian. Indeed her father took, as I considered, very peculiar pains to shut himself out from having the nearest control over it. Up to now they have practically had one purse in common, but still the young lady could at any moment have prevented her father from touching or enjoying a penny of her money. Lily—"

—Mr. Wick's voice and manner softened as he pronounced this name—"was very fond of having a chat with me. She has often sat upon that chair you are now using, and talking away merrily for half an hour at a time, brightening up this dull room in a way I find it very difficult to describe."

The speaker paused. Tom's heart swelled, and a big lump rose in his throat. His hands travelled lovingly over the chair.

"Lily used to call me her banker, and she often came to me for money, rather than take her father's cheque. 'I've got my own banker,' she used to say, playfully. 'I'm quite independent of you. I shall go to Mr. Wicks and coax some money out of him.' Of course the way they lived it amounted to the same thing whether I gave her money or she had it from her father. It was a whim of hers—a harmless whim—and was always glad to gratify it. I did not see her as often as I should have liked, for Mr. Barr was nearly always in the country. She would drop in when I least expected her. It was always a pleasure for me to meet her and I need not say that I always gave her what she required."

"I remember," said Tom, "that she called upon you two or three weeks ago. I had some business to transact in that neighborhood. When I came on here to take her home, you had gone—you had been called away."

"Precisely. Well, sir"—the lawyer looked very serious and lowered his voice—

"she was here the morning after she disappeared from St. John's-wood."

"Impossible!" Tom ejaculated, starting from his seat. Then he fervently added, "Thank God she's alive!"

"And, from her appearance then, I should say tolerably well."

"Was she not agitated? Did she not tell you why she had left us?"

Mr. Wicks, as he answered these questions, became very grave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Music and Drama.

Mme. Patti begins her European tour next November. She goes first to Madrid, and afterwards visits Lisbon, Monaco, and Vienna, and subsequently sings throughout Germany and France.

Emma Nevada will make a concert tour in America next season under the management of Chizzola. Coquelin's decision to break his contract with Chizzola for an American tour has created much comment.

Princess Dolgorouki, wife of the nephew of the widow of the late Cesar, the woman who recently created a sensation in Berlin by appearing in public as a violinist for pay, is advertised to make her debut in London as a fiddle-player.

It is said that a syndicate of Lyceum officials, entirely independent of Mr. Irving, are trying to engage a company here to go to America with a new comedy and new drama. There is no truth whatever in the report that Miss Ellen Terry will accompany them.

Miss Adelaide De'chon is rapidly becoming a society favorite in London since her debut as a parlor singer at Lady Landeshborough's reception. Miss De'chon then met the Prince of Wales, and has several times since attended parties at Marlborough House, the Prince's London residence.

A correspondent has seen the list of receipts at the Savoy Theatre since the opening of the house. The receipts for the opening season of "Patience" largely exceeded those for "Iolanthe," "The Princess Ida," or "The Sorcerer," but those for "The Mikado" are largely in excess of even those for "Patience."

The much-heralded re-opening of McVicker's Theatre for the twenty-ninth season took place Wednesday evening, July 1, with the presentation of John C. Freund's original drama, "True Nobility," the scene of which is laid in England and in Western America. It was given with all the advantages of new scenery in an entirely renovated house. The drama introduces the author for the first time to the stage.

Lord Latham, the new Lord Chamberlain in the Salisbury Government, and chief director of the Covent Garden opera company, limited, is at the head of a movement to revive Italian opera at Covent Garden next season. It is proposed to make one night in each week exclusively for royal and aristocratic subscribers. The Prince of Wales is said to favor this scheme, and Mr. Gye, who will be manager, thinks Italian opera will again become fashionable. Col. Mapleson, as one might expect, ridicules the idea.

Mrs. Weldon, who recently secured from the Sheriff's Court of London a verdict of \$50,000 against the composer Gounod for libel, has emerged in a new character. She has become a theatrical manager and has rented the Grand Theatre at Islington. She announces her intention to open the place with a new play which is to be based on her own personal experiences, and to have for its object the exposure of the abuses prevalent under the present execution of the English lunacy laws. There can hardly be a doubt that Mrs. Weldon will succeed in drawing immense houses to her theatre. She is the best-advertised woman in Great Britain and has a tremendous fund of popular curiosity to draw upon.

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should always be careful not to forget himself.

Teach us that woman is not elegance; that profusion is not magnificence; and that splendour is not beauty. Teach us that taste is a talisman which can do greater wonder than the millions of the loanmonger. Teach us that to vie is not to rival, and to imitate not to invent.

THE SPHINX.

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

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

NO. 168.—WHAT AM I?

I'm inconsiderate and rash,  
In ways of folly I may dash;  
I'm firmly fixed and swift in motion,  
And faithful, too, in my devotion.  
I may describe a sleep profound,  
And I am deep as well as sound.  
In truth, it may be further stated  
That I am sometimes dissipated;  
But though extravagant I be,  
I am not broken easily.

NELSONIAN.

169.—ANAGRAMS AND PARAGRAMS.

(Entered for prize.)

Strange though it is, nevertheless it is true.  
That R. A. Smith brings an ancient God in-  
to view.

II.

Behold me, I'm a gambling game,  
Then add one letter to my name,  
And it will give the state of mind  
Most losers feel when luck's unkind.

III.

In masquerade, or gaudy dress,  
I mutely all such forms express;  
Behold me and the place appears  
Where swains delight to take their dears.

IV.

One hundred pounds at sight will show,  
Just sixteen letters, and yet 'tis so  
That you can put them in a word of six,  
If on the right one you but chance to fix.

V.

A social game, a useful tool,  
A thing to frighten any fool;  
Behold me and behold aright,  
'Twill bring the writers' name to sight.  
S. J. B.

NO. 170.—IS IT EASY?

[Simple as it appears, a variety of answers to this problem has been given by persons who should be able to quickly solve it correctly, in one instance a learned doctor giving a result more than three times as great as that furnished by the school mistress of the village.]

A man sold a pig for \$7, bought it back for \$6, and afterward sold it for \$9. How much did he make by his speculation?  
E. WRIGHTMAN.

NO. 171.—AN ENIGMA.

(Entered for prize.)

I'm a study, a whole and five parts;  
I'm not partial, though fond of the arts;  
Con me with care from beginning to end,  
And the whole with the ends in harmony blend;  
You'll find I oft please, though I often do vex,  
Pleasure develop, though I often perplex.  
R. G.

NO. 172.—A CHARADE.

I am the first, and one of seven;  
I live betwixt the seas and heaven,  
Look not below, for I am not there,  
My home is in the ambient air.  
Come to my second: behold how fair  
I am, how bright and how debonaire;  
A pleasant vision and a beauty,  
A thing of life and joy and duty.  
My youth is changed—I live alone;  
My views are crossed—my hopes are gone;  
My whole is sorrow, grief, and woe,  
My singing now is all heigh ho!

NO. 173.—QUITE MIXED.

At three of nine the seedy-looking old man arose and went to the two-three to take a one, and after that he acted very one-two-three.

BELLE BURDETTE.

NO. 174.—A THING OF CHANGE.

I never was or could be one,  
But in extremes am always met  
Of penury or plenty.

I would be nothing, found alone,  
But after two should I be set  
I then would jump to twenty.

THE JULY PRIZE.

Solutions in competition for the July prize should be mailed within seven days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzles answered.

WHO WILL WIN?

1. A cash prize of five dollars will be awarded for the best original contribution to this department before the close of 1885.  
2. A prize of two dollars will be presented for the best variety of original contributions furnished during the same time. This prize will not be awarded the winner of No. 1.

ANSWERS.

- 165.—1. N inny, inn. 2. Daddy, add. 3. D oge, dog. 4. K ine, kin. 5. D ye, N ye.
- 166.—Needles.
- 167.—Pink.
- 168.—Devil.
- 169.—Invention.
- 170.—Schreight.

Favorite Flowers of Stage People.

Lilies of the valley are favorites with Lotta—by the way, the natural taste of Miss Crabtree in all things is a prominent feature of her personality.

Patti adores a honeysuckle and tulips—of the latter she took home to Wales several varieties. The bulbs filled two large cases.

Sara Jewett is one of the florists' best customers. Pink pond lilies and roses are her favorites. She wears roses in bud bunches, and always has them about her home and in her dressing-room at the theatre.

Clara Louise Kellogg has a penchant for wild flowers, particularly violets and colored grasses.

Louise Eldridge says: "The sunflower is my favorite, because it stands out from the rest, like a star line on the bills." She is given to purple in dress, but to salmon and yellow in floral bloom.

Heliotrope, the generous, magnificent growth of which no other country can equal, has a constant friend in Mary Anderson.

Maggie Mitchell's cottage in Harlem sits among roses and daisies, and the syringa is largely cultivated by Charlotte Thompson at her country home near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

The ladies of the stage are not the sole patrons of the flower-stands among the professional people. Tony Hart "nearly always" can be seen with a solitary crimson blossom in his button-hole. A sprig of evergreen is affected by Mr. Wallack, Mr. Barrett, and John Howson. A Maréchal Niel bud is often seen on the coat lapel of Mr. James Lewis. His dog, usually by his side, attracts universal attention. In flowers and dogs Mr. Lewis is a man of taste, "barring" the fact that he is one of our best comedians.

Harry Edwards, who has earned a national reputation as a naturalist, knows much of flowers as well as birds. Ask Mr. Edwards any question upon the floral families and he will give you a most interesting resume of buds, petals and seeds.

Poppies please little Verona Jarbeau. Very few ladies to-day, on or off the stage, are influenced in their flower partialities by the language that some one's pretty idea associated them with two centuries or more ago. If one likes a flower for its beauty or perfume—its language may be ever so inappropriate—it does not detract from the use of the blossom. Smilax is worn with almost everything because of its graceful sprays and delicate tendrils. Pansies are universal favorites. They are found on the tables of Adelaide Cherie, Mrs. Chanfrau, Netta Guion, and Annie Russell in generous quantities. Mr. Osmond Tearle and John T. Raymond often sport a pansy in their button-hole. Many of the stage people are as generous givers of flowers as they are passionate lovers. A bunch of violets, a cut of roses, is a favorite gift of Marie Roze (Mrs. Mapleson) to her favorite friends. At a small lunch party not long since in Chicago, Grace Hawthorne, the new rising star, presented every gentleman present with a Maréchal Niel bud, and every lady a bunch of violets. Upon herself, crushed in smilax, she wore violets and buds in great profusion.

Temperance Department.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Queen's Son on Temperance.

The Duke of Connaught, before leaving India, recently wrote a letter to Rev. Mr. Grogson, founder of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association. The Duke wrote, among other things:—"I thoroughly appreciate the good results that have attended your united efforts to promote temperance among the British soldiers serving in India. Experience has taught me how much the crime in the army in India is either caused or aggravated by drink, and one cannot too often impress this on the men themselves. I think great improvements in this respect have already taken place; and I am sure, by lessening temptations, hitherto so often offered to the men, a great deal will be done."

The Drink Traffic in Germany.

So much is being said in regard to the advantage of supplying the people of Canada with good beer and light wines as a step in the direction of temperance, the experience of Germany, so well known as a country where the people are liberally supplied with beer, is of interest and value. Dr. Baer, the head-physician at the Plotzensee prison, Germany, a man of ability, has recently written an able paper regarding the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the chief European States. It has been considered of sufficient value to warrant its republication by the English Foreign Office for the collection of publications on subjects of commercial and general interest. The figures give show that the quantity of spirits consumed is increasing in Germany, contrary to the theory that men will not desire spirits if only a "wholesome mild drink like beer" is supplied to them at a cheap rate. The fact is that the appetite for alcohol, once formed, even by the use of some of its mildest forms, is almost sure to grow, in many persons at least, so that a craving for something stronger will follow.

In the London Daily Chronicle it is remarked that "the fact that the total consumption of spirits in Germany has increased, notwithstanding the alleged improvement in the drinking habits of the upper classes, indicates that the German working classes are more addicted to strong drink than ever they were. As the defeat of the French in their great struggle with Germany was attributed in a great measure to the depraved state of morals in the army owing to the abuse of alcohol under the Empire, it will be well for the Germans to reflect upon the possibilities of the demoralization of their own army from the same cause."

Are You the Temperance Man?

There lives a man—let me call him George Hardy, the name matters not, for it is his story I would impress upon you—who possesses great abilities. His childhood was full of promise, his manhood rosy with hope, and his prospects great, until drink became his master and dragged him down.

His education was the best this country could give him, and he had grasped what he studied with the grip of a great mind. Going to the bar, he became a meteor among his fellows, a bright star, with powers of oratory that excited the admiration of all who heard him.

Starting so well on a career so full of promise, he married, and had children. He loved his wife when he married her, and continued to love her without a doubt; but

the fatal fascination of the wine-cup took possession of him, and wine became his chief pleasure. It stimulated him first, and he became a wonder to those around him; but when it became a necessity to him, it increased its power over him, and sapped the energies and intelligence of which he had been so proud.

The change was soon apparent. With a mind muddled, he mismanaged two or three cases intrusted to him—ruined them in fact—and confidence in him was lost. After that he went down hill.

From a cheerful, happy man, he became a moody, discontented, surly brute. It is folly to mince matters in speaking of him as he then was, for a brute drink had made him. He ill-treated the woman he loved, and at last drove her from the house to seek refuge with her father. She took all the children but one with her.

The child was a boy, a copy of his father in beauty an intelligence. George Hardy saw in that boy what he had once been, and his love for the child was strong enough to stay his hand when he would have struck him. He did not ask for the boy to be left with him; it was the boy's choice.

"I cannot leave him," the child said. Down, down went the father, until he became a frequenter of the public-house bars. To go there and drink the little he earned was according to his views, being "on a spree." A "spree," according to the dictionary, is a "merry frolic;" but, alas! for the merriment in those mad outbursts—where was it?

To drink, to boast of what he had been, to quarrel, to resort to mean shifts to get money to spend, was all he seemed to live for; but the boy never left him except to sleep.

When he went out "on the spree," the boy followed him, and when he reeled out of the public-house, sodden and stupid, took him home.

How often that child had been tempted to touch the fatal poison that had ruined his father, it is impossible to say. But many, many times strangers, and his father too, had urged him to put his line to the dangerous cup; but he was staunch and true to the instinct within him.

"No, no," he would say; "if you kill me, who is to take care of him?" This from a little child of twelve would have been touching to any class of men except those who make the public-house their home. But his father's pot companions only laughed at him. He bore it all, and never swerved from his self-imposed duty.

There were times when the father might be seen lying in the gutter helpless, and the child seated upon the kerbstone holding the heavy head of the drunkard in his lap; and there he would wait until help came.

Matters had got to their worst. For years the father lived on and the boy was still with him. One day a famous temperance lecturer, hearing of the man, went to the house and knocked at the door. The poor boy with a serious face of anxious manhood upon him, but withal handsome and youthful, appeared.

"Is Mr. Hardy in?" the visitor asked. The boy was not sure, but said he would see. He went away, and quickly returning, ushered the lecturer into the neglected room. In a chair sat the fallen man, with hair prematurely white, without a waistcoat, and the rest of his attire hanging loosely about him.

He looked up, and scanning his visitor closely, asked—

"Are you the temperance man?"

"Yes," was the reply. George Hardy moved uneasily in his seat and getting into a position with his back to the light, said—

"Why do you come to me?"

"To help you if I can."

He laughed bitterly, and with another uneasy movement, rejoined—

"Help me! Do you know I have been a drunkard over twenty years. Can I be saved?"

"Yes," said the lecturer, "with God's help you can."

He waved his hand with the contempt of the unbeliever, and said—

"Don't talk to me of God." But the "temperance man," the wearer of the blue, was not to be put off. He had a story to tell of his own, almost as dark as that of the wretched man before him. He began it, but George Hardy, interrupting him, rose from his chair.

"I should like Georgie to hear you," he said.

Then he called the little boy, and he came in with big tears running down his cheeks. It was plain to see that his heart was breaking, and the father, stubbornly blind so long, saw it. All the pent-up love of years, held back by the great barrier drink, found vent. It broke through, and carried everything before it.

"Oh! my son," he cried, clasping the boy in his arms.

He held him there for a while, and the visitor sat still, feeling that the hour for help had come. "Pray for me," he sobbed; and they knelt together, and the words of earnest pleading for a long sinful past poured from the broken man's lips.

A week from that time a meeting was held near George Hardy's house. It was one of the many that are being held throughout the land in this great time of awakening. In the midst of it George Hardy walked in and passed down the room.

He was known to many, and joyous murmurs welcomed his coming. Straight to the platform he walked. There was a table upon it, and on this he laid his hand.

"I am going to sign the pledge," he said; "you all know what I have been. Pray for me."

He signed it, and then on his knees asked God to help him to keep him from drink. A long and fervent prayer burst from his lips, and thrilled through the hearts of all who heard it.

He has been true to that vow. The wife whom he drove away and kept away with threats has come back to him. The children to whose sweet voices he turned a deaf ear are again gathered about him, and his home is a happy one.

He is not now so great a man as he might have been, but he is prosperous, and lives honored and respected, because he is no longer seen in the public-house, and the wine bottle is banished from his home.

The boy so stout of heart through all his growing into a sober manhood, and with the blessing of Almighty God may one day hold the position in life his father forfeited.

Ask George Hardy now, "are you the temperance man?" and he will proudly and thankfully answer, "Thank God, I am." Is it not well for him that he is able to answer thus, and would it not be well for all if they could say the same thing? To be a temperance man is to be a sober, honest, happy, thriving citizen, the reverse of the drunkard in everything.

The one is a blessing to the community, the other a curse. One fills his position in life with credit and honor to himself, and profit to others; the other is a social leper, who endures untold misery, and is too often shunned by those around him.

It is a good thing to be able to say "Yes" when you are asked if you are a temperance man, but how lost to shame one must be to acknowledge that he is a drunkard. And yet some doggedly boast of the way they give their lives to drink. It is only drink that could make them so shameless.

The Redeeming Power of Affection.

An English writer relates the following manner in which the quiet, persistent love of a child was the redemption of a drunken father:

"That night I was out late; I returned by the Lee cabin about 11 o'clock. As I approached I saw a strange-looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling; it was autumn. I drew near, and there was Millie wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had lain down to listen to the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to bed. Before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted, and she fell into a troubled sleep, with raindrops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from me, and returned to the now dark and silent cabin. Things went on thus for weeks and months,

but at length Leo grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self-deny child; and one day when he awoke from a slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him, and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and, with a tone almost tender, said:

"Millie, what makes you stay with me?"

"Because you are my father, and I love you."

"You love me," repeated the wretched man; "you love me!" He looked at his bloated limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes. "Love me!" he still murmured; "Millie, what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard! everybody else despises me; why don't you?" "Dear father," said the girl, with swimming eyes, "my mother has taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my bed, and says, 'Millie, don't leave father, he will get away from that rum fiend some of these days, and then how happy you will be.'"

"And he did get away from the rum fiend. The unflinching affection of his child, strengthened by the dying words of her mother, saved him, and restored to him again his manhood."

Two Cures for Inebriates.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard.

"Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he became a sober man.

Before intemperance was, as now, looked upon as a disease, as well as an evil habit, and the will power alone thought sufficient to keep one under restraint, a man of property, residing in Charlestown, Massachusetts, who had long indulged in habits of intemperance, at last found his health on the decline, and resolved to consult the celebrated Dr. Spring, of Watertown.

He stated the symptoms of his case, which the learned doctor could not but understand. "I can cure you," said he, "if you will follow my advice," which the patient promised implicitly to do.

"Now," said the doctor, "you must steal a horse."

"What! steal a horse?" "Yes; you must steal a horse. You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored."

We do not learn whether the rich man actually stole the horse, but let us hope he left the doctor a wiser man.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Circle, published in Detroit under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., is one of the latest additions to the list of temperance periodicals. It is ably edited by Mrs. J. H. Brownell, a former Canadian lady, and strikes the prohibition note clear and full.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.—Lord Wolseley has sent a dispatch from Cairo Egypt, to the Marquis of Hartington regarding the manner in which the troops were fed during the Sudan expedition. He wrote: "The general good health of the soldiers and their robust and vigorous appearance may, I think, be directly attributed to the excellent quality and liberal allowance of food provided for them. South of Korosko, no ration of malt liquor or spirits was issued. The conduct of the men has been admirable, but the soldier-like spirit and cheerful good humour with which they bore the many discomforts and great fatigues inseparable from such a campaign were beyond all praise." The Alliance News, commenting on the above, says such good conduct on the part of the soldiers is just what might naturally be expected from practical totalitarians.

## Our Young Folks.

### The Sheep at Grandpa's Farm.

Of all the lovely things we do, my sister Maud and I, in summer days, at grandpa's farm, where hills are green and high,

There's nothing that we like so well as being sent to keep, All through the shady afternoon, a flock of milk white sheep.

You see, each lam'kin knows its name; and when we call aloud, From every corner of the field the fleecy darlings crowd.

At twilight when the sun goes down, to let the stars outshine, We bend for them some willow boughs, or dainty budding vine.

And grandpa bids us give them salt; they think it quite a treat, Just as we think of sugar plums, or bonbons nice and sweet.

But when the frisky little ones eat quick and run away, 'Excuse them please, they're very young,' their mothers seem to say.

I wonder people think them dumb, I'm sure the wise old ones Could tell some things to giddy girls who have no wit to lose.

How patiently they pace along, and let the lamblines play, And chase their shadows on the grass, and skip about all day.

One never sees them looking cross; and that's what grandpa meant— That "lilly" once, in olden days, was pure and innocent.

And in the Good Book, Maud and I together love to read, Of pastures green and waters still, where happy flocks may feed.

We know the Shepherd loves the lambs, and oft we pray to Him At eve, low kneeling by our beds, when all the earth is dim;

And I when we wake and laugh and play, and when we go to sleep, We trust that He will keep us safe, as we have kept the sheep.

### THE WHITE INDIAN PRINCESS.

A TRICK STORY.

Formerly there lived among the Snake, or Schoshonee Indians, as they are commonly called, a white woman of surpassing beauty. She was known as "The White Princess," and was often consulted upon matters of importance to the tribe. Her history was related to me by Mrs. Larrimer, a white Sioux captive.

Many years ago a party of emigrants set out to go from the Eastern States to Oregon. While crossing the plains they were set upon, and all murdered or captured by Indians. Among the emigrants was a family of four persons, the father, mother, a son of eighteen, and a beautiful little girl aged six years. While the Indians were plundering the train the brother took his little sister in his arms and fled into the mountains. He soon found a cave in the side of a mountain, and taking his little sister into it, hid away until the Indians were all gone. Next day he left his sister in the cave, and bidding her remain there until he returned, he went back to the scene of the massacre to see if he could find any one alive and get anything to eat. He found that his father, mother, and all his friends had been killed, and the wagons burned. While walking about among the ruins he discovered a gun, a case of matches, and a bag of ammunition which had escaped the red man. Taking the gun, ammunition, matches, and some crackers lying in the grass, he returned to the cave.

"My poor little sister," he said, "we are all alone in the world, but here are some crackers for our supper, and to-morrow I will kill some game."

Early in the morning he went out and shot a fine deer, which he cut up with a butcher knife he always carried, and taking off a hind-quarter went back to the cave. Kindling a fire, he broiled some pieces of the meat on a stick and gave them to his sister to eat. It tasted very good, and they made quite a hearty meal.

The cave in which the children were hid was in Salt Lake Mountain, in the Jubah Valley, and it was well known to the Indians; but they would not go near it, for

they believed it inhabited by bad spirits. The Indians called it "Pen Gun," and said a demoniac spirit lived in it, who every evening at sunset uttered dismal howls. The first evening the children were in the cave they had heard a peculiar noise, and thought some one was calling them.

"Lie still, little sister," said the brother. "It is the Indians who are hunting for us, but they will not find us."

Soon all became still, and the children, worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the day, had fallen asleep. In the morning they heard the same sound, and were frightened almost to death, thinking the Indians were upon them, and would surely find them now it was light. For a long time they waited, but as no one came and the noise ceased, the brother had crept out, and seeing nothing, returned to bid his sister be still while he went to the train.

On the second day of their stay at the cave the children heard the peculiar noise again, and fled far into the recesses of the mountain. Perhaps they should have been still more frightened than they were, but they thought the noise they heard proceeded from Indians, and did not know the cave was inhabited by spirits.

The third day the brother went back to the train again to see what he could find, and if possible bury his poor father and mother. He only found a spade, but with this he heaped earth on the dead bodies, and gathering up some more ammunition and a small quantity of flour, returned to the cave.

Every evening the children heard the moaning in the mountain, and the brother, who was very brave, set out to find what it was. He soon discovered a hole in the mountains through which the wind whistled, making a noise as of some one groaning or in deep distress. He now explained the cause of the sound to his sister, and they were comparatively happy, for they had been in mortal dread of Indians, believing the noise came from them.

Every day the brother went out with his gun, killed game, and brought it home. As it was summer, they did not need fire except to cook, and so were comparatively comfortable and happy.

They had lived this way nearly six months, and the weather was beginning to become cold, for the winter was approaching. One morning the brother called his sister to him, and removing the bramble, with which he had screened the mouth of the cave, said,

"Little sister, be careful, for I am going further down the canon to-day than usual, and may not return until nearly night."

She promised him she would, and kissing her tenderly, he set out.

Hardly had he gone from her sight when the little girl heard him calling. She went to the mouth of the cave, and looking a little way down the ravine, saw her brother engaged in a deadly conflict with a huge grizzly bear. He had started down the canon, and had not proceeded far when he heard steps behind him. Turning to see who it could be, his eyes fell upon a great grizzly bear and her two cubs rapidly advancing upon him. He cocked his gun and taking deliberate aim, pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire, and before he could cock his piece again the bear was upon him. Drawing his knife, he defended his life as best he could; but he was soon knocked down by a tremendous blow from the bear's paw, and was torn in pieces.

As soon as he was dead the bear made off with her cubs, and the little girl ran to her brother. With all the tenderness of a woman she attempted to staunch his flowing blood; but he was quite gone, and she could only weep over his dead body. Closing his eyes, the poor little orphan took his head in her lap, and sat all day beside him. In the evening some wolves, attracted by the smell of blood, came along and attempted to reach the body. The little girl gathered some stones and drove them off, and all night long kept watch over her brother. In the morning the howling wolves came again, and completely surrounded her. She picked up the gun, and loading it as she had often seen her brother do, was attempting to fire it off at the wolves, when a sharp war-whoop rang upon the air, and a tall Indian stood before her.

Thinking the Indian was one of the band who had killed her father and mother, and that he would murder her, the child seized her brother's knife, and, not yet fully awake, held out his hand, smiled, and made signs that he would not hurt her. Little by little she became convinced, and throwing down

the knife, sat down by her brother's body, and burst into tears. The Indian gently approached her, and stroking her hair softly, finally took her up in his arms and consoled her as a father might do. When he had somewhat restored her confidence he gave her some pemican, dried meat, and berries to eat. He then asked her by signs where she had come from, and she showed him the cave. The Indian would not go in, for he had heard of the spirit cave, and was afraid.

The little girl ran in, and bringing out the spade showed the Indian she would have him bury her brother. He dug a deep hole in the soft earth, and placing the body in it, covered it up with earth, and piled stones upon it to keep the wolves from digging it up. Then lifting the little girl on the pony behind him, they rode away over mountain and stream, and did not stop until the sun was setting.

Just at sunset they came to a large Indian encampment in a beautiful grove on the bank of a broad river. The little girl saw many children of her own age, but they were so dark-skinned she at first thought they were negroes; but she was told they were Indians. The Indian who had captured her took the little girl to his lodge, and telling his wife to take good care of her, went out to unsaddle and picket his pony where it could get some grass. He then went to the chief and related all that had happened, telling how the little girl had lived in the spirit cave, and had come direct from the spirits. The Indians are very superstitious, and the chief believed all he was told, saying the child was surely a spirit child, and had been sent to them by the great Monedo, who made the world, to give them luck in their wars.

So the little girl became an object of great veneration. She was dressed in the finest and softest of furs, had a new leathern lodge given her, with a bed of skins of wild animals, and girls to wait upon her, comb her hair, make fires, bring wood and water, and cook for her. She was called "The White Princess," and sat by the side of the great chief in all the councils. Her presence was deemed an evidence of wisdom and good luck, and the Indians fairly idolized her. As she grew up she became every day more and more beautiful, until there had never before been seen anywhere such a vision of loveliness. At eighteen many chiefs and warriors sought her hand in marriage, and some even crossed lances in her cause, but from all she turned coldly away, and bade them marry women of their own tribe.

To relieve herself from annoyance, she told the great chief that if she married, the spirits would discard her, and she would lose her power and become as other women. The chief commanded all to cease from thoughts of wedding her, and to think of her and treat her only as a being from the other world and far above mortals.

She now became a greater Princess than ever, and held almost a regal court. The finest horses in the tribe, beautifully caparisoned, were hers, the handsomest Indian maidens constituted her court, and she was constantly guarded by a hundred warriors. In one of their warlike expeditions the Schoshonees captured many prisoners, and among others a white woman and her little child. As soon as the Princess heard of the white captives she ordered them to be brought to her, and holding the white woman's face between her hands, she gazed for a long time at her, and then kissing her tenderly, said,

"Mother—my mother."

Poor girl! her mind went back to her infancy, and she remembered that her massacred mother had looked like this woman. The little boy she called her brother, and loading mother and child with presents, sent them back to their people.

Though she was regarded as a being of a superior order by these wild yet loyal aborigines, the desolation and unhappiness of her situation may well be imagined from this affecting incident. For many years she had not seen a white face, except, perhaps, that of some bronzed and grizzled frontiersman, and one can easily understand how the depths of memory and love in her woman's heart were stirred by the sight of the fair captive mother and her little son.

The Schoshonees made peace with the whites, and the Princess retired with her court far up into the mountains. Many trappers, hunters, and frontiersmen who had heard of the fame of the White Princess made long journeys to see her, but the Schoshonees carefully concealed her, and would allow no white man to look upon her face. Many believed her to be a myth, but there are

scores of people still living who know better. One summer while the White Princess held her court deep within the Rockies, a large body of Crow Indians attacked her camp while most of her guards were out on a hunt. The few guards at the camp were soon overpowered or killed, the camp destroyed, and the White Princess and her women carried off. They took her far over the mountains to the Crow lands on the Big Yellowstone.

As soon as the Schoshonees heard of the fate of their Princess they were greatly excited, and the whole nation wished to go to war with the Crows. The women tore their hair and cut great gashes in their flesh to show their grief; and the warriors shot many ponies, believing the White Princess was dead, and would need them on her journey to the happy hunting grounds.

The desire of the Snake nation to go to war with the Crows was made known to the white commandant of the nearest military post, but he forbade them from doing so. The Indians then demanded that he should have their White Princess returned to them. He wrote a letter to the commandant of Fort Ellis, in Montana, which was then the nearest military post to the Crow Reservation, and asked that a full investigation of the matter might be made, and the white woman, if found, be sent to Camp Brown. After a long time the commandant at Ellis replied that he had made every effort to recover the White Princess, but without avail. Meantime the winter came on, and the snows fell deep upon the mountains.

All winter the Schoshonees mourned for their lost Princess, and in the early spring, when the snows were thawed out a little in the passes, they sent a white man who lived with the tribe and several Indians over the mountains to see if they could find out anything about the lost Princess. The white man was authorized to offer five hundred ponies as a ransom for her if she could be found. The embassy was gone all summer, but returned in the fall without the Princess, saying they could not find her. The Crows denied all knowledge of her or her whereabouts.

The next spring the Schoshonees again sent an embassy over the mountains, and so on for several years, but they never heard anything of their lost Princess.

Many surmises have been indulged in as to what became of this white woman, but nobody ever knew, or, if they know, would not tell. Some think she is still living among the Crows, and married to a Crow chief who had seen her and fallen desperately in love with her; others think she was murdered with all her women by the Crows, and buried in the mountains; others, again, say she was sold to the Blackfeet, who inhabit the northwestern part of Montana up next to the British possessions. Whichever theory may be true, it is certain the White Princess is lost, and probably never will be found or heard of again on this earth.—Harper's Young People.

### The Game of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

This game is played thus, and can be played by any number of players. The director having procured a slate and pencil puts down in the name of some animal, bird or fish, thus:—H— — — a. He then states that what he has written stands for a beast's name, the first and last letters of which are h and a with three letters between represented by the dashes.

"Let's see," replied Tom, scratching his head, "I know—hare."

The director. "You muff! There are only four letters in hare and five in this word. Try again—mind: you only have three guesses, so look out."

Tom wondered again for a minute and suddenly blurted out, "I know—horse."

"Wrong again," replied Harry, "the last letter of horse is e and not a. Now be careful, Tom, for this is your last turn."

Again Tom scratched his head, bit his fingers, and after meditating for at least two minutes and a half, shouted out in a moment of inspiration:

"Hypena!"

As he was right, it now became his turn to put down a name. So he wrote on the slate S— — — w, at the same time telling Harry it was a bird, for, according to the rules of this game, you must say whether this name represents a beast, a fish, a bird, an insect, or a reptile.

Harry guessed "Sparrow," and the game is thus continued.

## THE PRIZE STORY.

NO 32.

## NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Hereafter, in order to increase the interest, and that none need be debarred from competing, we will give cash prizes in this Department as follows:—Five Dollars for the best SELECTED STORY of about four or five TRUTH columns in length; also, Ten dollars for the best ORIGINAL STORY of the same length. One of these stories will be published every week, and prizes awarded as above. No money is required, the only conditions being that the story sent in competition be of the requisite length.

## A FORTUNATE MISHAP.

SELECTED AND SENT BY B. LOVERIN, ESQ., FARMERSVILLE, ONT.

A great many years ago—I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home—the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I. My sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night. I was only a girl—not fifteen yet; and at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out forever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me forever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought had never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening, my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word had been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows—both cheerless enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold gray shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts—no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that gray shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while, as yet, it was only cloaking over me—while, with passionate resistance, I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts, even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp

knocks upon the street door—a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then the following such strange, hurried exclamations—half of surprise, half of alarm—mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered, in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.

Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann, with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word, this is going too far," my father exclaimed, angrily, when he had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though, indeed, it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do anything with the child until I come back; I'm afraid she's ill," and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it—just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too; but her face was what attracted and astonished me most; for, in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the wet old frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her; but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

"We can do nothing more to-night," he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. "Poor child, she's very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there's no help for it and I'll see what I can do for her. But, really, it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighborhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then, for the first time, a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half-crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her.

I couldn't help it—and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself—half with pity, half with love—for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that—weaker than ourselves—appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bed-room; and there in Kate's bed we laid her, poor, little, weary suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, and when, at last, one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying—both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was, or where she came from; but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect—that at first had never entered our heads—that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition; but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was, that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us; and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced, laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune—Fortune Wildred we baptized her—that should she never find her own surname, she might, at least, have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before; indeed, she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune—she was so dear to me, and she loved me, too, so well! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first, she called me Aunt Dinah, and I soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon, too, fell quite naturally into calling her my child; for, though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was, for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely without my child, but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her, for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed, and hoped, and thought—for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lie beside me, with her white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine; who loved—Heaven bless her—to be with me always; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came in her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did; she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child!

She was my pupil for the first few years, and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together—dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again—as though my heart did not forgive her always,

even before she asked it—so loving always. She never wearied of being with me—the kind child—not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet clear voice when she spoke to me, for she would hang upon my neck then too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah, I never shall forget it all—I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as the means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now; it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny veil of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them—one change which was very sad—my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved among us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbors with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son, who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been without a suspicion—I almost think it was a hope—that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another. They remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after—a bright June morning it was—he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom, as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, which, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterward, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first—we all did—and it was not long before he became a daily visitor at our house.

My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away; even when she was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not be always so; I knew that presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her gracefully, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other—happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons among our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell

every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside me at the open window he presently began—it was the first time he had ever done so—to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it—it was on my lips again and again—but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it had gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I was glad, but yet some low, sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago forever, would wake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad—I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in the room opening from mine; and always came the last thing to say good-night to me. To-night, when she came, I was grieved, for she looked at me as if I had been weeping. She stood beside my couch—the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbounded hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful—my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

"About an hour," I said.

"Ah! I am glad," she answered. "I was afraid my poor Aunt had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him."

"Yes, he is always kind, dear," I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for, quickly stooping down, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful—I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because through the wide world she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly—passionately, and I understood it all, and far more than she told me. Alas! I might have guessed it all before.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still—hopefully, if she could; that for the rest she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage, and I thanked her earnestly, and truly, for how she had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me—left me to weep, because a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise that on this occasion we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand; indeed it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day we went.

I have not mentioned that, for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them—a brother of Mrs. Beresford's—a Colonel Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favor, and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honor of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices all through the long summer evening, and everybody looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at forfeits; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do he answered gayly,

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it.

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered, "But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered around me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was itated, but I would not have her know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces—into Nevill's oftentimes, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all color had fled; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each: it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream—not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait—give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion, "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child—my Willie—my little Willie!" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even I had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more; they, nor any one: then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised his child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling—that night I could not help it—so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her; so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there over more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact—which the captain proved—that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waded upon my couch, rocking to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me, with the moonlight falling on them and shining on my child's white dress, as if it were a robe of

silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart, and gladdened me: and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget—words that have cheered me often since—that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her—my own child!

Brightly as over the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and everything else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling asked:

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously, and half gaily, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low.

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"Will you give me your Fortune to be evermore my Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and down-cast eyes; and then I knew that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying—I well know so faintly and so ill—the deep joy that was within my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little besides his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill—who had been some time ordained—to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befel us, for a living near us in Mr. Beresford's gift became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married.

There is a little child with dark-blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low, sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but when I look upon her face I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to me a child again.

Some men have the key of knowledge, and never enter it

Tid-Bits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to open the Tid-bit page to all competitors, whether subscribers of TRUTH or not, the Publisher has resolved to change the conditions to the following:—

A prize of five dollars will be given each week by the Publisher of TRUTH for the best tid-bit sent by any person, whether now a subscriber or not. No subscription money need accompany the enclosure. The name, clearly written, and full address of the sender, must be attached to the tid-bit. The neglect of this provision will disqualify the article sent. The tid-bit sent should not exceed twenty-five lines. It may be either original or selected, poetry, or prose, but should contain some good point, moral, riddle, puzzle or something well worth the publication in these pages. The prize will be awarded as follows:—Every subscriber of TRUTH is invited to send in a coupon blank (found at bottom of first column, second page of the cover) giving the name and address of the sender and the number of their favorite tid-bit. These will be carefully counted up, and the prize awarded and paid to the number receiving the largest vote. The coupons should be mailed within ten days of the publication of the tid-bit voted on. Let everybody send their best and most pointed thoughts or selections, addressed to Editor Tid-Bits, TRUTH office, Toronto.

THE AWARD.

June 20th.

The greatest number of votes this week has been cast for No. 586. The winner of the five (\$5) dollar prize is Mary Justin, Hamilton, Ohio, the sender of No. 586, "The Economy of Roller Skates." The money will be paid her on application.

A Memory.

BY MRS. ANNE L. JACK.

It was cold that autumn Sunday,— You remember it well I am sure, I felt so tired of living, I could only pray and—endure.

At the steps of the church I halted, A bird flitted by on the wing, Alarmed at the rustle of garments As the people arose to sing.

Then I slowly passed over the portal, And walked down the narrow aisle, When your voice in its earnest fervor, My thought did at once beguile.

I read the psalm over your shoulder Which said—"not forgetful be Of all the gracious benefits He hath bestowed on thee."

I had felt so very ungrateful, It came like a soothing prayer, And roused me to fresh endeavor And to think of His love and care.

Who knows all our hidden sorrows, And to you, O friend of mine, It was given to help and console me As you sang that psalm divine.

CHATAQUAT BASIN, P. Q.

(629)

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain and power, Fit to cope with anything— These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones, That all trouble magnify— Not the watchword of "I can't," But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whatever you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task— Put your shoulders to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard, Look not on it as an ill; If it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will.

At the suvil, or the farm, Wherever you may be— From your future effort, boys, Comes a nation's destiny.

Green Farm, Conn.

J. N. SHERWOOD.

(610)

Kissed His Mother.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine, As I went down the street,— A woman whose hair was silver, But whose face was blossom sweet. Making me think of a garden, Where, in spite of the frost and the snow, Of bleak November weather, Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me, And the sound of a merry laugh, And I knew the heart it came from Would be like a comforting staff In the time and hour of trouble, Hopeful and brave and strong; One of the hearts to lean on When you think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch, And met his merry look; A face like his gives me pleasure, Like the page of a pleasant book. It told of a steadfast purpose, Of a brave and daring will; A face with a promise in it, That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing, I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcome, As sunshine warms the skies. "Back again, sweetheart mother!" He cried, and bent to kiss The loving face that was lifted For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on; I hold that this is true— From lads in love with their mothers Our bravest heroes grew. Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts, Since time and earth began; And the boy who kissed his mother Is every inch a man.

Box 709, St. Thomas, Ont. MABEL COLWELL.

(611)

A Good Time Coming.

When men forget their love of gold, And love their honor more; When truth is only current coin, And counted o'er and o'er.

When men have freedom for its sake— For all as well as one— And for the greatest good their work From day to day is done.

When men throw self aside and live For some just purpose high, Then will the glorious era come When none shall fear to die.

Lawrenceville, New York. R. E. WALCOTT.

(612)

A Desperate Encounter.

Chancing to stray from home one day, In absent-minded mood, I wandered far from human haunts, And reached a lonely wood.

Aroused at length from reverie, By subtle, conscious fear Of some unknown calamity Impending, very near.

Instinctively I raised my arm, To guard my head and face, When to my much-increased alarm I recognised the place.

'Twas the reputed haunt of foes, Bloodthirsty, brave and strong, Whose animosity to man Was known to old and young.

No pistol had I, nor a sword, Nor arms of any kind; How should I then defend myself? These thoughts flashed through my mind.

They saw me now, O wretched man! 'Tis vain for you to fly; Escape I cannot, fight I must, Why came I here, oh why?

Wildly I strike, but they elude My blows, and jump, nay fly Upon me, till I am reared with blood, And faint, I succor spy.

A lab'ring coming home from toil, Who loved his fellow-creatures, Assisted me the foe to foil, And vanquish the mosquitoes.

339 Jarvis St., Toronto. T. H. TURNER.

(613)

The Momentous Question.

They stood beside the garden gate, Beneath the elm tree's spreading shade; It was the solemn hour of eve, The witching time for lovers made.

'Tis watched the radiant orbs of night, As one by one they reddened the sky; He gazed upon her comely form, Her lovely neck and lustrous eye.

She nestled closely to his side— No word she spoke, but only pressed, With trustful look and gentle mien, Her graceful head against his breast.

He gazed upon the glossy hair, Which well adorned that shapely head; He looked upon the dainty feet, And then these little words he said:—

"Could she be his?"—and as he asked, He fondly stroked that glossy hair; "Oh, yes"—the former said he'd take Two hundred dollars for the mare.

Niagara, Ont.

MARY ADDICK.

—Selected.

(614)

Two Opinions.

"I would not be a girl," said Jack, "Because they have no fun; They cannot go fishing nor A-shooting with a gun. They cannot climb up trees for fruit, Nor bathe without a bathing dress, Which is no fun at all. And when a girl becomes a woman, They still have lots of woeful; For if they love a man they've got To wait till he propoza."

"I would not be a boy," said May, "For boys are nasty things; With pockets filled with hooks and knives, And nails, and tops, and strings; And when a boy becomes a man, He's got to buy girls rings. And when upon a girl a youth Has squandered all his money, And she goes off with some one else, Perhaps he don't feel funny."

Princeton, Ont. ELLA RUTHERFORD.

(615)

Sad, Sadder, Saddest.

Sad are the sorrows that swell The bosom that throbs a farewell, When loving, beloved ones forever depart, And lonely and longing we sigh; Oh, sore is the sorrow that saddens the heart, When weeping friends whisper "Good-bye!"

Sadder by far is the grief, That (spite of the strongest belief) In God, and His goodness and wisdom) will wring The soul with deep anguish and woe; When those, to whom fondly our yearning hearts cling, In silence of death are laid low.

Saddest of all is the pain Of those who have trusted in vain; When all of that love and that faith is removed, That seemed so eternal and grand; And bonds that we deemed everlasting have proved But ropes that were woven of sand.

Friends that are far we may meet, Friends that are gone we shall greet; There may be renewal of peace that has fled, Of joys that have crumbled to dust; Of friendship—aye, love, that we fancied was dead, But no resurrection of—trust.

Love, for to love is to live! "Ye have freely received, freely give" Let kindness each motive and action imbue, Have charity, sympathies broad, But trust only those whom you know to be true, Truth is as eternal as God.

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

(616)

The Lion and the Bear.

A mighty lion sprawling lay O'er half the earth; on India's strand One heavy paw, on Africa's sand The other stretched away. His haunches covered Kiri's isle, His tail switched Canada the while.

As if by preconcerted plan, El Mahdi on Egyptian hills, El Pahdi with his many hils, And Riel, and all began To pinch and punch, and prod and stall This mighty bear, and twist his tail.

These smarting torments Leo bore As might a once great king unthroned; 'Twas said he even writhed and groaned, And felt his reign was o'er. Then all the beasts began to glower Upon their king deprived of power.

A well-fed, fat, and clumsy bear, (That browsed from Arctic's frozen shore To summer seas, yet longed for more, Approached the lion's lair, And gave his stubby tail a slash, As if he'd poked his nose in Leo's dish.

One mighty roar the lion woke That filled the echoes far and near, And Bruno stood transfixed with fear, While thus he trembling spoke: "Pray let me go; I've had enough." And turned his tail and toddled off

BRJAMIN F. JUSTIN.

Cooper's Falls P. O., Ont.

(617)

A Coat Tale.

Old Tommy Taylor, tailor and Retailer, doth retail Old army coats, and coats of arms, And also coats of mail. With coats of paint he paints his coats Of arms above his door. His motto is, "I sew the tares, So all may rip the more."

He set-on tore his clothes, although He'd often close his store, And when he'd eye his clothes a while, Then close his eyes and snore.

—Selected.

To thread a little needle He would needle little thread. When cutting dandy's suit he'd say, "This scissors cut I dread."

In winter he invests in vests; In summer pants in pants; In spring he sews some seedy things; In fall he rips, perchance.

He would make breeches of the piece, Which he was bound to keep, But none cared for his little fleece, Because his goods were sheep.

WOLF, Ont. P. MANNEN.

(618)

She Knew the Game.

"What is the similarity, Miss Ethel," asked the beau, "Between a game of ball and me?" Yawned Ethel, "I don't know."

"Why it's a match, of course," grinned he With idiotic bliss, "In which a miss is caught, you see, Because I court a miss."

"How smart," said Ethel, who announced She had a riddle, too; "The ball you play with must be bounced; Why like the ball are you?"

He eyed the clock. "Because," sighed he, "Because I'm always 'round?" "Oh, always! I suppose," said she, "For runs you are renowned."

"Indeed, I am and home runs, too— Why, all the boys allow—" "Oh, I'm so glad," she smiled, "For you Can make a home run now."

Campden, Ont. A. H. HIPPLEN.

(619)

To Print or Not to Print.

(A PARODY ON "TO BE OR NOT TO BE")

To print or not to print—that is the question, Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy, Or send a well wrote copy to the press, And by disclosing send them? To print, to doubt No more; and by one act to say we end The headache, and a thousand natural shocks Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To print,—to beam From the same shaft with Pope, to call well bound, To sleep perchance with Quares, Ay, there's the rub, For to what class a writer may be doomed When he hath shuffed off some paltry stuff Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes The unwilling poet keep his piece nine years; For who would bear the impenitent thirst of fame The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all The tedious importunity of friends, Who as himself might his quietness make With a bare ink horn? Who would fard-le bear? To groan and sweat under a load of wit? But that the tread of sleep Paragon's hill That undiscovered country, with whose bays Few travellers return, puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear to live unknown Than run the hazard to be known and be damn'd. Thus critics make onwards of us all; And thus the healthful face of many a poem Is scribbled o'er with a pale manuscript, And enterprisers of great fire and spirit With this regard, from Murray turn away And lose the name of authors.

St. Lambert, Montreal. NORA HALFORD.

(620)

A Plea for the White Vagrants.

Punch, in its issue for March 4, thus happily hits the people who run wild over the negroes, regardless of the wants of poor people at home:—

Ain't I black enough to be cared for? I'm not a black nigger, 'tis true, As armies and fleets is prepared for, And missionaries is sent to. But I am black as dirt can well make me, And it, by the look of my skin; You'd sigh for a blackamoor, take me— I ain't much lighter within.

Although I'm no nigger, I look like it, And haven't been no better taught, Than seein' a Bobby, to book it. In course, to avoid 'em is caught. We're very much like one another, We are, after all, a black and one. If he is a man and a brother, Why ain't I a boy and a son?

And has, too, 'is place in creation— No doubt but my own is the same, Young monkey without education; And who is the parties to blame? But while for this washin' and rubbin', The nigger a nigger will be, Your honors, with some little scrubbin', May make a white Christian of me.

Sarnia, Ont. ANNIE L. GIER.

(621)

Whatever Is Is Best.

I know, as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rack wrong, somewhere There lies the root of might. That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But be sure as the sun brings morning, Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, Is sometime, somewhere, punished, Tho' the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the bear's unrest, And to grow means often to suffer, But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors  
In the great Eternal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man  
And I know when my soul speeds onward,  
In the grand, eternal quest,  
I shall say, as I look earthward,  
Whatever is, is best.

Wingham, Ont. FLORA ROBERTSON.

(652) **The One that's True.** —Selected.

I winna gang back on the lassie,  
But loch! there's some uica queer,  
They flirt, an' they giggle at naething,  
An' snub ye afore ye speer.  
I've had the sense the gae coortin'  
The heart as well as the mou',  
See, gie me the lassie that's bonny,  
But gie me the one that's true.

It's braw the get gowd for a tocher,  
An' twa diamond een besides,  
But the oot wi' love at the froude—  
That's whaur true happiness aches.  
Ye've heard o' the apples o' Sodom?  
Wha ate them was sure the rue,  
See ye tak' the "peachbloom" an' roses,  
Let me hae the lass that's true.

Ye'll tire o' their dancing and flingin',  
An' a' sic fa' de-ral an',  
But nobody tires o' the fairy  
That cheers the dark o' the heart.  
Tae praise them, an' kiss them, an' bless them  
See this dry war! they're like dew,  
But say when ye choosin' yer portion  
Wale out the lassie that's true.

Inverness, P. Q. HENRY A. JOHNSON.

(653) **Trotting Against the Devil.** —Selected.

The Rev. Mr. —, now a member of the California Conference, began his ministerial career in Iowa. He there preached at three different places each Sunday, which gave him twenty odd miles' travelling. He rode horseback at first, but finding his mare too light to easily carry his weight, he purchased a road sulky, and, much to his comfort, discovered that his horse possessed considerable speed. One Sunday, while going from one church to another, he overtook a man, also in a sulky, driving a fine animal. As our friend was in a hurry he passed the stranger, who kept close behind him until a long stretch of good road was reached; then he heard his fellow traveller urging his horse, and before he knew it he was taking part in a spirited heat, in which the stranger came off second best. On reaching a bit of rough road both slowed up, and the stranger sang out:  
"That's a good mare you've got, my friend. Does she belong to you?"  
"No," replied Mr. —; "she belongs to my Master."  
"Who's he?"  
"The Lord," was the response.  
"Then I guess you don't trot her much."  
"Oh yes, I do."  
"What do you trot her against?"  
Mr. M., replied very solemnly, "The Devil."  
"Um! um! I guess you get beat pretty often, then."  
"Well," said Mr. M., "I rather think I am ahead of him now."  
Mr. M. — afterwards ascertained that his adversary was the most violent infidel in the neighborhood.

LIZZIE HUTCHINSON.

Atkinson, Maine.

(654) **A Hymn Bird.** —Selected.

A little girl was presented with a canary on Sunday and, after bestowing the gift, her uncle said, "Well, Effie, I suppose your bird will sing only hymns to-day?" "I know he will," said the demure little miss, who had recently been reading about song birds and their habits. "What makes you so sure of it?" curiously asked the giver. "Cause it's a him bird," was the naive reply.

Alma, N. S. MRS. J. R. DOUGLASS.

(655) **A Tough Ya'n.** —Selected.

The Detroit Free Press tells how father and son compromised their differences on the circus question:  
"No, my son," he replied, as he put on his hat, "you can't go to the circus." "But why, father?" "Well, in the first place, I can't fool away my money on such things." "Yes, but I have enough of my own." "And in the next place, it is a rough

crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy, and no respectable person can countenance such things." "But, father—" "That's enough, sir! You can't go. I want you to enjoy yourself, but you must seek some more respectable amusement." An hour later a curious thing happened in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top flight of seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his plug hat on the back of his head, and seemed to be enjoying himself. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the grounds from dinner, and the boy had run away. They looked at each other for half a minute, and then the boy got in the first by whispering: "Say, dad, if you won't lok me I won't tell ma you was here!" The father nodded his head to the agreement, and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.

WESLEY BLACKUS.

Chippewa Bay, N. Y.

(656) **A Pulpit Rebuke.** —Selected.

A dissenting minister was, when preaching, much annoyed by persons talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncoouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me:  
"Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot."  
Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot."

Quincey, Ohio. R. E. BROWN.

(657) **A Romantic Occurrence.** —Selected.

Some years ago there occurred in Wales a most romantic occurrence. In exploring an old pit that had long been closed, some miners found the body of a young man dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine was such as preserved the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance. No one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and at last it was resolved to bring in the oldest inhabitant—an old lady, long past her eighteenth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life.  
On being taken into the presence of the body, a very strange scene occurred. The old lady fell on the corpse and kissed it, and addressed it by every term of endearment spoken in a bygone generation.  
He was her only love, and she had waited for him during her long life. She knew he had not forsaken her. The old lady and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. He lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept her faith during the long interval. The miners removed the old lady to her home, and that night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover.

Milverton, Ont. ELLEN COSTELLO.

(658) **Too Much Talk.** —Selected.

Children often need to be cautioned to talk less. A parrot sunning itself on a perch outside the open cage spied a strange dog, and called out:  
"Sic him! Sic him!"  
Up went the quadruped's ears and tail, his eyes searching for something to charge upon, and the parrot, being the only living thing in sight, he went for the bird.  
There was a tussle in which feathers and hair were loosened; then the parrot yelled:  
"Get out, you! Get out!"  
As the dog was glad to go with all his might. The parrot, after looking all over his ruffled plumage, reproved himself thus:  
"Folly, you talk too much."

Alliston, Ont. E. MCCARTY.

(659) **Not a Proper Thing.** —Selected.

The late good, kind-hearted Dr. David Dickson was fond of telling a story of a Scottish termagant of the days before kirk-session discipline had passed away. A couple were brought before the court, and Janet, the wife, was charged with violent and undutiful conduct, and with wounding her husband by throwing a three-legged stool at his head. The minister rebuked her conduct, and pointed out its grievous character, that just as Christ was head of his church, so the husband was head of the wife; and therefore, in assaulting him, she had, in fact, injured her own body.  
"Well," she replied, "it's come to a fine pass gin a wife canna kame her ain head."  
"Aye, but Janet," rejoined the minister, "a three-legged stool is a thif-like bane-kame to scart yer ain head wi'!"  
JOHN WADDELL.  
231 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

(660) **Patient Waiting.** —Selected.

A wise Quakeress used to say in her sermons that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was their climbing trees to shake fruit down, when, if they only waited a little, it would fall of its own accord; the second was, that they should go to war to kill each other, when, if they but waited they would all die naturally, and the third was that they should run after women, which, if they would not do, the women would run after them.

Burnside, Ont. MAGGIE FOTHERINGHAM.

(661) **Another Brute.** —Selected.

She (coaxingly; she has been trying to get a little cheque)—"You know, dear, when we were married you promised to endow me with all your worldly goods." He (grumpily)—"Yes; but I had no worldly goods then—excepting brains, and heaven knows I can't endow you with them."  
Baker's Run, W. Va. MRS. G. S. GORDON.

(662) **The Latest Music.** —Selected.

An amusing incident took place at a music store the other day, which is worth relating: A young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications. The young clerk, mistaking her for a "green 'un," handed down for her inspection "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Old Arm Chair."  
"Are these the latest publications you have?" inquired the lady.  
"Yes, madame, these are the latest publications issued," responded the salesman.  
"Do you know what I wish you would do with them?" replied the woman.  
"Wrap them up for you, madame?" answered the clerk.  
"No," said she, "I haven't time to take them now."  
"I will do what you wish with them, madame," politely replied the young man.  
"Well, then," she responded, "you may place this 'Old Arm Chair' aside, seat 'Annie Laurie' on it, give her 'The Last Rose of Summer' to use as she pleases, and put old 'Old Ben Bolt' to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return."  
MASTER R. H. BATES.  
Thornhill Rectory, Ont.

(663) **Brown's Good Boy.** —Selected.

Well, sir, it's awful hard to be good sometimes, and then again on other days it comes as easy as tearing your pants when you don't mean to. One of the times when it's tough on me is when Brother Sturgias comes to our house to eat chicken and brings those two boys of his'n and their ma, and while they eat, us children what lives there has to

wait and see every last bit of chicken eat up and nothing left for us but gravy, and not so dreadful much of that nuther. Bro. Sturgin kun set there and talk about love and meroy nice enough to print, but he don't never have no meroy on a chicken, and he never says, "No'um, I thank you; get any more for me, if you please," till there's only one piece of a wing left, and that, of course, my little sister has to have, on accounts of her being small.

Well, sir, as father says, of course there's heaps of things I can't understand, and mebbe nobody can preach good without lots of chicken in 'em, but when I got to be a man and a preacher, I'm going to count all the little boys at places where I'm sent to be fed, and I'm a-going to leave a bone apiece for 'em anyhow, if I don't preach worth shucks. I expect there's oceans of boys what's growed up to be pirates and fiddlers just on that account. There hain't no boy, I don't care how good he's been borned and raised; what don't feel like he wanted to kill a cat or sumpin when he sees everything he likes being put out of sight right afore his eyes, just as though he hadn't no business to get hungry, and could fill up on oorn bread and anything what was left and come handy.

Well, sir, if I was the parent of some boy what I wanted to be good, I wouldn't never put all the chicken on the table when there was preachers around. I'd say, "Banny, there's a drum-stick and some dumplings in the kettle for you what shan't be touched," and then he could run and play without having nothing onto his mind, and he wouldn't have to stand and watch the table and feel so bad that crying would seem like fun alongside of it. Instead, of that he would feel like giving everybody a bite of his apple, and he would just as soon see a preacher coming towards the house as a peddler with jumping-jacks. There's nothing what makes a boy feel so much like smashing up his little brother's playthings and putting red pepper on the stove at a prayer-meeting, as to have to wait and then get no chicken. I kun stand it for another boy to sass me and say I've got red hair, and I kun get along without throwing stones at a train, but when I have to stand on one leg for nearly one hour with my mouth a watering, and then don't get no chicken, I feel as though I could choke a baby or coax a bad boy to put snuff in his mother's medicine.

Watertown, N. Y. P. WATERS.

(664) **A Predominating Freak of Human Nature.** —Selected.

"Where are you going with the puppies, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a small boy whom he met with three pups in a basket.  
"Go'in to drown them," was the replr.  
"I want a pup for my little boy to play with. What do you say to letting me take one of them?"  
"I'll sell you one," spoke up the kid, with American enterprise. "I'll give you this yaller one for fifty cents, the black one for seventy-five cents, and the spotted one is worth one dollar of any man's money."  
"I think my little boy would like the spotted one best, but you ask too much for it. You had intended drowning all of them, but I'll give you twenty-five cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one."  
"Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup!" exclaimed the boy. "I can't stand it; taxes is high; rent is high. It costs good money to get into the roller rink. Oh, no; I can't take less than one dolla."  
"But you intend to drown—"  
"Take the black one at seventy-five cents."  
"My little boy wouldn't like the black one."  
"Take the yaller one at half a dollar, and he's dirt cheap."  
"My little boy wouldn't like his color."  
"Well, then, you'd better tell your little boy to play with his toes," and he continued his way to the river, remarking that "no party can dead-beat his way on me these hard times."  
Cove'ry, Eng. THEO. JAMES.

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New Black Cashmeres—most lovely goods, full width, perfect blue-black, full round cord, and twenty-five cents a yard, and next prices, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75, 90 cents and \$1.00.

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per sheet; Large Sprays, one on each sheet, 8 cents each; Small Figures, 2, 3 and 4 on each sheet, 10 cents each sheet; Cups and Saucers, 3 on sheet, 10 cents each sheet; Cushion Sprays, pretty

patterns, 15, 20, 25 cents each; Splashers and Panels, pretty patterns, 25 cents each; also hand, Stamped Tidys, newest patterns, 25 cents each; Stamped Toilet Sets, 5

pieces, fringed, 35c. per set; Stamped Gentlemen's Suspenders, Tobacco Pouches, and a large stock of New Goods.

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BEFORE



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# Good-Bye, Katie Darling.

S. D. W. MENNEILEY.

*Con Espressionc.*

1. Good - bye Ka - tie Dar - ling, Our part - ing must be, The  
 2. Good - bye Ka - tie Dar - ling, I'll miss your sweet smile, And  
 3. I will write you a let - ter From o - ver the sea, And

ship is now rea - dy To cross the deep sea, Cheer up don't be sigh - ing, I  
 think of the day When we sat on the stile, It is there that we vowed That our  
 tell you the day That I'll sail, love, to thee, I'll look for your dear lov - ing

soon will re - turn, I know you will miss me, For you I will yearn.  
 love should be true, So watch for me, dar - ling, I'll come back to you.  
 face on the shore, What a bright hap - py fu - ture For us is in store.

## Health Department.

### Disinfectants and Their Use.

The Committee appointed by the American Public Health Association to consider and report on the best methods of disinfection recommend chloride of lime as superior to other known agents on account of its rapid action on excreta, and furnish the following information as to the mode of preparation and the cost of standard solutions:—

"1. Dissolve chloride of lime of the best quality in soft water, in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon. (Good chloride of lime should contain at least 25 per cent. of available chlorine. It may be purchased by the quantity at five cents per pound. The cost of the standard solution recommended is therefore less than two cents a gallon. A clear solution may be obtained by filtration or by decantation, but the insoluble sediment does no harm, and this is unnecessary refinement.) Use one pint of this solution for the disinfection of each discharge in cholera, typhoid fever, etc. Mix well and leave in vessels for at least ten minutes before throwing into privy-vault or water-closet. The same directions apply for the disinfection of vomited matters. Infected sputum should be discharged directly into a cup half full of the solution.

"2. Dissolve corrosive sublimate and permanganate of potash in soft water, in the proportion of two drachms of each salt to the gallon. This is to be used for the same purposes and in the same way as No. 1. It is equally effective, but it is necessary to leave it for a greater length of time in contact with the material to be disinfected—at least an hour. It is odorless, while the odor of chlorine in the sick-room is considered by some persons objectionable. The cost is about the same. It must be remembered that this solution is highly poisonous, and that it will injure lead pipes if passed through them in considerable quantities.

"3. To one part of Labarraque's solution (liquor soda chlorinata) add five parts of soft water. This solution is more expensive than the solution of chloride of lime, and has no special advantages for the purposes mentioned. It may, however, be used in the same manner as recommended for No. 1.

"4. Dissolve corrosive sublimate in water in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon, and add one drachm of permanganate of potash to each gallon to give color to the solution. (Mercuric chloride [corrosive sublimate] soluble in cold water in the proportion of one pint in sixteen.) Solution is greatly facilitated by heat. One fluid ounce of this standard solution to the gallon of water will make a suitable disinfection of clothing. The articles to be disinfected must be thoroughly soaked with the disinfecting solution and left in it for at least two hours, after which they may be wrung out and sent to the wash. Solutions of corrosive sublimate should not be placed in metal receptacles, for the salt is decomposed and the mercury precipitated by contact with copper, lead, or tin. A wooden tub or earthen crock is a suitable receptacle for such solutions.

"A disinfecting and antiseptic powder, as the following, is recommended for the disinfection of excreta in the sick-room and of privy-vaults, etc.: One ounce of chloride of lime; one ounce of corrosive sublimate; nine pounds plaster of Paris. Pulverize the corrosive sublimate and mix thoroughly with the plaster of Paris. Then add the chloride of lime and mix well. Pack in pasteboard boxes or in wooden casks. Keep dry.

"As an antiseptic and deodorizer this powder is to be sprinkled upon the surface of the excreta, etc. To disinfect excreta in the sick-room, cover the entire surface with a thin layer of the powder—one fourth inch in thickness—and if the material is not liquid, pour on sufficient water to cover it.

"In all infectious diseases the surface of the body of the dead should be thoroughly washed with one of the standard solutions above recommended, and then enveloped in a sheet saturated with the same.

"Boiling infected clothing for half an hour will destroy the vitality of all known disease-germs, and there is no better way of disinfecting clothing or bedding which can be washed than to put it through the

ordinary operations of the laundry. No delay should occur, however, between the time of removing soiled clothing from the person or bed of the sick and its immersion in boiling water, or in one of the solutions (see 4), and no article should be permitted to leave the infected room until so treated.

"Clothing and bedding which can not be washed may be disinfected by exposure to dry heat in a properly constructed disinfecting chamber for three or four hours. A temperature of 230° F. should be maintained during this time, and the clothing must be freely exposed—i. e., not folded or arranged in piles or bundles, for the penetrating power of dry heat is very slight.

### Better than a Slop-hole

I have observed all through life, that many neat and economical housekeepers, who clean, and dust, and scour, and scrub the interior of the dwelling, from attic to basement, will have a filthy, unhealthy, and disease-breeding slop-hole near the back door of the kitchen. They seem to think that there is no other way, as there must be some place to cast out the slops and dish water. After the habit is once established, of stepping to the back-door to leave out every pound of slop and waste water, it is extremely difficult to adopt any other practice. Our own practice has always been to keep the surroundings at the back-door just as neat and clean as the environments of the front-door. When we commenced keeping house, more than forty years ago, in a small out-building of a farmstead, a large pail was placed beneath the waste-spout of the sink in the kitchen, to receive every drop of waste water. As often as once a day (or whenever the pail was nearly full) the slop was carried, either to the garden and emptied around trees and vines, or where it would be dug into the soil. The little labor incident to such a daily task did not amount to any work worthy of mentioning. But our yard at the back-door was kept as neat and clean as a grassy lawn. More than this, soap-suds, dish-water, and chamber-slops constitute excellent fertilizing material for the soil. During hot weather we carry a pailful of slop-water to the garden, and with a hoe make a broad channel around a hill of corn, or any other plant, into which the slop-water is poured, and covered with soil. Fresh earth is an excellent disinfectant. The hungry soil will absorb every atom of material that will make plant food; and the roots of growing plants will soon find whatever may be deposited within their reach.

I have in mind a neighbor, whose women are disgustingly dirty and greasy in the culinary department. But he keeps a large pail at the back door, into which he insists that everything in the line of slops and garbage shall be thrown. He carries the accumulations to his garden, which save him many dollars that he otherwise would have to expend for fertilizers.

Here is another important and very impressive consideration. A slop-hole near a kitchen door often keeps the whole family in a sick or a wretched condition. As soon as the weather becomes warm, decomposition of slops will commence. Dame Nature makes an effort to purify such places. During the decomposition, the atmosphere near by will be filled with spores, or seeds of disease, seeds that produce malaria or typhoid fever. When the kitchen-door is open, the wind will waft countless numbers of such spores into the house. The occupants of the dwelling inhale them. The lungs and every part of the body are filled with these poisonous germs, or seeds of disease. A few of those poisonous atoms stick among the tissues of the human body. They are enemies to health. The effort put forth by the functions of the body to drive out these hostile invaders causes bad feeling—"malaria," if you please. After breathing that infected atmosphere for many days and weeks, the entire body will become so thoroughly impregnated with the poisonous emanations that all the vital energies of the man or woman can not expel the foe. Sickness then comes on. Then, the usual doctor feels obliged to administer quinine, a more powerful poison, to go through the system and drive out the spores, as one sends a ferret

to clear out rats. It is like sending Satan to reclaim incorrigible sinners.

After this, let us keep the back-yard clean as a grass-plot, and sweet as a rose; and thus save the bills for drugs, and keep the soil of the garden richer and more productive.

### "Colds" and Catarrh.

Catarrhal disorders that are so prevalent in Canada, in spite of our comparatively dry climate, are due as much to the want of care in our modes of dressing and to exposure to cold as to our crooked habits as a people in eating. Take a person in fair health, he will resist the effect of cold. But, as the *Lancet* says, when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the "weak spot" of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or, it may be, jaundice. Of all causes of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work; a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week; a young lady, "heavily doing the season"; and young children at this season overfed, and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold."

Luxury is favorable to chill taking. Very hot rooms, soft chairs, and feather beds create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave the house, or even their beds; and those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who, by good sleep, cold bathing, and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably a good many chills are contracted at night or at the far-end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either overheated sitting-rooms or overheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases, the mischief is not done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.

### How to Catch Cold.

A great many people cannot see why it is they do not take cold when exposed to cold winds and rain. The fact is, and it ought to be more generally understood, that nearly every cold is contracted indoors, and is not directly due to the cold outside, but to the heat inside. A man will go to bed at night feeling as well as usual and wake up with a royal cold. He goes peeping around in search of cracks and keyholes and tiny drafts. Weather strips are procured and the house made as tight as a fruit can. In a few days more the whole family have colds. Let a man go home tired or exhausted, eat a full supper of starch and vegetable food, copy his mind intently for a while, go to bed in a warm, close room, and if he doesn't have a cold in the morning it is a wonder. A drink of whiskey, or a glass or two of beer before supper will facilitate matters very much. People swallow more colds down their throats than they receive from contact with the air, no matter how cold or chilly it may be. Plain, hearty suppers are good to go to bed on, and are far more conducive to refreshing sleeping than a glass of beer or a dose of chloral. In the estimation of a great many this statement is rank heresy, but in the light of science, common sense, and experience it is Gospel truth.

### Vegetarian Rejoicing.

There is great rejoicing in the vegetarian camp at the temporary conversion of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. W. Noble, and General Booth, who are at present trying what cereals, pulse, and fruit can do for them instead of fish, flesh, and good red herring, and efforts to win over the general public are carried on as vigorously as ever. The

dinner provided yesterday evening at Cast-street, Long Acre, to which 160 women were invited, was only one out of many means employed by the vegetarian propagandists. It consisted of three courses, the raw materials for which are valued at three-pence per head. A lentil soup was first served, but "if all the world should in a fit of temperance feed on pulse," they would not like it, to judge from the effect the lentil soup had on the majority of the 160. A grave husband, who had been smuggled in, and who looked suspiciously with spectacled eyes on the "mess," was among the first to give it up, some noisy boys—also contraband—followed suit, and among the women there was a general outcry for salt, which article, however, has no place in the vegetarian vocabulary. The second and third courses were less severely judged, and haricot pie and stewed fruit and rice were evidently fully appreciated. Surely a wholesome substantial dinner at 3d. ought to be a temptation to housekeepers, even if the good-humor and kindness of the vegetarian hosts did not induce them to try whether these inestimable qualities are also the result of abstinence from animal food.

### Failing Sight.

The *Lancet* remarks that there is good reason to believe that chicory (largely used with coffee), from its narcotic character, exerts an injurious effect on the nervous system. So convinced of this is Prof. Beer, of Vienna, a most celebrated German oculist, that he has enumerated chicory coffee among the causes of amaurotic blindness.

For loss of sight by age, necessitating the use of magnifying glasses, it is considered an excellent plan to pass the fingers or a towel from the outer corners of the eyes inwardly above and below the eye-balls, pressing very gently against them. This rounds them up and tends to preserve and restore the sight. It is said that many persons by this means have preserved their sight so as to read fine print at 80 years of age, have restored their sight and been able to dispense with glasses, and have since preserved it by a continuance of the practice.

To be safe or successful, these practices must be applied with great gentleness and caution. Many persons seriously damage their eyes by forcibly rubbing them when drowsy, especially when awakening in the morning. To strengthen the eyes, to relieve them when swollen or congested, and to remove chronic inflammation in the eyes, purulent discharges, etc., nothing is equal to bathing them frequently with water, at first tepid, but afterward lowering in temperature to absolute coldness.

### Health a Duty.

If there is one consideration which, more than another, should be prominently kept in view, it is that which urges that the duty of acquiring information in the art of living healthily and well is an individual duty. It is only through individual effort that anything like national interest in health-science can be fostered. There is no royal road to art which places length of days within the right hand of a nation, any more than there exists an easy pathway to full and perfect knowledge in any other branch of inquiry. It is the duty of each individual, as a matter of self-interest, if on no higher grounds, to conserve health; and the knowledge which places within the grasp of each man and woman the power of avoiding disease and prolonging life, is one, after all, which must in time repay a thousand-fold the labor expended in its study.

### A New Process to Stop Bleeding.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine, at Paris, Professor Bonafoux read a paper upon a powder which possesses great hemostatic powers, and is capable, it is said, of arresting the bleeding of large arteries, so that it will prove serviceable in important surgical operations. The powder is composed of equal parts of colophony, carbon, and gum-arabic. Experiments have been tried with it on the brachial artery in man, and on the smaller vessels, on the carotid of the horse, and other blood-vessels of the same animal, with marked success. It has always prevented consecutive hemorrhage. The application can be lifted in the course of two or three days, when the vessels are found to be completely obliterated.

# LOVE THE VICTOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"One of you fellows may as well keep me company, as I dare say he will require a good deal of care with that wretched arm of his." That Brian is still remorseful is plain to every one.

"How white he looks!" says Monica, creeping nearer to the couch, and for the first time looking nervously down at the still figure lying on it. "How—"

Suddenly her voice dies away. With a touch of horror on her face, she steps back and lays her hand upon Brabazon's arm, who happens to be nearest to her.

"Oh! not this man!" she says, faintly. "Not this."

"I wonder what he'll get!" says Gerald Burke, who has his back turned to the others, and can see nothing but his patient. "It ought to be penal servitude for life."

"It ought to be hanging," says The Desmond, with comfortable vehemence, knowing in his soul that it won't be.

As the words pass his lips, a shadow, that has stood trembling among the other shadows within the darkness that enshrouds the staircase for the past two minutes, now darts forward and confronts him.

It is Bridget. A tall and pretty girl always, she now looks almost majestic as she faces The Desmond, with panting breath and flashing eyes.

"Ay! say ye so! an' to me!" she cries, striking her hand upon her breast. "Lift yer head, Desmond, an' say it to me again if ye dare! To me! who brought him to this pass through love of her," pointing to Monica, who makes a step toward her. But the girl waves her back. "To save the man she loves, I betrayed the man I love, thrust in' in her word, an' her power, to save him; an' now—now!" Her voice falls her as she glances at the couch, but by a passionate effort she recovers it. "What word is that that passed yer lips?" she cries, advancing to the Desmond. "Why, 'tis I—I—that have laid him there!" flinging out her arms with a frantic gesture toward her unconscious lover—"an' what is my reward to be? The gallows for him, it seems, an' a broken heart for meself; is that it? I tell ye what Desmond," steadily fixing her master with eyes half mad with despair and fear: "before that happens I'll have yer heart's blood wid these two hands, weak as I look."

There is an untamed savagery about her, as she says this, that impresses the silent group around. No one breaks the stillness that follows on her words. "Speak!" cries she, passionately, addressing The Desmond solely. Indeed, from the beginning she seemed to be unaware of any other presence but his. "Say he shall go free! Or have me curse ye where ye stand!" "Bridget! Bridget!" says Monica. At the sound of her voice, the girl turns, and, falling at her feet, clutches her gown, and in a very agony of agitation raises it to her lips.

"Yer oath!" she says, in a tone that rings through the hall. "Ye'll mind yer oath! Ye can't go back o' that! Think o' yer oath now, this minnit, an' of all I've done for you an' yours this night. See!" indicating Brian by a swift wild gesture, yet never removing her eyes from her mistress's face—"your man is alive an' hearty this moment—an'—look at mine—at mine! Spake to him, I tell ye! Why are ye dumb?"

"Brian," says Monica, suddenly, in a quick clear voice, throwing her arms around the kneeling girl, "to night's victory belongs to me! No one else has any claim to it. But for me, and the information I imparted to you, it might never have been. That man"—pointing to the wounded Con—"is my prisoner. Give him to me."

"To you!"

"Yes; to me. When I was given a hint of this conspiracy against our lives, I swore that if the whole of it was revealed to me, that man over there should be held blameless, however great his crime. The time has now come to redeem my promise. Give him to me."

"You would defeat justice!"

"I don't care about justice," says Mrs. Desmond, boldly. "I only want to save him from it. And what"—with a sudden vehemence—"is justice? Is it not a just thing that I should hold to my bargain made with this poor faithful girl!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" says The Desmond, in a bewildered fashion, glance

ing with a frown at the kneeling Bridget who, still crouching at Monica's feet and holding her gown, is looking with wild entreaty from one face to another.

"Let us hear the whole case," says Dicky Browne, judicially, whereupon Monica lays it bare before them.

"You don't mean to say you want to let him go free, without so much as a censure on his conduct!" says The Desmond, when her tale is told.

"Yes, that is what I do mean," says Monica eagerly, "for her sake," laying her hand on Bridget's shoulder. "Think of all she has done for us! And—I have given my word! Under a promise of safety for him—whatever happened—I induced this girl to betray her lover; and shall I now, when my purpose is achieved, be false to her? I tell you no! it shall not be!" Her face pales with emotion, and, raising Bridget's hands, she lays them on her breast. The lamps shining down upon her show that her eyes are bright with tears.

The whole scene is like a picture—the gleaming lamps, the prostrate figure of the wounded man, not wholly devoid of crimson staining, the girl upon her knees clinging desperately to Monica as her sole hope, the wrapt eager faces of the two women, and the stern circle of men around them. For a moment no one stirs, no one speaks; then Brabazon, coming forward, lays his hand upon The Desmond's arm.

"I think, as Mrs. Desmond has pledged her honor in this matter, we should see that it is kept unswayed," he says, gently.

"I think so too," says Dicky Browne, who has been dying to say it for the past five minutes. "Let the poor beggar go; he has had his lesson, and a most unpleasant one into the bargain; and of course he was't the ringleader, you know."

"No; their leaders take very good care to keep themselves well out of the mess," says Brian, bitterly. "Halters and prison-fare don't suit them as well as living lavishly on swindled moneys, meant for the sustentance of the wretches whose poverty they so eloquently deplore."

"Oh, they do go to prison sometime," says Dicky, apologetically.

"Bah!" says Brian. "Well, George," turning to his uncle, "what is to be done? it rests with you."

"Brabazon is right," says the Desmond. "An oath is an oath, and should be kept at all hazards."

"Take your prisoner, then, Monica," says Brian, gravely, "and do with him as you will."

"She can't take him yet," says Mr. Burke, in a low voice. "He is hard to bring too, this last time. Give me the brandy again, Dicky; and mind his arm."

"I suppose it would be unsafe to send for Murphy?"

Murphy is the dispensary doctor.

"Until morning, yes. If we want really to keep him out of this affair, it is indispensable that the servants should not know of his capture. His own people and his accomplices will keep silent anyhow, for their own sakes."

"What if he shouldn't recover?" says Brabazon in a low tone. It is not so low, however, that the strained ears of the miserable Bridget fail to hear it.

"He will," she says, with a fierce glance at him. "He shall! What is to become of me if anything happens to him? Are ye goin' to make me his murderer!" Then she pushes them all aside, and sinking down beside the couch gazes long and eagerly at the pale face beneath her own.

"Con—Con," she murmurs, in tones of the most extreme tenderness, "spake to me spake to me, agra, an' say ye forgive me. I done it for the best indeed. An' I have her word, an' all their words, to save ye, an' I've kept the black stain from yer sowl. Spake to me, darlin', if only one word to say ye don't blame me entirely."

Deadly silence.

"D'ye hear me, dear?" says the wretched girl. "Tis I, Bridget; wake up, I tell ye, an' rouse yer self; sure 'tis only a scratch ye have. Ye needn't be afeared any more, for not a hand will they put to ye. Take heart asthore." Then her voice changes. "Con—Con," she calls, in a louder key, her lips growing white, "why don't ye answer? Mother—Mother o' heaven, look on him.

He's growing cowl'd—cowl'd!" She has lifted his heavy hand to her lips, and the chill that is on it startles her into violent fear.

"Ye've kilt him," cries she, in a terrible voice, springing to her feet. "An' all through me! It's cowl'd an' stiff he is this night, an' by the hand o' one o' ye! Oh that my tongue had been out before I spoke the word that brought him low! And ye—all o' ye—was there no other one but but this on whom to wreak yer vengeance? May—here she flings her arms up toward heaven—"may the curse of—"

"Be quiet, girl," says Burke, sternly, seizing her arms and shaking her slightly. "He is not dead. See—your violence has made him open his eyes; take care it doesn't make him close them again forever."

But the sight of his sweetheart so near to him, bringing with it a sense of protection, helps the stricken sinner to keep the consciousness he has at last regained, and, holding her hand, he looks sullenly but feebly round upon his master and the guests.

"Now, where is he to be carried?" asks Burke. "Better move him at once."

"There is that unoccupied chamber in the old tower," says Monica, "where nobody ever goes, and which can be entered by the staircase from my rooms. Let him be taken there. The servants never enter it, and— and Bridget can see to him," this very gently.

The girl rewards her with a grateful glance.

"Dr. Murphy will, I know, keep the whole thing perfectly secret, if I make a point of his doing so," goes on Monica; "and when he is able to get about again, he can go home, and keep his own counsel there."

So it is arranged.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"And when the knight awoke early all this, that she so fair was, and so young thereto, for joy he bent her in his arms two."

It is an hour later. Night is speeding over the border; dawn—a cold and wintry dawn—is at hand. But as yet no crimson blush is in the east:

"Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks, As if the sun were listless to appear, And dark designs hung heavy on the day."

Clontarf, happening to cross the hall from the library to the smoking-room, none of the men have yet gone to bed, stops to turn down a lamp that is improvidently flaring. As he does so, his eyes chance to fall upon the staircase. Whether its artistic merits (it is of old and exquisite workmanship) have attracted his attention, or whether he is wrapped in admiration of the very improper little gods and goddesses that adorn its walls and smirch unceasingly and cast rockless love-glances at him from out of quaint recesses, who shall say? but, after a prolonged gaze in their direction, he suddenly walks toward them and hastily mounts the staircase.

The corridor above is dark as when last he reached it, but a certain door a little further on is ajar, and a light burning within it casts a ray of color toward him that leads to its starting-point. Encouraged by this light and by the half-open door, he moves softly to it, and, pausing on the threshold, waits, as though in hope of hearing some voice within. But no sound breaks the silence that has fallen on this part of the house.

Still, though no doubt companionless, she may very probably be awake, or else her door would surely have been fastened and her light extinguished. Slowly he advances, and, standing at last inside the room, sees that she is in bed and fast asleep. She had been quite as fast asleep half an hour ago, when Kit had come to take a last glance at her, and had inadvertently, or perhaps, through fear of waking her in the closing of it, left the door as he found it.

She is wrapped in such a sound slumber that his advancing footstep finds no echo in her dreams, and no little faintest flicker of consciousness troubles the serenity of her face as he bends over her.

How beautiful she looks! How tranquil! How young! A soft baby flush has crept into her cheeks. Upon them the long curling lashes lie like dainty shadows. Her lips are parted, and through them every now and then comes a deep breath a little heavier than the last that tells of the utter sweetness and abandonment of her repose. The soft frills of delicate lace around her white throat seem to cling to it for very love's sake, so pretty is their resting-place. A lovely woman is always loveliest in her night gown, and Doris is specially so in hers.

She has not got one hand under her cheek (people never have unless they court a cramp), and her hair, I regret to say, is not unbound. On the contrary, her pretty locks, "bound and crisp" and bright as burnished gold, are coiled back softly and loosely behind her head, leaving her ear, so like a pale-pink shell to be distinctly seen.

The wounded arm is lying outside the coverlet, the sleeve of the night gown having been cut away to the shoulder, so that the fair rounded flesh lies naked, except where the linen bandages cover the injured part. Her little palm is turned upward in a helpless, tender fashion that appeals to his very heart.

How calm she looks! how full of peace!—almost as calm and peaceful as if the assassin's bullet had swerved in a degree and found a resting-place within her breast. A cold shuddering horror takes possession of him as this thought presses forward, and a longing to waken her, to hear her voice again, to break the silence that surrounds her and has now grown positively oppressive, grows in him.

What a perfectly faultless face it is! Even he (who most certainly is not in love with her,—of this he assures himself several times) cannot but confess so much. He tries in vain to find a blemish: her arm, her hand, her sheeny hair, her rose-red lips, are all so faultless.

"That never formed by Nature Was such another thing y-ey!"

How terribly quiet she is now! Hardly she seems to breathe; at all hazards he will waken her! He will—Slowly she comes back to life. Slowly her eyes, wandering from one object to another, rest at last on his. For a moment (her spirit not having altogether returned to her from its travel in those mystic regions where Somnus hold his sway) they so rest contentedly, unsurprised, and then

"The eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, And so distinctly wrought Ye might have almost said her body thought."

Remembrance comes to her, and with it a start, and a little nervous, if natural, clutch at the bedclothes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Truly, were I every evening to depict sunrise, and every morning to see it, still I should cry, like children, Once more! once more!

The eye that mocketh at his father and refuses to obey his mother, the raven of the field shall dig it out and the young eagle shall eat it.

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles which are imposed upon it; it is thus that we enter upon the most perilous plans, after having had the shame of failure in more simple ones.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship and by the salutary influence of example.

The deferring of work that has to be done to the last possible minute, the putting off till to-morrow that which might be done to-day, means nothing else than using up one's supply of leisure before it is fairly earned, leaving space only for a spall of hammer, and tongs labor, which it will not do to interrupt at any price.

One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another in speech, action and dress. The gruff "Yes" or "No" of the husband or wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and \$3 Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 500 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.



No. 324.—LADIES' OVERSKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 7 1/2 yards.

No. 2963.—LADIES' WRAPPER. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 8 yards; 32 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 8 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 4 1/2 yards.

Lining for medium size (27 inches wide), 6 1/2 yard.

No. 3267.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 1 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3163.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
27 inches, 10 yards; 22 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 10 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 10 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 6 3/8 yards; 24 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 6 1/2 yards.

No. 2975.—MISSES' SUIT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
27 inches, 9 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 7 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 5 1/4 yards; 31 inches, 8 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
27 inches, 4 yards; 29 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 29 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 30 inches, 4 3/4 yards; 31 inches, 5 yards; 32 inches, 5 1/4 yards.

No. 2571.—LADIES' PLAIN SKIRT. PRICE, 25 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 22 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 24 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 26 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 28 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 30 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 38 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 40 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 44 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 46 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 48 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 50 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 52 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 54 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 56 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 58 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 60 inches, 3 3/4 yards.

inches 3 3/4 yards; 2 1/2 inches, 3 3/4 yards; 1 1/2 inches, 4 yards; 30 inches, 4 1/4 yards.

Quantity of Material (48 inches wide), 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3125.—LADIES' BASQUE WITH ADJUSTABLE OVERSKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 4 3/4 yards; 34 inches, 4 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 5 yards; 38 inches, 5 1/8 yards; 40 inches, 5 3/8 yards; 42 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 46 inches, 5 3/4 yards; 48 inches, 5 7/8 yards; 50 inches, 6 1/8 yards; 52 inches, 6 1/4 yards; 54 inches, 6 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 6 3/4 yards; 58 inches, 6 7/8 yards; 60 inches, 7 1/8 yards.

No. 3267.—BOYS' SUIT. PRICE, 20 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 21 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 22 inches, 2 3/4 yards; 23 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 24 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 25 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 26 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 27 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 28 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 29 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 30 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 31 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 32 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 33 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 34 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 35 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 37 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 38 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 39 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 40 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 41 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 43 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 44 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 45 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 47 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 48 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 49 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 50 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 51 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 52 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 53 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 54 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 55 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 56 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 57 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 58 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 59 inches, 2 1/2 yards; 60 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The plate this month shows a group of costumes especially intended for wash materials, the designs being, however, suitable for woollen fabrics with a change of garniture, as taste will direct. Pattern No. 3125, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for the basque and adjustable overskirt on the first figure. The basque is fitted with usual number of seams, has round fronts, officer's collar and coat sleeves; the drapery hooks up over the basque in the back, giving a polonaise effect, and the long apron is sewed to a belt that passes under the fronts; the drapery is arranged to have an even appearance around the lower edge, and hangs over a plain skirt (pattern No. 2871, price 25 cents), that may be trimmed in accordance with the rest of the suit. The wrapper shown on the second figure is one of the most comfortable designs to be imagined. The back is tight-fitting and cut with extensions forming the required fullness; the fronts are loose, cut wider than necessary, and shirred at the neck; coat-sleeves, high and rolling collar complete the garment, which can be trimmed with embroidery as illustrated; ribbons are sewed in the side seams and tied loosely in front. Pattern No. 2963, price 30 cents.

The trimmed skirt shown on third figure is furnished by pattern No. 3163, price 30 cents. The design is of the ordinary shape, with a Torry drapery in one piece that is looped high on the left side under a bow or

Turkish sash, as the figure warrants. This is easily laundered, and may be trimmed, as illustrated, with lace, embroidery or flat rows of cotton braid. The basque shows the fashionable jacket fronts over pointed vest, all being sewed in the shoulder and under arm seams together; the back is cut with extensions laid in box-pleats. The jacket fronts, cuffs and collars are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Pattern No. 3067, price 25 cents. The child's dress is suitable for little ones of either sex, and can be made of flannel, gingham, pique or any of the cloths worn at such an age; the edges may be piped or bound with braid, and, if preferred, the vest may be of contrasting material. The kilt-pleated skirt is sewed to an under waist; the vest sews in the shoulder and side seams with the half-tight coat that has saque fronts, with revers, pockets, rolling collar and coat sleeves. Pattern No. 3267, price 20 cents.

The attractive costume shown on the last figure is especially appropriate for the immature forms of girls between 10 and 15 years. The skirt is shaped as usual and ornamented with several tucks; the polonaise has a tight-fitting back, cut with extensions and gracefully draped; the loose fronts are sewed to a square yoke, so as to form an erect ruffle, and ribbons sewed in the side seams add to the charming appearance, as well as answering for a belt; the lower part drapes away in panier style, high on either side. The sleeves are gathered at the wrist with a falling ruffle, and are

rather full on the shoulders. White and colored washable fabrics are prettily fashioned in this manner and trimmed with Hamburg edging and piece net. Pattern No. 2975, price 25 cents.

FIGURE No. 13.—Pattern No. 2255, price 20 cents, is an excellent design for a child's bathing dress. The drawers and blouse are cut in one piece, fastened in front; the skirt is gathered to a belt and buttoned around the waist. The sailor collar and coat sleeves are trimmed with fancy braid corresponding with that on the trousers, skirt and belt. The striped wobbling flannel makes up prettily after such a design.

FIGURE No. 14.—Pattern No. 3257, price 30 cents, is the design from which this cut is taken. It is styled the Josephine, reminding one of the First Empire designs, when the waist line was an unknown quantity. The yoke is fitted deeper than usual, has the neck cut slightly V-shaped, and elbow sleeves full on the shoulders, ruffled on the edge and the lace caught up on the outside with a bow of ribbon matching the ribbon band and bow on the yoke. The full skirt is gathered on and finished with a ruffle of lace; the neck has a standing ruffle of the same plait "Val" lace, which must be wired to keep it in an upright position. Dotted Swiss over satteen is the fabric used in our illustration, though any goods used for dressy wrappers are appropriate for such a style.

FIGURE No. 19.—Pattern No 3266, price

20 cents, furnishes the design for this suit, consisting of a jacket with a tucked back to the waist, where there is a belt from the side seams, and plain below; the fronts are also tucked and fastened to a square yolk; the jacket rounds on the lower edge, with revers pockets following the outline; rolling collar finished with stitching to correspond with the remainder of the suit. The knee trousers are fitted to a shaped belt, spring comfortably over the knees and have the usual cluster of buttons on the outside.

FIGURE No. 20.—This serviceable suit consists of knee trousers carefully fitted to a belt, stitched on the edge and finished with buttons on the outside. The jacket has a French back, which is left open at the side seams and finished at the seams with arrow heads; the fronts fasten with four buttons, have all pockets, and round off in a graceful manner; the coat sleeves have cuffs stitched, and the notched collar finishes the suit, which only requires the tailor finish and bone button for trimming. Pattern No. 3263, price 20 cents.

FIGURE No. 21.—A charming dress for white, wash or light woollen fabrics is here illustrated. The front is laid in three box-pleats and the back gathered on a square yolk; a sash is passed under the pleats and tied in the back; the collar, sleeves, and back of the skirt are finished with Hamburg; the sleeves are full on the shoulders and gathered at the wrist. Pattern No. 3041, price 30 cents.

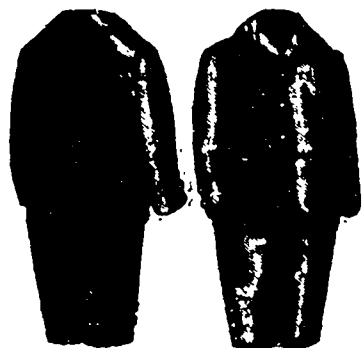


FIG. 20.—No. 3203. Boys' Suit. Price, 20 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for  
23 inches, 2½ yards; 24 inches, 2 1-2 yards; 25 inches, 2½ yards; 26 inches, 3 yards; 27 inches, 3½ yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches, 3 3-8 yards.



FIG. 21.—No. 3041.—Girls' Dress. Price, 20 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
19 inches, 2 3-8 yards; 20 inches, 2 1-2 yards; 21 inches, 2 5-8 yards; 22 inches, 2 3-4 yards; 23 inches, 3 yards; 24 inches, 3 3-8 yards; 25 inches, 3 5-8 yards.  
Quantity of Material (18 inches wide) for  
19 inches, 1 3-8 yards; 20 inches, 1 1-2 yards; 21 inches, 1 1-2 yards; 22 inches, 1 5-8 yards; 23 inches, 1 3-4 yards; 24 inches, 1 7-8 yards; 25 inches, 2 yards.



FIG. 14.—No. 3257.—LADIES' JACQUETTES. Price, 30 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 5 1-8 yards; 32 inches, 5 1-8 yards; 34 inches, 5 1-4 yards; 36 inches, 5 3-8 yards; 38 inches, 5 3-8 yards; 40 inches, 5½ yards; 42 inches, 6½ yards.

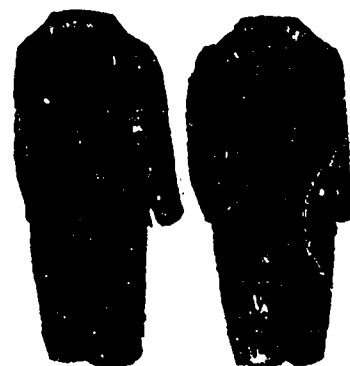


FIG. 12.—No. 3205.—Boys' Suit. Price, 20 CENTS.  
Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for

23 inches, 2½ yards; 24 inches, 2 5-8 yards; 25 inches, 2 3-4 yards; 26 inches, 3 yards; 27 inches, 3 3-8 yards; 28 inches, 3½ yards; 29 inches, 3½ yards.

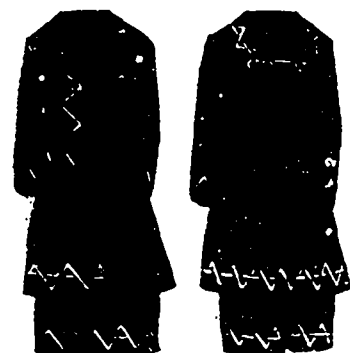


FIG. 13.—No. 2255.—Girls' Bathing Suit. Price, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (45 inches wide) for  
10 inches, 1½ yards; 21 inches, 1 7-8 yards; 22 inches, 2 yards; 23 inches, 2½ yards; 24 inches, 2½ yards; 25 inches, 2½ yards; 26 inches, 2 1-2 yards.

ROME DECORATION.

Dresden china candlesticks and sconces are much liked for wedding gifts.

Dainty finger-glasses are shown of Venetian glasses in various designs and colors.

Tray cloths are made of Indian silk, elaborately embroidered, and with a wide lace border.

Extremely delicate vestibule curtains are covered with leather having the appearance of richly carved wood.

Miniature sedan chairs, filled with flowers, are among the favorite floral dinner table decorations.

Delightful rococo corner cupboards are covered with leather having the appearance of richly carved wood.

The newest chair-back covers are drawn up in two pieces perpendicularly after the style of the old-fashioned blinds.

A carved oaken chest, black and rich with age, with brass mountings, is now among the necessary hall furnishings.

Large platters or trays of hammered copper are spread with dainty fruits and interspersed through the table decorations.

Fanciful flower holders are made in the shape of Grecian or Japanese figures holding vases or baskets which are filled with cut flowers.

Inexpensive curtains can be made by lining serym with dark red silesia; turn over the lining at the top for a heading, and trim with fluffy tassels.

A pretty way to cover a clover leaf table is with shaded green plush, with a cluster of flowers painted in one corner and a full fringe outlining the shape of the good luck leaf.

Beds dressed in cretonne continue fashionable; a long and narrow bolster covered with cretonne takes the place of the immense square pillows of long ago; the spread which is also of cretonne, is drawn up tightly over the bed and the bolster is laid upon it.

Embroidery in leather is a late novelty and many very pretty articles are displayed; a music roll is ornamented in a conventional design in brown silk and gold thread done on pale brown leather; very pretty and durable bags of this leather, and the embroidery is very effective.

A charming set of finger bowl doilies are of the finest linen, with most exquisitely delicate pen drawings in indelible ink, groups of fairy-like ferns in every stage of development, daisies and clover daintily grouped, golden-rod, quivering grasses with birds and butterflies fluttering about are among the designs.

A happy thought for a pen wiper is a cluster of Autumn leaves made of velvet or cloth; each leaf is of different shades of brown, red or green, veined with colored embroidery silks and notched at the edges; the whole is grouped artistically on a foundation and fastened at the top by loops of bright colored ribbons.

The brilliancy of gas, desirable in some ways as it is, has great drawbacks; its light is glaring and harsh and when thrown into the eyes of the diner is extremely disagreeable; so, too, is the heat which, as the meal goes on, a large chandelier begins to radiate. The brass candelabra with yellow painted candles makes a pretty diversion, or those of silver with bright rose silk shades have a tranquil effect, and a shade of bright yellow silk, trimmed with white lace, is soft as well as brilliant.

Pure cut crystal surpasses all other glassware in richness and is always in demand for wedding gifts; the forms in which it is produced are new and elegant; cut-glass water pitchers to take place of flagons are new, with several odd designs in finger and salad bowls—these are cut in a rosette pattern with a lace finish; among the new conceits are caddies used by Lord Byron; these are richly cut and will hold about a quarter of a pound of tea—olive trays, fruit bowls, ice tubs, Roman punch glasses, champagne sets, decanters and numerous other effects are shown in cut, threaded and beautifully self-decorated glass.

Florence Marryat has a new lecture on "What Shall We Do with the Men?" Leave them alone, Florence; that's the way. Let the women go to heaven, where they belong, and leave the earth entirely to the men, who want it all to themselves.

"I'll meet her by moonlight alone," innocently sang the gas-man's son. "Meet her by gas-light in the parlor," suggested his father, "then you'll meet the old man for a few thousand feet. That will be business and pleasure combined."

George Eliot's Weakness.

Some surprising facts concerning the novelist, George Eliot, are brought to the light in the memoir just published by her husband, Mr. Cross. The pliability with which she yielded to the influence of others amounted to weakness. In her youth, she was surrounded by strict members of the Evangelical dissenting churches, and she was as orthodox as they in her opinions, and apparently as devout in her conduct.

She was then thrown into the society of a clever family of deists, and in two weeks after the perusal of a book written by one of them, was induced to renounce Christianity and all belief in the immortality of the soul. The singular part of this change is, that, judging from her letters, it was made with careless indifference, as lightly as she might change her opinion on any matter of transient interest.

She had reached middle life when she met Mr. Lewes, and in a very short time was persuaded to break legal laws and to live with him as his wife, he being already married. While he lived, his influence over her was unbounded, but two months after his death she turned for consolation to another man.

The brilliancy of George Eliot's intellect has blinded young people to the errors in her life and opinions. Genius in this case has gone far with the world to justify in her a total disbelief in all that we hold most sacred, and a full gratification of her own will regardless of any restriction either of society or of religion.

Her life, as written by her husband, shows that the cause of these errors lay in a certain weakness which made her, as she herself says, "a chameleon," that reflected the opinion and will of whatever persons were closest to her at the time.

Young girls who are influenced by her powerful intellect should remember that what was wrong for George Eliot must be wrong for all women. If all young girls were to renounce Christ and disregard the laws of social life, what face will the world wear to the next generation?

The writings of George Eliot are brilliant,

and introspective, and to those who know how to use them, are helpful to intelligence. They are, as it were, her better self. But she owed to her profession a better personal example, and this the young reader should remember. Genius may be a false light, if it lead one from the safe ways of obedience to moral law and essential faith. If a bright beacon light lead us into a quagmire, let us not gaze upward to the light, but in justice to ourselves see how deep and fatal the quagmire is.

The Rev. Sam Jones on Women.

"If there's anything I despise," said the Rev. Sam Jones, in Nashville, "it is the ways and doings of society, so-called. Of course, God means us to be sociable, but society, as counter distinguished from social life, is a very different thing. There are children in this town that ain't satisfied unless they have a little party once or twice a month. What is a little party? It is nothing but a big party with short clothes on. What is a big party? It is nothing but the ante-room to a ball-room, and a ball room is the ante-room to a german; and what is a german? It is the ante-room to eternal disgrace; and eternal disgrace is he lard fire.

Some of you women look innocent. You look like all you wanted was wings to fly off. You had better go home and reform your home before you go off to Heaven. They sell old pants for more than they are worth and then brag about it. They hire a cook at \$4 a month and brag about it, and the same thing is seen all through their business relations.

Wife: "Well, doctor, how is my husband?" Doctor: "Getting on finely. He is not in a critical state at all." "Sorry to hear that." "Well, that's queer." "Indeed, it isn't; it's a sign he's pretty sick." "Why, madam, in what way?" "When he's well he's mighty critical, I can tell you."

"Are you at all æsthetic in your taste?" she asked in a sprightly manner, as she moved towards the piano. "Well, a little," he answered. "I'm æsthetic to the extent of having an admiration for unsung songs." There is now a deep gulf between them which nothing can bridge.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year.

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

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters.

DISCONTINUANCE.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

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

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

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

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 30 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 164 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

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

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENTILE, TORONTO.—The Russian attacks on the Jews are believed to be partly due to religious animosity, but also to a large extent to their unpopularity as usurers and liquor-sellers.

W. C. B., DELHI.—By accident Tid-Bit No. 495 was placed in the award for June 30. Having received a prize the week previous, it was, through a typographical error, again used for the week following.

INDIGNANT, HAMILTON.—You should not allow your indignation to get the better of your good judgment. General Gordon was offered any and every military assistance when sent to Khartoum, but expressly declared that such military aid would only ensure the failure of his mission.

METHODIST, BERLIN.—We do not wish to establish a precedent by replying to your inquiry, as we usually refrain from answering questions of a religious nature.

The spirit of liberty is not merely, as some people imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged or trampled under foot.

It is an assertion, which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him than one of much better parts whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality.

\$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.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

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

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

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.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. Give first reference to the word MARRIAGE in the Bible.
2. Give first reference to the word DIVORCE in the Bible.

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

- FIRST REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$200
2, 3 and 4.—Three grand upright rosewood pianos, by Mason & Risch, Toronto.....1,500
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ton-stop cabinet organs.....800
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services.....600
14 to 19.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting-case watches.....640
20 to 26.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting-case or open-face watches.....830
27 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches, good movements.....400
31 to 34.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
35 to 40.—One hundred and twenty-nine solid gold rings, elegant designs.....780
41 to 50.—Three hundred fine rolled gold brooches, newest designs.....500
51.—Fifty Dollars in Gold.....50

- SECOND REWARDS
1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold.....200
2, 3 and 4.—Three magnificent grand square pianos.....1,050
5, 6 and 7.—Three fine-toned 10-stop Cabinet Organs.....600
8 to 15.—Eight gentlemen's solid gold watches.....760
16 to 24.—Thirteen ladies' solid gold watches.....170
25 to 40.—Twelve solid quadruple plate silver tea sets.....780
41 to 70.—Thirty gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case watches.....900
71 to 99.—Twenty-nine solid gold gem rings 100. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
101 to 181.—Thirty-one solid quadruple plate cake baskets, new and elegant patterns.....525
182 to 305.—One hundred and seventy half-dozen sets of heavy solid silver-plated tea spoons.....850
306 to 348.—Two hundred and four well-bound volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....610
349 to 410.—One hundred and six fine butter knives.....200
411.—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 29.—Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set).....500
30 to 38.—Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....350
39.—Seventy-five Dollars in Gold.....75
40 to 99.—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, No. 12 Ross Street, in the City of Toronto. The house is a new one, semi-detached, fine mantles, grates, bath-room, marble wash-stand, water closet and bath, and all modern conveniences. It now rents for \$22 per month, so you can judge of its value from the rental. 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 & Risch, Toronto.....1,500
5 and 6.—Two fine-toned, 10 stop cabinet organs, by a celebrated firm.....600
7, 8 and 9.—Two fine quadruple plate silver tea services.....200
10 to 15.—Six gentlemen's solid gold watches.....600
16 to 20.—Five ladies' solid gold watches.....450
21 to 29.—Nine renowned sewing machines... 600
30.—Ten Dollars in Gold.....10
31 to 40.—Ten gentlemen's solid hunting-case or open-faced, coin-silver watches.....300

- 41 to 50.—Ten solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs.....300
51 to 100.—Fifty half-dozen sets of heavy silver-plated tea spoons.....400
101 to 310.—One hundred and thirty volumes of Chambers' Etymological Dictionaries.....500
311 to 510.—Two hundred copies of a most fascinating novel, bound in paper.....80
511.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....10

FIFTH REWARDS.

- 1.—One hundred dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 100
2, 3, 4 and 5.—Four fine upright pianos.....2,100
10 to 20.—Ten gentlemen's fine solid gold watches.....1,000
21 to 32.—Ten ladies' fine solid gold watches 1,000
33 to 50.—Eighteen solid quadruple silver plated tea services.....1,440
51 to 70.—Twenty double-barrel, twist, breach loading shot guns.....2,700
71 to 110.—Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chambers' Encyclopaedia.....2,000
111 to 132.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches.....600
133.—Twenty dollars in gold.....20
134.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
135 to 162.—Twenty-seven Solid Nickel watches.....540
163 to 350.—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

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Two Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....\$ 200
2, 3 and 4.—Three fine grand upright pianos 1,600
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker.....780
8 to 10.—Three fine quadruple plate tea services—five pieces.....300
11 to 15.—Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches.....800
16 to 19.—Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns.....500
20 to 9.—Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns.....44
91 to 150.—Sixty half-dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons.....360
151.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold.....100
152 to 200.—One hundred and thirty-nine fine German Olographs.....600
201 to 601.—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 716 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 any other desired address.

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

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

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

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

WHAT YOU ARE SURE OF.

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

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, any thing they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending the articles called for.

A fine pair of Winslow nickel-plated all-clip roller skates, size 10, for a banjo in good condition. GEORGE E. HOWES, JR., Battle Creek, Mich.

Musical journals containing musical criticisms and instrumental and vocal pieces, for instrumental sheet music. MINA A. HURNIAR, Cheboygan, Cheboygan Co., Mich.

I will give in exchange for the five numbers of TRUTH for May, 1895, a map of Toronto, large size, new, price 60 cents. JOSEPH SAMSON, JR., Shanty Bay, Ont.

A pair of Vineyard all-clip roller skates, size 9, but little used, for a lawn-tennis racket, not to weigh over 13 ounces. Give name of racket when writing. P. L. GEORGE, Box B, Lansing, Mich.

A first class violin and bow will be given to the person making most words from the word "Manitoba" before August 1st 15 cents to accompany each answer. HECTOR DAVIS, MeLean, N.W.T., Can.

A Waterbury watch in good order, a jointed fishing rod and reel, and several games, for books of travel and adventure. Those by T. W. Knox preferred. J. LAROS, H. R. S. Hospital, Foughkeepie, N. Y.

Country store, doing good business, post office in connection, also 100 acres land in connection, will be exchanged for city, town or village property. Any one having anything to exchange can have full particulars by applying to ENOS. KISSAM, St. Paul's Station.

Wild fern roots, roots of sensitive plant which grows on the banks of the Mississippi River, a small book of songs, advertisement cards, from the New Orleans Exposition, and two Monnus invitations, for plants. Accepted offer answered. W. HERRIT, Darrow, P. O., Ascension Parish, La.

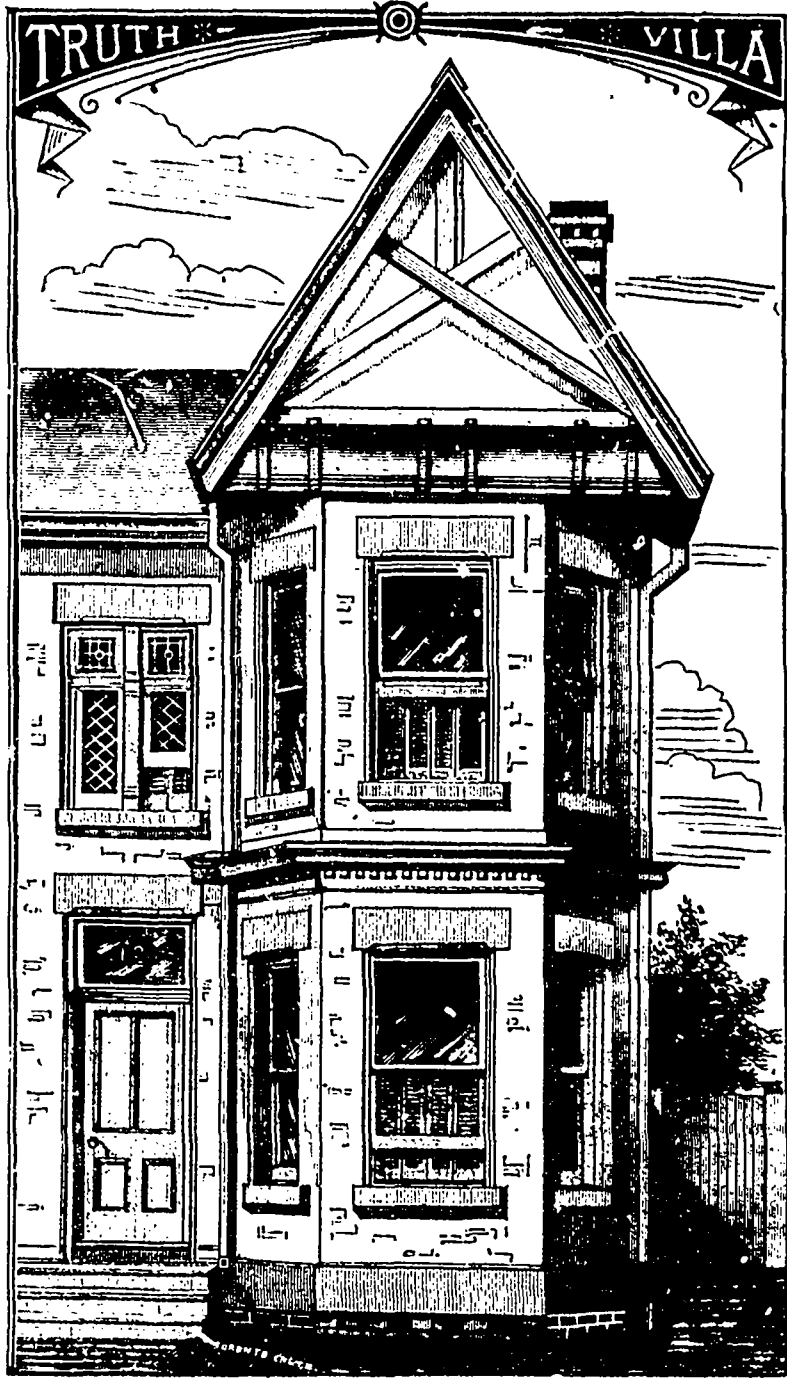
A piece of petrified wood, shells from Lake Michigan, and 10 postmarks, for a large star-fish; 5 postmarks, for every stamp not in my collection (see list), 12 for a Cape Colony or Orange Free State stamp and 3 for any foreign stamp. JOE O'BRIEN, 240 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A \$10 morocco-covered telescope, in perfect condition, purchased last March, length 30 inches, will be given to the person making the most words from the word "Burlington" before August 25th. 10 cents silver or 12 cents stamps, Canada issues, to accompany each answer. Dealers bill of sale with telescope. WM. M. SMITH, Box 142, Burlington, Ont.

KIND WORDS.

Mr. James Watt, 12 Bellevue Ave., Toronto, writes as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure—and it would be strange if I had not—in acknowledging receipt of the elegant *Silver Tea Service (6 pieces)* awarded me as a prize in the LADIES' JOURNAL Bible Competition. I expected something; but certainly nothing even remotely approaching in value to what I have been fortunate enough to secure. Wishing you the success your enterprise deserves, believe me."



Keep Your House Guarded.

Keep your House guarded against sudden attacks of Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Cholera Infantum. They are liable to come when least expected. The safest, best and most reliable remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Puffs of lace are worn about the throat inside the high collar and at the wrists, and are very soft and becoming.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, or takes the form of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible beyond description. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

The sleeve "cap" that is seen in portraits that were painted fifty years ago are the present fashion.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stopped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Girls' yoke waists of striped velvet and wool are worn with skirts of either one of the fabrics.

Short-sleeved jackets, with a deep scallop in the center of the back, are worn with high or low bodices.

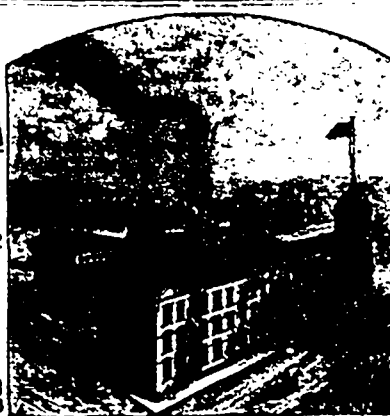
MESSRS. TUCKETT & SON are often asked to sell their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco to retail dealers. They never, in any case do so, and for the best of reasons. The wholesale trade of the country have a distributing machinery which handles the "Myrtle Navy" without any addition to its permanent expenses. If the manufacturers were to undertake that work, as they would by selling to the retail trade, it would require an independent machinery, the whole cost of which would have to be borne by the proceeds of the tobacco sales, and of course it would fall upon the consumer. Selling to the wholesale trade alone, is, therefore, for the consumer's benefit, and is a convenience to the retail trade, because every traveller who calls—in the grocery line—can take orders for "Myrtle Navy."

MERIDEN

BRITANNIA COMPANY.

FINEST

Electro Plate



CAUTION

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

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,

HAMILTON, - - ONT.

Bartholdi's Statue Of "Libert Enlightening the World"

will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands, who by its use have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

Beads of lead and wood are in much favor for trimming waists, fronts of skirts, and mantles.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things, and nothing helps her. I am sorry for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now, if she had used Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

Velvet collars, cuffs, vests, and brotels are worn with gingham and satteens.

\* \* Nervous debility, premature decline of power in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Velvet ribbon is used to outline panels, imitate tucks, and finish tabliers.

Halcyon Day.

How varied the range of association upon the human mind. Memory is ever fond of preserving pictures of events but the character of such events must be different to meet the peculiarities of the individual. The pleasant recollections of one would fall to find a place in the memory of another, but to our mind the halcyon days are those that follow the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the same safe and painless corn cure, for it promptly relieves the misery by removing aching corns. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and see that no substitute is palmed off as genuine.

Prayer with and for others must grow out of our own private prayers. In the closet, with the door shut, we learn how to speak to our Father. He prays best in public who prays best alone. A congregation, however large, is a gathering of individual souls. "As in water, face answereth face, so the heart of man to man's."

It Saved My Wife's Life.

This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Be prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nerviline at hand. It only costs 10 cents to test it, as you can buy test bottles at any drug store. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to-day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, headache. Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. All druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

One act of beneficence is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicine I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop

"Bitters;" And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" Respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn, May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, Pa, May 8, 1878.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

Mrs. FANNIE GREEN.

ABINGHAM, Mass, Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and die. I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they have cured me, and they used them and were cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is a valuable medicine made.

Yours Truly,

Miss JULIA G. CHAMBERLAIN.

\$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me \$3,000 done "less good than a bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."—Mr. R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

Sirs:—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

Miss S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

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

Alpaca Francaise is a new summer material of a muslin like texture, but far stronger. It has the lines of color in all the popular shades.

A Want of Activity.

Much of the ill condition of chronic invalids is due to want of activity in a sluggish liver. Burdock Blood Bitters arouses a healthy action of the Liver to secrete pure bile, and thus make pure blood which gives perfect health.

Black transparent fabrics are lined with a color.

The flow of Blood from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted thorough digestion may be insured, the secretive activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada.

Polonaises of China silk are worn with skirts trimmed with lace.

F. Burrows, of Wilkesport, writes that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, solely by the use of five bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he had proved it (for many of the diseases it mentions to cure) through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effectual. Do not be deceived by any imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

Five o'clock tea-tables have three tiers of shelves, one upon the other.

An Old Favorite.

An old favorite, that has been popular with the people for nearly 30 years, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of Summer Complaints of children and adults. It seldom or ever fails to cure Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

Belts for wash dresses are of Morocco, alligator leather, and seal skin.

HONOR FOR CANADA.

The Wanzer Sewing Machines Receive the Highest Awards.

(Toronto "Globe" of 14th March)

THE WANZER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, of this city, have long enjoyed the reputation of turning out a first class machine, noted for its simplicity, durability, noiselessness, and effectiveness. This merited fame has caused a continued and increased demand throughout the Dominion, and also in the most remote portions of the globe for their machines. The firm's order books contain foreign orders from New Zealand, Australia, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, South America, Great Britain, and other foreign domains. The Wanzer's latest victory was won at the Great Health Exhibition, London, England, where nearly all civilized nations were represented. They exhibited the new Wanzer C, which is simply perfection in the sewing machine line; also their new Wanzer "B" Eccentric Motion, to work by hand or foot, or by foot only, as required. This machine is extremely simple and durable, and capable of doing all kinds of family work equal to a large treadle machine. The following from a letter from Switzerland fully explains itself. It may be added, however, that the award the Wanzer received was the only "Gold Medal" awarded any manufacturer manufacturing exclusively under the British flag. The Swiss letter reads as follows, Zurich, Feb. 24th, 1885:—

"To the Wanzer Sewing Machine Co., Hamilton, Canada, North America:

"GLORY

be to the inventive genius of Mr. R. M. Wanzer, of Hamilton, for his most perfect new 'B' and 'C' Sewing Machines, as benefits to all engaged in sewing work.

"HONOR

to the English jury who recognized their merits fully, by awarding them a first prize—"The Gold Medal"—at the International Health Exhibition, London, 1884.

"Very respectfully yours,

"L. ERNI, Machinist."

The Wanzer "A" Improved is also having a large home and foreign sale, of which it is certainly worthy.

The Wanzer Company are completing very extensive new premises, which will be opened in two or three months. When in their new quarters, their facilities will be so increased as to enable them to meet all demands made on them for their popular machines. Salesroom, 52 King Street West, Toronto.

A Strange Disease.

There is scarcely a symptom belonging to chronic complaints but that is common to the poor dyspeptic, and he often feels as if he had every disease in the catalogue. Burdock Blood Bitters cures the worst form of Chronic Dyspepsia.

A great deal of narrow ribbon is used for millinery purposes.

To most children the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. Why not, then, when physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills? They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and being sugar-coated are easily taken.

Double skirts, guiltless of drapery, are the rage in Paris.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Jackets for walking costumes are made like dress coats.

Ottoman silk sashes, six-inches wide, are fastened at the side. Those of greater width are tied at the back in large, loose loops.

Should Be Attended To.

Much suffering is the result of neglected constipation. There is no better regulator of the bowels than Burdock Blood Bitters by its prompt action on the Liver all tendency to irregularity is removed, and one chief source of ill-health prevented.

Accordion-plaited skirts are still worn, with or without overdrapery.

A diamond spur with a ruby lash is a favorite design for a lady's lace pin.

Short, Sharp and Decisive.

\$31,000

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

BIBLE COMPETITION

NO. 10

FIFTY CENTS ONLY REQUIRED.

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

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Give first reference to the word LIFE in the Bible.

2. Give first reference to the word DEATH in the Bible.

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

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold Coins..... \$100
2, 3 and 4. Three grand upright rosewood pianos, 1,650
5, 6, 7 and 8.—Four fine ten-stop cabinet organs, \$10
9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.—Five elegant solid quadruple silver-plated tea services..... 500
14 to 18.—Six ladies' fine solid gold hunting case watches..... 540
19 to 23.—Eleven solid coin silver hunting case or open-face watches..... 330
24 to 30.—Forty-five nickel silver case watches.. 400
31 to 37.—One hundred dollars in gold..... 100
38 to 40.—One hundred and twenty-five half dozen sets fine silver-plated tea spoons.... 730
41 to 500.—Three hundred fine volumes (bound in paper) chosen, by the most fascinating and celebrated writers..... 125
501.—One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100

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

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3. Three elegant rosewood upright pianos..... \$1,500
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four gentlemen's solid gold watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four ladies' solid gold watches..... 462
12 to 17. Six solid quadruple silver plate tea services..... 560
18 to 22. Eleven sets Chambers' encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 500
23 to 28. Nine solid coin silver hunting case or open face watches..... 306
29. Seventy-five Dollars in Gold..... 75
30 to 31. Fifty one aluminum gold hunting case watches..... 1,000
32 to 33. Thirty-one solid quadruple silver plate cake baskets, elegant designs..... 480
34 to 35. Eighty-one half dozen sets solid silver-plated tea spoons..... 415
36 to 40.—Two hundred volumes fascinating novels (bound in paper) by celebrated writers..... 425
41.—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..... \$ 300
2, 3 and 4. Three fine grand upright pianos..... 1,500
5, 6 and 7. Three elegant cabinet organs, by a celebrated maker..... 750
8 to 10. Three fine quadruple plate tea services..... 300
11 to 13. Eight ladies' solid gold hunting-case watches..... 500
14 to 18. Eleven heavy black silk dress patterns..... 500
19 to 20. Forty-one fine black cashmere dress patterns..... 415
21 to 25. Sixty dozen sets silver-plated tea spoons..... 300
26. One Hundred Dollars in Gold..... 100
27 to 29. One hundred and thirty-five elegant rolled gold brooches..... 840
30 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 that may indicate.

AN INTERESTING MAGAZINE. The LADIES' JOURNAL contains 20 pages 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 (\$2,000) 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.

Bracelets are made very narrow. The Cholera.

Possibly the Cholera may not reach our locality this season. Nevertheless, we should take every precaution against it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

Brocatelle is a fashionable revival.

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 specific 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 the 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. ROWE, 148 FURNIVAL'S BUILDING, ROYAL EXCHANGE, N. Y.

Stripes constantly grow more fashionable.

ERSS'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. Erss 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 ERSS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Embroideries in all colors are fine and open.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

A bow of ribbon on the side of the neck instead of in front is a fancy of the moment.

Gathered velvet side panels among the new fancies, and are rich and heavy in effect.



A Public Boon.

"Heap's Patent" Inodorous Dry Earth or Ashes Closets.

(PATD. CAN. 1834-5, U. S. A., 1885)

Cholera is Coming; Be Prepared For It. Health is Better Than Wealth.

"HEAP'S PATENT"

ARE THE ONLY PERFECT DRY EARTH CLOSETS MADE IN CANADA.

ALL OTHERS HAVE PROVED FAILURES AND ARE DEAR AT ANY PRICE.



PULL-UP HANDLE Closet built up complete, showing door open for removing pail. The flap of seat and lid of earth reservoir are also partially raised to show the construction.

CAN BE PLACED IN A BATH-ROOM OR ANY OTHER CONVENIENT PART OF THE HOUSE

Awarded 13 First Prize Medals.

NEARLY 16,000 IN USE.

Your Life is in Jeopardy—Prevent Typhoid, Diphtheria, and Blood Poisoning.

An earth closet is a mechanical contrivance to conveniently cover excrement with earth or some substitute. Dry earth, coal ashes, charcoal dust, peat, and lime are excellent absorbents and deodorisers. This covering at once suppresses all odour and gradually absorbs and neutralizes the matter itself. The pail needs to be emptied about once a week, or when full, and the reservoir to be filled when empty—once in two or four weeks perhaps.

The "HEAP'S PATENT" EARTH CLOSET is the best known and by far the most satisfactory. Nothing could more perfectly answer the purpose. It gives out no odour; is not ill-looking; its usefulness is not limited by any defect whatever. It is 4 feet 9 inches high, from 2 feet 3 inches to 4 feet wide, and 2 feet 5 inches deep.

THE EARTH CLOSET is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. The "Cabinet" Earth Closet or Bedroom Commode is a practical demonstration of the efficiency and convenience of the system, the real value and importance of which are derived from sanitary considerations, and are most obvious to medical men.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THEM :

"The earth closet is one of the most useful inventions of modern times."—Report of Massachusetts Board of Health.

"The privy stands perhaps at the bottom of the garden, fifty yards from the house, approached by a walk exposed to the public gaze, bordered by grass, wet except during the sunny part of the day, overhung by shrubbery and vines, which are often wet. In winter snow-drifts block the way, and during rain there is no shelter from any side; the house itself is fearfully cold, if not drifted half full of snow or flooded with rain. A woman who is comfortably housed during stormy weather, will postpone the exposure that such circumstances require. I pass over now the barbarous foulness and odour—it is only as an unavoidable evil that these have been tolerated—but I cannot too strongly urge attention to the point taken above, and insist on the fact, that every consideration of humanity, and of the public welfare, demand a speedy reform of this abuse. The water closet has reformed in the city, the earth closet must reform in the country."—Geo. F. Waring, C.E.

"Nothing can be more effectual, and its use has every sanitary advantage."—Prof. S. W. Johnson, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

"We use it in our sleeping rooms and find not the slightest offence."—G. T. Dickerson, Westport, Conn.

"The only practical objection to them which has hitherto existed is removed in the 'Heap's Patent,' in which the fluid is separated from the solid excreta."—Dr. J. Baber Edwards, Public Analyst, Montreal.

"The dry earth system is the best system of dry sewage; it will not endanger the public health. Have inspected these Closets (Heap's) while in use; found them to answer admirably."—Alan Macdougall, C.E., Toronto.

"We have 18 Earth Closets, your make, in satisfactory use for six or more years."—Forth River Flax Spinning Mills, Belfast, Ireland.

"50 in use constantly since 1878—strongly recommend them—they are invaluable—emit no smell and require no repairs."—Rockdale Union Workhouse, Eng.

"Had 10 in our mills since 1878 (6 years)—answer admirably, being free from smell."—Albion Mills, Stalybridge, Eng.

"The 2 Earth Closets and Commode now in use 10 years continue to give every satisfaction."—S. Saranck, C.M., North Wales.

"The Earth Closets (6) you put in for me in 1875 (9 years since) have not cost one penny in repairs."—William Whiston, Langley Mills, near Macclesfield, Eng.

FACTORIES—

Owen Sound & Toronto (57 Adelaide St. West.)

"Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closet Co.

(Limited)

For further particulars address WM. HEAP, Man.-Dir., Owen Sound; or J. B. TAYLOR Soc.-Treas., Toronto.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

(TELEPHONE 65.)

Adopted by the Dominion and Provincial Governments.

Tailor made bodices, of cloth or velvet are what the women in Paris wear with their lace double skirts.

Some of the latest dressing gowns are simple rotondes of muslin or surrah trimmed elaborately with delicate Oriental lace.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes: "I was in North Dakota last May, and I took a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable discovery with me, as I did not feel safe without it. While there a lady friend was suffering with Indigestion, Bilioussness and Headache, I recommended the Vegetable Discovery to her and she tried it, and the result was that it did her so much good that I had to leave the balance of the bottle with her."

Rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are mixed together to form a fashionable medley of color in all sorts of jeweled adornments.

Messrs. Parker & Laird, of Hilledale, writes: Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments have been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners.

Pretty founcings have a foundation of brown net, over which are raised little bunches of flowers in even threads, solidly worked.

DENTAL.

FRANK H. SEPTON, Surgeon Dentist, cor. Queen and Yonge Streets. Over Martin's drug store.

J. G. ADAMS, L.D.M., DENTIST—OFFICE 246 Yonge street, entrance on Elm street. Office hours—9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MEDICAL.

REV. J. EDGAR, M.D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. 62 ISABELLA STREET, TORONTO D. E. T. ADAMS.

258 KING ST. WEST. SPECIALTY:—Diseases of the Stomach & Bowels, in connection with the general practice of Medicine & Surgery. Consultation free. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5 P.M., Sunday, 1:30 to 3 P.M.

THOMSON & HENDERSON

BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS, &c. Offices, 18 Wellington Street East,—Toronto. D. E. THOMSON DAVID HENDERSON



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED Separate Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for hot-water heating apparatus, Barric, Ont.," will be received at this Office until MONDAY, 20th instant.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Department, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Kennedy, Galloway & Holland, Architects, Barric, Ont., on and after THURSDAY, 2nd instant.

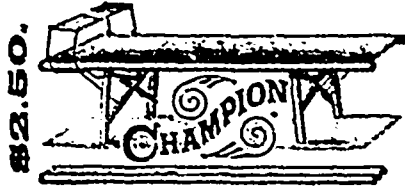
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd July, 1883.



OUR CHAMPION CANVAS FOLDING COT is the best made. Fold and opened constantly, better than a Hammock. Just the thing for Hotels, Tourists, Sportsmen, Camps, &c. Good for the lawn, piazza or the coolest place in the house. Splendid for Invalids or Spare Beds. Price \$2.50. Our Illustrated Catalogue and Price List of Tents, Camp Furniture, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Lacrosse Sticks, Base Ball Goods, &c., mailed on application.

P. C. ALLAN, GAMES AND CAMPING GOODS DEPOT. TORONTO, L.L.S.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely and safely cures all the general ailments of the human system.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scurfula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dissolve and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the sure remedy. It has cured hundreds of cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharge, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES: "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much thickened, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies, and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

SORE EYES: "Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies, and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.

Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and deodorized by Marchant & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost, and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHANT & CO., City Contractors, 9 Queen Street, East.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Rolled Iron Joists and Steel Plate Girders for the New Departmental Buildings, Wellington Street, Ottawa, Canada," will be received at this office until Saturday, 25th July next, inclusively, for the Supply and Erection of Rolled Iron Joists and Steel Plate Girders for the New Departmental Buildings, Wellington Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Plans and specification can be seen at the Department of Public Works, on and after Monday, the 6th day of July.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd July, 1883.

THIS ELEGANT GOLD PLATED WATCH



As an inducement for agents to handle our watches, we make the following liberal offer: We will send a sample of one of our watches, without cost, to any address on receipt of \$1.00. If you wish to examine a watch before buying for it, we will send you a sample C.O.D. with privilege of inspection before paying for it, on receipt of order. In this letter enclose your name, address, and a return postage of 27 1/2 cents. When ordering, say "I wish to see a sample of your watches." It has the celebrated hunting case, celebrated for its light and beautiful compensation balance, and is the most reliable watch ever made. It has the appearance of one of our \$75 watches. When ordering, say "I wish to see a sample of your watches." PANTIN WATCH CO., 85 and 87 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

USE GOLDEN HEALTH PELLETS AND HYPOPHOSFERINE. The two great specifics in Liver, Biliary and Nervous Diseases, will quickly relieve Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhea, Neuralgia and Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Skin and Female Diseases. Price 25 and 50 cents. Send for pamphlet. D. L. THOMPSON, Homoeopathic Pharmacist, 394 York Street, Toronto.

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SEND A POST CARD TO THE Brighton Laundry, 7 Floor Street East, and have them call for your washing. Best work. Lowest prices. No fluids used. MRS. POFFLEY.

SEND 10c. for 40 Lovely Ballin Finlay Chromos, your name on each (40 kinds) Printed on each. Address Eureka Card Co. Bolton, Que.

THE ACCIDENT Insurance Co. of North-America. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. MEDLAND & JONES, General Insurance Agents, Equity Chambers and 37 Adelaide St. E.

"Home Exerciser" For brain-workers and sedentary people. Gentlemen, Ladies and Youths, the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inch square floor-room, something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home School for Physical Culture," 19 East 14th Street, N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd.

Collars and Cuffs, TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY, 25c. Per Dozen Pieces, 54 & 56 WELLINGTON ST. W., G. P. SHARPE, 65 King St. West.

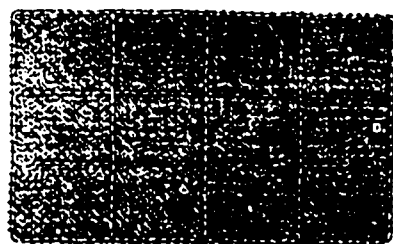
HEALTH FOR ALL!!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS. They incorporate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT: An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and other Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 533 OXFORD STREET, (late 533 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. It is sold at 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box of Pills and Ointment. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

REVERSIBLE WOVEN WIRE DOOR MATS!



(Patented April, 1884.) MANUFACTURED BY THE TORONTO WIRE MAT CO., LIMITED FACTORY, 24 SCOTT STREET, SALE-ROOM 34 KING STREET EAST. } TORONTO.

Our Mats are especially adapted for Railways, Street Cars, Steamboats, Hotels, Offices, Stores, Jewellers Shops, Private Residences, and, in fact, any place where cleanliness is desired.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that our REVERSIBLE WOVEN WIRE MATS are far more durable, cleaner, and answer the purpose better than any other Mat in the Market.

No more dirty Mats to shake, thereby filling lungs with dust. Our WIRE MATS clean themselves.

No more muddy carpets to make the wife cross, as mud will not adhere to the feet while passing over our WIRE MATS.

No more dirty snowballs dropping off the heels on the parlor carpet, as the hardest ice or snowball can be easily removed by using our WIRE MAT. In fact it is impossible to give an idea of the great benefit to be derived by all that secure our WIRE MATS, as the thousands of purchasers already will testify.

The only drawback, from our standpoint, is that our WIRE MATS will not wear out, so it stands without a rival as to Cleanliness, Durability, Beauty and Cheapness.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT 34 KING ST. EAST.

FARMS FOR SALE—An Ideal—Send for the JOHN J. DALRY, Guelph.

LADIES PILLS SOLVERE—Only single solvent. For monthly derangement, irregularity, loss of blood, etc.

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THE NEW HOME Sewing Machine IS THE BEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET For Heavy Tailor Work. G. GENTLEMAN, AGENT, 545 Queen St., West, Toronto.

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J. & J. TAYLOR, TORONTO SAFE WORKS. ESTABLISHED 1855. MANUFACTURERS OF FIRE AND BURGULAR PROOF SAFES.

STEEL VAULTS, VAULT DOORS, COMMERCIAL BANK LOCKS, Prison Locks, and all kinds of Fire and Burglar Proof Securities.

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STRAIGHT LOANS, OR CREDIT FONCIE PLAN. The Company has a large amount of money to lend on Real Estate securities at the lowest current rate of interest.

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FOR SALE 50,000 acres of improved and unimproved farming lands. AUGURS WELL BORING BUY THE STAR.

CAUTION! Each Plug of the MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B. In Bronze Letters. NONE OTHER GENUINE CUT THIS OUT The New Co-Operative

Sewing Machines! ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET NEW STAND! NEW FURNITURE! Latest Improved Attachments Agents price for similar machine \$80 Our price only \$25 each.

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PREMIER ROYAL CANADIAN EXPERT KANGAROO SAFETY. 50 Best hand Bicycles and Tricycles.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red flag; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Sewing are the best and cheapest quality considered.

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MACHINE OILS

GOLD MEDALS AND FIRST PRIZES WHEREVER EXHIBITED.

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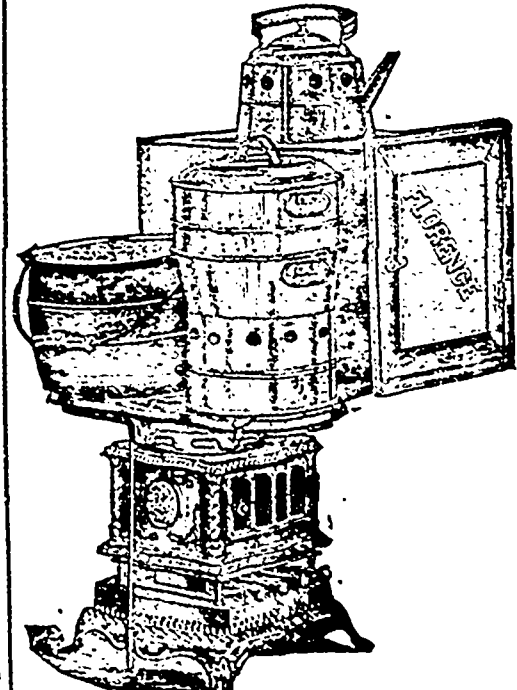
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